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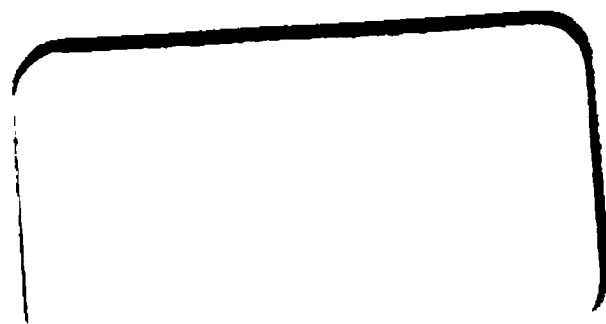
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VELUTI IN SPECTULUM!

THE
LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

BEING THE ENTIRE WORKS OF
MOMUS, JESTER OF OLYMPUS; DEMOCRITUS, THE MERRY PHILOSOPHER OF GREECE,
AND THEIR ILLUSTRIOUS DISCIPLES,

**BEN JONSON, BUTLER, SWIFT, GAY, JOSEPH MILLER, ESQ. CHURCHILL,
VOLTAIRE, FOOTE, STEEVENS, WOLCOT, SHERIDAN, CURRAN,
COLMAN, AND OTHERS :**

TRANSLATED INTO OUR VERNACULAR ENGLISH TONGUE,

BY JOHN BULL, ESQ.

*With numerous Additions, Interpolations, and Improvements, by the Editor, and different Branches of
the Bull Family.*

"Laughing is the high prerogative of man, and that sublime and noble quality which distinguishes him from the brute creation. Those who cannot laugh gracefully, heartily, and by the hour at a time, scarcely ought to be ranked among the human species. The sayings of Momus, the writings of Democritus, and the attic works of Joe Miller, should, therefore, be studied in our Universities and Tap-rooms, Palaces and Cottages, Drawing-rooms and Kitchens, not only for health and pleasure, but from due regard to the dignity and honourable distinction of man."—G. A. STEEVENS.

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PROLOGUE.

GENTLE READER,

WE present thee with a volume of examples of WIT. Whatever be thy humour, its contents must please thee even in spite of thyself. Whatever be thy diseases of mind, thou wilt here find medicine for all of them—antidotes to bad weather, dull neighbourhoods, contrary winds, protracted remittances, chronic disorders, lawsuits, gout, scolding wives, drunken husbands, and all the numerous *et cæteras* in the catalogue of life's miseries. With this volume in thy hands, thou mayst always enjoy "the soul's calm sunshine," and be a stranger to ennui, hypochondria, the blue devils, and devils of all colours, which would disturb thy repose and sense of well-being.

Talk of the Philosopher's Stone, Fortunatus's Wishing-cap, and the diminutive Gianticide's Invisible Coat, these are mere baubles, when compared with this book, for thou wilt be cheerful, merry, and without any wants, while thou hast in thy pouch or pocket this unfailing and omnipotent talisman. "I would rather," said a profound philosopher, "have been born with a cheerful disposition, than heir to ten thousand a-year," and he might have said, twenty or fifty thousand; for what is wealth without that healthful state of mind, which this golden volume will infallibly ensure? THIS BOOK IS THEREFORE WORTH TWENTY THOUSAND A-YEAR; and its possessor may look down with pity on the man, however wealthy, who nevertheless lacks this treasure. Before breakfast, it will create good spirits for the day; after dinner, it will promote digestion and healthful secretions; and after supper, it will so weary thy muscles, and exercise thy diaphragm, that repose, sound and sweet, will be the certain companion of thy pillow.

Momus passed a few centuries in Greece, where he specially dispensed his favours to the lively sons of Attica. He thence crossed into Italy, where the monk's cowl so disgusted him, that he quitted that country for France, and dwelt there till the return of the Bourbons, when, to escape the thralldom of dulness, he took passage in a steam-boat for England. During the last seven years he has been frisking it between Bath, Cheltenham, Leamington, Brighton, Hastings, Buxton, Harrowgate, Sidmouth, and other favoured seats of British gaiety. In these jaunts, however, he passed through London, Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Nottingham, and other dens of care, and taking pity on the wretched inhabitants, his godship inspired two Editors of the genuine race of the Bulls to construct this work, to cheer and enliven the present gloomy existence of so many members of their family.

Having received their commission, which authorized them to destroy the hags of melancholy, and to sink, burn, and overwhelm by suitable reaction all the forms of mental disease described by Haslam, or suffered by preaching and praying zealots, thrifty misers, swallowers of quack medicines, lawyers' clients, and other victims of misguided reason, they resolved to call a COUNCIL of WITS; but Dr. Walcott being dead, they could hear of none except George Colman, whose stock was either exhausted, or forestalled by the purveyors of royal amusement. They therefore besought Momus to evoke a council of his deceased favourites from the Shades, and fixed upon Salisbury-plain for the place of rendezvous. The god, on hearing this, burst into a roar of laughter, telling them that the area of Stonehenge would more than suffice. To this lone place the wits of other times one night were summoned, temporarily invested with an unsubstantial garb, resembling in appearance their mortal forms, and were brought into the presence of the Editors. The latter might have felt alarmed, but the numbers in attendance were few, and instead of the usual groans of ghosts, incessant peals of mirth alone were heard. These at length subsided, when CERVANTES demanded "*the business of the two knaves who had brought him back to this sorry world.*" One of the Editors then named the commission which he and

his colleague had received, on which the whole assembly burst into a provoking fit of laughter ; till VOLTAIRE was heard inquiring, in a sarcastic tone, "*What is that to us ? We have bequeathed legacies, which mortals may use if they think proper.*" " True," said the second Editor, " but we want the test of true wit, and your several opinions of its essence and nature." Fresh peals of laughter followed this question, and a full hour elapsed ere silence could be obtained. Several of the phantoms then exclaimed together, " Why trouble us on this subject ? why not consult our works ?" " But," said STERNE, " we are sent by the gods at the request of Momus, and it is our duty to obey. I yield for one, but I can only quote my own Tristram ;" and so saying, he delivered, in his sprightly manner, the following passage :

" Men of least *wit* are reported to be men of most *judgment*, but it is no more than report, and a vile and malicious report into the bargain. Will you give me leave to illustrate this affair of Wit and Judgment, by the two knobs on the back of my chair. Here stands *wit*—and there stands *judgment*. You see they are the highest and most ornamental parts of its *frame*—as wit and judgment are of *ours*, and like them too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together,—in order, as we say in all such cases of duplicated embellishments—to *answer one another*. Now, for the sake of an experiment, and for the clearer illustrating this matter, let us, for a moment, take off one of these two curious ornaments from the point or pinnacle of the chair it now stands on. But did you ever, in the whole course of your lives, see such a ridiculous business as this now is ? Nay, let me ask you, whether this single knob, which stands here like a blockhead by itself, can serve any purpose, but to put one in mind of the want of the other ? And rather than be as it is, would not the chair be ten times better without any knob at all ? Now these two knobs, or top ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature—being, as I said, wit and judgment, which of all others, as I have proved it, are the most needful—the most prized—the most calamitous to be without, and consequently, the hardest to come at ;—for all these reasons put together, there is not a mortal among us so destitute of a love of fame or feeling—or so ignorant of what will do him good therein—who does not wish and steadfastly resolve in his own mind to be, or be thought at least, master of the one or the other, or indeed, both of them, if the thing seems any way feasible, or likely to be brought to pass. Now, your graver gentry, having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one, unless they laid hold of the other—pray what do you think would become of them ?—Why, sirs, in spite of all their *gravities*, they must e'en have been contented to have gone with their insides naked. This was not to be borne, but by an effort of philosophy not to be supposed in the case we are upon,—so that no one could well have been angry with them, had they been satisfied with what little they could have snatched up and secreted under their cloaks and periwigs, had they not raised a *hue and cry* at the same time against the lawful owners."

This opinion was warmly seconded by ROCHFOLCAULT, who observed,

" Those are mistaken who imagine wit and judgment to be two distinct things. Judgment is only the

perfection of wit, which penetrates into the recesses of things, observes all that merits observation, and perceives what seems imperceptible. We must therefore agree that it is extensive wit which produces all the effects attributable to judgment."

SWIFT, who had listened to the preceding speakers with more than his wonted complacency, insisted on the necessary union of wit and knowledge, somewhat inelegantly asserting, that

"Wit without knowledge is a sort of cream which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth; but once skimmed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs."

The Dean then proceeded to illustrate the difficulty of defining wit, in the following caution to the Editors:

"Nothing is so tender as a piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to-day, or fasting, or in this place, or over a bottle; any of which by the smallest transposal or misapplication is utterly annihilate. Thus wit has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of a hair upon peril of being lost."

"I confess," said POPE, "that I am not a little disposed to coincide with the opinion of those whom the last speaker has attacked. My idea of wit is that it

'Is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;'

nor am I less persuaded of the truth of my assertion, that

'———— wit and judgment ever are at strife.'"

Here he was interrupted by DRYDEN, who observed, "that while he agreed in the sentiments of Pope, he must be allowed to say, that they appeared to be borrowed from the well-known couplet in his own works,

'Great wits to madness sure are near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.'"

When Dryden had finished, ADDISON expressed himself in the following elegant and perspicuous language:

"True wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, as puns and

quibbles, of syllables, as in echoes and rhymes, or of letters, as in anagrams and acrostics. But every resemblance of ideas is not what we call wit, and it must be such an one that gives delight and surprise to the reader. Where the likeness is obvious it creates no surprise and is not wit. Thus, when a poet tells us that the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but, when he adds with a sigh, it is as cold too, it then grows into wit."

"I," said BUCKINGHAM, "would not so coldly speak of this vivifier of human intellect :

' True wit is everlasting like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd :
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
E'en something of divine, and more than wit.
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.' "

"Pshaw," exclaimed DENNIS, with the utmost impatience, "what rhapsody is here! His Grace, when he wrote the *Rehearsal*, obtained reputation as an exemplifier of wit, which he has destroyed, and thus done justice to the world, by attempting to define it. No intelligible characteristic of that quality has he favoured us with, if we except the very amusing paradox, that *true wit is something more than wit*. But, so it is. Prose writers have seldom been capable of conceiving, illustrating, or defining wit; and for the poets, they have generally lost their wits, in attempting to do the last. For instance, the crooked little gentleman, who has so gravely amused us with his sententious plagiarism from Dryden, when he entered the lists, *proprio Marte*, and soared on his own feeble wings, indulged us with the following delectable apophthegm :

' There are whom Heaven has bless'd with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it.'

which would have stood alone in palpable absurdity, but for the kind example afforded it by his Grace of Buckingham.'

A general murmur of disapprobation, which arose from the writers both of prose and verse, at this attack of Dennis's two-edged sword, compelled the Zoilus to silence; when SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE claimed the attention of the assembly, and thus delivered himself :

"Wit is a Saxon word that is used to express what the Spaniards and Italians call *ingenio*, and the French *Espit*, both from the Latin; but I think Wit more peculiarly is the characteristic of poetry than of prose, and is displayed in those writings or discourses which are the most pleasing and entertaining to all that read or hear them."

"I must acknowledge," said JOHNSON, who followed him,

"That I do not perceive the imperative necessity of ascertaining the etymology of a term in general use for the purpose of arriving at its ordinary acceptation; and though the labours of the philologist may be usefully and successfully employed in collating the several terms employed in different languages, to convey the same idea, such research must be deemed futile and superfluous in investigating the precise import of a word vernacular in our own tongue, and regarded as sufficiently intelligible to general capacities. I cannot see why the properties attributed to wit by Sir William Temple, should characterise verse more than prose compositions. Mr. Pope's definition of wit would exclude that originality which is one of its peculiar ornaments. Buckingham's flight, *non usitata nec tenui penâ*, I shall not pretend to follow. The attempt to oppose wit to judgment is obviously sophistical, and I consider Sterne's observation on this head extremely happy; but a simile is not a definition. When a philosopher of antiquity was required to define motion, he simply rose and walked round the room. In my opinion the case is much the same with regard to wit. He who cannot conceive its nature, unless it be defined to him, will rarely reap advantage from any definition with which he can be presented."

It was the voice of thunder, and a reproof on the Editors which reached their organs of hearing, like the great clock of St. Paul's. However, in a moment they were relieved by the suavity of LOCKE, who suddenly presented himself, leaning against one of the eternal stones of the circle.

"If a definition strictly logical," said he, "be intended by the Doctor, his opinion is perhaps correct. But this does not seem to be a reason why we should decline inquiring into the nature and distinguishing properties of Wit. Wit appears to me to consist in the assemblage of ideas, and in putting them together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any semblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. It is a junction of things by distant and fanciful relations, which surprise because they are unexpected."

"With all my veneration for the illustrious philosopher," replied CONGREVE, "I cannot join in his view of the subject. Wit, I consider, as a singular and unavoidable manner of doing or saying any thing peculiar and natural to one man only, by which his speech and actions are distinguished from those of other men."

GOLDSMITH now spoke, and maintained, with his usual pleasantry, that

“As almost every character which has excited either attention or pity, has owed part of its success to merit, and part to a happy concurrence of circumstances in its favour, had Cæsar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a sergeant and the other an exciseman. So it is with Wit, which generally succeeds more from being happily addressed, than from its native poignancy.”

“I admire the laconic inference drawn by the last speaker,” said the author of *Hudibras*, “and thus far coincide in his idea of the qualities of wit :

‘All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious ’tis ground,
Is forc’d for every caract to abate
As much in value, as it wants in weight.’ ”

“For my part,” said the venerable author of the *Night Thoughts*, “I have always regarded wit as chiefly characterised by a happy union of courtesy and severity :

‘As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
So wit is keenest by politeness set.
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.’ ”

“I object,” said SELDON, “to the observations of the four gentlemen who have last spoken. Those of the first are very loose and general, and all have been too epigrammatic in their remarks ; and though I would not place wit and judgment in antithesis, I by no means agree with those persons who entertain an idea that wit necessarily implies wisdom. Wit and wisdom differ : wit is upon the sudden turn ; wisdom is bringing about ends. Nature must be the groundwork of wit and art. Wit must grow like fingers ; if it be taken from others, it is like plums stuck upon blackthorns, there they are awhile, but they come to nothing. He that lets fly all he knows or thinks, may by chance be satirically witty.”

“What wit is,” said HUME gravely, “it may not be easy to define ; but it is sufficient to our purpose that it affects taste and sentiment, and bestows immediate enjoyment. The most profound metaphysics might nevertheless be employed in explaining the various kinds and species of wit, and many classes of it might perhaps be resolved into more general principles.”

On Hume’s silence, LORD KAIMES thus addressed the audience.

“After all the ingenious, and, in many instances, profound observations, which have been elicited from the preceding speakers, some of the most striking and decided properties of wit seem to have been left unnoticed. Wit,” as Mr. Locke has justly remarked, “consists chiefly in joining things by distant and fanciful relations, which surprise because they are unexpected. Wit is of all the most elegant recreation : the image enters the mind with gaiety, and gives a sudden flush, which is extremely pleasant. Wit therefore gently elevates without straining, raises mirth without dissoluteness, and relaxes while it

entertains. The term *Wit* is applied to such thoughts and expressions as are ludicrous, and occasion some degree of surprise by their singularity. In its proper sense it is of two kinds: wit in the thought, and wit in the words or expression."

KANT, who had hitherto stood in a corner, now darted in the midst of the assembly and proceeded thus :

"In every thing capable of exciting hearty laughter, there must be absurdity. *Laughter is an affection from the sudden change of a strained imagination into nothing.* This change, which certainly is by no means grateful to the understanding, indirectly, and for a moment, produces very lively gratification. The cause must therefore consist in an influence, exerted upon the body, and in the reaction of this upon the mind. The idea presented is not, in itself, an object of pleasure, as it is in the case of a person who receives tidings of a successful stroke in trade. How, in fact, can mere balked expectations be pleasing? But a play of ideas takes place, and this excites a play of the powers of life.

"An Indian, at table with an Englishman, at Surat, expressed his surprise by loud exclamations, on seeing a vast quantity of froth ooze out of a bottle of porter, as soon as the cork was drawn. Being asked, *What surprised him so?* Nay, said he, *don't suppose I wonder it comes out; but how did you ever contrive to squeeze it in?* We do not laugh at this story, because we find ourselves wiser than the poor Indian, or because the understanding finds in it any thing satisfactory, but our expectation was strained, and suddenly vanishes. A rich man's heir is desirous to celebrate his funeral with all solemnity, but he complains that he cannot accomplish his purpose: *for, says he, the more I give my mourners to look sorrowful, the more cheerful do these fellows appear.* The reason why we laugh aloud at this, is the sudden vanishing of expectation. Let a person of humour, by way of reply, seriously and circumstantially relate how a merchant, on his return home with all his whole fortune in goods, was obliged to throw them all overboard during a violent storm, and that the loss affected him so, that the very same night his periwig turned grey; and we shall laugh aloud. For we feel pleasure in striking to and fro the idea we are catching at, as if it were a ball.

"Assuming that, with all our thought, corporeal movements are harmonically connected, we can pretty well conceive how the sudden removal of the mind, from station to station, in order to consider its object, is answered by a reciprocating contraction and dilatation of the elastic parts of our viscera. These are communicated to the diaphragm, which (as from tickling) throws the air out by sudden jerks, and occasions a healthy concussion. This alone, and not what passes in the mind, is the true cause of the pleasure derived from a thought, which in reality contains nothing. Voltaire says, that Providence has given us *hope and sleep*, as a compensation for the many cares of life. He might have added *laughter*, if the wit and originality of humour, necessary to excite it among rational people, were not so rare."

At the conclusion of KANT's discourse, several of the assembly sought at once to deliver their opinions, but before the point of precedence could be adjusted, the time limited for their absence from the Shades expired. The sunbeams now touched the eastern horizon, and the shadowy congregation disappeared in an instant.

Thus, gentle reader, have we, the Editors of this volume, enabled thee to benefit at thine ease by the discourses uttered by these luminaries of wit at the solemn hour of night, in obedience to preternatural power. Who shall decide when such doctors disagree? Thou wilt doubtless remark the discrepancies of opinion existing among the hallowed dead, and wilt hesitate, ere presumption shall make thee arbiter among them, by rashly deciding where wit is and is not. Our self-love induces us to believe, that there is no part of our collection which may not take shelter under one or other of the great authorities composing this illustrious convocation. We have endeavoured "to be all things to all men, that we might by any means win some." Judge not, therefore, of the contents of our volume by the extent of thy reading, nor by thy own bright conceptions, for that which is familiar to thee may be new to others; and thou shouldst moreover remember that wit, like music, seldom becomes old, unless it be really good.

Neither let the refinement of thy taste be in all cases a criterion of the merit of our labours; for in works of humour, as in those of theology, there must be "milk for babes." Every reader is not endued with a microscopic perception of wit; and the rough jest of a sailor, or the blunder of a rude Irishman, will afford unequivocal delight to many, who would derive little pleasure from the sallies of Congreve or Addison. Yet if thine own disposition incline thee to seek the higher regions of intellectual amusement, thou canst here indulge it. Our book is not a mere collection of jests and stories, or a revived Joe Miller. We have not aimed wholly at exciting the γέλως ἀσβεστος, and cracking the sides of the reader. Thou wilt find treasures of humour drawn from the richest veins of classic ore, in which the voluptuary of wit may revel in perfect enjoyment. And let not thy judgment, if that judgment should happily incline in our favour, be biassed against us, albeit some splenetic railer, obtuse in his perceptions, should say of our book in thy hearing, "There is nothing in it;" but remember the just observation of Sterne, that "it is not in the power of every one to taste humour, however he may wish it; it is the

gift of God ! and a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him," or as Shakspeare expresses it ;

*"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."*

Lastly, we beseech thee to bear in remembrance that our attempts have been directed to promote thy entertainment and enjoyment ; and consequently, shouldst thou even be of opinion that we have failed in our undertaking, we are persuaded that, in thy liberal mind, gratitude for our intention will beget forbearance for our deficiencies, and exempt us from becoming the victims of spleen or petulance.

*For Self and Co.,
JOHN BULL.*

*Post's Corner, Westminster,
May 1, 1824.*

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

FAMILY ATTAINMENTS.

A MEDICAL gentleman, distinguished not only for his professional ability, but likewise for his attachment to literature, being in a very debilitated condition from the effects of long illness, engaged a young man to read to him. It happened that the person who was recommended to the doctor for this purpose had not exactly received what is termed a *liberal education*; in fact, he had been accustomed to dispense other than literary sweets, having taken his degrees in a magazine of spices and groceries. It will, therefore, not appear surprising, that on being installed in his lectureship, several *lapsus lingua* occurred in the execution of his office, which not a little astonished as well as annoyed the sensitive ear of his learned auditor. At length the unfortunate reader, meeting with one of those exquisite polysyllables of Greek derivation, equally the delight of the pedant and the terror of the uninitiated, fairly broke down. Disconcerted at the circumstance, the doctor inquired of him whether he had ever learned Greek or Latin; not receiving an immediate answer to his question, "Do you mean, sir," said the sick gentleman, "to tell me that you know *any* language but English?" The unfortunate catechumen, thus completely screwed to the sticking-place, reluctantly acknowledged that he did not, but gravely assured the interrogator that *he had a brother who was perfectly acquainted with French.*

THE COQUETTES.—A DIALOGUE.

I love, and am beloved again,
Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;
I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyness bid adieu.

2. I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain;
I'm sure he's mine while I refuse him,
But when I yield I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting.

2. And both will tire with often tasting,
When they find the bliss not lasting.

1. Love is complete in kind possessing.

2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the blessing.

Chorus of both.

Then let us beware how far we consent
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent;
'Tis ignorance makes men admire;
And granting desire
We feed not the fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

UNPALATABLE IMPROVEMENT.

Wilkes attended a city dinner, not long after his promotion to city honours. Among the guests was a noisy vulgar deputy, a great glutton, who, on his entering the dinner room, always with great deliberation took off his wig, suspended it on a pin, and with due solemnity put on a white cotton night-cap. Wilkes, who was a high bred man, and never accustomed to similar exhibitions, could

not take his eyes from so strange and novel a picture. At length the deputy walked up to Wilkes, and asked him whether he did not think that his night-cap became him? "Oh! yes, sir," replied Wilkes, "but it would look much better if it was pulled quite over your face."

NONSENSE v. SENSE.

When Wilkes was confined in the King's Bench, he was waited upon by a deputation from some ward in the city, when the office of alderman was vacant. As there had already been great fermentation on his account, and much more apprehended, they who were deputed undertook to remonstrate with Wilkes on the danger to the public peace which would result from his offering himself as a candidate on the present occasion, and expressed the hope that he would at least wait till some more suitable opportunity presented itself. But they mistook their man; this was with him an additional motive for persevering in his first intentions. After much useless conversation, one of the deputies at length exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Wilkes, if you are thus determined, we must take the *sense* of the ward." "With all my heart," replied Wilkes, "I will take the *non-sense*, and beat you ten to one."

NOVEL WAGER.

An English gentleman, travelling in America, had his attention arrested by a singular contest between a negro and the mule on which he was mounted. The indocile animal had thought proper to take exception to the carriage of the gentleman, which preceded him, and evinced a decided disinclination to pass it; his rider, on the other hand, was as resolute in his determination to effect a change in the conduct of his beast. At length the gentleman heard Blackey exclaim to the mule, "I'll bet you a fivepenny I make you go by this time;" then, nodding his head, he added, "Do you bet?" After which, by means of some very *pressing* arguments of whip and spur, he succeeded in making the animal pass the carriage. The gentleman, who had

been highly amused with the scene, called to the negro, and observed that though the wager had been laid, he did not see how payment could be obtained from the mule. "Oh yes," replied the black, "Massa give me tenpenny for corn for him; he lose the bet, and me only give him fivepenny."

RECOLLECTION.

False tho' she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her change.
In hours of bliss we oft' have met,
They could not always last;
And tho' the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past. CONGREVE.

DR. JOHNSON AND THE SCOTCH.

On Johnson's return from his tour to the Hebrides, he expressed, notwithstanding the hospitality he had experienced on his progress through Scotland, the strongest antipathy to every thing connected with that country. A Scotch gentleman who had been informed of this, being in company with the doctor, addressed him with "Well, doctor, so I learn you are just arrived from Scotland: pray what do you think of my country?" "Think, sir," replied Johnson, "why, it is a detestable country, to be sure." Disconcerted by a reply so unpalatable and unceremonious, the North Briton could only answer, "Well, doctor, such as it is, God made it." "True, very true, sir," rejoined Johnson, "but you will recollect that he only made it for Scotchmen; and were not comparisons justly deemed odious, I might remind you, sir, that God made Hell."

TO J. H. W——N, ON HIS SPECIMENS OF A TRANSLATION OF TASSO.

O thou! whom poetry abhors,
Whom angry prose kick'd out of doors,
Hear'st thou that groan? proceed no further,
Translated Tasso roars out, MURDER!

PROGRESS OF LUXURY.

In an old Cambridge comedy of the *Returne from Parnassus*, we find this indignant description of the progress of luxury in those days, put into the mouth of one of the speakers.

"Why is't not strange to see a ragged clerke,
Some stammell weaver, or some butcher's some,
'That scrubb'd a late within a sleeveless gowne,
When the commencement, like a morrice dance,
Hath put a bell or two about his legges,
Created him a sweet cleane gentleman :
How then he 'gins to follow fashions.
He whose thin sire dwelt in a smokee rooffe,
Must take tobacco, and must wear a locke.
His thirsty dad drinkes in a wooden bowle,
But his sweet self is served in silver plate.
His hungry sire will scrape you twenty legges
For one good Christmas meal on new year's day,
But his mawe must be capon cramm'd each day."

CARDS AND KISSES.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid ;
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows ;
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows .
Loses them too, then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how)
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin ;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O, Love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

WIT WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

Wit without knowledge is a sort of cream which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into *foth* : but once scummed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the dogs.

SHIRT AND NO SHIRT.

Foote having signified in his advertisement, while

he was exhibiting his imitations at one of the Theatre^s Royal, that he would, on a stated evening, take off Quin : who, being desirous of seeing his own picture, took a place in the stage box, and when the audience had ceased applauding Foote for the justness of the representation, Quin bawled out, "I am glad on't, the poor fellow will get a clean shirt by it." When Foote immediately retorted from the stage, "A clean shirt, Master Quin !—a shirt of any kind was a very novel thing in your family some few years ago."

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT COVENTRY.

In a second tour through England, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, queen Elizabeth paid the city of Coventry another visit. The mayor, on her majesty's departure, among other particulars, said, "When the King of Spain attacked your majesty, egad, he took the wrong sow by the ear." The queen could not help smiling at the man's simplicity, which was further heightened, when he begged to have the honour to attend the queen as far as the gallows ; which stood at that time about a mile out of the town.

At another time when the queen, in her progress through the kingdom, called at Coventry, the mayor, attended by the aldermen, addressed her majesty in rhyme, in the following words :—

"We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your royal majesty :
Good Lord, how fair you be !"

To which her majesty returned the following gracious answer :

"My royal majesty
Is very glad to see
Ye men of Coventry :
Good Lord, what fools ye be !"

CLERICAL CHATTERING.

That mad wag, the Rev. S. S., sitting by a brother clergyman at dinner, observed afterwards, that his dull neighbour had a "*twelve parson power*" of conversation.

PICTURE OF TARTARUS.

In an old play, called the Four P's, by John Heywood, the epigrammatist, is the following ludicrous portraiture of the infernal regions, as described by an adventurer who went thither to recover his lost love :

"This devil and I walked arm in arm
So far, 'till he had brought me thither,
Where all the devils of hell together
Stood in array in such apparel,
As for that day there meetly fell.
Their horns were gilt, their claws full clean,
Their tails were kempt, and as I ween,
With sothery butter their bodies anointed ;
I never saw devils so well appointed.
The master-devil sat in his jacket,
And all the souls were playing at racket.
None other rackets they had in hand,
Save every soul a good fire-brand ;
Wherewith they play'd so prettily,
That Lucifer laugh'd merrily.
And all the residue of the fiends
Did laugh thereat full well like friends.
But of my friend I saw no whit,
Nor durst not ask for her as yet.
Anon all this rout was brought in silence,
And I by an usher brought to presence
Of Lucifer ; then low, as well I could ;
I kneeled, which he so well allow'd
That thus he beck'd, and by St. Antony
He smiled on me well-favour'dly,
Bending his brows as broad as barn-doors ;
Shaking his ears as rugged as burrs ;
Rolling his eyes as round as two bushels ;
Flashing the fire out of his nostrils ;
Gnashing his teeth so vain-gloriously,
That methought time to fall to flattery,
Wherewith I told, as I shall tell ;
"Oh pleasant picture ! O prince of hell !" &c.

TRUE CONSOLATION.

When Daucourt, the playwright, gave a new piece, if it were unsuccessful, to console himself, he was accustomed to sup with two or three friends, at a tavern

known by the sign of the Bagpipes. One morning, after the rehearsal of a comedy which was to be performed for the first time that evening, he asked one of his daughters, not ten years of age, how she liked the piece. "Ah, papa, said the girl, you will go to night and sup at the sign of the Bagpipes."

A FAIR FROLIC.

In a letter from Mr. Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, afterwards earl of Yarmouth, dated October 13, 1670, we have the following account : "Last week, there being a faire neare Audley-end, the queen, the duchess of Richmond, and the duchess of Buckingham, had a frolick to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoats, wastcotes, &c. and, so goe see the faire. Sir Bernard Gossoign, on a cart jade, rode before the queen ; another stranger before the duchess of Buckingham, and Mr. Roper before Richmond. They had all so overdone it in their disguise, and looked so much more like antiques than country volk, that as soon as they came to the faire, the people began to goe after them : but the queen going to a booth to buy a pair of yellow stockings for her sweethart, and Sir Bernard asking for a pair of gloves stitched with blue for his sweethart, they were soon, by their gebrish, found to be strangers, which drew a bigger flock about them ; one amongst them had seen the queen at dinner, and knew her, and was proud of his knowledge. This soon brought all the faire into a crowd to stare at the queen. Being thus discovered, they, as soon as they could, got to their horses ; but, as many of the faire that had horses, got up with their wives and children, sweet-harts or neighbours, behind them, to get as much gape as they could, till they brought them to the court gate. Thus, by ill conduct, was a merry frolick turned into pennance."

PUNISHMENT OF THE STOCKS.

Lord Camden, when chief justice, was upon a visit to Lord Dacre, at Alveley, in Essex, and had walked out with a gentleman, a very absent man, to a hill at no great distance from the house, upon the top of which stood the stocks of the village : he sat down

upon them; and after a while, having a mind to know what the punishment was, he asked his companion to open them and put him in, which being done, his friend took a book from his pocket, sauntered on, and so completely forgot the judge and his situation, that he returned to Lord Dacre's. When the judge was tired, he tried, but tried in vain, to remove out of the stocks: and asked a countryman who passed by to release him, who said, "No, no, old gentleman; you was not set there for nothing;" and left him, until he was seen, and released by some servant of the house despatched in quest of him. Some time after he presided at a trial in which a charge was brought against a magistrate for false imprisonment, and for setting in the stocks. The counsel for the magistrate, in his reply, made light of the whole charge, and more especially setting in the stocks, which he said every body knew was no punishment at all. The chief justice rose, and leaning over the bench, said, in a half whisper, "Brother, were you ever in the stocks?" "Really, my lord, never." "Then I have," said the judge, "and I assure you, brother, it is no such trifle as you represent."

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.

On the day before Christmas-day, 1773, about eleven o'clock, two soldiers came to the Cross-Bow Inn at St. Dennis, and ordered dinner. Bordeaux, one of the soldiers, went out and bought a little paper of powder, and a couple of bullets, observing to the person who sold them to him, that St. Dennis seemed to be so pleasant a place, he should not dislike to spend the remainder of his life there. Returning to the inn, he and his companion passed the day together very merrily. On Christmas-day they again dined as merrily, ordered wine, and about five o'clock in the afternoon, were found by the fire, on breaking open the door, sitting on the opposite sides of a table, whereon were three empty champaign bottles, the following will and letter, and a half-crown. They were both shot through the head; two pistols lay upon the floor. The noise of the pistols brought up the people of the house, who immediately sent for

M. de Rouilleres, the commandant of the *maré-chaussée* at St. Dennis.

The Will.

A man who knows he is to die, should take care to do every thing which his survivors can wish him to have done. We are more particularly in that situation. Our intention is to prevent uneasiness to our host, as well as to lighten the labours of those whom curiosity, under pretence of form and order, will bring hither to pay us visits.

Humain is the bigger, and I, Bordeaux, am the lesser of the two.

He is drum-major of *mestre de camp* des dragoons, and I am simply a dragoon of Belzunce.

Death is a passage. I address to the gentleman of the law of St. Dennis (who, with his first clerk as assistant, must come hither for the sake of justice) the principle, which joined to this reflection that every thing must have an end, put these pistols into our hands. The future presents nothing to us but what is agreeable—Yet that future is short, and must end.

Humain is but 24 years of age; as for me, I have not yet completed four lustres. No particular reason forces us to interrupt our career, except the disgust we feel at existing for a moment under the continual apprehension of ceasing to exist. An eternity is the point of reunion; a longing after which leads us to prevent the despotic act of fate. In fine, disgust of life is our sole inducement to quit it.

If all those who are wretched would dare to divest themselves of prejudice, and to look their destruction in the face, they would see it is as easy to lay aside existence as to throw off an old coat, the colour of which displeases. The proof of this may be referred to our experience.

We have enjoyed every gratification in life, even that of obliging our fellow-creatures. We could still procure to ourselves gratifications: but all gratifications must have a period. That period is our poison. We are disgusted at the perpetual sameness of the scene. The curtain is dropped; and we leave our parts to those who are weak enough to feel an inclination to play them a few hours longer.

Two or three grains of powder will soon break the springs of this moving mass of flesh, which our haughty fellow-creatures stile the King of beings.

Messrs. the officers of justice, our carcasses are at your discretion. We despise them too much to give ourselves any trouble about what becomes of them.

As to what we shall leave behind us—for myself, Bordeaux, I give to M. de Rouilleres, commandant of the maréchaussée at St. Dennis, my steel-mounted sword. He will recollect, that, last year, about this very day, as he was conducting a recruit, he had the civility to grant me a favour for a person of the name of St. Germain, who had offended him.

The maid of the inn will take my pocket and neck-handkerchiefs, as well as the silk stockings which I now have on, and all my other linen whatever.

The rest of our effects will be sufficient to pay the expense of the useless law proceedings of which we shall be the subject.

The half-crown upon the table will pay for the last bottle of wine which we are going to drink.

At St. Dennis, BORDEAUX.
Christmas-day, 1773. HUMAIN.

Letter from Bordeaux to his lieutenant in the regiment of Belzunce, he did not see the French he could not therefore answer for the translation.

“Sir,

“During my residence at Guise, you honoured me with your friendship. It is time that I thank you. You have often told me I appeared displeased with my situation. It was sincere, but not absolutely true. I have since examined myself more seriously, and acknowledge myself entirely disgusted with every state of man, the whole world, and myself. From these discoveries a consequence should be drawn; if disgusted with the whole, renounce the whole. The calculation is not long. I have made it without the aid of geometry. In short, I am on the point of putting an end to the existence that I have possessed for near twenty years, fifteen of which has been a burden to me; and, from the moment that I write a few grains of powder will destroy this moving mass of

flesh, which we vain mortals call the King of beings.

“I owe no one an excuse. I deserted, that was a crime, but I am going to punish it; and the law will be satisfied.

“I asked leave of absence from my superiors, to have the pleasure of dying at my ease. They never condescended to give me an answer. This served to hasten my end.

“I wrote to Bord to send you some detached pieces I left at Guise, which I beg you to accept. You will find they contain some well-chosen literature. These pieces will solicit for me a place in your remembrance,

“Adieu, my dear lieutenant! continue your esteem for St. Lambert and Dorat. As for the rest, skip from flower to flower, and acquire the sweets of all knowledge, and enjoy every pleasure.

‘Pour moi, j’arrive au trou
Qui n’échappe ni sage ni fou,
Pour aller je ne sçais où.’

“If we exist after this life, and it is forbidden to quit it without permission, I will endeavour to procure one moment to inform you of it; if not, I should advise all these who are unhappy, which is by far the greatest part of mankind, to follow my example.

“When you receive this letter, I shall have been dead at least 24 hours.

“With esteem, &c.
“BORDEAUX.”

NATIONAL VALOUR.

An Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern general has said, that the best troops would be as follows: an Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half starved, and an Englishman with his belly full.

BIPEDS.

The most disagreeable two-legged animal in the world, is a little great man; and the next, a little great man’s factotum and friend.

LET WELL ALONE.

An Irishman being on a long journey in a part of the country where Mr. M'Adam's useful talents had never been exercised, at length came to a mile of excellent road. Over this he kept trotting his horse backwards and forwards, till some spectators, a little surprised at this singular mode of travelling, inquired the reason of it. "Indeed," said he, "and I like to let well alone, and from what I have seen of the road, I doubt whether I will find a better bit of ground all the way."

MY LAUNDRESS.

When lovely Susan irons smocks,
No damsel e'er looks neater,
Her eyes are brighter than her box,
And burn me like a heater.

PORSON'S CATECHISM FOR THE USE OF THE NATIVES OF HAMPSHIRE.

Q. What is your name ?

A. Hog or Swine.

Q. Did God make you a hog ?

A. No. God made me man in his own image ; the Right Hon. SUBLIME BEAUTIFUL made me a Swine.*

Q. How did he make you a swine ?

A. By muttering obscure and uncouth spells. He is a dealer in the black art.

Q. Who feeds you ?

A. Our drivers, the only real men in this county.

Q. How many hogs are you in all ?

A. Seven or eight millions.

Q. How many drivers ?

A. Two or three hundred thousand.

Q. With what do they feed you ?

A. Generally with husks, swill, draff, malt, grains, and now and then with a little barley-meal and a few potatoes, and when they have too much butter-milk themselves they give us some.

Q. What are the *Interpreters* called ?

* Alluding to the "Swinish multitude," an epithet applied by Mr. Burke to the common people of England.

* Judges.

A. The BLACK LETTER SISTERHOOD.

Q. Why do you give the office to women ?

A. Because they have a fluent tongue, and a knack of scolding.

Q. How are they dressed ?

A. In gowns and false hair.

Q. What are the principal orders ?

A. Three—*Writers, Talkers, and Hearers*, which last are also called *Deciders*.

Q. What is their general business ?

A. To discuss the mutual quarrels of the hogs, and to punish their affronts to any or all of the drivers.

Q. If two hogs quarrel, how do they apply to the sisterhood.

A. Each hog goes separately to a *Writer*.

Q. What does the *Writer* ?

A. She goes to a *Talker*.

Q. What does the *Talker* ?

A. She goes to a *Hearer* (or *Decider*.)

Q. What does the *Hearer* decide ?

A. What she pleases.

Q. If a hog is decided to be in the right, what is the consequence ?

A. He is *almost* ruined.

Q. If in the *wrong* what ?

A. He is *quite* ruined.

After some facetious sneers at the clergy, who are termed peace-makers, the dialogue proceeds.

Q. How are these peace-makers rewarded ?

A. With our potatoes.

Q. What with all ?

A. Ten per cent. only.

Q. Then you have still ninety left in the hundred ?

A. No we have but forty left.

B. What becomes of the odd fifty ?

A. The drivers take them, partly as a small recompense for their trouble in protecting us, and partly to make money of them, for the prosecution of law-suits with the neighbouring farmers.

Q. You talk very sensibly for a hog ; whence had you your information ?

A. From a *learned Pig*.

The following is an answer to the question by

what ceremony the hog is disenchanted, and resumes his natural shape?

A. The hog that is going to be disenchanted, grovels before the *Chief Driver*, who holds an iron skewer over him, and gives him a smart blow on the shoulder, to remind him at once of his former subjection and future submission. Immediately he starts up, like the Devil from Ithuriel's spear, in his proper shape, and ever after goes about with a nick-name. He then beats his hogs without mercy, and when they implore his compassion, and beg him to recollect that he was once their *Fellow Swine*, he denies that ever he was a hog.

This curious dialogue thus concludes—

Q. What is the general wish of the hogs at present?

A. To save their bacon.

Chorus of hogs. Amen.

EQUAL DIFFICULTIES.

A gentleman of considerable sense and knowledge of the world, being asked whether a man possessing genius without perseverance and stability, or one of a dull but assiduous character, was the more likely to prove successful in life, replied that it was a difficult question to decide, since it was impossible to throw a *straw* to a great distance, and almost equally the case with a *ton*.

DILATORY INCLINATIONS.

Mr. Peel, Secretary for the Home Department, when speaking in the House of Commons of the Lord Chancellor, (Eldon.) said, that to apply the words of the poet to that noble Lord "even his failings leaned to virtue's side." A gentleman present remarked that in that case his lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which, in spite of its long inclination, had never yet *gone over*!

DORIS.

Doris, a nymph of riper age,
Has ev'ry grace and art,
A wise observer to engage,
Or wound a heedless heart.

Of native blush and rosy dye,
Time has her cheek bereft,
Which makes the prudent nymph supply
With paint th' injurious theft.
Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
And teeth, in good repair,
And her well-furnish'd front disdains
To grace with borrow'd hair.
Of size she is nor short nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more than what the French would call
Aimable enbumpoint.
Farther her person to disclose
I leave—let it suffice
She has few faults but what she knows,
And can with skill disguise.
She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd,
Which like her clothes, when little us'd,
She always lays aside.
She's one who looks with great contempt
On each affected creature,
Whose nicety would seem exempt
From appetites of nature.
She thinks they want or health or sense
Who want an inclination,
And therefore never takes offence
At him who pleads his passion.
Whom she refuses she treats still
With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, thro' her skill,
Looks almost like a favour.
Since she this softness can express,
To those whom she rejects,
She must be very fond, you'll guess,
Of such whom she affects.
But here our Doris far outgoes
All that her sex have done;
She no regard for custom knows,
Which reason bids her shun.
By reason her own reason's meant,
Or, if you please, her will;
For when this last is discontent,
The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar, therefore, is her way ;
 Whether by nature taught
 I shall not undertake to say,
 Or by experience bought.
 But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
 She can next day disown ;
 And stare upon the strange man's face
 As one she ne'er had known.
 So well she can the truth disguise,
 Such artful wonder frame,
 The lover or distrusts his eyes,
 Or thinks 'twas all a dream.
 Some censure this as lewd and low,
 Who are to bounty blind ;
 For to forget what we bestow
 Bespeaks a noble mind.
 Doris our thanks nor asks nor needs,
 For all her favours done ;
 From her love flows, as light proceeds,
 Spontaneous from the sun.
 On one or other still her fires
 Display their genial force ;
 And she, like Sol, alone retires,
 To shine elsewhere of course.

CONGREVE,

ON A CANAL CUT BY THE SIDE OF A RIVER AT
 SOUTHAMPTON.

Southampton's wise sons found their river so large,
 Though 'twould carry a ship, 'twould not carry a
 barge ;
 So they wisely determin'd to cut by its side,
 A stinking canal where small vessels might glide.
 Like the man who contriving a hole in his wall
 To admit his two cats, the one large, t'other small,
 When a great hole was made for the first to go
 through,
 Would a little one have for the little cat too.

IMPORTANT DISTINCTION IN ORTHOGRAPHY.

A gentleman, who had not long returned from
 France, was amusing a company with the details
 of the superstitious ceremony he had witnessed in
 that country of baptising a peal of cathedral bells,
 at which some members of the royal family had
 acted as sponsors. "For my part," he con-

tinued, "I should prefer this kind of sponsorship,
 in a conscientious point of view, to any other.
 I think I might safely engage for a bell's renouncing
 the devil, the world, and the flesh." "I presume,
 sir," replied one of his auditors, "from your ex-
 pression of confidence on the subject, that you
 spell *bell* without the final *e*."

ACROSTIC.

Pray tell me, says Venus, one day to the Graces,
 (On a visit they came, and had just ta'en their
 places,)
 Let me know why of late I can ne'er see your faces.
 Ladies, nothing I hope happen'd here to affright ye !
 You've had compliment cards ev'ry day to invite ye,
 Says Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious proceeding,
 Understand, dear Mamma ! there's some mischief
 a-breeding ;
 There's a fair one at Lincoln, so finish'd a beauty,
 That your Loves and your Graces all swerve from
 their duty.
 On my life, says Dame Venus, I'll not be thus put
 on ;
 Now I think on't, last night some one call'd me Miss
 Sutton.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

In a party of theatrical critics, the merits of
 different performers in the part of *Giles*, in the
 melo-drama of the *Miller's Maid*, formed the topic
 of discussion, and it was observed that, with one
 exception, all who had attempted it had "over-
 stepped the modesty of nature." One of the com-
 pany observed that this had probably arisen from a
 confusion of names ; and that the actors alluded
 to, in attempting *Giles*, had strayed into *Giles Over-
 reach*.*

PRAISE.

Praise was originally a pension paid by the
world; but the *moderns*, finding the trouble and
 charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought
 out the fee-simple ; since which time the right of
 presentation is wholly in ourselves.

* In Massinger's Comedy of "A New Way to pay Old
 Debts."

GRAMMATICAL LEARNING.

An author left a comedy with Foote for perusal; and on the next visit asked for his judgment on it, with rather an ignorant degree of assurance. "If you looked a little more to the grammar of it, I think," said Foote, "it would be better."—"To the grammar of it, sir! What! would you send me to school again?"—"And pray, sir," replied Foote, very gravely, "would that do you any harm?"

CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD.

Under George the Second, the former of these universities was distinguished for its attachment to whig principles and the reigning family, while the latter was strongly infected with the leaven of Jacobitism. On the breaking out of the rebellion in Scotland in 1745, the sovereign marked his feeling towards these two eminent bodies, by sending to Cambridge a munificent present of books for the university library; but detached some dragoons to Oxford to awe the refractory disposition suspected to exist in her sons. This circumstance gave birth to the following epigram from the pen of an Oxonian.

Our gracious monarch view'd, with equal eye,
The wants of either university.

Troops he to Oxford sent, well knowing why,
That learned body wanted loyalty:
But books to Cambridge sent, as well discerning,
That that right loyal body wanted learning.

Which effusion elicited the subjoined reply from a Cantab.

Our king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force.
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

A YOUNG AUTHOR.

Swift's idea of the terror of a young author at the fiery ordeal through which he must pass on the commencement of his literary career, with the gradual disappearance of his fears, is highly striking and correct: it is in his epistle to Dr. Delany.

As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led;
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart;
'Till 'scaping oft' without a wound,
Lessens the terror of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops!
He runs into a cannon's chops;
—An author thus who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print, you see him dread
Each pop-gun levell'd at his head;
The lead yon critic's quill contains
Is destin'd to beat out his brains;
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, *Lord have mercy on his soul!*
Concluding that another shot
Would strike him dead upon the spot;
But, when with squibbing, slashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping,
That missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame,
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

TOM ASHE.

Tom Ashe was a facetious, pleasant companion, but the most eternal unwearied punster that ever lived. He was thick and short in his person, being not above five feet high at the most, and had something very droll in his appearance. He died about the year 1719, and left his whole estate, about a thousand pounds a year, to Richard Ashe, of Ashfield, Esq. There is a whimsical story, and a very true one, of Tom Ashe, which is well remembered to this day. It happened that while he was travelling on horseback, and at a considerable distance from any town, there burst from the clouds such a torrent of rain as wetted him through. He galloped forward, and as soon as he came to an inn, he was met instantly by a drawer: "Here," said he to the fellow, stretching out one of his arms,

"take off my coat immediately." "No, sir, I won't," said the drawer. "Deuce confound you!" said Tom, "take off my coat this instant." "No, sir," replied the drawer, "I dare not take off your coat, for it is felony to strip an ASH."

NATURE AND ART.

Wilkes one morning called upon a friend who resided in a close and retired situation in the city, but who had a small opening before the house, of a few yards square, and two plants, which once looked like lilacs, in large tubs, adorned his windows. Men were employed in painting the outside of the house. "Brother," said Wilkes to his friend, "suffer me to plead in behalf of these two poor lilacs in the tubs; pray let them be painted too."

SATIRE UPON DRESS AND FASHION.

The *grand monde* worship a sort of idol, which daily creates men by a kind of manufactory operation. This *idol** is placed in the highest parts of the house on an altar erected about three feet; he is shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a *superficies*, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a *goose* for his ensign; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from *Jupiter Capitolinus*. At his left hand, beneath the altar, *Hell* seemed to open and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The *goose* was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature, whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the *Egyptian Cercopithecus*. Millions of these animals are hourly sacrificed every day to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The *chief idol* was also worshipped as the inventor of the *yard* and *needle*, whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, which hath not sufficiently been cleared.

SWIFT.

* By this *idol* is meant a tailor.

SCARCE ARTICLES.

The following articles bear a very high value on account of their scarcity at present in this country.

Sincerity—in patriotism.

Honour—among attornies.

Friendship—without interest.

Love—without deceit.

Charity—without ostentation.

Honesty—in parish officers.

Fair play—among gamblers.

Beauty—without pride.

An advocate—without a fee.

Chastity—in married life.

A parson—practising what he professes.

A fashionable man—without foppery.

A fashionable woman—without paint.

A sanctified look—without hypocrisy.

A prude—without incontinence.

A blustering man—without cowardice.

A subaltern officer—with money.

A Jew—without usury.

Opposition—without a sinister view.

Administration—inattentive to private interest.

WILKES AND SIR WILLIAM STAINES.

Sir William Staines, by persevering steadily in the pursuit of one object, accumulated an immense fortune, and rose progressively from the dignity of Common-council-man to the State-coach, and the Mansion-house. His first entrance into life was as a common bricklayer. At one of the Old Bailey dinners, his lordship, after a sumptuous repast on turbot and venison, was eating an immense quantity of butter with his cheese—"Why brother," said Wilkes, "you lay it on with a trowel."

PRINCELY PARTIALITY TO WIT.

Great wits have only been preferr'd
In princes' trains to be interr'd;
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the last;
But, while they liv'd, were far enough
From all admittances kept off.

BULLER.

MEDICAL NOMENCLATURE.

Porson one day visiting his brother-in-law, Mr. Perry, who at that time lived in Lancaster-court, in the Strand, found him indisposed, and under the influence of medicine. On returning to the house of a common friend, he of course expected to be asked after the health of his relation. After waiting with philosophic patience, without the expected question being proposed, he reproached the company for not giving him an opportunity of giving the following answer, which he had composed on his walk :

My Lord of Lancaster, when late I came from it,
Was taking a medicine of names not a few,
In Greek an emetic, in Latin a vomit,
In English a puke, and in vulgar a——

ON THE POPULAR PLAY OF PIZARRO.

As I walked through the Strand so careless and gay,

I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow,
Choice fruit, sir, said she, and a bill of the play,
So my apples I bought, and set off for Pizarro.
When I got to the door, I was squeezed, and cried,
dear me,

I wonder they made the entrance so narrow.
At last I got in, and found every one near me
Was busily talking of Mr. Pizarro.

Lo ! the hero appears, what a strut and a stride,
He might easily pass for a marshal to-morrow,
And Elvira so tall, neither virgin nor bride,
The loving companion of gallant Pizarro.
But Elvira, alas ! turned so dull and so prosy,
That I longed for a hornpipe by little Del Caro ;
Had I been 'mong the gods I had surely cried Nosy,
Come play up a jig, and a fig for Pizarro.
On his wife and his child his affection to pay,
Alonzo stood gazing, and straight as an arrow :
Of him I have only this little to say,

His boots were much neater than those of Pizarro.

Then the priestess and virgins, in robes white and flowing.

Walked solemnly on like a sow and her farrow,

And politely informed the whole house they were going

To entreat heaven's curses on noble Pizarro.
Rolla made a fine speech with much logic and grammar,

As must surely raise the envy of Counsellor Garrow ;

It would sell for five pounds were it brought to the hammer

For it raised all Peru against valiant Pizarro.
Four acts are too long, but the fifth's my delight,

Where history's traced with the pen of a Varnum
And Elvira in black, and Alonzo in white,

Put an end to the piece by killing Pizarro
I have finished my song if it had but a tune,
Nancy Dawson won't do, nor the Sweet Banks
Yarrow,

I vow I would sing it from morning to noon,
So much am I charmed with the play of Pizarro

PORSON

NOVEL DESERTER.

A naval officer, who held a civil employment in Rhode Island during the American war of independence, and who was of a remarkably spare skeleton-like figure, was stopped by a sentinel late one night on his return from a visit, and shut up in the sentry box, the soldier declaring that he should remain there until his officer came his rounds at twelve o'clock. " My good fellow," said Mr. W——, " have told you who I am ; and I really think you ought to take my word."—" It will not do," replied the soldier : " I am by no means satisfied." The officer taking from his pocket a quarter of a dollar, and presenting it, " Will that satisfy you ?"—" Why, yes, I think it will."—" And, now that I am released, permit me to ask you why you detained me at your post ?"—" I apprehended you," said the soldier, " as a deserter from the church-yard."

The same officer, when a young man, and a stranger to London, stopped a gentleman to ask his way to the Admiralty. " Are you not mistaken in your inquiry ?" said the gentleman : " I should think that your business lies with the Victualling Office."

THE MISER PUNISHED.

A miser having lost an hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one who should bring it him. A poor man brought it to the old gentleman, and demanded the ten pounds; but the miser, to baffle him, alleged there were an hundred and ten pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man, however, was advised to sue for the money; and when the cause came on to be tried, it appearing that the seal had not been broken, nor the bag ripped, the judge said to the defendant's counsel, "The bag you lost had an hundred and ten pounds in it, you say?"—"Yes, my lord," says he. "Then," replied the judge, "according to the evidence given in court, this cannot be your money, for here are only an hundred pounds; therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears."

PRINTERS' DEVILS.

Old Lucifer, both kind and civil,
To every Printer lends a devil;
But balancing accounts each winter,
For every Devil takes a Printer.

THE POLITICAL SWEEPS.

When a rumour prevailed in England of a French invasion, two chimney-sweepers fell into a conversation on the times. Adverting to the expected invasion, "Jack," said one, "what is it to us; our trade has nothing to hope or fear from any change in the Government; what need we care; we shall be chimney-sweepers still."—"That is a mistake," replied Jack, "for when the French come they will bring French chimney-sweepers with them, and we shall be out of employ."

HAPPINESS.

A captain in the navy, meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth Point, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped."

THE PLOUGH-BOY.

A gentle sprinkle of rain happening, a plough-boy left his work, and went home; but his master seeing him there, told him he should not have left his work for so trifling an affair, and begged for the future he would stay till it rained downright. Sometime afterwards, upon a very rainy day, the boy staid till dusk, and returned almost drowned. His master asked him why he did not come before? "Why, I should," said the boy, "but you sed I shoul'dn't come hoam vore it rained downright; and it has not rained downright yet, for it was *askant* all day long."

ORIGINAL COPY OF A HAND-BILL:

I William Ringrose Bell-hanger from Scarbro intend to begin hanging of Bells which he has done for several years past God willing. He hangs bells from back door to ~~four~~ door and from fore door to back door and all over the house.

N. B. The person who advised him to this was several people that I wrought for.

From your humble servt.

WM. RINGROSE.

WARM ALE.

A traveller calling at a little inn, the landlord of which was very tenacious of the character of his home-brewed ale, after sipping the beverage begged to have it warmed. "What! warm my ale!" exclaimed Boniface, "Curse that stomach that wont warm the ale, say I!"—"And," cried the traveller, "curse that ale that wont warm the stomach, say I."

LAWYER'S HONESTY.

A lawyer of Strasburgh being in a dying state, sent for a brother lawyer to make his will, by which he bequeathed his estate to the *Hospital des Fous* (Idiots). His brother advocate expressing his surprise at this bequest, "Why not bestow it upon them?"—said the dying man, "you know I got my money by fools, and therefore to fools it ought to return."

TWO REASONS.

Two reasons are giv'n (both equally good)
 Why the credit of Harry's so bad—
 For paying he has not the means if he would,
 Nor is he inclin'd if he had.

THE PRIEST'S BLESSING.

A boy about ten years old was once brought before Chief-justice Bushe, to give evidence; upon which the following dialogue occurred—
 "My little boy, do you go to church?"—"No, I am a Roman."—"Well, do you go to chapel?"—"Yes, I play at ball against the gable."—"Do you know your creed?"—"No."—"Or the commandments?"—"No."—"Or the Lord's Prayer?"—"No."—"Do you know your priest?"—"Yes, I heard of Father Phellini."—"Did you ever speak to him?"—"Yes, once."—"What did you say to him?"—"I axed him to give me a penny for houlding his horse, and he bid me go be damned."

NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

An Englishman and Dutchman disputing about their different countries, the Dutchman said, "Your country thinks of nothing but guttling, and even the names of your places have a reference to it; you have your *Ports-mouths*, your *Fly-mouths*, your *Yar-mouths*, your *Fal-mouths*, your *Dart-mouths*, your *Ex-mouths*; and you are all *mouths* together."—"Ay," replies the Englishman, "and you have your *Amster-dams*, and your *Rotter-dams*—and *d*—— you altogether, say I."

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Tom's fruitful spouse produced a yearly child,
 And he felt happy whilst the bantling smil'd.
 Some years ago he join'd the martial train,
 And sought for laurels o'er the distant main;
 Yet, such the *force of habit*, Nell, they say,
 Still bears her yearly child, tho' Tom's away.

MUSICAL PUFFS.

Some years ago a gentleman at Windsor took the place of the organist, with a view to shew his

superiority in execution. Among other pieces, he was playing one of Dr. Blow's anthems, and just as he had finished the verse part and began the full chorus, the organ ceased. On this he called to Dick the *bellow's blower*, to know what was the matter;—"The matter," says Dick, "I have played the anthem *below*."—"Aye," says the other, "but I have not played it *above*."—"No matter," quoth Dick, "you might have made more haste then; I know *how many puffs* go to one of Dr. Blow's anthems as well as you do; I have not played the organ so many years for nothing."

THE EXPEDITIOUS WORKMAN.

A bricklayer, who was working at the top of a house, happened to fall through the rafters, and not being hurt, he bounced up, and cried, with a triumphant tone, to his fellow-labourers, "I defy any man to go through his work as quick as I did."

TO MONS. ALEXANDRE, THE VENTRILOQUIST,
 ON HIS SUCCESSFUL ASSUMPTION OF A VARIETY OF CHARACTERS IN ONE PIECE.

Of yore in old England it was not thought good
 To carry two visages under one hood;
 What should folks say to you? who have faces
 such plenty,
 That from under one hood you last night show'd
 us twenty!
 Stand forth, arch deceiver! and tell us in truth,
 Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
 Man, woman, or child, a dog, or a mouse?
 Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?
 Each live thing, did I ask? each dead implement
 too!

A work-shop in your person—saw, chisel, and screw,

Above all, are you one individual? I know
 You must be, at the least, Alexandre and Co.
 But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a
 mob;

And that I, as the sheriff, must take up the job;
 And, instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
 Must read you the riot-act, and bid you disperse!

"WALTER SCOTT."

CONSOLATION.

"I'll follow thy fortune," a termagant cries,
 Whose extravagance caus'd ev'ry evil.
 "That were some consolation," the husband re-
 plies,
 "For my fortune has gone to the devil."

DEAD MARCH.

On the evening before Dr. Clubbe died, his phy-
 sician feeling his pulse with much gravity, and
 observing that it beat more even than upon his last
 visit; "My dear friend," said he, "if you don't
 already know, or have not a technical expression
 for it, I will tell you what it beats—it beats the
dead march."

GENEALOGY.

The late Sir Watkins William Wynne, talking
 to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which
 he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere
 mushroom. "Ay," said he, "how so, pray?"
 "Why," replied the other, "when I was in
 Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was
 shewn to me; it filled up about five large skins of
 parchment, and about the middle of it was a note
 in the margin; *about this time the world was
 created.*"

STANZAS DROPPED FROM AN ALDERMAN'S
 POCKET AT A CITY-FEAST ON
 EASTER-MONDAY.

Oh! thou whose power directs the feast,
 Where bishop, alderman, or priest,
 Are met in state to dine;
 Here at thy temple, day by day,
 My willing homage let me pay,
 And worship at thy shrine!
 To me, O be it ever known,
 Whene'er thy loaded tables groan,
 And then if such thy will;
 Grant such an appetite, that I,
 Whate'er I drink may still be dry,
 May eat, yet never fill!

Place me in that delightful seat,
 Where I the fattest food shall meet,
 Where daintiest bits are shewn;
 From all intruders set me free,
 My own dear carver let me be,
 And help myself alone!

Enlarge my mouth!—extend my jaws!
 Preserve my gums from aches and flaws,
 My grinders from decay!
 Oh! let my swallow be so wide,
 That thumping slices down may glide,
 Nor ought obstruct the way.

To thee thy humble suppliant prays,
 Oh! let him pass his nights and days,
 From gout and surfeit free;
 Midst venison, ortolans, ragouts,
 Turtle and turbot, soups and stews,
 Boil'd, roast, and fricassee.

And when by cruel death laid low,
 Since none can ward the fatal blow,
 No power can intervene;
 Oh! let this bloated paunch obtain
 A burying-place in Pudding-lane,
 Embalm'd in a—*Tween.*

SOLILOQUY.

A person in company said in a violent passion
 to another, "You are a liar! a scoundrel!"
 The other with great composure turned round to
 the company, and said to them, "You must not
 mind what this poor fellow says; it is a way he
 has; he was only *talking to himself.*"

PYE, THE POET LAUREAT.

When Mr. Pye was made Poet-Laureat, his first
 ode was on George the Third's birth, and it was
 full of allusions to the *vocal groves* and *feathered
 choir*. George Stevens, the commentator, read it,
 and immediately exclaimed,

And when the Pye was opened,
 The birds began to sing;
 And wasn't that a dainty dish,
 To set before the King.

MARQUIS TOWNSHEND.

This nobleman being designed for the army, began his campaign early in life at the battle of Dettingen. The regiment he belonged to began the attack; and, as he was marching down towards the enemy, rather thoughtful, a drummer's head was shot off so close to him, that his brains bespattered Lord Townshend's regimentals. A veteran officer, apprehensive that this accident might derange his young friend, went up and encouraged him by telling him, these were the mere accidents of war, and the best way was not to think at all in these cases. "O dear, Sir," says the other (with great presence of mind), "you entirely mistake my reverie. I have been only thinking what the d——I could bring that little drummer here, who seemed to possess such a quantity of brains."

WINE AND WALNUTS.

Wine and walnuts, I own, are a feast quite divine,
When your walnuts are good, and well flavoured
your wine;
But the trash which you give us is truly infernal;
Your wine has no spirits, your walnuts no kernel.

MAN AND WIFE.

A gentleman, who was not remarkable for being over fond of his wife, hearing her cough a good deal one day, said to a friend, who let drop some pitying expressions, "Prithee Tom, never mind her, let her be d—— with her cough, I hope it will carry her to hell in a fortnight." The lady, who was in another room, overhearing this speech, immediately rushed into the parlour, and advancing to her husband, told him she had too much of his company in this world, to wish to have it in the next.

NAUTICAL EQUIVOQUE.

A sailor, while preparing potatoes for the cook's use, was asked by a gentleman on board, what he called those things in his country: "Call them! your honour," replied Jack, "why, in my country, when we want these things, we fetch them, we don't call them!"

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

When Rabelais lay on his death-bed, he could not help jesting at the very last moment; for having received the extreme unction, a friend coming to see him, said, he hoped he was prepared for the next world; "Yes, yes," replied Rabelais, "I am ready for my journey now, they have just greased my boots."

THE DIFFICULT TASK.

He who would general favour win,
And not himself offend,
To day the task he may begin,
But Heav'n knows when he'll end.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

A country clergyman meeting a neighbour who never came to church, although an old fellow of above sixty, reproved him on that account, and asked, if he never read at home? "No," replied the clown, "I can't read."—"I dare say," said the parson, "you don't know who made you?"—"Not I, in troth," cried the countryman. A little boy coming by at the same time, "Who made you, child?" said the parson.—"God, sir," answered the boy.—"Why, look you there," quoth the honest clergyman, "are you not ashamed to hear a child of five or six years old tell me who made him, when you, that are so old a man, cannot?"—"Ah!" said the countryman, "it is no wonder that he should remember; he was made but t'other day, it is a great while, measter, since I war made."

HOW TO BECOME CONSEQUENTIAL.

A brow austere, a circumspective eye,
A frequent shrug of the os humeri,
A nod significant, a stately gait,
A blust'ring manner, and a tone of weight,
A smile sarcastic, an expressive stare,
Adapt all these as time and place will bear,
Then rest assur'd that those of little sense
Will set you down—A man of consequence.

THE LAST WORD.

A poor man, who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her, if she spoke one crooked word more, he would beat her brains out. "Why, then, *ram's horns*, you rogue," said she, "if I die for it."

LEE, THE POET.

A contelted fellow, who fancied himself a poet, asked the eccentric poet, Nat Lee, if it was not easy to write like a *madman*, as he did? "No," answered Nat, "but it is easy to write like a *fool*, as you do."

EYES AND NOSE.

Sir William Davenant, the poet, who had no nose, going along the Mews one day, a beggar-woman followed him, crying, "Ah! God preserve your eye-sight, sir; the Lord preserve your eye-sight."—"Why, good woman," said he, "dost thou pray so much for my *eye-sight*?"—"Ah! dear sir," answered the woman, "if it should please God that you grow dim-sighted, you have no place to hang your spectacles on."

CRITICS.

In critics this country is rich
In friendship and love who can match 'em,
When writers are plagued with the itch,
They hasten most kindly to scratch 'em.

EPITAPH ON A GALLANT HIGHWAYMAN.

Du Val, a noted highwayman, was famous for gaining the hearts of the women. After his death the following epitaph was bestowed on him:—

Here lies Du Val—Reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purse;—if female, to thy heart:
Much havoc has he made in both:—for all
The men he made to stand—the women fall.

PARSON OUTWITTED.

A parson once asked an honest quaker, where his religion was before George Fox's time?

"Where thine was," said the quaker, before Harry Tudor's time. "Now thou hast been free with me," added the quaker, "pray let me ask thee a question. Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years of age? canst thou tell that?"—"No, nor you neither, I believe."—"Yes, I can," replied the quaker, "he was going into his *eleventh* year, was he not?"

THE WORLD A PRINTING-HOUSE.

The world's a *printing-house*; our words are
thoughts,
Our deeds are *characters* of several sizes;
Compositors the people, of whose faults
The parsons are *correctors*—Heav'n revises:
Death is the common *press*, from whence being
driven,
We're *gather'd* and *bound* for either hell or
heav'n.

PARISH FEELING.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept except one man; who being asked why he did not weep with the rest? "Oh!" said he, "I belong to another parish."

CRANIOLOGY.

After the death of Porson, his head was dissected, and, to the confusion of all craniologists, it was discovered, that he had the thickest skull of any Professor in Europe. Professor Gall being called upon to explain this phenomenon, and to reconcile so tenacious a memory with so thick a receptacle for it, replied;—"How the ideas got into such a skull, is their business not mine; I have nothing to do with that; but let them once get in—that is all I want; once in, I will defy them ever to get out again."

A LEFT-HANDED EXCUSE.

A servant girl, who could not read, had, from constant attendance, got the church-service by rote. But a few Sundays previous to her mar-

riage, she was accompanied by her sweetheart, to whom she did not like it to be known that she could not read; she therefore took up the prayer-book, and held it before her. Her lover wished to have a sight of it also, but, unfortunately for her, she held it upside down. The man, astonished, says, "Good heaven! why you have the book wrong side upwards."—"I know it, sir," said she, confusedly, "I always read so, for I am left-handed."

THE WORLD A BOOK.

The world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great author, printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd,
And all th' errata will appear at the end.

JUNIUS'S LETTERS.

When the late Sir Philip Francis was one day at Holland-house, the lady of the mansion induced Mr. Rogers, the poet, to ask the knight if he was really the author of *Junius's Letters*. The bard, knowing the knight's austere character, addressed him with modest hesitation, asking if he might be permitted to propose a question. Sir Philip anticipating what was to come, exclaimed in a severe tone, "At your peril, Sir;" upon which Mr. Rogers observed, that "if Sir Philip was really Junius, he was certainly *Junius Brutus*."

PLAIN TRUTH.

A town beggar was very importunate with a rich miser, whom he accosted in the following phrase: "Pray, Sir, bestow your charity; good, dear Sir, bestow your charity."—"Prithee, friend, be quiet," replied the miser, "I have it not."

STRANGE, MORE, AND WRIGHT.

Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whose names were Strange, More, and Wright; said the last, "There is but one rogue in company, and that is *Strange*."—"Yes," answered Strange, "there is one *More*."—"Aye," said More, "that is *Wright*."

A SUFFICIENT REASON.

A drunken fellow, having sold all his goods except his feather-bed, at last made away with that too; and his conduct being reproved by some of his friends, "Why," said he, "I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my bed?"

BEAUTIFUL COLOURS.

"Your colours are beautiful," said a deeply rouged lady to a portrait-painter.—"Yes," answered he, "your ladyship and I deal at the same shop."

THE DECISION.

A dispute having long subsisted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast, the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the greater part of the morning, and yet was so ill-natured, that he would not fetch the cream for her; notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do, as not to have a moment to spare. The coachman alleged, that it was not his business. "Very well," said the master, "but pray what do you call your business?"—"To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach," replied he.—"You say right," answered the master, "and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, that every morning, before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business."

IRISH HONOURS.

An Irishman boasting of his birth and family, said, that when he first came to England, he made such a figure that the bells rang through all the towns he passed to London. "Aye," said a gentleman in company, "I suppose that was because you came up in a waggon with a bell team."

SECURING A PLACE.

A gentleman possessed of a small estate in Gloucestershire, was allured to town by the promises of a courtier, who kept him in constant attendance for a long while to no purpose; at last the gentleman, quite tired out, called upon his pretended friend, and told him, that he had at last got a place. The courtier shook him very heartily by the hand, and said he was very much rejoiced at the event. "But pray, Sir," said he, "where is your place?"—"In the Gloucester coach," replied the other, "I secured it last night, and so good-by to you."

CANDLE-LIGHT WARS.

A woman in the country went for a pound of candles, when, to her great astonishment and mortification, she was informed they had risen a penny in the pound since her last purchase of them.—"Why," says she, "what can be the cause of such an exorbitant rise as a penny?"—"I can't tell," says the man, "but I believe it is principally owing to the war."—"Why," cried she, "do they fight by candle-light?"

MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION.

A student in one of the universities, sent to another to borrow a certain book. "I never lend my books out," said he, "but if the gentleman chooses to come to my chambers, he may make use of it as long as he pleases." A few days after, he that had refused the book, sent to the other to borrow a pair of bellows. "I never lend my bellows out," says the other, "but if the gentleman chooses to come to my chambers, he may make use of them as long as he pleases."

EQUITABLE ADJUSTMENT.

A hackney-coachman, having had a busy day, went into an ale-house to regale himself, and sat in a box adjoining to one in which his master was seated. John, not suspecting who was his neighbour, began to divide his earnings in a manner not uncommon among the brothers of the whip,

saying, a shilling for master, a shilling for myself; which he continued till he came to an odd sixpence, which puzzled him a good deal, as he was willing to make a fair division. The master overhearing his perplexity, said to him, "You may as well let me have that sixpence, John, because I keep the horses, you know."

THE HIGHWAYMAN OFF HIS GUARD.

A rider to a commercial house in London, was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester by a single highwayman, who robbed him of his purse and pocket-book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. "Sir," said the rider, "I have suffered you to take my property, and you are welcome to it. It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm; but as it will look very cowardly in me, to have been robbed without making any defence, I should wish you just to fire a pistol through my coat."—"With all my heart," said the highwayman, "where will you have the ball?"—"Here," said the rider, "just by the side of the button." The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; but as soon as he had fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and, with the assistance of a traveller, who came up at the time, lodged the highwayman in gaol.

THE LAWYER AND THE JEW.

One day, as a solicitor was passing through Lincoln's-inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with, "Cloash to shell, old cloash!" The lawyer somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's Place, snatched a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied, "No, Sir, they are all new stils."

YORKSHIRE.

A Yorkshire boy went into a public-house, where a gentleman was eating eggs. The boy looked at him for some time, and then said, "Will you be good enough to give me a little salt, Sir?"

—“Certainly; but why do you want salt?”—
 “Perhaps, Sir, you’ll ask me to eat an egg presently, and I should like to be ready.”—“What country are you from, my lad?”—“Yorkshire, Sir.”—“I thought so—there, take an egg.”—“I thank you, Sir,” said the boy. “Well,” added the gentleman, “they are all great horse-stealers in your country, are they not?”—“Yes,” rejoined the boy, “my father, (though an honest man) would no more mind stealing a horse than I would drinking your glass of ale. Your health, Sir,” said he, and drank it up. “That will do,” says the gentleman, “I see you are Yorkshire.”

MUNDEN, THE COMEDIAN.

Munden, when confined to his bed and unable to put his feet to the ground, being told by a friend that his *dignified* indisposition was the laugh of the green-room, replied, “though I love to laugh and make others laugh, yet I would much rather they would make me a *standing* joke.”

FELLOW-FEELING.

In prime of life,
 Tom lost his wife;
 Says Dick, to sooth his pain;
 “Thy wife, I trow,
 Is long, ’ere now,
 In Abraham’s bosom lain.”

“Her fate forlorn,
 With grief I mourn;
 The shrewd dissembler cries,
 “For much I fear,
 By this sad tear,
 She’ll scratch out Abraham’s eyes.”

GENTLEMEN OF THE CLOTH.

A clergyman going down to his living to spend the summer, met a comical old chimney-sweeper, “So, John,” said the doctor, “whence came you?”—“From your house,” replied the sweep, “for this morning I have swept all your chimnies.”—“How many were there?” asked the doctor.—“No less than twenty,” quoth John.—

“Well, and how much a chimney have you?”—
 “Only a shilling a-piece, Sir.”—“Why, then,” returned the doctor, “you have earned a great deal of money in a little time.”—“Yes, yes, Sir,” said the sweep, throwing his bag of soot over his shoulders, “*we black coals get our money easy enough.*”

BISHOP AND HIS SERVANT.

A certain bishop had a servant, whom he ordered on a festival to go to a butcher, named David, for a piece of meat, and then to come to church where the bishop was to preach. The bishop, in the course of his sermon, happening to turn towards the door, as his servant came in, exclaimed, “*And what says David?*” Upon which the other roared out, “*He swears if you do not pay your bill, you need never send to his shop again.*”

THE QUAKER AND THE PARSON.

A quaker barber being sued by the parson for tythes, went to him and asked why he troubled him, as he had never any dealing with him in his whole life; “Why,” said the parson, “it is for tythes.”—“For tythes!” said the quaker, “upon what account?”—“Why,” said the parson, “for preaching in the church.”—“Alas, then,” replied the quaker, “I have nothing to pay thee; for I come not there.”—“Oh, but you might,” said the parson, “for the doors are always open at convenient times.” The quaker immediately entered his action against the parson for forty shillings. The parson inquired for what he owed him the money? “Truly, friend,” replied the quaker, “for trimming!”—“For trimming,” said the parson, “why, I was never trimmed by you in my life.”—“Oh! but thou might’st have come and been trimmed, if thou had’st pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times, as well as thine.”

COINCIDENCE.

The great Duke of Marlborough passing the gate of the Tower, was accosted by an ill-looking fellow, with “How do you do, my Lord Duke? I

believe your grace and I have now been in every jail in the kingdom?"—"I believe, friend," replied the duke, with surprise, "this is the only jail I ever visited."—"Very likely," rejoined the other, "but I have been in all the rest."

HEROISM.

A soldier, on his return from the wars, was asked by his friends, what exploits he had done in them? He said, "that he had cut off one of the enemy's legs;" and being told that it would have been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head; "Oh," said he, "you must know his head was cut off before."

FIELD-PREACHER.

A field-preacher explaining to his congregation the nature of hell, told them he had lived there *eleven months*. "It is a great pity," said one of the hearers, that you did not stay there a month longer, for then you would have gained a *legal settlement*."

THE COUNTRY CARPENTER.

A carpenter having neglected to make a gibbet, which had been ordered by the executioner, on the ground that he had not been paid for the last he had erected, was sent for by the judge. "Fellow," said the latter, in a stern tone, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?"—"I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter, "had I known it had been for your *Lordship*, it should have been done immediately."

THE FAIR EQUIVOQUE.

As blooming Harriet mov'd along,
The fairest of the beauteous throng,
The beaux gaz'd on with admiration,
Avow'd by many an exclamation!
What form! what *nécessité*! what grace!
What roses deck that Grecian face!
"Nay," Dashwood cries, "that bloom's not
Harriet's;
'Twas bought at Reynold's, More's, or Mar-
riott's;

And though you vow her face untainted,
I swear, by G——, your beauty's painted."
A wager instantly was laid,
And Ranger sought the lovely maid;
The pending bet he soon reveal'd,
Nor e'en the impious oath conceal'd.
Confus'd, her cheek bore witness true,
By turns the roses came and flew,
"Your bet," she said, "is rudely odd—
But I am painted, Sir,—by G——."

TROTTERS AND GALLOPERS.

Charles Bannister, the actor, was one evening in company with a young man, who, being in liquor, began to moralize on the folly of his past conduct. "I have been a d—— fool," said he; "my late father kept a tripe-shop in Clare-market, and got a decent fortune by it, which he left to me; and I, like an idiot, have stripped myself almost of my last shilling in horse-racing and the like."—"Well," said Charles, "never mind that, he got his money by *trotters*, and you *lost* it by *gallopers*."

NOVEL SOLECISM.

The late John Kemble, who was so minutely observant of that great dramatic canon, "suit the action to the word," that he would study before a glass the proper position of a finger even; seeing an actor *hold down* his head on pronouncing, O, Heaven! and *hold it up* on pronouncing, O Earth! said, "*The fellow has committed a solacism with his head.*"

LONDON THIEVES.

As Yorkshire Humphrey, t'other day,
O'er London Bridge was stumping,
He saw, with wonder and delight,
The water-works a-pumping.

Numps gazing stood, and wond'ring how
This grand machine was made,
To feast his eyes, he thrust his head
Betwixt the balustrade.

A sharper, prowling near the spot,
Observes the gaping lout,
And soon, with fish-hook finger, turns
His pocket inside out.

Numps feels the twitch, and turns around—
The thief, with artful leer,
Says, "Sir, you'll presently be robb'd,
For pickpockets are near."

Quoth Numps, "I fear not London thieves,
I'm not a simple youth;
My guinea, Measter's, safe enough!
I've put it in my mouth!"

"You'll pardon me!" the rogue replies,
Then modestly retires;
Numps re-assumes the gaping post,
And still the works admire.

The artful prowler takes his stand,
With Humphrey full in view;
When now an infant thief drew near,
And each the other knew.

Then thus the elder thief began—
"Observe that gaping lout!
He has a guinea in his mouth,
And we must get it out."

"Leave that to me," young Filcher says,
"I have a scheme quite pat;
Only observe how neat I'll queer
The gaping country flat."

By this time Numps, who gas'd his fill,
Was trudging through the street;
When the young pilf'rer, tripping by,
Falls prostrate at his feet.

"O Lord! O dear! my money's lost!"
The artful archin moans;
While halfpence, falling from his hand,
Roll jingling o'er the stones.

The passengers now stoop to find,
And give the boy his coin;
And Humphrey, with the friendly band,
Deigns cordially to join.

"There are your pence," quoth Numps, "my boy,
Be sure thee haulds 'em faster!"
"My pence!" quoth Filch; "here are my pence;
But where's my guinea, master?"—

"Help, help! good folks; for God's sake, help!"
Bawls out this hopeful youth—
"He pick'd my guinea up just now,
And has it in his mouth!"

The elder thief was lurking near,
Now close to Humphrey draws,
And, seizing on his gullet, plucks
The guinea from his jaws!

Then roars out—"Masters, here's the coin;
I'll give the child his guinea!
But who'd have thought to see a thief
In this same country niny?"

Humphrey, astonish'd, thus begins—
"Good measters! hear me, pray!"
But—"Duck him, duck him!" is the cry;
At length he sneaks away.

"Ah! now," quoth Numps, "I will believe
What often I've heard said,
That London thieves would steal the teeth
Out of a body's head!"

THE MAGPIE.

A boy, belonging to one of the ships of war at
Portsmouth, had purchased of his play-fellows a
magpie, which he carried to his father's house, and
was at the door feeding it, when a gentleman in
the neighbourhood, who had an impediment in his
speech, coming up, "T—T—T—Tom," said the
gentleman, "can your Mag T—T—Talk yet?"—
"Ay, Sir," says the boy, "better than you, or
I'd wring his head off."

SLEEPING AT CHURCH.

Dr. South, when preaching before Charles
II. observed that the monarch and his attendants
began to nod. Some of them soon after snored, on
which he broke off his sermon, and called, "Lord
Lauderdale, let me entreat you to rouse yourself;
you snore so loud that you will wake the king!"

ROYAL TWINS.

"Susan!" said an Irish footman to his fellow-servant, "what are the bells ringing for again?"—"In honour of the Duke of York's birthday, Mr. Murphy."—"Be atty now," rejoined the Hibernian, "none of your blarney—sure, 'was the Prince Regent's on Tuesday, and how can it be his brother's to-day, unless they are twins?"

THE LITERARY BREAKFAST.

As lately a sage on fine ham was repasting,
(Tho' for breakfast too savoury I ween),
He exclaim'd to a friend, who sat silent and fasting,
"What a breakfast of *learning* is mine!"
"A breakfast of *learning*!" with wonder he cried,
And laughed, for he thought him mistaken.
"Why, what is it else?" the sage quickly replied,
"When I'm making *large extracts from Bacon*."

FLINT SOUP.

A friar once entered a farm-house and begged the use of a little pan, to make some flint broth! "Flint broth!" exclaimed the farmer's wife; "how is that to be done? I should like to learn such an economical secret." The friar took the vessel, put in some water and some clean flints: "Now," says he, "I must have a piece of beef and a few herbs, some salt, a little bacon, and a little flour, and stir them well together." Having done all this, and let the mess boil its proper time, he produced a very palatable broth, to the astonishment of the good wife, who forgot that she had contributed the only good ingredients

A FRIAR'S TACTICS.

One day, when Cardinal Richelieu had summoned Duke Bernard de Weimar to his council, a friar running his finger over a map, said, "Monseigneur, you must first take this city, then that, and then that." The Duke Bernard listened to him for some time, and at length said, "But, Father, you cannot take cities with your fingers."

ROYAL CONFESSION.

When Bolsoberst was at the point of death, his mother sent some priests to convert him. "Yes, mon Dieu," said he, "I sincerely implore thy pardon, and confess that I am a great sinner, but thou knowest that the Abbe de Villarceau is a much greater sinner than I am."

JOHN KEMBLE.

Kemble had been for many years the intimate friend of the Earl of Aberdeen; on one occasion he called on that nobleman during his morning ride, and left Mrs. Kemble in the carriage at the door. Kemble and the noble earl were closely engaged on some literary subject for a long time, while Mrs. K. was shivering in her carriage at the door, it being very cold weather. At length her patience being exhausted, she directed the servant to inform his master that she was waiting, and that she feared the weather would bring on an attack of the rheumatism. The fellow proceeded to the door of the earl's study, and delivered his message, leaving out the *final* letter in rheumatism. This he had repeated three several times, at different intervals, by direction of his mistress, before he could obtain an answer; at length Kemble, roused from his subject by the importunities of his servant, replied somewhat petulantly, "Tell your mistress I shall not come; and fellow, in future, say *time*!"

CLASSIC TOASTS.

Sir W. Curtis was once present at a public dinner where the Dukes of York and Clarence formed part of the company. The President gave as a toast, "*The Adelphi*," (the Greek word for "The Brothers.") When it came to the worthy Baronet's turn to give a toast, he said, "Mr. President, as you seem inclined to give *public buildings*, I beg leave to propose *Somerset House*."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Swift alluding, in a letter, to the frequent instances of a broken correspondence after a long

absence, gives the following natural account of the causes:—"At first one omits writing for a little while—and then one stays a little while longer to consider of excuses—and at last it grows desperate, and one does not write at all. In this manner" he adds, "I have served others, and have been served myself."

EPIGRAM.

Said Celia to Damon, "Can you tell me from whence
I may know a coquette from a woman of sense?
Where the difference lies?"—"Yes," said Damon,
"I can;
Every man courts the one, t'other courts every
man."

GOLDSMITH'S CREDULITY.

Dr. Goldsmith was sitting one evening at the tavern where he was accustomed to take his supper, when he called for a mutton-chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman near him, with whom he was intimately acquainted, showed great tokens of uneasiness, and wondered how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him. "Stinking!" said Goldsmith, "In good troth I do not smell it."—"I never smelled any thing so unpleasant in my life," answered the gentleman; "the fellow deserves a caning for bringing you meat unfit to eat!"—"In good troth," said the poet, relying on his judgment, "I think so too, but I will be less severe in my punishment." He instantly called the waiter, and insisted that he should eat the chop as a punishment. The waiter resisted: but the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane if he did not immediately comply. When he had eaten half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking that it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful to him. When the waiter had finished his repast, Goldsmith's friend burst into a loud laugh. "What ails you now?" said the poet. "Indeed, my good friend," said the other, "I

could never think that a man whose knowledge of letters is so extensive as yours, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour; the chop was as fine a one as ever I saw in my life."—"Was it?" said Dr. Goldsmith, "then I will never give credit to what you say again; and so, in good troth, I think I am even with you."

QUEEN BESS.

A courtier one day came running to Queen Elizabeth, and, with a face full of dismay, "Madam," said he, "I have bad news for you; the party of tailors mounted on mares, that attacked the Spaniards, are all cut off."—"Courage, friend!" said the queen; "this news is indeed bad; but when we consider the nature of the quadrupeds, and the description of the soldiers, it is some comfort to think we have lost neither man nor horse."

BOTTLES FLYING.

Hugh Boyd was dining with a large party of his countrymen, when, after having drunk freely, one of the company took up a decanter and flung it at the head of the person that sat facing him. Boyd, however, seeing the missile about to be thrown, dexterously stretched forth his hand and caught it, exclaiming, at the same time, "Really, gentlemen, if you send the bottle about this way, there will not one of us be able to stand out the evening."

DR. PITCAIRN.

Dr. Pitcairn one Sunday stumbled into a presbyterian church, to beguile a few idle moments, and seeing the parson apparently overwhelmed by the importance of his subject:—"What the devil makes the man greet?" said Pitcairn to a fellow that stood near him. "By my faith, Sir," answered the other, "you would perhaps greet too, if you were in his place, and had as little to say."—"Come along with me, friend, and let's have a glass together," said Pitcairn, "You are too good a fellow to be here."

CHARITABLE FRAUD.

The Archbishop of Aix, on hearing that his friend Saint Francois de Sales had been canonized, pronounced him a gallant, amiable, and honest man, although he would cheat at piquet."—"But, sir," said some one present, "is it possible that a saint could be a sharper at play?"—"No," replied the Archbishop, "he said as a reason for it, that he gave all his winnings to the poor."

LORD ORRERY.

Lord Orrery, the friend and biographer of Swift, had such an unbounded love for the classics, that he bestowed classical appellations on the dumb parts of his household. His dog bore the name of Cæsar. Cæsar, however, one day giving his lordship a most unclassical bite, his lordship seized a cane, and pursued him round the room with great solemnity, uttering the while, this truly classical menace: "Cæsar! Cæsar! if I could catch thee, Cæsar, I would give thee as many wounds as Brutus gave thy namesake in the capitol!"

PETER PINDAR.

Dr. Walcot, better known as *Peter Pindar*, called one day upon the publisher of his works, by way of enquiring into the literary and other news of the day. After some chat, the doctor was asked to take a glass of wine with the seller of his wit and poetry. The doctor consented to accept of a little negus, when instantly was presented to him a cocoa-nut goblet, with the face of a man carved on it. "Eh! eh!" says the doctor, "what have we here?"—"A man's skull," replied the bookseller, "a poet's for what I know."—"Nothing more likely," rejoined the doctor, "*for it is universally known that all you booksellers drink your wine from our skulls.*"

NO JOKE.

A gentleman residing on his estate on the road to Dorking, and within a few miles of that town, finding his grounds trespassed on and robbed, set

up a board, to scare offenders by the notification that "Steel traps and spring guns are set in these grounds;" but finding that even this was treated with contempt, and his fruit, &c. vanished as before, he caused to be painted in very prominent letters underneath—"No Joke, by G—d!" which had the desired effect.

THE SAFE SIDE.

During the riots of 1780, most persons in London in order to save their houses from being burnt or pulled down, wrote on their doors, "*No Popery!*" Old Grimaldi, to avoid all mistakes, wrote on his "*No Religion!*"

DR. SOUTH.

Dr. South visiting a gentleman one morning, was asked to stay dinner, which he accepted of; the gentleman stepped into the next room and told his wife, and desired she would provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand words; till, at length, her husband, provoked at her behaviour, protested, that, if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which the doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately stepped out, crying, "*I beg, Sir, you will make no stranger of me.*"

QUIN ON TURTLE EATING.

Quin was asked once what he thought of turtle-eating. "By G—d," said he, "it is a thousand pities, that, on such an occasion, a man had not a stomach as long as the cable of a first-rate man-of-war, and every inch palate."

SMART RETORT.

Two gentlemen, one named Chambers, the other Garret, riding by Tyburn together; the former said, "this is a very pretty tenement, if it had but a garret."—"You fool," said Garret, "don't you know there must be chambers first."

PETER WALTERS.

A gentleman, not so remarkable for his economy as his wit and humour, was one day rallying the late Peter Walters on his avarice. "For my part," quoth the gentleman, "I don't know any difference between a shilling and sixpence, for when one is changed, it is gone, and so is the other."—"Ah," says Peter, "my old friend, you may not know the difference between a shilling and a sixpence now, but believe me you will when you come to be worth but eighteen-pence."

THE SENATOR.

A senator, who is not esteemed the wisest man in the House, has a custom of shaking his head when another speaks; which giving offence to a particular person, he complained of the indignity. Hereupon, one who had been acquainted with the first gentleman from a child, as he told the House, assured them it was only the effect of an ill-habit, "for," said he, "though he often shakes his head, there is nothing in it."

THE LAWYER AND THE FARMER.

A lawyer quits the jarring courts
For rural ease and rural sports,
Surveys his newly-bought estate,
And, like all those that wealth makes great,
Thus plied an honest farmer's ear:
"Behold what spacious grounds are here!
Yon park extensive mocks the eye,
Yon house with palaces might vie;
Rich by industry I have grown,
And all thou seest I call my own."
The clown, who very seldom made
A speech of length, in answer said,
"I fancy, Sir, you'd change your tone,
If every one possess'd his own."

KING CHARLES.

King Charles II. being prevailed upon, by one of his courtiers, to knight a very worthless fellow, and of mean aspect, when he was going to lay the

sword upon his shoulder, our new knight drew back, and hung down his head, as if out of countenance. "Don't be ashamed," said the king; "'tis I have the most reason to be so."

THE CANON AND VICAR.

A canon of Windsor, who was taking his evening walk into the town, met one of the vicars at the castle gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous port. "So," says the canon, "from whence come you?"—"I don't know, Mr. Canon," replied the vicar; "I have been spinning out this afternoon with a few friends."—"Ay, and now," says the canon, "you are reeling it home."

LORD B——.

In Queen Ann's reign, the Lord B—— married three wives, who were all his servants. A beggar-woman meeting him one day in the street, made him a very low courtesy, "Ah! God Almighty bless you," said she, "and send you a long life; if you do but live long enough, we shall all be ladies in time."

EPIGRAM.

Jerry dying intestate, his relatives claim'd,
Whilst his widow most vilely his mem'ry defam'd
"What!" she cry'd, "must I suffer, because the
curst knave,
Without leaving a will is laid snug in his grave?"
"That's no wonder," said one, "for 'tis very well
known,
Since his marriage, poor man! he'd no will of his
own."

COLONEL CHARTRES.

The late Colonel Chartres reflecting upon his ill-life and public character, told a nobleman, if such a thing as a good name could be purchased, he would freely give 10,000*l.* for it. The nobleman said, "it would be the worst money he ever laid out in his life."—"Why so?" said the colonel, "Because," replied his lordship, "you would certainly forfeit it again in less than a week."

THE TWO SISTERS.

An ill-humoured wife, abusing her husband on his mercenary disposition, told him that if she was dead, he would marry the devil's eldest daughter, if he could get any thing by it, "That's true," replied the husband, "but the worst of it is one can't marry two sisters."

TO A BAD FIDDLER.

When Orpheus (as old stories shew)
Went fiddling to the shades below,
To recompense the pleasing strain,
Pluto restor'd his wife again.
But thou, the worst of mortal scrapers
That ever call'd forth rustic capers,
And hadst for wife so vile a jade,
For thy own sake leave off the trade:—
Should Pluto hear thy tweedle-dee,
He the same way would punish thee.

TRUE PATRIOTISM

A few years ago one of the male convicts in Botany-Bay wrote a farce; which was acted with great applause on the theatre, in Port Jackson. Barrington, the noted pickpocket, furnished the prologue, which ended with these lines:—

True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

ALL GONE OUT.

Not long since a gentleman near Birmingham, having occasion to see a friend, called at his house, and was told he was gone out; to save the trouble of calling again, he expressed a wish to see the mistress, but she also was gone out. That no time might be lost, he requested to see the young master, but he likewise was out. Wishing, however, not to go without accomplishing his business, on saying he would then walk in, and sit by the fire till one of them returned, he was told by Pat, "Indeed, Sir, and you can't, for that is gone out too!"

EPIGRAM.

"Whatever is, is right," says Pope—
So said a sturdy thief;
But when his fate requir'd a rope,
He varied his belief.

I ask'd if still he held it good:
"Why, no," he sternly cried;
"Good texts are only understood
By being well applied."

APPROPRIATE CARRIAGES.

A coachmaker, remarking the fashionable stages or carriages, said, "that a *sociable* was all the ton during the *honey-moon*, and a *sulky* after."

NEWSPAPER READERS.

Shenstone, the poet, divided the readers of a newspaper into the following general classes:—The ill-natured man looks to the list of bankrupts; the tradesman to the price of bread; the stock-jobber to the lile of the day; the old maid to marriages; the prodigal son to deaths: the monopolist to the hopes of a wet harvest; and the boarding school misses to every thing that relates to Gretna-green!

THE RETREAT.

"Let's run, let's run," a soldier cries;
His captain heard, and thus replies—
"What, coward! would you turn away
The moment we have gain'd the day?
Behold the foe have ceas'd to fire;
Their broken ranks with speed retire."
"Yes, I perceive our foes retreat;
For speed Newmarket cou'dn't match 'em;
I therefore do my words repeat—
Run, or, by G—, you'll never catch 'em."

HORSE STEALING.

Two fellows meeting, one asked the other, why he looked so bad? "I have good reason for it," answered the other, "poor Jack, the greatest croney and best friend I had in the world, was hanged

but two days ago."—"What had he done?" said the first. "Alas!" replied the other, "he did no more than you or I should have done on the like occasion; he found a bridle on the road, and took it up."—"What!" said the other, "hang a man for taking up a bridle! That's hard, indeed."—"To tell the truth of the matter," said the other, "there was a horse tied to the other end of it."

EPITAPH ON A MAN AND HIS WIFE.

Stay, bachelor, if you have wit,
A wonder to behold;
Husband and wife, in one dark pit,
Lie still, and never scold.
Tread softly tho', for fear she wakes;—
Hark, she begins already:
You've hurt my head;—my shoulder akes;—
These sots can ne'er move steady.

Ah, friend! with happy freedom blest!
See how my hope's miscarry'd:
Not death itself can give you rest,
Unless you die unmarried.

THE EXECUTION.

An under-sheriff having to attend a malefactor to execution on a Friday, went to him the Wednesday before, to ask the following favour: "My good friend," said the sheriff, "you know I have orders to see you executed next Friday; now I have business of the utmost importance at London on that day, and as you must die so soon, one day's difference can make no odds, and I should take it as a particular favour if you would be hanged on Thursday morning." The prisoner replied, "I am very sorry I cannot oblige you in this particular; for I have some business of great importance on Friday morning; but, Mr. Sheriff, to shew you that I am not an ungrateful man, suppose we put off this said execution till Monday morning; if you like that, Mr. Sheriff, I'll agree to it with all my heart."

EXCHANGING SERMONS.

It is customary for the clergy in most counties

to have annual visitations, in order to settle the affairs of the church. There belonged to a society of this sort, in Dorsetshire, a clergyman, who made excellent sermons, but preached them badly. At one of these meetings, after the gentlemen had dined, and the servants were seated down together, this clergyman's man asked another, "what so many parsons met together for?"—"Why," answered he, "to swap sermons."—"Aye," quoth the former, "then my master is always most damnable cheated, for he never gets a good one."

EPITAPH ON MR. FOOTE.

Here lies one Foot, whose death may thousands save;
For death has now one Foote within the grave.

COPY OF A DROLL EVIDENCE,

Delivered by the Rev. Mr. J. W——, rector of Rockland, St. Peters, who was subpoenaed to give testimony of the character of one P——, a schoolmaster, at New Buckingham, in Norfolk, at the assize held at Thetford.

Counsel. Call the Rev. Mr. J. W——, rector of Rockland, St. Peters.

Clerk of Assize. Mr. J. W—— called.

Walpole. Here, Sir.

Counsel. Mr. Walpole, I think you live at Rockland, St. Peters?

Walpole. No, Sir, I don't live there; I am parson of the parish, and the living came by my mother.

Counsel. Sir, I don't ask you after the preferment, nor how you came by it.

L. C. Justice. Mr. Walpole, pray where do you live?

Walpole. May it please your Lordship, at New Buckingham, just by Tom Tunmore's, at the Crown

Counsel. Pray do you know one Mr. Parsons, a schoolmaster, at New Buckingham?

Walpole. Yes, Sir, I know him very well.

Counsel. Pray, Sir, what sort of a man is he? how does he behave in your town?

Walpole. Sir, he is a well-built man for strength, he goes in a blue coat and buckskin pair of breeches.

Counsel. Sir, I don't ask you what sort of a man he is, nor what dress he goes in.

Walpole. Sir, as I am upon my oath, I thought I must give an account of all I know of him.

Counsel. Yes, Sir, relating to the questions asked you. I mean, how does he behave, that is, does he behave well in your town?

Walpole. Yes, Sir, very well; only he goes a little hobbling, but that he cannot help.

Counsel. Sir, you do not take me right; has he a clear character of an honest, sober, well behaved man in your town?

Walpole. Yes, Sir, that he has; it is as seldom he gets drunk as any man in town; perhaps in a morning he will call on me to go to Tom Tunmore's, but we seldom drink above two or three full pots in a morning, and he goes home very sober considering.

Counsel. Pray, Sir, do you call it a sober living man that drinks two or three full pots in a morning?

Walpole. He is a very moderate man in drinking. he seldom takes more than half his share.

Counsillor. Then, Sir, you have a good partner.

Walpole. Sir, I like such men best, and so does he, and we agree extremely well together, and never quarrel over our cups, that's all I know of him.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

When Horne Tooke was rejected by the House of Commons, on account of the supposed purity of his clerical character, he compared his own situation to that of the girl at the Magdalen, who was told "she must turn out and qualify."

A DREAM.

I dream'd, that buried with my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay,
And as so mean a neighbour shock'd my pride,
Thus, like a corpse of consequence, I cry'd:

"Scoundrel, begone! and henceforth touch me not;

More manners learn, and at a distance rot."

"How! scoundrel!" in a haughtier tone, said he,
"Proud lump of dirt! I scorn thy words, and thee;

Here all are equal; now thy case is mine;
This is my rotting-place, and that is thine."

A STUTTERING WAG.

A person once knocked at the door of a college-fellow, to enquire the apartments of a particular gentleman. When the fellow made his appearance, "Sir," said the enquirer, "will you be so obliging as to direct me to the rooms of Mr. ——" The fellow had the misfortune to stutter. He began, "S-S-S pl-pl-please to go to——" and then stopped short. At length, collecting all his indignation to the tip of his tongue, he poured out a frightful expression, adding, as he shut the door, "You will find him sooner than I can direct you."

BARRY AND HIS CARPENTER.

The Dublin theatre, during Mr. Barry's management, failed, and he was considerably indebted to his actors, musicians, &c. Among others, the master-carpenter called at Barry's house, and was very clamorous in demanding his money. Barry came to the head of the stairs, and asked what was the matter? "Matter enough," replied the carpenter, "I want my money, and can't get it."—"Don't be in a passion," said Barry. "Do me the favour to walk up stairs, if you please, and we will speak upon the business."—"Not I, by J—Mr. Barry;" cried the carpenter, "you owe me a hundred pounds already, and if I come up you will owe me two before I leave you."

MR. BURKITT.

Mr. William Burkitt, author of a Practical Exposition of the New Testament, and other religious books, was a factious man. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards became mi-

nister of Dedham, in Essex. Going one Sunday to church from the lecture-house, he met an old Cambridge friend, who was coming to give him a call before sermon. After the accustomed salutations, Burkitt told his friend, that as he had intended him the favour of a visit, his parishioners would expect the favour of a sermon. The clergyman excused himself, by saying he had no sermon with him; but on looking at Burkitt's pocket, and perceiving a corner of his sermon-book, he drew it gently out, and put it in his own pocket. The gentleman then said with a smile, "Mr. Burkitt, I will agree to preach for you." He did so, and preached Burkitt's sermon. He, however, appeared to great disadvantage after Burkitt, for he had a voice rough and untuneful, whereas Burkitt's was remarkably melodious. "Ah!" said Burkitt to him archly, after sermon, as he was approaching him in the vestry, "you was but half a rogue; you stole my fiddle, but you could not steal my fiddlestick."

ON A GLUTTON WHO HAD A REMARKABLE MOUTH.

Here lies a famous belly slave,
Whose mouth was wider than a grave;
Traveller, tread lightly o'er his clod,
For should he *gape* you're gone by G—d!

TREASON.

A very serious complaint was once lodged before a justice of the peace in a northern county, against a simple countryman, for having *damned the King*. A warrant was accordingly issued, and the poor delinquent dragged before the bench, when the following interrogatories were put to him.

Justice.—Harkee! you fellow; how came you wickedly and profanely to damn his most sacred Majesty George the Third, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and so forth?

Countryman.—Lord, your worship, I did not know that the *King of Clubs* was *Defender of the Faith*, or by my troth I would not have *damn'd* it.

Justice.—King of Clubs! why, you rebellious rascal, what, do you add *insult* to *treason*? Tell me what you mean.

Countryman.—Mean, your worship, why you *mun* know that were *noine* and *noine*, at whisk and swabbers, *clubs* were *trumps*. I had *face* and *queen* i' my own hand; but as ill-luck would ha't, our neighbour Tummus elapt his *king* smock upon my *queen*, and by *gadlin* they gotten the odd trick, so being well throttled with rage, your worship, I-I-I. cry'd *damn the king*!

Justice.—Oh! well if that's all, thou mayst go about thy business: but see that thou never dost so again.

Countryman.—God bless your Honour, I wonna e'en curse a *knave*, for fear it should offend your *Worship*!

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND,

Inscribed on a pane of glass by Burns.

Canst be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her permission,
Who has not sixpence but in her possession,
Who must to her his dear friends secrets tell,
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart.

JACK KETCH.

Jack Ketch being lately summoned to the Court of Conscience for a small debt, was asked how he meant to pay it? The answer was: "Why, as please your honour, as I know the plaintiff and family well, I'll work it out for him in my own *line*!"

FISH AND SAUCE.

A countryman on a trial respecting the right of fishery, at the Lancaster assizes, was cross-examined by Sergeant Cockel, who, among many other questions, asked the witness—"Dost thou love fish?"—"Yea," said the poor fellow, "but I donna like *Cockle* sauce with it."

THE RIDDLE.

Addressed to four Ladies.

Guess, gentle ladies, if you can,
 A thing that's wondrous common,
 What almost every well-bred man
 Presents to every woman.
 A thing with which you've often play'd
 Betwixt your thumb and finger,
 Though if too frequent use be made,
 'Twill spoil you for a singer.
 It's what weak dames and old abuse,
 And often spoils the stronger;
 In short, 'tis rhetoric lovers use,
 When they can talk no longer.
 It is a pill or potion now,
 Just as you're pleas'd to make it
 Raises the spirits when they're low,
 And tickles when you take it.

THE ANSWER, BY THE LADIES.

To guess your riddle, gentle sir,
 Four dames in council sat;
 So various their opinions were,
 That great was the debate.
 One said, 'twas music, play'd with skill,
 That caus'd all this emotion;
 A second said, it was a pill;
 A third, it was a potion.
 The fourth was quite amaz'd to hear
 The ladies talk such stuff,
 Told them the case was very clear,
 And took a pinch of snuff.

REAL POLITENESS.

Louis XIV. having been told that Lord Stair was one of the best-bred men in Europe, "I shall soon put him to the test," said the king; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened, he bade him pass and go in; the other bowed and obeyed. The king said, "The world is right in the character it gives of his lordship; another person would have troubled me with ceremony."

OLD AGE NOT RELISHED BY LADIES.

Any imputation of old age is disagreeable to the fair sex, let the circumstance of poverty or debility be ever so great. An aged woman soliciting alms in Islington, being asked when a woman was too old for matrimony? replied, "That question you must ask of some one who is older than I am."

A GRAVE-DIGGER'S BILL.

A grave-digger who had buried a Mr. Button, sent the following curious bill to his widow:—
 "To making a *Button-hole*2s."

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER.

When the British ships under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar, the first-lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So unusual an attitude exciting his surprise, he asked the sailor if he was afraid? "Afraid!" answered the tar, "No, I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

NATIONAL TOASTS.

When Lord Stair was ambassador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ministers were constantly invited. The French Ambassador, in his turn, as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors; and on one occasion proposed a health in these terms, "The Rising Sun, my master," alluding to the device and motto of Louis XIV. It came then to the Austrian ambassador's turn to give a toast; and he proposed the "Moon," in compliment to the Empress queen. The Earl of Stair was then called upon, and that nobleman, whose presence of mind never forsook him, drank his master, King William, by the name of "Joshua, the son of Nun, who made the Sun and Moon stand still."

NOBODY.

Sure Nobody's a wicked devil,
 The author of consummate evil;
 In breaking dishes, basins, glasses,
 In stealing, hiding—he surpasses.
 Behold the punch-bowl crack'd around,
 For weeks the ladle was not found;
 How crack'd—'twas Nobody that did it,
 How misplac'd—'twas Nobody hid it.
 When in the school, sits Dr. Pedant,
 He calls to him that is the head in't,
 "Who made that noise? who let his tongue
 stir?"
 "Nobody, Sir;" exclaims the youngster.
 The governess some mischief spies out;
 And in a passion thus she cries out,—
 "Hey day! a pretty litter this is?
 Whose doing? pray! come, tell me, Misses?
 Whose doing?" she repents with fury,
 Nobody's, Madam, I assure you.
 The lady of the house believes,
 A guest her servant-maid receives.
 A thief, perhaps, who shams the lover,
 The windows' fastenings to discover;
 She hears a foot—yes, hears it plain,
 And calls, "Who's there?"—but calls in vain:
 She lists—so anxious she to know,
 And hears a stranger's voice below;
 "Why, Jane, who is it you've got there?"
 "Lord, Madam.—Nobody, I swear,
 As every body can declare."
 "I'm sure somebody it must be,"
 "Nobody, Madam—come and see."
 She goes, but all in vain she peeps,
 For any where Nobody creeps.
 She finds her gravy-soup diminished;
 Her ribs of beef are almost finished;
 "Hey-day, who those provisions took,"
 "Nobody, Madam," rejoins the cook
 "Impossible! what do you mean?"
 "Why then the cat it must have been"
 Thus Nobody is never seen
 In Anybody's shape, but that
 Of a domestic dog or cat.

This Nobody, how strange I think,
 Can walk and talk, can eat and drink;—
 But male or female? Why, I ween
 The gender must be Epicene.
 An old offender it appears,
 Who's liv'd above a thousand years;
 For Polyphemus had his odd eye
 Knock'd out by him, I mean Nobody.

QUIN AND THE BEAU.

Quin being one day in a coffee-house, saw a young beau enter, quite languid with the heat of the day. "Waiter," said the coxcomb, in an affected faint voice, "Waiter, fetch me a dish of coffee, as weak as water, and as cool as a zephyr!" Quin, in a voice of thunder, immediately vociferated, "Waiter, bring me a dish of coffee, hot as hell, and strong as d——t——n." The beau starting, exclaimed, "Pray, waiter, what is that gentleman's name?" Quin, in the same tremendous tone, exclaimed, "Waiter, pray what is that lady's name."

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

The tradesmen of a man of fashion having dunned him for a long time, he desired his servant one morning to admit the tailor, who had not been so constant in his attendance as the rest. When he made his appearance, "My friend," said he to him, "I think you are a very honest fellow, and I have a great regard for you; therefore, I take this opportunity to tell you, that I'll be d——d if ever I pay you a farthing! Now go home, mind your business, and don't lose your time by calling here. As for the others, they are a set of vagabonds and rascals, for whom I have no affection, and they may come as often as they choose."

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND THE DUSTMAN.

As the late beautiful Duchess of Devonshire was one day stepping out of her carriage, a dustman, who was accidentally standing by, and was about to regale himself with his accustomed whiff of tobacco, caught a glance of her countenance, and in-

stantly exclaimed, "Love and bless you, my lady, let me light my pipe in your eyes!" The duchess was so delighted with this compliment, that she frequently afterwards checked the strain of adulation, which was so constantly offered to her charms, by saying, "Oh! after the dustman's compliment, all others are insipid."

INGENIOUS EVASION.

A prisoner being brought up to Bow-street, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate: "How do you live?"—"Pretty well, sir; generally a joint and a pudding at dinner?"—"I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?"—"I beg your worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's and sometimes at the chandler's shop."—"You may be as witty as you please, sir; but I mean simply to ask you, how do you do?"—"Tolerably well, I thank your worship; I hope your worship is well."

MR. THELWALL AND MR. ERSKINE.

When Mr. Thelwall was on his trial at the Old Bailey for high-treason, during the evidence for the prosecution, he wrote the following note, and sent it to his counsel, Mr. Erskine: "I am determined to plead my cause myself." Mr. Erskine wrote under it, "If you do, you'll be hanged;" to which Thelwall immediately returned this reply, "I'll be hang'd, then, if I do."

GEORGE BARKER AND THE TOOTH-DRAWER.

The famous George Barker was laid up one day, His wife being then in the family-way;
For always the tooth-aches of husbands begin
Whenever their wives are about lying-in;
He roar'd and he bellow'd, so great was the pain,
Supp'd brandy, bit ginger, but all was in vain.

At last Mr. Jalap, th' apothecary, came,
To take out the tooth, which the rest did inflame;
Sir, open your mouth, which he open'd so wide,
That Jalap peep'd down, and "I see it" he cried;
His head was held fast, and the pincers cramm'd in,
Which Barker receiv'd with a horrible grin.

Tremendous and loud were the gentleman's cries,
While out came a tooth, to the patient's surprise.
"Ouns! sir, you have drawn the best tooth that
I had,
Instead of the one that's so grievously bad;"
"That's my loss," cried Jalap, "I've now double
labour,
For needs must I take out its troublesome neighbour."

George wou'd have replied, but t'other in popp'd
His pincers, and thus was his mouth quickly
stopp'd,
Then spite of odd gestures, and even wry face,
He pull'd, and he twisted, the tooth to displace;
The doctor at length brought the job to an end,
With pains to himself, but much more to his friend.
Poor Barker held up both his hands to his head,
"O death and the devil, what pain's this," he said;
While Jalap the gentleman gravely assur'd,
"'Twas nothing to what he might chance t' have
endured;
Pray look at the rotten old stump I'd to draw,
And then thank your stars that *I didn't break your
jaw.*"

SPIRIT OF A GAMBLER.

A bon-vivant of fashion, brought to his death-
bed by an immoderate use of wine, after having
been seriously taken leave of by his physician,
and ingeniously told that he could not survive
many hours, and would die by eight o'clock next
morning, exerted all the small remains of his
strength to call the doctor back, which having ac-
complished with difficulty, he said, with the true
spirit of a gambler, "Doctor, I'll bet you a bottle
I live till nine."

FASHION'S SAKE.

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man
who stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at
ten-pence; upon which the prosecutor cried out,
"Ten-pence, my lord! why the very *fashion* of it
cost me five pounds."—"Oh," said his lordship,
"we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake.*"

PROMPT ANSWER.

Chateaufort, keeper of the seals of Louis XIII. when a boy of only nine years old, was asked many questions by a bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is?"—"My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where he is not."

DR. YOUNG.

One day as Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, (one of whom he afterwards married,) the servant came to tell him that a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," said the doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted he should go, but, as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate; when, finding resistance in vain, he bowed, and spoke the following lines:—

"Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n;
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both;
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

THE BIRCH.

Ye worthies, in trust for the school and the church,
Pray hear me descant on the virtues of Birch.

Though the *Oak* be the prince and the pride of
the grove,
An emblem of pow'r, and the favourite of Jove;
Though *Pææus* with *Laurel* his temples have
bound,
And with chaplets of *Poplar* *Alone* be crown'd;
Tho' *Pallas* the *Olive* has graced with her choice,
And mother *Cybele* in *Pines* may rejoice;
Though *Bacchus* delights in the *Ivy* and *Vine*,
And *Venus* her garlands with *Myrtle* entwine;

Yet the Muses declare, after diligent search,
No tree can be found to compare with the *Birch*.
The *Birch*, they aver, is the true tree of know-
ledge,

Revered by each school, and remember'd at col-
lege.

Though *VIRGIL*'s fam'd tree may produce as its
fruit,

A crop of vain dreams, and strange whims from
each shoot;

Yet the *Birch* on each bough, on the top of each
switch,

Bears the essence of grammar, the eight parts of
speech.

'Mongst the leaves is conceal'd more than mem'ry
can mention,

All cases, all genders, all forms of declension.

Nine branches when cropp'd by the hand of the
Nine,

Each duly arrang'd in a parallel line,

Tied up in nine folds of a mystical string,

And soak'd for nine hours in cold *Hæmon*'s
spring

Is a sceptre compos'd for a pedagogue's hand,
Like the *Fæces* of *Rome*, a true badge of command.

The sceptre thus finish'd, like *Mosæ*'s rod,
From flints can draw tears, and give life to a clod.
Should darkness Egyptian, or ignorance spread
Its clouds o'er the mind, or envelope the head,
This rod thrice apply'd puts the darkness to flight,
Disperses the clouds, and restores us to light;

Like the *Virga divina*, 'twill find out the vein
Where lurks the rich metal—the gold of the brain
Should *Genius*, a captive, by Sloth be confin'd,
Or the witchcraft of pleasure prevail o'er the
mind,

Apply but this magical wand—with a stroke,
The spell is dissolv'd, the enchantment is broke.
Like *Hæmon*'s rod, these few switches inspire
Rhetorical thunder, and Poetry's fire.

And if *Morpheus* our temples in *Lethe* should
steep,

These switches untie all the fetters of sleep.

Here dwells strong Conviction, of Logic the glory,
When we'd with precision *a posteriori*,
It promotes circulation, and thrills through each
vein.

The faculties quickens, and purges the brain.
Whatever disorders prevail in the blood,
The Birch can correct them, like guaiacum wood.
So luscious its juice is, so sweet are its twigs,
That at Sheffield we call them the Walkley-bank
figs.

As the fam'd rod of Circe to brutes would change
men,
So the twigs of the Birch can unbrute them again.
Like the rod of the Sybil, that branch of pure
gold,

These twigs can the gate of Elysium unfold;
That Elysium of learning, where pleasures abound,
These fruits that still flourish on classical ground.
Then if such be its virtues, we'll bow to the tree,
And Birch, like the Muses, immortal shall be.

LUCKY LOSS.

A clergyman being one day engaged in examining his parishioners, and finding them extremely ignorant, spoke of the punishment that awaited the wicked in a future world; observing, that they "would be cast into a place of utter darkness, where there would be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth."—"Let them gnash that have teeth," cried an old woman from a corner of the church; "for my part, I have had none these thirty years."

KING JAMES THE FIRST.

This monarch mounting a horse that was unruly, said, "The devil tak' my soul, sirrah, an ye be na quiet, I'll send ye to the five hundred kings in the House of Commons:—They'll soon tame you."

COURAGE.

An officer in Admiral Lord St. Vincent's fleet, asking one of the captains, who was gallantly

bearing down upon the Spanish fleet, whether he had reckoned the number of the enemy? "No," replied the captain, "It will be time enough to do that, when we have made them strike."

PURCHASING A HUSBAND.

A country girl, desirous of matrimony, received from her mistress a present of a five-pound bank-note for her marriage-portion. Her mistress wished to see the object of Susan's favour; and a very diminutive fellow, swarthy as a Moor, and ugly as an ape, made his appearance. "Ah, Susan," said her mistress, "what a strange choice you have made!"—"La, ma'am," said Susan, "in such hard times as these, when almost all the tall fellows are gone for soldiers, what more of a man than this can you expect for a five-pound note?"

A COMPARISON.

It is with narrow-souled people, as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

THE RETORT.

Two girls of fashion entered an assembly-room, at the time when a fat citizen's wife was quitting it. "Ah," said one of them, in an audible voice, "there's beef *a-la-mode* going out."—"Yes," answered the object of their ridicule, "and game going in."

MATRIMONIAL REGULATIONS.

A man being brought up by his wife, who had sworn the peace against him, after being informed by the sitting magistrate of the charge laid against him, he asked permission to say *summat* in his *exculpitation*.

"Well," said the worthy magistrate, "you are at liberty to say any thing you please in your defence."

"Why, then, please your worship, I can show as how my wife took the law into her hands before I *balsted* her at all."

Magistrate.—"Did she strike you first?"

Husband.—"No, your worship, but if you'll please to hear my tale, you shall know all about it; first, if you'll please to hear me, you must know that I is of a very hot temper, and she's *plaguy* hot well as I; well, so you know, says I to her *yan* morning, Bessy, my lass, we'll split our disturbances, t'ane of us shall be maister *yan* year, and t'other of next year, in regular *succension*; well, please your worship, she agreed to this *regularment*, and she *been't* maister all t'*last* year; the time you know, that her time expired was last Friday four months. Well, your worship, of Friday four month's I told you that I was *ganning* to be't maister; well, do you know, your worship, she took t'*law* into her own hands, and said she'd be *felled* if she would'nt remain maister for t'*next* year; so I *has* put up with the degradation till last Friday—*wer'nt* it that day, Bessy?"

Wife.—"Till last Friday."

Husband.—"Well, and then as how I thought t'*law* wad authorize me to *baist* her, as she had *ta'en* t'*law* into her hands. (*Much laughter.*)

Magistrate.—"Woman, what have you to say to this ingenuous defence?"

Wife.—"Please, your worship, I know I *se* guilty of the *alldgement* he has lain again me; I *se* sorry for what I've done! I hope as that you'll forgive me this time, and I'll try him (*pointing to her husband*) till he *misbehaves* himself again."

The magistrate then advised her in future to let her husband be the master, and, after making mutual promises to kiss and be friends, they retired.

JUSTIFICATION.

A dog, ying open-mouthed at a serjeant upon a march, he ran the spear of his halbert into his throat and killed him. The owner was quite indignant that his dog was killed, and asked the serjeant why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt end of his halbert? "So I would," said he, "if he had run at me with his tail."

FORTITUDE OF A SAILOR.

A veteran, at the battle of Trafalgar, who was actively employed at one of the guns, having his leg shot off below the knee, observed to an officer, "That's but a shilling touch; an inch higher and I should have had my eighteen-pence for it;" alluding to the scale of pensions allowed for wounds. The same man, as they were lifting him on a brother tar's shoulders, said to one of his friends, "Bob, take a look for my leg, and give me the silver huckle out of my shoe; I'll do as much for you, please God, some other time."

A DOTING HUSBAND.

At the time when Frederick Moul was engaged in translating *Lebanus*, a servant came to tell him, that his wife, who had long been in a declining state, was very ill, and wished to speak to him. "Stop a minute, stop a minute," said he, "I have but two sentences to finish, and then I will be with her directly." Another messenger came to announce, that she was at the last gasp. "I have but two words to write," answered he, and "then I'll fly to her." A moment after word was brought to him, that she had expired. "Alas! I am very sorry for it," exclaimed the tranquil husband, "she was the best wife in the world!" Having uttered this brief funeral oration, he went on with his work.

MATRIMONIAL AFFECTION.

In a village in Picardy, a farmer's wife, after long sickness, fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain; and so, according to the custom of that country, she was wrapped in a sheet, and carried out to be buried. But, as ill-luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near a hedge, that the thorns pierced the sheet, and waked the woman from her trance. Some years after, she died in reality; and, as the funeral passed along, the husband would every now and then call out "Not too near the hedge, not too near the hedge, neighbours."

TARDY ADVICE.

A nobleman advising his son to keep inferior people at a distance; a tradesman, who overheard the admonition, replied—"I am sorry, my lord, you did not give the young gentleman this advice before he got so deeply into my books."

HONESTY.

A knavish attorney asked a worthy gentleman to define honesty, "What is that to you," replied the latter, "meddle with those things that concern you."

SEASONABLE RECOLLECTION.

Mr. Sheridan once told Mrs. M. A. Taylor, that she looked as blooming as the spring, but recollecting that the spring was not very promising, he added, "I would to God the spring would look like you."

JOHN TAYLOR.

This bard interrupted the servile etiquette of kneeling to the king. "I myself," said the water poet, "gave a book to King James once, in the great chamber at Whitehall, as his majesty came from the chapel. The Duke of Richmond said merrily to me: 'Taylor, where did you learn the manners to give the king a book and not kneel?'—"My lord," said I, "if it please your grace, I do give now; but when I beg any thing, then I will kneel."

PRUDENT DELAY.

A plasterer and his boy being employed to whitewash a house by the day, were so tedious that the owner one day asked the lad, in his master's absence, when he thought they would have done. The boy bluntly replied, "that his master was looking out for another job; and if he found one they should make an end that week."

THE CITIZEN.

A constant frequenter of city feasts having grown enormously fat, it was proposed to write on his back, *widened at the expense of the corporation.*

RAMSGATE FAR BEYOND MARGATE.

A young lady, on a visit to a friend near the sea-coast of Kent, was asked her opinion of the comparative degree of merit between Ramsgate and Margate; "Oh!" she replied, "I think Ramsgate *far beyond* Margate."—"Do you," replied a person present, "why, if you go round by the cliffs, it is not above five miles and a half,"

DRY TOAST.

At a recent city dinner, the chairman proposed a health, but neglected to pass the bottle; upon which a facetious citizen exclaimed, "Mr. President, I will thank you for some wine, for a *dry-toast* always gives me the *heart-burn*."

A NEW MODE OF SAVING MONEY FROM ROBBERERS.

Once on a time, 'tis said, that Hounslow-heath
Was by a gang of robbers sore infested,
Who with the sword of justice boldly jested,
Till Mister Kirby's necklace stopp'd their breath.

Three doughty officers of volunteers,
Knights of the thimble (fame reports) and sheers,
Stopping at Hounslow in a chaise and pair,
Ask'd fiercely if the Heath was safe from thieves;
"Yes, sir," replied the ostler, "I believes;
Besides, what needs such warlike gemmen
care?"

The ostler had a *friend* that lurk'd at hand,
A tribute-gatherer on the road—no worse;
Who, viewing slyly this redoubted band,
Swore each should pay the *forced loan* of his
purse,
Or put, to speak more like a politician,
Their money in a state of *requisition*!

Away then rode he to wait for his prey;
The heroes paid their score, and off went they,
But, ere they half the heath had cross'd,
They found the chevalier upon his post;

He stopped the chaise—"Gemmen," says he, "I hear

This road is horribly by rogues beset;
And, though such valiant men despise all fear,
Perhaps you'll be in danger if you're met."

At this their powder'd locks began to bristle;
"What shall we do?"—they cried, "oh, tell us what!"

"Why, gemmen," says the rogue, and shew'd a pistol—

"Best leave your cash with me, I'll tell you that."
"What! all our money? Nay, for goodness hold."

"Yes, all—quick, quick!" replied the rogue,
"your gold!"

Make haste!—your watches too must be unfobb'd;
Or d—— my buttons, sirs, but you'll be robb'd!"

THE MISER.

A miser, who had carefully deposited his darling treasure under a hedge, one day found that the hoard was gone. His cries and lamentations attracted several persons, and an unfeeling wag remarked, "It was very surprising the old gentleman should lose his money, as it was put into the bank."

APPROPRIATE TEXTS.

Some of our reverend gentlemen, who are denominated *popular preachers*, display great ingenuity in their choice of suitable texts. At an anniversary sermon before the Chelsea pensioners, a discourse was a few days since delivered from the following apposite text:—"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the days in which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." A gentleman, who preached a sermon before the society for recovering persons apparently drowned; selected the following:—"Trouble not yourselves about him, for he is not dead." For a wedding sermon preached a short time since, at a country town in Shropshire, a reverend gentleman took part of the story of Jephthah's daughter:—"And she went upon the moun-

tains and bewailed her virginity." And a reverend dean, who published a sermon for the benefit of the poor clergy in a provincial diocese, properly enough selected the following:—"Set on the great pot and seeth pottage for the souls of the prophets."

NAVAL PUN.

A gentleman enquiring of a naval officer why sailors generally take off their shirts when going into action, was answered, "that they were unwilling to have any *check* to fighting."

PROFESSIONAL DUTIES MUST BE PERFORMED.

An attorney presenting a copy of a writ to an auctioneer apologised for his unfriendly visit, as he was merely performing an unpleasant duty of his profession. "Certainly not," said the auctioneer, "you must attend to the duties of your profession and so must I to mine;" and instantly *knocked him down*.

THE CROWN.

A country sculptor was once ordered to engrave on a tombstone the following words:

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

But the stone being small he engraved on it,

"A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband."

A MAGISTRATE NO SAILOR.

A sailor who had been making a riot, was taken before a justice, who ordered him to find bail. "I have no bail," said Jack. "Then I'll commit you," said the justice. "You will!" said the sailor, "then the Lord send you the rope that stops the wind when the ship's at anchor."—"What do you mean by that?" said the justice. "Why," said Jack, "it's the hanging rope at the yard-arm."

ON CHARACTERS.

When death puts out our *flame* the snuff will tell,
If we were *was* or *tallow* by the smell.

ADDISON AND STEELE.

A gentleman dining with another, praised very much the meat, and asked who was the butcher? "His name is Addison."—"Addison!" echoed the guest, "pray is he any relation to the poet?"—"In all probability he is, for he is seldom without his steel (*Steele*) by his side."

SHUTER, THE COMEDIAN.

A friend overtaking Shuter one day in the street, said to him, "Why, Ned, are you not ashamed to walk the streets with twenty holes in your stockings? why don't you get them mended?"—"No, my friend," said Ned, "I am above it; and if you have the pride of a gentleman, you will act like me, and walk with twenty holes rather than have one darn."—"How," replied the other, "How do you make that out?"—"Why," replied Ned, "a hole is the *accident* of the day but a darn is *premeditated poverty*."

ON THE LAW.

Unhappy Chremes, neighbour to a peer,
Kept half his sheep, and fattened half his deer;
Each day his gates thrown down, his fences broke,
And injur'd still the more, the more he spoke,
At last resolv'd his potent foe to awe,
And guard his right by statute, and by law!
A suit in Chancery the wretch begun,
Nine happy terms through bill and answer }
run,
Obtain'd his cause, had costs, and was undone. }

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

A swaggering commissioned officer, who, unfortunately for his pride, was no other than the son of an honest mender of *soles*, chanced to let his cane fall severely on the shoulders of a poor private, "Why don't you move, you scoundrel, with alacrity!" cried the officer. "Bless your honour," replied the man, "how is it possible; the shoes your *father* made me pinch me so!" It is almost unnecessary to add the drill was speedily dismissed.

SHAKESPEARE'S COOKERY.

Two gentlemen were disputing at a coffee-house upon the best mode of cooking a beef-steak, and enumerating the different processes for bringing it to table in the highest perfection. Mr. Wewitzer observed, that of all the methods of cooking a beef-steak, he thought Shakespeare's recipe the shortest and the best. Upon being asked for an explanation. "Why, gentlemen," said Wewitzer, "it is this:

"If when 'twere done, 'twere well done, then 'twere well
"It were done quickly——."

LIKE A PUPPY.

A gentleman observed to a lady, that since a recent illness, a mutual friend of theirs spoke very much like a puppy, "likely enough," replied the lady, "for I hear, that by order of the doctor he has lately taken to bark."

NEW RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Last night as o'er the page of Love's despair,
My Delia bent deliciously to grieve,
I stood a treacherous loiterer by her chair,
And drew the fatal scissors from my sleeve.
She heard the steel her beauteous lock divide,
And whilst my heart with transport panted big,
She cast a fury frown on me, and cried,
"You stupid puppy,—you have spoil'd my wig."

THE KISS.

The author of the comedy called the *Kiss*, sent a copy of the piece as soon as published to a young lady, informing her that he had been wishing for many months for the present opportunity of giving her a kiss."

A COMMANDMENT KEPT.

A young officer not over fond of fighting, waited on the commander on the eve of a battle, to request leave of absence to visit his father and

mother, both of whom were extremely ill. "Yes," said the general, "honour your father and your mother, *that your days may be long.*"

POPE'S VERACITY.

Pope Alexander Vith. used to say, when reminded of promises he never intended to perform, "It is true I did make a promise, but I did not *take an oath to keep it.*"

ON AN UGLY OLD WOMAN.

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Syren in thy tongue;
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
But when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

ROYAL REGULATION.

When George the Second was once told by some of his confidential friends, that every thing was complained of, and that the people were extremely dissatisfied at the tardiness of making the public payments, he, in great wrath, sent for the Duke of Newcastle, his prime-minister, and told him he would no longer suffer such infamous delays, but was determined to inspect and regulate the accounts himself; and for this purpose he commanded that the proper papers should be immediately sent to St. James's. "They shall be sent to your majesty to-morrow;" replied the duke. When the king rose in the morning, and looked out of his window, he saw two waggon-loads of papers, each tied with red tape, unloading in the area. Enquiring what they were, he was told they came from the Duke of Newcastle; to whom he sent to know what it meant. "They are the papers for examination," said the duke; "twelve more waggons-load for your majesty's inspection shall be sent in the course of the day."—"For my inspection!" replied the enraged monarch; "for my inspection! the devil's chief clerk may inspect them, but I would as soon walk barefooted to Jerusalem."

PRUDENT ADVICE.

Among the tombs in Westminster-abbey is one to the memory of a nabob who is said to have acquired a large fortune in the east by dishonourable means. The monument describes the resurrection; the defunct is represented as rising from the grave, with astonishment in his face, and opening a curtain to see what is the matter. Some wag wrote under the figure:

Lie still if you're wise;
You'll be damn'd if you rise.

ON A MISER AND A SPENDTHRIFT.

Rich *Gripe* does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
T' increase that wealth he wants a soul to spend;
Poor *Shifter* does his whole contrivance set
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get;
How happy would to each appear his fate,
Had *Gripe* his humour, or he *Gripe's* estate,
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend 'em if you can!
And, of two wretches, make one happy man.

STAUNCH PIETY.

General Kirk, who had served many years at Tangiers, was pressed by James the Second to become a proselyte to the Romish religion. Kirk expressed great concern that it was not in his power to comply with his majesty's desire, because he was really pre-engaged. The king smiled, and asked him what he meant? "Why, truly," answered Kirk, "when I was abroad, I promised the Emperor of Morocco, that if ever I changed my religion I would turn Mahometan; I never did break my word in my life, and I beg leave to say I never will."

A PARSON'S DREAD.

In a storm at sea, the chaplain asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger. "O yes," replied the sailor; "if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock at night." The chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, "*The Lord forbid.*"

A SEA-HORSE.

The Captain of a West-Indiaman having bought a horse, said to the jockey, "Well, now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what they are."—"What do you mean to do with him?" said the other. "Why, to take him to sea," answered the captain. "Then I will be candid," replied the jockey, "he may go very well at sea; but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him."

GRATITUDE.

Sir Robert Walpole, during his long administration, was always averse to motions (though many were made) against the publishers of parliamentary debates, "because," said he, good naturedly, "they make better speeches for us than we do for ourselves."

THE WELSHMAN AND HIS HOST.

A Welshman coming late into an inn, Asked of the maid, what meat there was within? Cow-heels, she answered, and a breast of mutton; But, quoth the Welshman, since I am no glutton, Either of these shall serve; to night the breast, The heels at morning; then light meat is best; At night, he took the breast, and did not pay, At morning, took his heels and run away.

THE INGENIOUS LAWYER.

A counsellor was one day asked by a judge why he was always employed in knavish causes. "Why, my lord," said the counsellor, "I have been so much in the habit of losing good causes, that I think I had better undertake bad ones."

LITERARY EXTRAVAGANCE.

A writer in one of the reviews, was boasting, that he was in the habit of *distributing* literary reputation. "Yes," replied his friend, "and you have done it so profusely that you have *left none for yourself*."

UNEXPECTED MEETING.

A young author was reading a tragedy to a gentleman, who soon discovered that he was a great plagiarist. The poet perceiving his auditor very often pull off his hat at the end of a line, asked him the reason. "I cannot pass an old acquaintance," replied the critic, "without that civility."

EPIGRAM.

It is a maxim in the schools,
That women always doat on fools;
If so, dear Jack, I'm sure your wife
Must love you as she does her life.

WHITE-WASHING GENIUS.

A wretched artist was talking pompously about decorating the ceiling of his saloon. "I am white-washing it," said he, "and in a short time I shall begin painting."—"I think you had better," replied one of his audience, "paint it *first*, and then white-wash it."

NEGATIVE SUCCESS OF A PLAY.

A person being present at a conversation in which a very dull play was talked of, attempted a defence of it by saying, "it was not hissed."—"True," said another, "I grant you that; but no one can hiss and gape at the same time."

TRIVIAL WAGER.

"I will forfeit my head if you are not wrong," exclaimed a warm and dull orator, to the president Montesquieu in an argument. "I accept it," replied the philosopher; "any *trifle* among friends has a value."

BITER BIT.

Mr. Andrew Cherry, the performer, having received an offer for an engagement from a manager, who had not behaved altogether well to him, sent him word, "that he had been bit by him once, and he was resolved that he should not make *two bites of A. Cherry*."

ANTICIPATION.

A nabob, in a severe fit of the gout, told his physician he suffered the pains of the damned. The doctor coolly answered, "What, *already*."

MATRIMONIAL CONCORD.

Who says that Giles and Joan at discord be?
Th' observing neighbour no such mood can see.
Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever;
But that *his Joan doth too*. And Giles would never
By his free will be in Joan's company;
No more would Joan he should. Giles rises early,
And having got him out of doors is glad;
The like is Joan. But turning home is sad;
And so is Joan. Oft-times, when Giles doth see
Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth blind were he;
All this doth Joan. Or that his long-yarn'd life
Were quite outspun; *the like wish hath his wife*.
The children that he keeps, Giles swears are none
Of his begetting; and *so swears his Joan*.
In all affections she concurrereth still.
If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The self-same things, a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree.

BEN JONSON.

A FIRST APPEARANCE.

The late Duke of Norfolk was much addicted to the bottle. On a masquerade night, he asked Foote what *new character* he should go in. "Go *sober*," said Foote.

CONVENIENT NAP.

Two Oxford scholars slept in the same room at college. "Jack," said one, early in the morning, "are you asleep?"—"Why?" replied the other, "Because if you are not, I will borrow half-a-crown of you."—"Is that all? Then I am."

FALSE PROPHECY.

When lord-chief-justice Holt sent one of the French prophets to prison, Mr. Lacy, one of their followers came to his lordship's house, and desired to speak with him. The servants told him

their lord was not well, and could see no company that day. "But tell him," said Lacy, "I must see him, for I come to him from the Lord God!" which being told the chief-justice, he ordered him to be called in, and asked him his business. "I come," said he, "from the Lord, who has sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *noli prosequi* for John Atkins, who is his servant, and whom thou hast cast into prison."—"Thou art a false prophet," answered Holt, "and a lying knave; if the Lord had sent thee, it would have been to the attorney-general, for he knows that it is not in my power to grant a *noli prosequi*."

FINE HAIR.

The lovely hair that Galla wears
Is her's—Who could have thought it?
She swears 'tis her's; and true she swears,
For I know *where she bought it*.

SYCOPHANT SCUM.

A courtier one day coming out of the House of Lords, accosted a nobleman with, "How does your pot boil, my lord, in these troublesome times?" To which the other replied, "I never go into my kitchen; but I dare say the scum is uppermost."

PURCELL'S PUNS.

Daniel Purcell, the famous punster, and a friend of his going to a tavern, found the door shut. They knocked at it, when one of the drawers looked through a little wicket, and asked what they would please to have? "Why open your door," said Daniel, "and draw us a pint of wine." The drawer said, "his master would not allow of it that day, for it was a *fast-day*."—"D——n your master," replied Purcell, "for a precise coxcomb, is he not contented to *fast* himself, but he must make his doors *fast* too?"

The same gentleman calling for some pipes in a tavern, complained that they were too *short*; the drawer said they had no other, and those were but just come in. "Ay," said Daniel, "I see your master has not bought them *very long*."

The same gentleman was desired one night in company, to make a *pau extempore*. "Upon what subject?" said Daniel, "The king," answered the other. "O! Sir," said he, "the king is no subject."

IRISH LAW.

An Irish lawyer had a client of his own country, who was a sailor. During his absence at sea, his wife had married again, and he was resolved to prosecute her; coming to advise with this counsellor, he was told that he must have witnesses to prove that he was alive when his wife married again. "Arrah, by my shoul, but that will be impossible," said the other; "for my shipmates are all gone to sea again upon a long voyage, and will not return this twelvemonth."—"Oh! then," answered the lawyer, "there can be nothing done in it: and what a pity it is that such a brave cause should be lost now, only because you cannot prove yourself to be alive."

BETTING AND PRAYING.

Two gentlemen disputing about religion in a coffee-house, one of them said, "I wonder, sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the Lord's Prayer."—"Done," said the other. The money being deposited, the gentleman began with *I believe in God*, and so went cleverly through the Creed. "Well," said the other, "I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it."

PILLARS AND BUTTRESSES.

In the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, three or four rakes reeling home from the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand, on a Sunday morning, cried out, "We are the pillars of the church."—"No," said a wag, that happened to be in their company, "you can be but buttresses; for you never come inside of it."

TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

When Oliver first coined his money, an old ca-

valler, looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, "God with us," on the other, "The Commonwealth of England."—"I see," said he, "God and the commonwealth are on different sides."

WELSH PRIDE.

A Welshman boasting of his family, said, his father's effigy was set up in Westminster Abbey. Being asked where, he said, "In the same monument with 'Squire Thynne's; for he was his coachman."

SAMPSON'S STRENGTH SURPASSED.

A person was saying, not at all to the purpose, that Sampson was a very strong man. "Ay," said another, "but you are much stronger, for you make nothing of lugging him in by the head and shoulders."

THE MINISTRY.

An oppositionist happening to be at a dinner at the lord mayor's, after two or three healths, the ministry was toasted; but when it came to his turn to drink, he diverted it for some time, by telling a story to the person who sat next him. The chief magistrate of the city, not seeing his toast go round, called out, "Gentlemen, where sticks the ministry?"—"At nothing, by God," said the oppositionist, and drank off his glass.

MUTUAL DEFICIENCY.

A barrister who was lame of one leg, pleading before a late judge, who had little or no nose, the judge told him, he was afraid he had but a lame cause of it. "Oh, my lord," said the barrister, "have but a little patience, and I'll warrant I prove every thing as plain as the nose in your face."

FLATTERING RESEMBLANCE.

A prince laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employed in several embassies, told him he looked like an owl. "I know not," answered

the courtier, "what I look like, but this I know, that I have had the honour several times to represent your Majesty's person."

PETITION ANSWERED.

When Sir Cloudesley Shovel set out on his last expedition, a form of prayer was composed by the Archbishop of Canterbury for the success of the fleet, in which his grace made use of this expression, "That he begged God would be a rock of defence to the fleet." Sir Cloudesley was cast away in that expedition on the rocks called the *Bishop and his Clerks*, on which circumstance the following lines were written :

The priest at *Lambeth* pray'd the dire event,
Else had we wanted now this monument,
That God unto our fleet would be a rock ;
Nor did kind heav'n the wise petition mock ;
To what the *Metropolitan* said then,
The *Bishop and his Clerks* replied, *Amen*.

MAGISTERIAL LEARNING.

A mayor of Yarmouth being by his office a justice of the peace, and one who was willing to dispense the laws wisely, though he could hardly read, procured the statute-book, where finding a law against *firing a beacon*, or causing any *beacon* to be fired after nine at night ; the sapient mayor read it, *frying bacon*, or causing any *bacon* to be fried. Accordingly he went out the next night on the scent, and being directed by his nose to a carrier's house, he found the man and his wife both *frying bacon*, the husband holding the pan, while the wife turned it ; being thus caught in the fact, and having nothing to say for themselves, his worship committed them both to gaol to abide the consequence of the offence.

AN OLD PROVERB.

It being proved, on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who pretended that it was *Linch*, "I see," observed the judge, "the old saying is verified in this man, who being allowed an *Inch* has taken an *L*."

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

A beggar asking alms under the name of a poor scholar, a gentleman, to whom he applied, asked him a question in Latin. The fellow shaking his head, said, he did not understand him. "Why," said the gentleman, "did not you say you were a poor scholar!"—"Yes," replied the other, "a poor one indeed, sir, for I do not understand one word of Latin."

CONVENIENT LOSS.

It was said of one who remembered every thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrowed, that he had lost *half* his memory.

GOOD LIVING.

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living ; the Welchman said, "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner."—"Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese."

JERVAIS, THE PAINTER.

Sir Godfrey Kneller being one day told by his servant that Mr. Jervais had come that day into the same town with a coach and four. "Ay," said Sir Godfrey "if his horses *draw* no better than himself, they'll never carry him to town again."

WORSTED AND SILK.

A gentleman once asked Nanny Rochford, why the *Whigs*, in their mourning for Queen Anne, all wore silk stockings? "Because," said she, "the *Tories* wear *worsted*."

THE MODEST BEGGAR.

Tom Thynne, who was celebrated for his good housekeeping and hospitality, was standing one day at his gate in the country, when a beggar came up to him, and begged his worship would give him a mug of his small beer. "Why, how

now," said he, "What times are these, when beggars must be choosers! I say, bring this fellow a mug of strong beer."

PROOF OF AUTHORITY.

A gentleman speaking to his servant, said, "I believe I command more than any man; for before my servant will obey me in any thing, I must command him ten times over."

A COWARD'S WOUNDS.

A soldier was boasting before Julius Cæsar of the wounds he had received in his face; Cæsar knowing him to be a coward, told him he had best take care the next time he ran away, how he looked back.

BAD COMPANY.

A profligate young nobleman being in company with some sober people, desired leave to toast the devil; the gentleman who sat next to him said, "he had no objection to any of his lordship's friends."

DISCRIMINATIVE EPITHETS.

A Scotchman was very angry with an English gentleman, who he said had abused him, and called him *false Scot*. "Indeed," said the Englishman, "I said no such thing, but that you were a *true Scot*."

DANGEROUS SYMPTOMS.

The deputies of Rochelle attending to speak with Henry the Fourth of France, met with a physician who had renounced the Protestant religion, and embraced the popish communion, whom they began to revile most grievously. The king hearing of it, told the deputies, he advised them to change their religion too. "For it is a dangerous symptom," said he, "that your religion is not long-lived, when a physician has given it over."

PARLIAMENTARY BUSINESS.

A countryman passing along the Strand, saw a

coach overturned, and asking what the matter was, he was told that three or four members of parliament were overturned in that coach. "Oh," says he, "there let them be, my father always advised me not to meddle with state affairs."

ROAD TO HEAVEN.

A charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he resided, commenced a large causeway, and as he was one day overlooking the work, a certain nobleman passed by, "Well, doctor," said he, "notwithstanding your pains and charity, I don't take this to be the highway to heaven."—"Very true, my lord," replied the doctor, "for if it had, I should have wondered to meet your lordship here."

PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

Two brothers were to be executed for some enormous crime, the eldest was turned off first, without speaking; the other, mounting the ladder, began to harangue the crowd, "Good people," said he, "my brother hangs before my face, and you see what a lamentable spectacle he makes; in a few moments I shall be turned off too, and then you will see a pair of spectacles."

INSOLVENCY.

A person enquiring what became of a friend? "Oh, dear," said one of the company, "poor fellow, he died insolvent, and was buried by the parish."—"Died insolvent!" cries another, "that's a lie, for he died in England, I am sure, I was at his burying."

PARTNERSHIP.

A countryman having bought a barn in partnership with a neighbour, neglected to make the least use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stored his with corn and hay. In a little time the latter came to him and expostulated with him about laying out his money so fruitlessly. "Pray,

HORSE AND ASS

A justice of the peace seeing a parson on a stately horse, between London and Hampstead, "Doctor," said he, "you don't follow the example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass."—"Why really, sir," replied the parson, "the king has made so many *asses justices*, that an honest clergyman can hardly find *one* to ride."

HOPES AND FEARS.

On his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair,
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.
A different cause, says parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
His wife—that he may live.

USURY.

A village parson in his sermon one day, vehemently inveighed against usury, and said, that lending money upon interest was as great a sin as wilful murder. Soon after this he had occasion to borrow twenty pounds himself, and coming to one of his parishioners with that intent, the other asked him, "if he would have him guilty of a crime he spoke so much against, and lend out money upon use?"—"No," said the parson, "I would have you lend it gratis."—"Ay," replied the other, "but in my opinion, if lending money upon use be as bad as *wilful murder*, lending it gratis can be little better than *felo-de-se*."

FOOTE'S EARLY PERFORMANCES.

In the early part of Foote's career, he played the part of Hamlet at Bath, for his own benefit. He went through the part tolerably well in the comical way, until he came to the last act and in the scene where he quarrels with Laertes—

"What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever, but 'tis no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

Stimulated by a desire to excel, he entered so much into the quarrel, as to throw him out of the words, and he spoke it thus—"I lov'd you ever—but it is no matter—let Hercules himself do what he may—the dog will mew—no that is the cat—the cat will, no the dog will mew—no that's wrong—the cat will bark—no that's the dog—the dog will mew—no that's the cat—the cat will—no the dog—the cat—the dog—Pshaw! Pho! its something about mewing and barking, but as I hope to be saved, ladies and gentlemen, I know nothing more about it."

INEXPERIENCE.

A certain citizen, who had suddenly risen into wealth, from a very low condition of life, standing up in the pit of the opera one evening, with his hat on, a lady whispered to another, "we must forgive that man, he has been so little used to the luxury of a hat, that he does not know when to pull it off."

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY'S CAT.

And is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd?
And are her lives, all her nine lives expir'd?
What sounds so moving, as her own can tell
How Tabby dy'd, how full of play she fell!
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful strife,
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a life.

THE HOLY FISHERMAN.

A certain cardinal had uniformly a net placed upon his table at dinner, in token of humility, and allusive to the trade of his father, who had been a fisherman. As soon as the money was distributed, "his reason," "his caught,"

THE BETTER JUDGE.

In an engagement at sea a sailor hoisted on his back one of his comrades, who had been pronounced dead by the doctor, to heave him overboard. The supposed dead man, however, spoke, and asked where he was bearing him. "To Davy Jones's locker," said the sailor. "I am not dead, mesmate," replied the other. "You are a lying rascal for your pains," replied the sailor. "the doctor said you were dead! How, can you know better than the doctor?"

LAUDABLE DECEPTION.

Just before the appearance of the latter half of Johnson's Poets, a gentleman said to him, "So, doctor, a gentleman at the bar writes Young's life for you."—"Yes, sir," said Johnson, "it is true, and I thought he would have done it very well; but the rogue has deceived me sadly, sir; he has done it a good deal better than I thought he was capable of doing it."

INNUMERABILIA.

Can you count the silver lights,
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that strew the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlbro's acts, or Molly's charms?

PARLIAMENTARY QUALIFICATIONS.

When the friends of the youngest Tbelluson proposed making him a member of parliament, he said, "he did not understand exactly what it was to be in parliament, or what they meant by constituents in the country; but, if there was any necessity to go backwards and forwards for their orders, he could trot down as fast as any member of parliament in the kingdom."

BARRY, THE PAINTER.

Although this artist could paint portraits, yet he had a great antipathy to the employment. The Duke of Norfolk going to his house, with a desire of engaging him to paint his portrait, met a man coming down the stairs with two pails of white-wash. The duke, taking him for a bricklayer's labourer, asked him if Mr. Barry was within? "I am Mr. Barry," replied the other, bluntly. His grace, recovering from his surprise, explained the object of his visit. "Not I," said the artist, "go to that fellow in Cavendish-square, (meaning Romney) he'll paint your face for you."

PHILOSOPHY

A German professor had collected a valuable cabinet of curiosities, which he highly prized, one morning a friend came to tell him a very unpleasant circumstance, that he had seen a man get by a ladder into a window of the Professor's house. "Into which window?" cried the philosopher. "I am sorry to say," replied his friend, "it was your daughter's."—"O man," said the other, "you almost frightened me! I thought it had been into my cabinet."

DEAN SWIFT'S CURATE.

I march'd three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to greet St. Mary;
Using four legs, when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close hands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipt two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf,
Which, thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
I chopt so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done,
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewitt;
What mortal else cou'd e'er go through it?

A FRIEND IN NEED.

An actor, who was performing *Careless* in the *School for Scandal*, saying to *Charles*, in the picture scene, "What shall we do for a hammer?" A carpenter in the gallery, who had one in his apron-string, threw it on the stage, saying, "Now, go on, my lad, there's a hammer for you."

USELESS ECONOMY.

A gentleman went to dine one day with an eminent physician, who was remarkable for his attachment to money. As soon as the doctor arrived, he went to his desk to deposit the fees he had received in the morning. "Pray," said his friend, "what are you about?"—"I am laying up treasure in heaven," replied the doctor. "The more fool you," rejoined the inquirer, "for you'll never go there to enjoy it."

AN ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

Garrick once asked Rich, the manager of the theatre, how much he thought Covent-garden would hold. "I could tell you to a shilling," replied the manager, "if you would play Richard in it."

THE AVARO.

Thus to the master of a house,
Which, like a church, would starve a mouse;
Which never guest had entertain'd,
Nor meat, nor wine, its floors had stain'd;
I said;—"Well, sir, 'tis vastly neat;
But where d' you drink, and where d' you eat?
If one may judge, by rooms so fine,
It costs you more in mops than wine."

INVITATION DECLINED.

A thief being about to be hanged, the ordinary bade him be of good cheer, "for this night," said he, "thou shalt sup with the Lord in Paradise." "I am much obliged to you," replied the other, "but I had rather be excused, for I am no supper-man."

AN AGREEMENT.

Colonel Chartres agreed to purchase the timber of a large estate in the north, from a young heir, and pay the whole money as soon as he had cut down the last tree, which agreement was accepted of. His labourers were immediately set to work, and they cut away with uncommon expedition till they came to the last tree, where they halted, and left it standing, as well as the purchase-money unpaid, until the death of the colonel.

MUTUAL PITY.

Tom ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
Still whores and drinks his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.

'Tis thus that we two disagree,
So diff'rent is our whim;
The fellow fondly laughs at me,
While I could cry for him.

DEAN SWIFT.

Dean Swift's barber one day told him that he had taken a public-house. "And what's your sign?" said the dean. "Oh, the pole and bason, and if your worship would just write me a few lines to put upon it, by way of motto, I have no doubt but it would draw me plenty of customers." The dean took out his pencil and wrote the following couplet.

"Rove not from pole to pole, but step in here,
Where nought excels the shaving, but the beer."

ONE EVIL BETTER THAN TWO.

A merchant having sustained a considerable loss, desired his son not to mention it to any body. The youth promised silence, but at the same time requested to know what advantage could attend it. "If you divulge this loss," said the father, "we shall have two evils to support instead of one—our own grief, and the joy of our neighbours."

BOUNDLESS AMBITION.

The late Hely Hutchinson was so ambitious that the Marquis of Townshend said of him, "If England and Ireland were given to him, he would solicit the Isle of Man for a *potatoes garden*."

ON A HASTY MARRIAGE.

Marry'd ! 'tis well ! a mighty blessing !
But poor's the joy no coin possessing.
In ancient times, when folks did wed,
'Twas to be one at "board and bed ;"
But hard his case, who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

ACCOMMODATION.

During the French Revolution, a British admiral was one day told by a gentleman, "that he would find the French fight in a different way now, as they would fight for their liberties."—"I am glad to hear it," said the gallant officer, "for they have hitherto given us a d—d deal of trouble running after them."

THE WICKEDNESS OF MAN.

Malherbe, speaking of the wickedness of mankind, said, "Why when there were only three or four persons in the world, one of them killed his brother."

DULL COMPANY.

Some one saying to a gentleman who had been minister at several courts, what a happy man he must have been to have conversed with so many crowned heads. "Faith," replied he, "I never could find that out ; they were the dullest company I ever kept."

VARIETY OF PIES.

Swift was once asked by a lady what he would have for dinner ? "Will you have an apple-pie, sir ?—will you have a gooseberry-pie, sir ?—will you have a cherry-pie, sir ?—will you have a currant-pie, sir ?—will you have a plum-pie, sir ?—will you have a pigeon-pie, sir ?"—"Any pie, madam," answered Swift, "but a *mag-pie*."

POVERTY.

Villiers, the witty and extravagant Duke of Buckingham, was saying one day to a friend, "I am afraid I shall die a beggar at last, which is the most terrible-thing in the world."—"Upon my word, my lord," said his friend, "there is another thing more terrible, which you have reason to apprehend, and that is, that you will *live* a beggar at the rate you go on."

THE DROPSICAL MAN.

A jolly, brave toper, who could not forbear,
Though his life was in danger, old port and stale beer,

Gave the doctor the hearing—but still would drink on,

'Till the dropsy had swell'd him as big as a ton ;
The more he took physic, the worse still he grew,
And tapping was now the last thing he could do.

Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down,
He began to consider—so sent for his son.

Tom, see by what courses I've shorten'd my life,
I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty and five ;

More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours,
This manor, this house, and estate will be yours ;

My early excesses may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's youth.

Says Tom (who's a lad of generous spirit,
And not like young rakes, who're in haste to inherit)

Sir, don't be dishearten'd ; although it be true,
The operation is painful, and hazardous too,
'Tis no more than what many a man has gone through.

And then, as for years, you may yet be called young,

Your life after this may be happy and long.

Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,

With a jest in his mouth and a tear in his eye :

Too well, by experience, my vessels thou know'st,
No sooner are tapp'd, but they give up the ghost.

COMPLAINTS ON BOTH SIDES.

A lieutenant-colonel of one of the Irish regiments in the French service, being dispatched to the king, with a complaint relating to some irregularities that had happened in the regiment, his majesty told him, that the Irish troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. "Sir," said the officer, "all yon majesty's enemies make the same complaint."

THE SAILOR'S STARS.

A merchant-ship was so violently tossed in a storm, that all despaired of safety, and betook themselves to prayer, except one mariner, who was continually exclaiming, "Oh, that I could see two stars, or but one of the two!" At length a person asked him, "what two stars, or what one star he meant?" He replied, "Oh! that I could see the *Star* in Cheapside, or the *Star* in Coleman-street, I don't care which."

BATH REMEDIES.

Two ladies just returning from Bath, were telling a gentleman how they liked the place; the first had been ill, and found great benefit from the waters. "But, pray, what did you go for?" said he to the second. "Mere wantonness," replied she. "And pray, madam," said he, "did it cure you?"

ON A STATUE OF APOLLO CROWNING MERIT.

Merit, if thou'rt blest with riches,
For God's sake buy a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother,
For one good turn deserves another.

ENGLISH AND IRISH.

An English gentleman asked Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, what was the reason that his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering? "Faith," said the knight, "there is something in the air of Ireland; and, I dare say, if an *Englishman* was born there he would do the same."

CHANCERY.

A young gentleman, who had stolen a ward, being in suit for her fortune before a late lord-chancellor, and the counsel insisting much on the equity of decreeing her a fortune for their maintenance, his lordship turned briskly upon him with this sentence, "That, since the suitor had stolen the *flesh*, he should get *bread* to it how he could."

THE CONSCIENTIOUS HERO.

In 1740, Frederick of Prussia set out for Silesia with 80,000 men. It was proposed to adorn his standard with the motto *Pro Deo et Patria*—"For God and my Country." Frederick erased the name of God, observing, "That it was improper to introduce the name of the Deity in the quarrels of men, and that he was going to war for a *Province* and not for *Religion*."

ON A BAD SINGER.

When screech-owls screech, their note portends
To foolish mortals death of friends;
But when Corvina strains her throat,
E'en screech-owls sicken at the note.

GARRICK'S SATIRE.

Garrick was on a visit at Hagley, when news came that a company of players were going to perform at Birmingham. Lord Lyttleton said to Garrick, "They will hear you are in the neighbourhood, and will ask you to write an address to the Birmingham audience."—"Suppose, then," said Garrick, without the least hesitation, "begin thus—

Ye sons of iron, copper, brass, and steel
Who have not heads to think, nor hearts to feel—"

"O," cried his lordship, "if you begin thus, they will hiss the players off the stage, and pull the house down."—"My lord," said Garrick, "what is the use of an address, if it does not come home to the *business* and *bosoms* of the audience?"

THE OLD PLAN.

A gentleman calling on Foote, in an elegant new phaeton, desired Foote would come to the door, just to look at it. "It is a pretty thing," said he, "and I have it upon a new plan."—"Before I set my eyes on it," said Foote, "I am afraid you have it upon the old plan—never to pay for it."

QUIN'S BAIT.

Says epicure Quin, should the devil in hell
In fishing for men take delight,
And his hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
Indeed I am sure I should bite.

GEORGE III. AND MR. DAY.

When Judge Day returned from India, the prime-minister represented to his late majesty that knighthood was an honour to which the judge was entitled. "Poh, poh," said his majesty, "I cannot turn day into night; it is impossible." At the next levee, which was about Christmas, his majesty was again entreated to knight Mr. Day. The king inquired if he was married, and was answered in the affirmative. "Well, well," said the monarch, "then let him be introduced, and I will work a couple of miracles, I will not only turn Day into Knight, but I will also make Lady Day at Christmas."

PHILOSOPHER OUTWITTED.

A learned doctor being very busy in his study, a little girl came to ask him for some fire. "But," says the doctor, "you have nothing to take it in."—As he was going to fetch something for that purpose, the little girl stooped down at the fire-place, and taking some cold ashes on one hand she put live embers on them with the other. The astonished doctor threw down his books, saying, "with all my learning, I should never have found out that expedient."

COURTLY HINT.

One day, at the levee of Louis XIV. that monarch asked a nobleman present, "How many

children have you?"—"Four, sire." Shortly after, the king asked the same question. "Four, sire," replied the nobleman. The same question was several times repeated by the king in the course of conversation, and the same answer was given. At length the king asking once more,— "How many children have you?" the nobleman replied, "Six, sire."—"What," cried the king, with surprise, "six! you told me four, just now."—"Sire," replied the courtier, "I thought your majesty would be tired of hearing the same thing so often."

HODGE AND THE DOCTOR.

With a big bottle-nose, and an acre of chin,
His whole physiognomy ugly as sin,
With a huge grizzle wig, and triangular hat,
And a snuff-besmeared handkerchief tied over that,
Doctor Bos, riding out on his old Rozinante,
In hair very rich, but in flesh very scanty,
Was a little alarm'd out of fear for his bones,
Seeing Hodge cross the way with a barrow of stones.

Hip! friend, cried the doctor, with no little force,
Do set down your barrow, you'll frighten my horse.

Hodge quickly replied, like an Erskine or Garrow,
You're a great deal more likely to frighten my barrow.

PRACTICAL EQUIVOQUE

A young lady having purchased an assortment of music in a warehouse, on returning to her carriage recollected a piece she had forgotten. "Sir," she said, re-entering the shop, "there is one thing I have omitted."—"What is that, madam?" inquired the young music-seller. "It is, sir," said the lady, "*One kind kiss before we part*," on which the youth vaulted over the table, and saluted the fair stranger.

BALANCE OF BEAUTY.

A man of fashion, who was remarkably ill-looking, but very vain, kept a valet, whose coun-

tenance was not much more amiable than his own. One day, the servant, while dressing his master, offended him, and he exclaimed, "What an ugly dog!" The fellow, who observed his master at the same time very attentive at his glass, said, "Which of us do you mean, sir?"

THE BITER BIT.

Mr. Curran one day enquiring his master's age from an horse-jockey's servant, he found it almost impossible to extract an answer. "Come, come, friend, has he not lost his teeth?"—"Do you think," retorted the fellow, "that I know his age as he does his horses, by the mark of his mouth." The laugh was against Curran, but he instantly recovered—"You were very right not to try, friend; for you know your master's a great bite."

A HANGING JUDGE.

Counsellor Grady, on a trial in Ireland, said "he recollected to have heard of a relentless judge who was never known to have shed a tear but once, and that was during the representation of the Beggar's Opera, when Macheath got a reprieve." The same judge once asked Curran, at a dinner table, whether the dish near him was hung beef, because if it was he should try it; Curran replied, "If you try it, my lord, it is sure to be hung."

IMPROMPTU

On Dr. Lettsom's manner of signing his prescriptions, "I. Lettsom."

When patients sad to me apply,
I physicks, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If after all they choose to die,
What's that to me?—I LETS'EM.

A FEELING REPLY.

Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages; to which he replied, "No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

As Doctor — musing sat,
Death saw, and came without delay;
Enters the room, begins the chat,
With "Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray?"

The doctor started from his place,
But soon they more familiar grew;
And then he told his piteous case,
How trade was low, and friends were few.

"Away with fear," the phantom said,
As soon as he had heard his tale;
"Take my advice, and mend your trade;
We both are losers if you fail.

"Go write; your wit in satire show,
No matter whether smart or true;
Call — names, the greatest foe
To dullness, folly, pride, and you.

"Then copies spread, where lies the trick,
Among your friends be sure you send 'em;
For all who read will soon grow sick,
And when you're call'd upon attend 'em.

"Thus trade increasing by degrees,
Doctor, we both shall have our ends;
For you are sure to have your fees,
And I am sure to have your friends."

A FAULT IN CANDLES.

A gentleman ordering a box of candles, said he hoped they would be better than the last. The chandler said he was very sorry to hear them complained of. "Why," said the other, "they are very well till about half burnt down, but after that they would burn no longer."

COMPANIONS IN EXIT.

A gentleman hearing of the death of another, "I thought," said he, to a person in company, "you told me that Tom Wilson's fever was gone off?"—"O yes," replied the other, "but I forgot to mention that he was gone off along with it."

HARD AT THE BOTTOM.

A traveller riding down a steep hill, and fearing the foot of it was unsound, called out to a man who was ditching, and asked him "if it was hard at the bottom."—"Aye," answered the countryman, "it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you." The traveller, however, had not rode half-a-dozen yards, before the horse sunk up to the saddle-skirts. "Why! you villain," said he, calling out to the ditcher, "did not you tell me it was hard at the bottom?"—"Aye," replied the fellow, "but you are not half-way to the bottom yet."

ON A BOWL OF PUNCH.

Whene'er a bowl of punch we make
Four striking opposites we take;
The strong, the small, the sharp, the sweet,
Together mix'd most kindly meet;
And when they happily unite,
The bowl "is pregnant with delight."

In conversation thus we find,
That four men differently inclin'd;
With talents each distinct, and each
Mark'd by peculiar powers of speech;
With tempers too, as much the same,
As milk and verjuice, frost and flame:
Their parts, by properly sustaining,
May all prove highly entertaining.

LIBERALITY.

A gentleman much against the custom of giving to servants, where he dined, resolved to play them a trick on his next visit. He collected about a dozen farthings, and as they stood in two rows, forming an avenue, when he left the house, he distributed one to each alternately right and left; by the time he had given the last, the butler, with whom he had begun, perceived his donation, and respectfully advancing, began to stammer out an apology, "I believe, sir, you have—made a slight mistake—you have——" "Oh, no," said the gentleman, "I never give less."

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A KINSMAN.

Sir Nicholas Bacon being once in the capacity of a judge on the point of passing sentence upon a fellow just found guilty of a robbery, the culprit alleged he had the honour of being one of his lordship's relations. "How do you prove that?" said Sir Nicholas. "My lord," replied the man, "your name is Bacon and my name is Hog, and hog and bacon have in all ages been reckoned akin."—"That is true," answered the judge; "but hog is never bacon till it has been *hung*, and therefore, until you are *hung*, you can be no relation of mine."

CHINA AND CROCKERY.

A lady of rank one day remarked to a large company of visitors, that the three classes of the community, *nobility, gentry, and commonalty*, might very well be compared to the tea-drinking utensils, *china, delft, and crockery*. A few minutes elapsed, when one of the company expressed a wish to see the lady's little girl, who was in the nursery. On this the footman was dispatched with orders to the nursery-maid, to whom he called out from the bottom of the stairs, in an audible voice, "hollo *crockery*, bring down little *china*."

A HINT IN SEASON.

When an attempt was made, some years ago, to prove Lord Harborough an idiot, the counsel on both sides produced the same instance—one of his wit, the other of his folly. His servants were once puzzled to unpack a large box, and his lordship advised them to do with it as they did with an oyster, to put it into the fire, and it would gape.

MODESTY.

An Irishwoman once called upon an apothecary with a sick infant, when the apothecary gave her some powder, of which he ordered as much as would lie on a sixpence to be given every morning; the woman replied, "perhaps your honour will lend me a sixpence the while, as I hav'n't got one at all."

DELICATE REPROOF.

Macklin, sitting one night at the back of the front boxes, with a friend, a lobby-lounger stood up immediately before him, and his person being rather large, prevented a sight of the stage. Macklin took fire at this, but managing his passion with more temper than usual, patted the intruder on the shoulder with his cane, and gently requested him, "when any thing entertaining occurred upon the stage, to let him and his friend be apprized of it; for you see, my dear sir," said the veteran, "that at present we must totally depend upon your kindness."

PARLIAMENTARY SLEEPERS.

Sheridan, one evening, in the midst of a long debate in the House of Commons, took an opportunity, on perceiving a member rise who was remarkable for *prosing*, to retreat for the purpose of taking some refreshment. On his return he saw several members who had fallen into a nap; and one among them, remarkable for his corpulency, was *snoring* in an elevation of tone that might be very distinctly heard, on which the dramatic wit, entering in a hurry, exclaimed in the words of Shakespeare—

——— "What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley?"

PARADOX.

Four people sat down, in one evening to play,
They play'd all that eve, and parted next day;
Cou'd you think, when you're told, as thus they
all set,
No other play'd with them, nor was there one bet,
Yet, when they rose up, each gain'd a guinea,
Tho' none of them lost the amount of a penny.

ANSWER.

Four merry fiddlers play'd all night,
To many a dancing ninny;
And the next morning went away,
And each receiv'd a guinea.

ON PUNCH.

Hence, restless care, and low design!
Hence, foreign compliments and wine!
Let generous Britons, brave and free,
Still boast their punch and honesty.
Life is a bumper, filled by fate,
And we the guests who share the treat;
Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
Each other duly temp'ring meet;
Awhile with joy the scene is crown'd,
Awhile the catch and toast go round;
And when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the light, and shuts the door.
Say, then, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body, or the mind;
What harm, in drinking, can there be,
Since punch and life so well agree!

CLASSIC TASTE.

Swift dining one day at a friend's, where the hock was given round in very small glasses; "Come Mr. Dean," said the host, "I'll pledge you in a glass of *hic, hæc, hoc*."—"No, sir," replied Swift, "I beg leave to *decline* it: so, John," turning to the servant, "bring me a *hujus* glass."

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM

A Frenchman, being afflicted with the gout, was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism? "One very great difference," replied Monsieur, "Suppose you take one vice, you put your finger in, you turn de screw, till you bear him no longer—dat is the rheumatis—den, spose you give him one turn more, dat is de gout."

ON SIX SORTS OF PEOPLE, WHO KEEP FASTS.

The miser fasts because he will not eat,
The poor man fasts, because he has no meat;
The rich man fasts, with greedy mind to spare
The glutton fasts, to eat the greater share;
The hypocrite, he fasts, to seem more holy,
The righteous man, to punish sin and folly.

THE LUDRICOUS MAN.

A circumstance occurred some time ago at a circuit court of justiciary in Scotland, in the presence of a judge whose peculiarities of temper and manner were more than compensated by his many excellent and amiable qualities. Their lordships and suite had just met, and were proceeding to investigate rather an interesting case, when their deliberations were interrupted by a continued knocking at the outer court-door. Again and again the shrill-tongued macer ejaculated, "Silence! silence there!" to little or no purpose; but when the judge exclaimed, "What's the meaning of all that noise? Macer—officers, what are you about, that you don't put an end to that constant shuffle-shuffling?"—Officer. "It's a man, my lord."—"A man! what man, sir? Who, where is he, and what does he want?"—"He's at the outside, please your lordship, and wants to get in."—"Well, keep him out, keep him out I say, sir!"—The officer bowed or nodded assent, and the business of the court proceeded. By and bye, however, an individual possessing the right of *entrées* walked into the hall of justice, and "the man," watching his opportunity, slipped in at the same time. By a levity and restlessness, however, by no means uncommon, he had not been well in till he wished to get out again—applying, perhaps, to a court of law what Chaucer presumptuously says of the blessed state of matrimony—

"Marriage is like a rabble rout—

Those that are out would fain be in,

And those that are in would fain be out."

With this he began to jostle every body near him, a proceeding which not only created a new hubbub, but drew forth a fresh rebuke. — Judge. "What's all this now? Even if my ears were as sharp as those of Dionysius, and the room in which I sit as well contrived as the celebrated vault in which he kept his prisoners, it would be impossible for me to hear one word that the witness is saying."—Officer. "It's *the man*, my lord."—"What! the same man?"—"The *verra* same."

"Well, what does he want now?"—"He wants to get out, please your lordship."—"Wants to get out! Then keep him in; keep him in I say, sir."—The obedient officer did as he was directed; but the persevering man was not to be so easily driven from his purpose. Watching an opportunity, therefore, and elbowing his way to an open window, he mounted on what is called the *sole*, and appeared, contrary to all rule, to be meditating his escape in that direction; but the vigilant officer again caught the tartar, and again interfering, a fresh tumult ensued. His lordship appeared angry, (as well he might), and a third time exclaimed, "What's the matter now? is there to be no end to this?"—Officer. "It's *the man*, my lord."—"What! the same man again? Shew me the fellow, and I'll man him."—The officer here pointed to a respectable-enough looking individual, who, as he said, "had *cruppen* up on the window-sole, and wanted to get down again."—Judge. "Up on the window-sole! Well, keep him up; keep him up I say, sir, if it should be to the day of judgment!" (perhaps his lordship meant the *hour* of judgment.)—It is almost needless to add, that these successive interruptions threw the audience into a roar of laughter, and that the incorrigible man, while held in durance on the window-sole, had far more eyes turned upon him than either the prisoners or witnesses at the bar.

SIMILES. TO MOLLY.

My passion is as mustard strong;

I sit all sober sad;

Drunk as a piper all day long,

Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,

I drink, yet can't forget her;

For, tho' as drunk as David's sow,

I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger, I'd be,

If Molly were but kind;

Cool as a cucumber could see

The rest of woman-kind.

Like a stuck pig, I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er ;
Lean as a rake, with sighs and care,
Sleak as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin ;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown ;
But as a groat, now thin !

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep ;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart, as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale ;
And, merry as a grig, is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The God of love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee !
Hearts sound as any bell, or roach,
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ay me ! as thick as hops, or hail,
The fine men crowd about her ;
But soon as dead as a door-nail,
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg, her shape appears ;
Oh ! were we join'd together !
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter ;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter

As soft as pap her kisses are ;
Methinks I taste them yet ;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites ;
Sharp as a needle are her words ;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest ;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg, was I with glee,
And happy as a king !
Good Lord ! how all men envy'd me
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do ;
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel, true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru ;
Great as an Emp'ror should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post ;
Let us like burrs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll find me truer than a die,
And wish me better speed ;
Flat as a flounder, when I lie,
And, as a herring, dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

LORD CLONMEL.

The late Lord Clonmel, who never thought of demanding more than a shilling for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied, provided it was a *good one*. In his time the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following extraordinary precautions to avoid being imposed upon by taking a bad one—"You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God ! *Is this a good shilling ?*—Are the contents of this affidavit true ? Is this your name and hand-writing ?"

IRISH REASONING:

An Irish pedlar asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls. "Six shillings, sir."—"In my dear country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence a pace."—"Why don't you remain in your own dear country, then?"—"Case we have no *sixpences*, my jewel," said Pat.

GOLD v. GOULD.

An old gentleman of the name of *Gould* having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend, to inform him of it, and concluded it thus—

"So you see, my dear Sir, though I'm eighty years old,

A girl of eighteen is in love with *old Gould*."
To which his friend replied,

"A girl of eighteen may love *Gould* it is true,
But believe me, dear sir, it is *Gold* without *U*."

THE ACTORS.

A shabby fellow chanc'd one day to meet

The British *Roscus* in the street,

(Garrick, of whom our nation justly brags.)

The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace—

Good sir, I do not recollect your face,

Quoth Garrick.—No! replied the man of rags—

The boards of Drury you and I have trod

Full many a time together, I am sure.—

When? with an oath, cried Garrick—for by G—
I never saw that face of yours before!

What characters, I pray,

Did you and I together play?

Lord! quoth the fellow, think not that I mock—

When you play'd Hamlet, sir—I play'd the cock.

A DISCOVERY.

A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman before Foote, the latter whispered him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?"—"What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right, by the law of nations, as the *first discoverer*."

STRIKING A BALANCE.

A chimney-sweeper's boy went into a baker's shop for a twopenny-loaf, and conceiving it to be diminutive in size, remarked to the baker that he did not believe it was weight. "Never mind that," said the man of dough; "you will have the less to carry."—"True," replied the lad, and throwing three-half-pence on the counter, left the shop. The baker called after him that he had not left money enough. "Never mind that," said young Sooty; "you will have the less to count."

UNPLEASANT COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Pitt being in company with the late Duchess of Gordon, who spoke the Scotch dialect in the broadest manner, she told him that some of her family had gone to France, and was asked by him why she was not of the party. She said, in answer, "that it was very awkward to be in a country and not know the language."—"Why," said Mr. Pitt, "your grace has not found any such inconvenience in England."

DOUBLE REMEDY.

When the late Judge Grose was presiding during the assizes at Bury St. Edmund's, a dog, which happened to have followed some one into court, gave tongue rather loudly, at the same time with one of the barristers. Immediately there was a cry of "Turn that dog out!" but his lordship said, "Turn out the man he belongs to, and we shall soon get rid of the dog."

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always try;
In what far country does to-morrow lie
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive?
Beyond the Indies, does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,
To-day's too late, the wise liv'd yesterday.

ECONOMY

Garrick was supping with Foote at a tavern, when the latter dropped a guinea, with which he was going to pay the waiter, and it rolled out of sight. "Where the deuce," said Foote, "can it be gone to?"—"Gone to the devil, I suppose," cried Garrick. "Well, well, David," observed Foote, "you're always what I said you were, contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man."

HOLY RELICS.

Horace Walpole thus describes some relics exhibited "in a small hovel of Capucius," at Radicofani, which were brought from Jerusalem by the king; "among other things of great sanctity, there is a set of gnashing teeth, the grinders very entire; a bit of the worm that never dies, preserved in spirits; a crow of St. Peter's cock, very useful against Easter; the crisping and curling, frizzling and frowning of Mary Magdalen's hair, which she cut off on growing devout. The good man that showed us all these commodities, was got into such a train of calling them the *blessed* this, and the *blessed* that, that at last he showed us the *blessed* fig-tree, that Christ *cursed*."

ON A YOUNG LADY WITH GREY HAIRS.

Marked by extremes, Susannah's beauty bears
Life's opposites—youth's blossom and grey hairs—
Meet signs for one, in whom, combined, are seen
Wisdom's ripe fruit, and roses of fifteen

IMPROMPTU,

On Lord Rockingham's becoming minister during our disputes with America, when a declaratory bill was brought into the House of Commons, which was judged to be too tame a measure by the adverse party.—

"You had better declare, which you may, without shocking 'em,
That the nation's *asleep*, and the Minister *Rocking* 'em."

A FAMILIAR TALE.

Bubb Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham the general, the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep; and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story; and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it: but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of day you would tell that story."

A PRINTER'S WIDOW.

This daily *publishing* the weeds of woe,
Announces to my eye, as *pica* plain,
A dear romantic *duodecimo*,
Unbound, and going into *sheets* again.

ADVANTAGES OF GIBBETS.

Two highwaymen were crossing Hounslow-beath, when one of them observed a gibbet. "Curse those gibbets," said he, "if it were not for them, *ours* would be the best trade in the world."—"You are a fool," cried the other, "there's nothing better for us than gibbets; for were it not for them, every person would turn highwayman, and we should be ruined."

PUNNING FLATTERY.

One day when Sir Isaac Hard was with George III. it was announced that his majesty's horse was ready for hunting. "Sir Isaac," said the king, "are you a judge of horses?"—"In my younger days, please your majesty," was the reply, "I was a great deal among them."—"What do you think of this, then?" said the king, who was by this time preparing to mount his favourite; and without waiting for an answer, added, "We call him *Perfection*."—"A most appropriate name," replied the courtly herald, bowing as his majesty reached the saddle, "for he bears the best of characters."

AN ANATOMICAL EPITAPH ON AN INVALID.

Here lies a head that often ach'd ;
 Here lie two hands that always shak'd ;
 Here lies a brain of old conceit ;
 Here lies a heart that often beat ;
 Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
 And in the night but seldom slept ;
 Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd ;
 Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd ;
 Here lie the midriff and the breast,
 With loads of indigestion prest ;
 Here lies the liver, full of bile,
 That ne'er secreted proper chyle ;
 Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
 Tortur'd with wind, and twisting gripes ;
 Here lies the livid dab, the spleen,
 The source of life's sad tragic scene ;
 That left-side weight, that clogs the blood,
 And stagnates nature's circling flood ;
 Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd
 With painful cramps and poignant stitch ;
 Here lies the back, oft rackt with pains,
 Corroding kidneys, loins, and reins ;
 Here lies the skin by scurvy fed,
 With pimples and eruptions red .
 Here lies the man, from top to toe,
 That fabric fram'd for pain and woe.

IRISH TELESCOPE.

An Irishman was one day observing to a friend that he had a most excellent telescope. "Do you see yon church," said he, "about half a mile off?"—"It's scarcely discernible; but when I look at it through my telescope, it brings it so close that I can hear the organ playing."

POWER OF MIMICRY.

When Foote was acting in Dublin, he introduced into one of his pieces the character of Faulkner, the printer, whose manners and dress he so closely imitated, that the poor fellow could not appear in public, without meeting with scoffs and jeers from the very boys in the streets. Enraged at the ridicule thus brought upon him, Faulk-

ner one evening treated to the gallery all the devils of the printing-office, that they might hiss Foote off the stage. Faulkner placed himself in the pit, to enjoy the actor's degradation, but when the objectionable scene came on, the unfortunate printer was excessively chagrined to find, that so far from a groan or a hiss being heard, his gallery friends partook of the laugh. The next morning he inveighed against them for having neglected his injunctions, and on demanding some reason for their treachery, "Arrah, master," said the spokesman, "do we not know you?—Sure 'twas your own swate self that was on the stage; and shower light upon us, if we go to the play-house to hiss our worthy master."

BEAUTY AND WIT.

Wilkes once observed to Lord Townshend:—"You, my lord, are the handsomest man in the kingdom, and I the plainest; but I would give your lordship half-an-hour's start, and yet come up with you in the affections of any woman we both wished to win; because, all those attentions which you would omit, on the score of your fine exterior, I should be obliged to pay, owing to the deficiencies of mine."

A LONG PAUSE.

An old gentleman riding over Putney-bridge, turned round to his servant, and said, "Do you like eggs, John?"—"Yes, sir." Here the conversation ended. The same gentleman, riding over the same bridge that day twelvemonth, again turned round and said, "how?"—"Poached, sir," was the answer.

THE LAST PROOF.

An officer being wounded by a musket-ball at the siege of La Rochelle, the surgeon who first dressed the wound declared that it was very dangerous, for he could see the brain. "Can you, indeed?" said he, "do me the favour then to take out a little of it, and send it in a linen rag to the Cardinal de Richelieu, who has told me a hundred times a day that I have none."

DESCRIPTION OF GEORGE III.

By sunrise on Sunday morning, Wylie was brushing the early dew in the little park at Windsor, to taste the freshness of the morning gale, or, as he himself better expressed it, *to take a snuff of caller air*. On stepping over a stile, he saw close before him a stout and tall elderly man, in a plain blue coat, with scarlet cuffs and collar, which at first he took for a livery. There was something, however, in the air of the wearer, which convinced him that he could not be a servant; and an ivory-headed cane virled with gold, which he carried in a sort of negligent poking manner, led him to conclude that he was either an old officer, or one of the poor knights of Windsor; for he had added to his learning, in the course of the preceding evening, a knowledge of the existence of this appendage to the noble Order of the Garter. "This," said the embryo courtier to himself, "is just the verra thing that I hae been seeking. I'll mak up to this decent carl; for nae doubt he's well acquainted with a' about the king;" and he stepped alertly forward. But before he had advanced many paces, the old gentleman turned round, and seeing a stranger, stopped; and looking at him for two or three seconds, said to himself, loud enough, however, to be heard, "Strange man,—don't know him,—don't know him," and then he paused till our hero had come up.

"Gude-day, sir," said Wylie, as he approached; "ye're early a-fit on the Sabbath morning; but I'm thinking his majesty, honest man, sets you a' here an example of sobriety and early rising."

"Scotsman, eh!" said the old gentleman; "fine morning,—fine morning, sir,—weather warmer here than with you? What part of Scotland do you come from? How do you like Windsor? Come to see the king, eh?" And loudly he made the echoes ring with his laughter.

The senator was a little at a loss which question to answer first; but delighted with the hearty freedom of the salutation, jocularly said "It's no easy to answer so many questions all at once;

but if ye'll no object to the method, I would say that ye guess right, sir, and that I come from the shire of Ayr."

"Ah, shire of Ayr! a fine country that—good farming there—no smuggling now among you, eh?—No excisemen shooting lords now?—Bad game, bad game. Poor Lord Eglinton had a true taste for agriculture; the country, I have heard, owes him much.—Still improving? Nothing like it—the war needs men—corn is our dragon's teeth—potatoes do us well in Ireland, eh?"

The humour of this sally tickled our hero as well as the author of it, and they both laughed themselves into greater intimacy. "Well; but Sir," said Andrew, "as I am only a stranger here, I would like to ask you a question or two about the king, just as to what sort of a man he really is; for we can place no sort of dependence on newspapers or history-books, in matters anent rulers and men of government."—"What! like Sir Robert Walpole, not believe history? Scotsmen very cautious." But the old gentleman added in a graver accent, "The king is not so good as some say to him he is; nor is he so bad as others say of him. But I know that he has conscientiously endeavoured to do his duty; and the best men can do no more, be their trusts high or low."

"That, I believe, we a' in general think; even the blacknebs never dispute his honesty, though they undervalue his talents. But what I wish to know and understand, is no wi' regard to his kingly faculties, but as to his familiar ways and behaviour, the things in which he is like the generality of the world."

"Ha!" said the stranger, briskly, relapsing into his wonted freedom, "very particular, very particular, indeed. What reason, friend, have you to be so particular?—Must have some; people never so without a reason."

"Surely, sir, it's a very natural curiosity for a subject to inquire what sort of a man the sovereign is, whom he has sworn to honour and obey, and to bear true allegiance to with hand and heart."

"True, true, true," exclaimed the old gentleman, "just remark.—Come on business to England?—What business?"

"My chief business, in truth, sir, at present here is, to see and learn something about the King. I have no other turn in hand at this time."

"Turn, turn," cried the stranger, perplexed.—"What turn? Would place the king on your knee, eh?"

Our hero did not well know what to make of his quick and versatile companion; and while the old gentleman was laughing at the jocular turn which he had himself given to the Scotticism, he said, "I'm thinking, friend, ye're commanded not to speak with strangers anent his majesty's conduct, for ye blink the question, as they say in Parliament."—"Parliament?—Been there?—How do you like it?—Much cry and little wool among them, eh?"—"Ye say Gude's truth, sir; and I wish they would make their speeches as short and pithy as the king's. I'm told his majesty has a very gracious and pleasant delivery," replied our hero, pawkily; and the stranger, not heeding his drift, said with simplicity, "It was so thought when he was young; but he is now an old man, and not what I have known him."—"I suppose," replied our hero, "that you have been long in his service."—"Yes, I am one of his oldest servants.—Ever since I could help myself," was the answer, with a sly smile, "I may say I have been his servant."—"And I dinna doubt," replied the senator, "that you have had an easy post."—"I have certainly obeyed his will," cried the stranger, in a lively laughing tone; but changing into a graver he added, "But what may be my reward, at least in this world, it is for you and others to judge."—"I'm mista'en, then, if it should na be liberal," replied Andrew; "for ye seem a man of discretion, and doubtless merit the post ye have so long possessed. Maybe some day in Parliament, I may call this conversation to mind for your behoof. The king canna gang far wrang as lang as he keeps counsel with such douce and prudent-like men, even though ye hae a bit tlight

of the fancy.—What's your name?" The old gentleman looked sharply; but in a moment his countenance resumed its wonted open cheerfulness, and he said, "So you are in Parliament, eh?—I have a seat there too.—Don't often go, however. Perhaps may see you there.—Good-bye, good-bye."

"Ye'll excuse my freedom, sir," said Andrew, somewhat rebuked by the air and manner in which his new acquaintance separated from him; "but if you are not better engaged, I would be glad if we could breakfast together."—"Can't, can't," cried the old gentleman, shortly, as he walked away; but turning half round after he had walked two or three paces, he added, "obliged to breakfast with the king—he won't without me;" and a loud and mirthful laugh gave notice to all the surrounding echoes that a light and pleased spirit claimed their blithest responses.

THE INCURIOUS BENCHER.

At Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
And lay their laurels at her feet;
The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
They bow, and by whose aid they dine,
Colonel Brocade, among the rest,
Was every day a welcome guest.
One night, as carelessly he stood,

Clearing his reins before the fire,
(So every true-horn Briton should)
Like that he chaf'd, and fum'd, with ire.

"Jenny," said he, "'tis very hard
That no man's honour can be spar'd;
If I but sup with Lady Duchess,
Or play a game at ombre, such is
The malice of the world, 'tis said,
Although his Grace lay drunk in bed,
'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.
If Madam Doodle would be witty,
And I am summoned to the city,
To play at blind-man's-buff, or so,
What won't such hellish malice do?
If I but catch her in a corner

Humph—'tis your servant, Colonel Horner;

But not the mooring fops, if e'er
I prove it, it shall cost them dear
I swear by this dead-doing blade,
Dreadful examples shall be made;
What—can't they drink bohea and cream,
But (damn them) I must be their theme?
Other men's business let alone,
Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"

As thus he rav'd with all his might,
(How insecure from fortune's spight,
Alas! is every mortal wight!)
To shew his ancient spleen to Mars,
Fierce Vulcan caught him by the n—
Stuck his skirts! insatiate varlet!
And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.
Hard by, and in the corner, sat
A bencher grave, with look sedate,
Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast,
And reading over last week's Post;
He saw the foe the fort invade,
And soon smelt out the breach he made
But not a word—a little sly
He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye
A side-long glance sometimes he sent,
To bring him news, and watch th' event.
At length upon that tender part

Where honour lodges (as of old
Authentic Hudibras has told)
The blustering colonel felt a smart.
Sore grier'd for his affronted bum,
Frisk'd, skip'd, and bounce'd about the room.
Then turning short, "Zounds, sir!" he cries—
"Deuce take him, had the fool no eyes?
What! let a man be burn'd alive!"
"I am not, sir, inquisitive,"
(Bent Sir Gravity) "to know

honour's pleas'd to do;
n your tail to tinder,
s I to do to hinder?
since let alone,
t coxcombs mind their own?
ing out his pipe with care,
penny at the bar;
round his frame surmount,
ab-tree, and walk'd out.

DIFFICULT DILEMMA.

A surgeon in Shropshire was called up in the night by a labouring man, to attend his wife who was in childbed; but having often attended under similar circumstances, without obtaining any remuneration, he asked the man who was to pay him. The countryman answered that he possessed five pounds, which, kill or cure, should be his reward. The doctor paid every attention to the poor woman, who, notwithstanding, died. Soon after her death, he met the widower at Ludlow, and observed that he had an account against him. The man appeared greatly surprised, and inquired for what? On being informed, he replied, "I don't think I owe you any thing; did you cure my wife?"—"No, certainly, it was not in the power of medicine to cure her."—"Did you kill her, then?" said the countryman. "No, I did not," was the reply. "Why then," said the countryman, "as you did not either kill or cure, you are not entitled to the reward."

FEMALE SPIRIT.

A young couple about to be married, had proceeded as far as the church-door, when the gentleman stopped his intended bride, and thus addressed her:—"My dear Eliza, during our courtship I have told you most of my mind, but I have not told you the whole: when we are married, I shall insist upon three things."—"What are they?" asked the lady. "In the first place," said the bridegroom, "I shall sleep alone, I shall eat alone, and find fault when there is no occasion; can you submit to these conditions?"—"O yes, sir, very easily," was the reply; "for if you sleep alone, I shall not—if you eat alone, I shall eat first—and, as to your finding fault without occasion, that I think may be prevented, for I will take care you shall never want occasion."

ORATORY.

At the time when Sir Richard Steele was preparing his great room for public orations, he was rather backward in his payments to the workmen, and coming one day to see what progress they

made, he ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow told Sir Richard that he knew not what to say, for he was no orator. "Oh," cried the knight, "no matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost."—"Why then, Sir Richard," said the fellow, "here have we been working for you honour these six months, and cannot get one penny of money. Pray, sir, when do you design to pay us?"—"Very well, very well," said Sir Richard, "pray come down; I have heard quite enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't much admire your subject."

BRIBERY.

A poor man once a judge besought,
To judge aright his cause
And with a pot of oil salutes
This judger of the laws.

"My friend," quoth he, "thy cause is good;
He, glad away did trudge;
Anon, his wealthy foe did come,
Before the partial judge.

A hog, well fed, this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cried, "O partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When oil I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run."

"Poor man," quoth he, "I thee forgot,
And see, thy cause of foil;
A hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil."

A HIGH WIND.

Charles Bannister, coming into a coffee-house one stormy night, said he never saw such a wind! "Saw a wind!" replied a friend, "what was it like?"—"Like," answered Charles, "like to have blows my hat off."

RETALIATION.

In Charles the Second's days it was the custom, when a gentleman drank a lady's health, as a toast, by way of doing her honor, to throw some part of his dress into the fire, an example which his companions were bound to follow, by consuming the same article of their apparel, whatever it might be. One of his friends perceiving at a tavern dinner, that Sir Charles Sedley had on a very rich lace cravat, when he named his toast committed his cravat to the flames, and Sir Charles and the rest were obliged to do the same. The poet bore his loss with great composure, observing it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a one some other time. He therefore watched his opportunity, when the same party was assembled on a subsequent occasion, and drinking off a bumper to the health of Nell Gwynne, he called the waiter, and ordering a tooth-drawer into the room, whom he had previously brought to the tavern for the purpose, made him draw a decayed tooth which had long plagued him. The rules of good-fellowship, then in force, clearly required that every one of the company should have a tooth drawn also, but they naturally expressed a hope that Sedley would not be so unmerciful as to enforce the law. Deaf, however, to all their remonstrances, persuasions, and entreaties, he saw them one after another in the hand of the operator, and writhing with pain, while he exclaimed, "patience, gentlemen, patience; you know you promised that I should have my frolic too."

THE CONSULTATION.

Three doctors met in consultation,
Proceed with great deliberation;
The case was desperate all agreed,
But what of that?—they must be see'd;
They write, then, as 'twas fit they should
But for their own, not patient's good:
Consulting wisely, don't mistake, sir,
Not what to give, but what to take, sir

THE GIFT HORSE.

A nobleman having presented King Charles II. with a fine horse, his majesty bid Killigrew, the jester, who was present, tell him what was its age; upon which Killigrew examined the animal's tail. "What are you doing?" said the king, "that is not the place to find out his age."—"Oh, sir," said Killigrew, "your majesty knows one should never look a gift horse in the mouth."

SHEEP-STEALING.

In a trial at the Old Bailey, for sheep-stealing, the prosecutor, a butcher, gave a long account of his tracing the sheep from place to place; that he first went to Acton, then to Ealing, "and then, my lord," said he, "I went to Uxbridge, where I found the sheep, and then I went to handle 'em, and feel 'em, to judge of their identity."—"Handle 'em and feel 'em!" exclaimed the judge, "pray where are they? I thought I had known the county of Middlesex extremely well, but I confess I never heard of such places as Handle-'em and Feel-'em before."

THE ASTRONOMER'S ROOM.

One day I called, and, Philo out,
I op'd the door, and look'd about;
When all his goods being full in view
I took this inventory true:—

Item—A bed without a curtain
A broken jar to empty dirt in;
A candlestick, a greasy night-cap,
A spitting-pot to catch what might hap;
Two stockings darn'd with numerous stitches,
A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches;
A three-legg'd stool, a four-legg'd table,
Were filled with books unfit for rabble;
Sines, tangents, secants, radius, co-sines,
Subtangents, segments, and all those signs;
Enough to shew the man who made 'em,
Was full as mad as he who read 'em;
An almanack of six years standing,
A cup with ink, and one with sand in;

One corner held his books and chest,
And round the floor was strew'd the rest;
That all things might be like himself,
He'd neither closet, drawer, or shelf;
Here piss-pot, sauce-pot, broken platter,
Appear'd like heterogeneous matter;
In ancient days the walls were white,
But, who 'gainst damp and snails can fight?
They're now in wreathy ringlets bound,
Some square, some oval, and some round;
The antiquarian there may find
Each hieroglyphic to his mind;
Such faces there may fancy trace,
As never yet knew time or place;
And he who studies maps or plans,
Has all the work done to his hands;
In short, the room, the goods, and author,
Appear'd to be one made for t' other.

JOHN HORNE TOOKS ON THE LAW.

"Law," said Mr. Tooke, "ought not to be a luxury for the rich, but a remedy to be easily, cheaply, and speedily obtained by the poor." A person once observing to him the excellence of the English laws being so impartial, that our courts of justice are open to all persons without distinction. "And so," said Tooke, "is the *London Tavern* to such as can afford to pay for their entertainment."

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AT DETTINGEN.

Previous to the engagement at Dettingen, a private soldier procured the canteens of some of his comrades, on pretence of fetching water; but, he did not return till after the battle. A day or two afterwards, the Duke of Cumberland arrived at the camp, and the soldier's conduct being reported to him, he demanded why he had left the field, previous to the battle.—"What," said the man, "Do you think I was such a fool as to stand there to be shot at?—Why was not your highness there?"—"I," cried the duke, "I was on my march thither."—"I know you were," replied the fellow, "but you might have made a little more haste, if you had chosen it."

PERSONALITIES.

When Quin and Garrick performed at the same theatre, and in the same play, the night being very stormy, each ordered a chair. To the mortification of Quin, Mr. Garrick's chair came up first. "Let me get into the chair," cried the surly veteran, "let me get into the chair, and put little Davy into the lan horn."—"By all means," said Garrick; "I shall ever be happy to give Mr. Quin light in any thing."

BODILY INFIRMITIES.

Theo. Cibber, in company with three other bon vivants, one day made an excursion. Theo. had a false set of teeth; a second, a glass eye; a third, a cork leg; but the fourth had nothing particular, except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post-coach; and while at the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that at every halting-place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast, they were all to squint? and as the countrymen stood gaping round when they first alighted, "Od rot it," cried one, "how that man squints!"—"Why, dom thee," said a second, "here be another squinting fellow!" The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest. At dinner, they appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper each man re-assumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter, "Here, you fellow, take out my teeth."—"Teeth, sir!" said the man. "Ay, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and they'll all come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed than a second called out, "Here, man, take out my eye!"—"Lord, sir," said the waiter, "your eye!"—"Yes, my eye. Come here, you stupid dog; pull up that eye-lid, and it will come

out as easy as possible." This done, the third cried out, "Here, you rascal, take off my leg!" This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the waiter was surveying the eye, teeth, and leg, lying on the table, cried out, in a hollow voice, "Come here, sir, take off my head!" Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarine upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room, and after tumbling headlong down-stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen above-stairs were certainly all devils.

THE OLD CHEESE.

Young Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniences of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then she had a tongue that would be heard
And make a better man than Slouch afraid.
This made censorious persons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own:
For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturbed, or contradicted:
Yet still into his story she would break
With "'Tis not so—pray give me leave to speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling him a fool;
Told him, he must exert himself, and be,
In fact, the master of his family.

He said, "That the next Tuesday noon would
shew
Whether he were the lord at home or no;
When their good company he would intreat
To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at least,
He might appear as master of the feast.

"I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that you may see

'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."

The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each blowy farmer with his simpering dame.

"Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, "why dost not thou appear!

Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is here?"

"I pardon ask," says Sue, "I'd not offend
At y my dear invites, much less his friend."

Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His saying, "there was nothing fit to eat:
The boil'd pork stinks, the beef's not roast enough,
The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough;
The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil;
And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.

'Tis we are the first Slouches ever sate
Down to a pudding without plumbs or fat.
What teeth or stomach's strong enough to feed
Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed?
Why must old pigeons, and they stale, be drest,
When there's so many squab ones in the nest?
This beer is sour, 'tis musty, thick, and stale,
And worse than any thing except the ale."

Sue all this while many excuses made:
Some things she own'd, at other time she laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.

Then cheese was brought. Says Slouch, "This
e'en shall roll,

I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl;
This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go;
And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waste;
Nor longer could dissimulation last.

"Pray let me rise," says Sue; "my dear, I'll find
A cheese perhaps may be to lovy's mind."

Then in an entry, standing close, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends might see;
And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occasion smelt;

"I'll try, my joy!" she cried, "if I can please
My dearest with a taste of his old cheese!"

Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous
hand

Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
Knew well the twang; "Is't the old cheese,
"my dear?"

No need, no need of cheese," cries Slouch,
"I'll swear,

"I think I've din'd as well as my Lord-Mayor."

CELEBRITY AND NOTOMETRY.

Tompion, the most celebrated watch-maker of his day, was accosted, in Moorfields, by a brother of the trade, who, after the usual salutations and inquiries about business, said, "I believe, Mr. Tompion, you and I are the two most distinguished men of our profession in existence."—"Indeed," exclaimed Tompion, who knew nothing of the individual's abilities. "Yes," was the reply, "you are, of all watchmakers, the best, and I am the worst."

DR. MONSEY AND HIS BANK-NOTES.

Dr. Monsey, a celebrated physician, was always strangely infatuated with a fear of the public funds, and was frequently anxious, in his absence from his apartments, for a place of safety in which to deposit his cash and notes. Going on a journey, during the hot weather in July, he chose the fire-place of his sitting-room for his treasury, and placed bank-notes and cash to a considerable amount in one corner, under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his housekeeper preparing to treat some friends with a cup of tea; and, by way of shewing respect to her guests, the parlour fire-place was chosen to make the kettle boil; the fire had not long been lighted, when her master arrived.

When the doctor entered the room the company had scarcely begun tea. He ran across the room like a madman, saying, "Hang it, you have ruined me for ever: you have burned all my bank-notes!"—First went the contents of the slop-baton, then the tea-pot; then he rushed to the

pump in the kitchen, and brought a pail of water, which he threw partly over the fire and partly over the company, who, in the utmost consternation, got out of his way as speedily as possible. His housekeeper cried out, "For God's sake, sir, forbear, you will spoil the steel stove and fire-irons."—"D——n the irons," replied the doctor, "you have ruined me, you have burned my bank-notes."—"Lord, sir," said the half-drowned woman, "who'd think of putting bank-notes in a Bath stove, where the fire is ready laid?"—"And," resumed he, "who'd think of making a fire in the summer time, where there has not been one for these several months?" He then pulled out the coals and cinders, and at one corner found the remains of his bank-notes, and one quarter of them entire, so as to be legible. Next day, Dr. Monsey went to Lord Godolphin's, the high-treasurer, and told him the story. His lordship said, "that he would go with him to the Bank the next day, and get the cash for him through his influence. He accordingly ordered his carriage, and agreed to meet the doctor at the room in the Bank, where some of the directors daily attend. The doctor being obliged to go to the Horse-guards, on business, took water at Whitehall for the Bank. In going down the river, he pulled out his pocket-book, to see if the remains of his notes were safe; when a sudden puff of wind blew them out of his pocket-book into the river. "Put back, you scoundrel," said the doctor, "my bank-notes are overboard!"

He was instantly obeyed, and the doctor took his hat and dipped it into the river, inclosing the notes and a hat full of water. In this state he put it under his arm, and desired to be set on shore immediately. On landing, he walked to the Bank, and was shewn into the room where Lord Godolphin had just before arrived. "What have you under your arm?" said Lord Godolphin; "the damned notes," replied the doctor, throwing his hat, with the contents, on the table, with such a force as to scatter the water into the faces of all who were standing near it. "There,"

said the doctor, "take the remainder of your notes, for neither fire nor water will consume them!"

ECONOMY.

Frank, who will any friend supply,
Lent me ten guineas, "Come," said I,
"Give me a pen—it is but fair,
You take my note." Quoth he, "Hold there;
Jack, to the cash I've bid adieu,
No need to waste my paper too!"

SUMMARY JUSTICE.

A French nobleman, who had been satirised by Voltaire, meeting the poet soon after, gave him a hearty drubbing. The poet immediately flew to the Duke of Orleans, told him how he had been used, and begged he would do him justice. "Sir," replied the duke, with a significant smile, "it has been done you already."

A FOOL'S WIT.

A silly country squire asked a merry-andrew why he played the fool? "For the same reason that you do," answered he; "for want—you for want of wit, and I for want of money."

BEAR AND STAKE.

Mr. Wilkes going to Dolly's Chop-house in Paternoster-row, with a friend, accidentally seated himself near a rich and purse-prond citizen, who almost stunned him with roaring for his steak, as he called it. Mr. Wilkes, in the mean time, asking him some common question, received a very brutal answer; the steak coming at that instant, Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, saying, "See the difference between the City and the Bear-garden; in the latter the bear is brought to the stake, but here the steak is brought to the bear."

POT VALOUR.

Who in his cups will only fight, is like
The clock that must be oil'd well, ere it strike.

ROMEO COATES.

This amateur of fashion having finished the character of Romeo, was *encored* by some of the gallery wags; whereupon the gentleman got up, made his bow, and obligingly repeated the dying speech. A person in the pit remarked, that "Mr Coates was a good Christian, for he was always ready to die."

A FRIENDLY ADVOCATE.

The fat Stephen Kemble was one day met by a friend, who told him he had just been with a person who spoke very contemptuously of his acting. "In short," added he, "he said *you were not fit to carry guts to a bear*."—"Well," said Stephen, "and did not you take my part?"—"O, yes, *I said you were*."

THE THIEF.

I tell, with equal truth and grief,
That little Kate's an arrant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow:
And more, that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softness *Æther* pours
On primrose buds, in vernal show'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles,
She stole the graces' winning smiles;
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye;
She pilfer'd Orient pearl for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;
The cherry steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant toils, a store
To which, in time, she added more;
At twelve she stole from Cyprus' queen
Her air, and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul;

She sung,—amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to assert their voice, appear'd;
She play'd—the muses, from their hill,
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill;
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then the beams that light the day:
While Jove, her pilf'ring thefts to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own;
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art,
And t'other day she stole—my heart.

Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge the vot'ry on the fair;
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

CONCEALED AND ASPIRING LOVE.

In some persons love may be said to rage like Hecla. We all know how a poor tailor died for love of Queen Elizabeth; another unhappy wight, bewitched with the love of royalty, conceived, in the year 1788, a violent passion for another Elizabeth, now princess of Homberg, and got into the palace to pay his respects to her royal-highness. His name was Spang, his father a Dane, himself an Englishman and a hair-dresser! But, such is the fate of this sort of love, the friseur was unluckily pronounced insane. And again, in the preceding year, 1787, one Stone, a heavy-looking man, about thirty-three years of age, unfortunately fell in love with the princess-royal of England, afterwards the dowager-queen of Wurtemberg. He said the princess stole his heart from him by looking up at him in the two-shilling gallery at the theatre; but Doctor Monro, who knew less about love than lunacy, decided the business, and poor Stone was sent to Bedlam. Thus we see that even royalty is no bar to the indulgence of the tender passion; for "love has twenty pair of eyes." Who dare venture to state, after this, that, on the other hand, many young maidens have not died for love of some or all of the royal dukes? Some ladies, like the gentle Viola, never tell their love, but let the cankering worm hasten them to the grave. And here, in the other sex, we are reminded of Mr.

Hutton, of Birmingham, who wrote his life and confessions: he was a male Viola, for he let concealment, like a worm, &c. but he shall speak for himself; "Perhaps there is not a human being in existence but sooner or later feels, in some degree, the passion of love. I was struck with a girl, watched her wherever I could, and peeped through the chink of the windows at night. She lay near my heart eleven years; but I never spoke to her in my whole life, nor was she ever apprised of my passion."

THE UGLY FAMILY.

A gentleman who once sat next to Lord North at the theatre, but with whose person he was unacquainted, enquired, after some preliminary conversation, the name of the lady sitting on the opposite side of the house, adding, that she was the ugliest woman he ever beheld. "That," replied his lordship, "is my sister, sir!" Confounded at the error he had committed, the interrogator, stammering, exclaimed, "I do not mean that lady, but the one seated next to her."—"Oh," replied Lord North, smiling, "That, sir, is my wife, Lady North, and we are esteemed the ugliest couple in England."

THE PICTURE OF SLANDER.

What mortal but slander, that serpent, hath stung,
Whose teeth are sharp arrows, a razor her tongue?
The poison of asps her vivid lip loads,
The rattle of snakes with the spittle of toads;
Her throat is an open sepulchre, her legs
Sit hatching of vipers, and cockatrice eggs;
Her sting is a scorpion's; like hyena, she'll cry;
With the ear of an adder, a basilisk's eye;
The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,
The head of a parrot, the chat of a hare;
The wing of a magpie, the snout of a hog,
The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog;
Her claw is a tyger's, her forehead is brass,
With the hiss of a goose, and the bray of an ass.

MISSIONARY PURITY.

A beautiful naked young female savage coming on board a missionary ship, the missionaries had unavoidably an excellent opportunity of surveying her person; "a temptation," says the writer of a missionary journal, "which no one, without great restraints from God's grace, could have resisted."

EFFECTS OF ROUGE.

Walpole says, "the beautiful Lady Coventry killed herself with painting, she bedaubed herself with white so as to stop the perspiration. Lady Wortley Montagu was more prudent, she often went into the hot-bath, to scrape off the paint, which was almost as thick as plaster on a wall."

TASTE FOR DRINKING.

"The Russ loves brandy, Dutchmen beer,
The Indian, rum most mighty,
The Welchman sweet Metheglin quaffs,
The Irish, aquavitæ;
The French extol the Orleans grape,
The Spaniards tipple Sherry;—
The English none of these escape,
For they with all make merry."

WIVES ON TRIAL.

The island of Sky has been ravaged by a feud between the two mighty powers of Macdonald and Macleod. Macdonald having married a Macleod, upon some discontent dismissed her, perhaps because she brought him no children. Before the reign of James the Fifth, a highland laird made a trial of his wife for a certain time, and, if she did not please him, he was then at liberty to send her away. This, however, must always have offended, and Macleod, resenting the injury, whatever were its circumstances, declared that the wedding had been solemnized without a bonfire, but that the separation should be better illuminated; and, raising a little army, set fire to the territories of Macdonald, who returned the visit and prevailed.

ON THE DEATH OF A NOTABLE SCOLD AND
A SHREW.

We lived one and twenty year,
As man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone—I know not whither.

Could I but guess, I do protest,
I speak it not to flatter;
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave doth hide her;
And sure her soul is not in hell,—
The devil would ne'er abide her.

I rather think she soar'd aloft,
For in the last great thunder,
Methought I heard her very voice,
Rending the clouds in sunder.

VIRGINS AND WIDOWS.

Varro asserts, that virgins marry with grief—
widows with pleasure.

AMOROUS BRIBERY.

In the year 1792, a lady of fortune, in Denmark-street, Dublin, having conceived a strong affection for a gentleman at the Irish bar, and not meeting with a reciprocal return, became unhappily deranged in her intellects, from the excess of her love and disappointment. Some curious circumstances relative to this affair transpired afterwards. The lady, unable to make any impression by the ordinary efforts of female practice, sent a confidential maid-servant, with bank-note after bank-note, to the gentleman, till 1,100*l.* had been expended in this species of love-letters. The gentleman possessed too nice a sense of honour to be concerned in so base a communication. The fact was, that the *fille de chambre* deceived her mistress, and had gone so far as to deliver forged letters, thanking her for her favours,

and expressing an ardent wish to make a return, &c. The servant decamped, and was traced to have taken shipping at Dover for Holland; there, it is supposed, to enjoy her ill-acquired property. The unfortunate young lady since that period was confined in Swift's Lunatic Hospital; and, in the paroxysms of her grief, gave proofs of that wild and disordered affection, which must strongly bring to mind the merits, the sufferings, and the virtue of Shakespeare's Ophelia. Afterwards the lady happily recovered

COURT OF CHANCERY.

In sore affliction, tried by God's commands,
Of patience, Job the great example stands;
But in those days, a trial more severe
Had been Job's lot, if God had sent him here.

CIVIL-LIST.

A nobleman who sported a ferocious pair of false whiskers, meeting Mr. Curran in Dublin, the latter said, "When do you mean to place your whiskers on the *peace-establishment*?"—"When you place your tongue on the *civil list*," was the reply.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

A barrister being concerned in a cause which he wanted to postpone for a few days, asked Lord Mansfield when he would bring it on? "On Friday next," said his lordship. "Will you please to consider, my lord, next Friday is Good-Friday?"—"I don't care for that; the better day the better deed,"—"Well, my lord, you will of course do as you please; but if you do sit on that day, I believe you'll be the first judge who did business on a Good-Friday since Pontius Pilate's time."

CERTAIN BENEFIT.

The Duchess of Marlborough once pressing the duke to take medicine, with her usual warmth, said, "I'll be hanged if it does not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth, who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it then, my lord duke, for it must be of use one way or the other."

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A fire happening at a public-house, one of the crowd was requesting the engineer to play against the wainscot; but being told it was in no danger, "I am sorry for that," said he, "because I have a long score upon it, which I shall never be able to pay."

EVE'S CURIOSITY.

When Eve would try, but to her cost,
Th' experiment of evil,
That she with gods might wisdom boast,
And cundling with the devil—

Too soon the knowledge she obtain'd;
Too late she curst the prize:
Oh! had she but a fool remain'd,
We should have all been wise.

THE IRISHMAN'S DEATH.

A poor Irishman, who was on his death-bed, and who did not seem quite reconciled to the long journey he was going to take, was kindly consoled by a good-natured friend with the common place reflection, that we must all die once. "Why, my dear, now," answered the sick man, "that is the very thing that vexes me; if I could die half-a-dozen times I should not mind it."

A SIMPLE RETORT.

A lawyer of short stature appearing as evidence in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic counsellor, what profession he was of? and having replied that he was an attorney; "You a lawyer," said the counsellor, "why I can put you in my pocket."—"Very likely you may," was the reply, "but if you do, you will have more law in your pocket than in your head."

WINDOW TAX.

"I wish," said Rigby to Charles Fox, "that you would stand out of my light, or that you had a window in that great belly of your's."—"What," said Charles, "that you might lay an additional tax upon it, I suppose."

ERRATUM CORRECTED.

The celebrated Searson wrote a copy of verses, to which he prefixed a dedication in these words, "A Guillemette, *chienne de ma sœur*."—"To Guillemette, my sister's bitch." Some time after, having quarrelled with his sister, he collected his poems for re-publication, and inserted among the errata, "For *chienne de ma sœur*—read *ma chienne de sœur*—For my sister's bitch, read my bitch of a sister."

ON THE INTENDED DEMOLITION OF FRIAR BACON'S STUDY, IN OXFORD.

Roger, if with thy magic glasses,
Running, thou seest below what passes,
As when on earth thou didst decry
With them the wonders of the sky—
Look down on yon devoted walls!
Oh! save them e'er thy study falls!
Or to thy vot'ries quick impart
The secret of thy mystic art!
Teach us, ere learning's quite forsaken,
To honour thee, and—save our Bacon.

EQUAL PRIVILEGES.

A naval officer relating his feats to a marshal, said, "that in a sea-fight he had killed 300 men with his own hand."—"And I," said the marshal, "descended through a chimney in Switzerland to visit a pretty girl."—"How could that be?" said the captain, "since there are no chimnies in that country?"—"What, sir," said the marshal, "I have allowed you to kill 300 men in a fight, and surely you may permit me to descend a chimney in Switzerland."

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

"To be disposed of, for the benefit of the poor widow, a blind man's walk in a charitable neighbourhood, the comings-in between twenty-five and twenty-six shillings a week, with a dog well drilled, and a staff in good repair. A handsome premium will be expected. For further particulars, inquire at No. 40, Chiswell-street."

NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

When Marshal Tallard was riding with the Duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, "My lord duke," said the marshal, "you have beaten to-day the best troops in the world."—"I hope," replied the duke, "you except those who have had the honour of beating them."

TO A GREAT BEAUTY.

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it that you, such a capital prize,
Should so long have remain'd in the wheel?
If ever, by Fortune's benignant decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A *sixteenth*, good Heavens! is sufficient for me,
For what could I do with the *whole*?

POLITENESS OF A MAYOR.

At the time when Queen Elizabeth was making one of her progresses through the kingdom, a mayor of Coventry, attended by a large cavalcade, went out to meet her majesty, and usher her into the city with due formality. On their return they passed through a wide brook, when Mr. Mayor's horse several times attempted to drink, and each time his worship checked him; which the queen observing, called out to him, "Mr. Mayor, let your horse drink, Mr. Mayor," but the magistrate, bowing very low, modestly answered, "Nay, nay, may it please your majesty's horse to drink first."

CAUTIOUS HUMANITY.

A tanner one day invited a supervisor to dine with him, and after pushing the bottle about briskly, the supervisor took his leave; but in passing across the tan-yard, he fell into a vat, and called out for the tanner's assistance to get out, but to no purpose; "For," said the tanner, "if I draw any hides without giving the twelve hours' notice, I shall be exchequered and ruined, but I'll go and inform the exciseman."

TABLE WIT.

A nobleman once in a large company, and expatiating about himself, made the following remark:—"When I happen to say a *foolish thing*, I always burst out *laughing*."—"I envy you your happiness, my lord, then," said one of the party, "for you must certainly live the *merriest life* of any man in Europe."

A COUNTRY QUARTER SESSIONS.

Three or four parsons full of October;
Three or four squires between drunk and sober;
Three or four lawyers; three or four liars;
Three or four constables; three or four criers;
Three or four parishes bringing appeals;
Three or four writings and three or four seals;
Three or four bastards and three or four wh—res;
Tag, rag, and hobtail three or four scores;
Three or four statutes misunderstood;
Three or four paupers all praying for food;
Three or four roads that never were mended;
Three or four scolds, and the sessions are ended.

FOX-HUNTING OR HARE-HUNTING.

Mr. Hare, formerly envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, and, like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings with the monied Israelites. One morning as he was looking out of the window, he observed several of the tribe assembled at the door for admittance. "Pray, gentlemen," said he, "are you Fox-hunting, or Hare-hunting this morning?"

DR. REID.

Dr. Reid, well known by his medical reports in the Monthly Magazine, was requested by a lady of eminence to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," said she, as she quitted the room, "No. 1, Chesterfield-street."—"Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember *Chesterfield*, and I fear too selfish ever to forget *number one*."

AN ARCH REPLY.

A little boy having been much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman present observed, that when children were keen in their youth, they were generally stupid and dull when they advanced in years, and *vice versa*. "What a very sensible boy, sir, must you have been!" returned the child.

THE TIPPLING BLACKSMITH.

Tom Sledge, the blacksmith, by his frequent whets And spending much, contracted many debts; In this distress, he, like some other fools, Pull'd down his forge and sold off all his tools; Nothing was left that would fetch any price, But after all was sold, he kept his vice.

TOAD-EATING.

A viceroy of Ireland asked one of his guests at a public dinner, why there were no toads in Ireland; to which he replied, "Because, please your excellency, there are so many toad-eaters."

FOUL BREATH.

A gentleman having a remarkably bad breath, was met by a nobleman, who asked him where he had been. "I have been taking the air this morning," said he, "which was rather disagreeable too, as I had a d—d north-wind full in my face all the time."—"Come, come," replied his lordship, "don't you complain; by G—d, the north-wind had the worst of it."

IMPUDENCE.

Mr. Garrow examining a very young lady, who was a witness in a case of assault, asked her, if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language, and utter other words so bad that he, the learned counsel, had not impudence enough to repeat them; she replied in the affirmative. "Will you, madam, be kind enough, then," said he, "to tell the court what these words were?"—"Why, sir," replied she, "if you have not impudence enough to speak them, how can you suppose that I have."

A WAGER.

The bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat;
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat.
Up starts his lordship, to the window flies;
And lo! "a race! a race!" in rapture cries.
"Where?" quoth Sir John. "Why see two drops
of rain

Start from the summit of the crystal pane.
A thousand pounds, which drop with nimblest
force

Performs its current down the slipp'ry course!"
The bets were fix'd; in dire suspense they wait
For vict'ry pendant on the nod of Fate.

Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll, like pearls from Chloe's eyes.

But, ah! the glitt'ring joys of life are short!
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws.

Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project
cross'd;

How hard their lot who neither won nor lost!

ROYAL PUDICITY.

Louis the Eighth, in the midst of his conquests, was seized with a disorder, for which his physicians could prescribe no other remedy than that of breaking the seventh commandment, his queen being then of necessity at Paris, to govern during his absence. He opposed this wicked project; yet, while he was asleep, his courtiers introduced into his chamber a lady of exquisite beauty, who, on his awaking, confessed what she was sent for. "No, my child," said the king, "I had rather die than commit a deadly sin;" and then ordering the girl to be married off, and making his will, die he did.

DANGER OF UPRIGHTNESS.

A judge going the western circuit, had a great stone thrown at his head; but, from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him. "You see," said he to his friends, "that had I been an upright judge, I might have been killed."

KING EDWARD IV. AND THE TANNER OF TANWORTH.

In summer time, when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedeck the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne;
With horne, and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Basset he took his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden o'er dale and downe
By eight of clock in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tanner,
Came riding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
Fast button'd under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shilling.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the greene wood spraye?
And I will wende to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will saye.

"God speede, God speede thee," said our king,
"Thou art welcome, syr," sayd hee,
"The readiest waye to Drayton Basset
I praye thee to shewe to mee."

"To Drayton Basset would'st thou goe,
Fro' the place where thou dost stand?
The next payer of gallows thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand."

"That is an unreadye way," sayd our king,
"Thou doest but jest I see:
Now shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee."

"Away with a vengeance!" quoth the tanner;
"I holde thee out of thy witt;
All day have I rydden on Brocke my mare,
And I am fasting yett."

"Go with me down to Drayton Basset,
No dainties we will spare;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
And I will paye thy fare."

"Gramercye for nothing," the tanner replyde,
"Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine."

"God give thee joy of them," sayd the king,
"And send them well to priefe."

The tanner wolde faine have been away,
For he weende he had been a thiefe.

"What art thou," he sayde, "thou fine fellowe,
Of thee I am in great feare,
For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe
Might besecme a lord to weare."

"I never stole them," quoth our king,
"I tell you, sir, by the roode."

"Then thou playest as many an unthrif doth
And standest in midds of thy goode."

"What tidinges heare you," sayd the kynge,
"As you ryde far and neare?"

"I hear no tidings, sir, by the masse,
But that cow-hides are deare."

"Cowe hides! cowe-hides! what things are
those?

I marvell what they be?"

"What art thou a foole?" the tanner reply'd;
"I carry one under me."

"What craftsman art thou," sayd the king,
"I pray thee tell me trowe."

"I am a barker, sir by trade;
Now tell me what art thou?"

"I am a poore courtier, sir," quoth he,
"That am forth of service worne;
And faine I would thy prentise bee,
Thy cunnige for to learne."

"Marrye, heaven forfend!" the tanner replyde,
"That thou my prentise were:
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne,
By fortye shilling a yere."

"Yet one thing wold I," sayd our king,
 "If thou wilt not seeme strange;
 Though my horse be better than thy mare,
 Yet with thee I faine wold change."
 "Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
 As change full well maye wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou proud fellowe,
 I will have some boote of thee."
 "That were against reason," sayd the king,
 "I sweare, so mote I thee;
 My horse is better than thy mare,
 And that thou well mayst see."
 "Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
 And softly she will fare;
 Thy horse is unrulye and wild I wiss;
 Aye skipping here and there."
 "What boote wilt thou have?" our king reply'd,
 "Now tell me in this stound."
 "Noe pence, nor halfpence, by my faye,
 But a noble in gold so round."
 "Here's twenty groats of white moneye,
 Sith thou wilt have it of mee."
 "I wold have sworne now," quoth the tanner,
 "Thou hadst not had one pennie."
 "But since we two have made a change,
 A change we must abide,
 Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
 Thou gettest not my cowe-hide."
 "I will not have it," sayd the king,
 "I sweare, so mote I thee;
 Thy foule cow-hide I wold not beare,
 If thou woldst give it to mee."
 The tanner he tooke his good cowe-hide,
 That of the cow was hilt;
 And throwe it upon the king's saddle,
 That was soe fayrefye gilte.
 "Now helpe me up, thou fine fellowe,
 'Tis time that I were gone;
 When I come home to Gyllain, my wife,
 She'll say I am a gentilmon."

The kinge he took him by the legge;
 The tanner a f—— let fall.
 "Nowe marrye, good fellowe," sayd the king,
 "Thy courtesye is but small."
 When the tanner he was in the kinge's saddle,
 And his fote in the stirrup was;
 He marvelled greatly in his minde,
 Whether it were golde or bras.
 But when his steede saw the cow's-taile wagge,
 And eke the blacke cowe-horne;
 He stamped, and stared, and away he ranne,
 As the devil had him borne.
 The tanner he pull'd, the tanner he sweat,
 And held by the pummel fast;
 At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
 His neck he had well-aye brast.
 "Take thy horse again with a vengeance," he sayd,
 "With me he shall not byde."
 "My horse wold have borne thee well enoughe,
 But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide."
 Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
 As change full well maye wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tanner,
 I will have some boote of thee."
 "What boote wilt thou," the tanner replyd,
 "Now tell me in this stounde?"
 "Noe pence nor half-pence, sir, by my faye,
 But I will have twentye pound."
 "Here's twenty groates out of my purse;
 And twentye I have of thine;
 And I have one more, which we will spend
 Together at the wine."
 The kinge set a bugle horn to his mouthe,
 And blewe bothe loud and shrille;
 And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
 Fast ryding over the hille.
 "Nowe, out alas!" the tanner he cryde,
 "That ever I sawe this daye!
 Thou art a strong thiefe, yon comes thy fellowe
 Will beare my cowe-hide away."

"They are no thieves," the king replyde,
 "I sweare, so mote I thee;
 But they are the lords, of the north countrey,
 Here come to hunt with mee."

And soone before our king they came,
 And knelt downe on the ground; ;
 Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
 He had lever than twenty pounce.

"A collar, a collar, here," sayd the king,
 A collar he loud did crye;
 Then woulde he lever than twentye pounce
 He had not been so nighe.

"A collar, a collar," the tanner he sayd,
 "I trowe it will breede sorrowe;
 After a collar, comes a halter,
 And I shall be hanged to morrowe."

"Away with thy feare, thou jolly tanner,
 For the sport thou hast shewn to me,
 I wote no halter thou shalt weare,
 But thou shalt have a knight's fee.

"For Plumpton parke I will give thee,
 With tenements faire beside;
 'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
 To maintain thy good cow-hide."

"Gramercye, my liege," the tanner replyde,
 "For the favour thou hast me showne;
 If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
 Neates leather shall clout thy shoen."

A FAIR OFFER.

A gentleman who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his work-people in a due attendance at church on a late fast-day, told them that if they went to church, they would receive their wages for that day in the same manner as if they had been at work; upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer, "that, if he would pay them for *over-hours*, they would attend likewise at the Methodist chapel in the evening."

SWIFT AND THE LAWYER.

An attorney, in Dean Swift's company, once asked him, "Supposing, doctor, that the parsons and the devil should litigate a cause, which party do you think would gain it?"—"The devil, no doubt," replied the dean; "as he would have all the lawyers on his side."

COUNTING CUCKOLDS.

"How many cuckolds do you think there are in this street," says an artisan to his neighbour, "without counting you?"—"Without counting me!" says his friend: "I like your familiarity." "Well," replied the artisan, "how many do you reckon including yourself?"

ROOT AND BRANCH.

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family-meetings she drank their health, adding, "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from one root!" but observing one of her guests laugh, she insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. "Why, then, madam," said he, "I was thinking how much more all the branches would flourish, if the root were under ground."

FISHING FOR A DINNER.

As Mr. Cunningham, the pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, a reverend as well as corpulent clergyman chanced to pass that way, and knowing Mr. Cunningham, reproached him for breaking the sabbath, and told him that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poet turned round and replied, "Your external appearance, reverend sir, says, that if your dinner was at the bottom of the river with mine, you would angle for it, though it were a fast-day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you."

THE OTHER FIG.

I remember that some years ago, when I knew too little of the world, and thought too much and too sensitively of its slightest and least opinion of me, I supped with an author of much eminence as a wit and a poet, in the company also of men of wit and poetry; and much mad mirth, and wit, and high exciting talk we had, too mad and too high for me, who could only laugh or wonder in silence at so many brilliant imaginations, and watch for the striking out of those brisk fiery sparks of their wit,

So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

"I was all ear to hear," and took in "jests which would create a laugh under the ribs of death;" and thoughts, and high imaginations, which might "lift a man to the third heaven of invention," and thither I was for once lifted. But there are souls of that weak wing, that so much the higher that they soar above the proper level of their flight, so much the lower shall they fall below the level of their proper resting-ground; and we, under the excitement of wine, some men will betray all their hidden foibles, and the flaws and weak parts in their characters, so under the excitement of too much wit, I betrayed one frailty in mine. It was after supper that a basket of most mouth-melting figs was put on the friendly board, out of which, among other fingers, I was then modest and moderate enough to deduct only one of its jammed and compressed lumps of insouciance; but, in a short time after this, music and Mozart, which are synonymous, were proposed, and all the company left the supper-room for the music-parlour, with the exception, for two lingering moments, of the hospitable host and myself: it was in that short time that I fell from the heaven of my high exaltation, and proved myself of

the "earth earthly." The basket of figs still stood before me; they were sweet as the lips of Beauty, and tempting as the apples of Eden; and I was born of Eve, and inherited her "prigging tooth." It is no matter where temptation comes from, whether from Turkey or Paradise; if the man Adam to be tempted is ripe for ruin, any wind may shake him off the tree of steadfastness. Every man has his moment of weakness: I had two, and in these I fell.

"I really must take *the other fig*," said I, taking it before the words were out. I had no sooner possession of it, than I blushed with the consciousness that I had committed a sin against self-restraint; and this confusion was increased by observing that the eyes of mine host had followed the act, as if they would inquire into it, and ascertain the true meaning of it, and perhaps set it down over against the credit side of my character. I was too much afraid that I had the weakness of covetousness in my composition, and that I had betrayed it to a man who, though lenient and charitable, and inclined to think well of the slightly faulty, would nevertheless weigh it in the balance of estimation, and value and think of it and me accordingly. I deserved to blush for it, and I did to the bottom of the stairs, as I descended with him, chewing the sweet fruit of mine offence, and the bitter consequence of it—an uneasy thought of shame. But out of the greatest evil we may deduce good; and from the knowledge of our weakness we may derive strength. One thing only comforted me in my acute disgrace. I had the courage to resist making an equivocal apology for the act, which I was for a moment tempted to make; for the Devil, who has his *good things* at his tongue's end, as well as much better beings, suggested, in a whisper, and with a nudge at my elbow, that I took it merely to have occasion for rewarding one of the wits with "a fig for his joke," mentioning him by name as patly as if he had it in his books, though I doubted his having it there at all; and if he had, I'll be his surety that all the rest of the page where it was

written was blank from offences. I thanked him for the suggestion. "But, no," I whispered to him, "there is more comeliness in a naked fault than in the best attired lie in the world; so I'll even let it stand naked as its mother Eve, who was the first weak creature that took *the other fig*." And here the Devil chuckled; for he recollected the good fortune that fell into the first trap he baited with sin, and was not disappointed that he had set one in vain for me.

I have never forgotten this little incident of my incidental life; it has served to check me, when I have coveted that which I did not want. And now, when I learn that some one, always famous for his covetousness, has at last been detected in some flagrant dereliction from honesty, I do not wonder at it; for I attribute it to a long unrestrained habit of taking *the other fig*.

When I am told that a great gourmand of my acquaintance has died over his dessert table, I am not surprised, for I have myself noticed that he always would eat *the other fig*.

When I hear that a man, once celebrated for the expensiveness of his living, and luxuriousness of his table, now wants a common plain dinner, I say, "It is a pity, but he always would have *the other fig* on the table."

When I see a sensible man daily and nightly staggering through the streets in drunken forgetfulness of himself and of the divine property of his being, and degrading the god-like uprightness of man to the grovelling attitude of the brute, I sigh and say, "This fellow, too, cannot refrain from *the other fig*."

When I look on the miserable miser, who, possessed of gold and land, yet lives without money or house, using not the one as it should alone be used, and enjoying not the other as it should be enjoyed, in all comfort and convenience; and when I see that, though having more than he will use, he covets more, that he may still have more than he can use, I scorn him as a robber of the poor, not to make himself richer than they, but

poorer, and more thankless and comfortless, and say, "This poor rich wretch must grasp at *the other fig*."

When I hear of some wealthy veteran trader with the four quarters of the wide world, venturing forth again from his ark of safety, and home of his old age, on his promised last voyage, and never returning to it, but perishing through the peril of the way, I cannot but pity the man who could not lay up in the safer harbour of home, because he still craved after *the other fig*.

When I behold some swaggering, heavy-purged gamester enter one of those temples, where Fortune snatches the golden offerings from the altars of her blind fools, to fling them at the feet of her knaves that see, and look at him issuing from thence without a "beggarly denier" to bless him with a dinner, I cannot help pitying him, that he should risk the fortune he had, for *the other fig*, which he has not.

When I see some mighty conqueror of men, having many thrones under his dominion, and many sceptres in his hand, struggling for other thrones and sceptres, and one after one losing those he held and commanded, in his rapacious eagerness to snatch at and mount to those he would have, I cannot pity him if he loses so many figs to possess *the other fig*.

When I behold a rich merchant made poor by the extravagance and boldness of his trade speculations, when, if he could have been content with the wealth he had, he might have lived sumptuously, and died rich, I cannot help thinking it a pity that he could not be content without *the other fig*.

When I hear that a rich man has done a paltry action for the sake of some petty penny-getting gain, I scorn him that he should so much covet *the other fig*.

When I see a man already high in rank, and more ennobled by descent than desert, cringing and stooping to a little dispenser's heels for some new honour, which is but a new disgrace where

It is undeserved, it is difficult not to despise him, though even so honoured, who will so degrade himself for the sake of *the other fig*.

When I behold an old man panting and chasing after that pretty, fluttering, light-winged butterfly, beauty, and perhaps panting and toiling after her in vain, or, if he comes up with her, gets nothing of her but her scorn, I cannot but laugh to see the old man make himself so ridiculous for the sake of *the other fig*.

And, to conclude, when I see the detected thief dragged in fetters to the dungeons of du-mance, I think to myself, "Ay, this is one of the probable consequences of a wilful indulgence in *the other fig*."

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED. A TALE.

A Vicar liv'd on this side Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent.
Pure was his life, in deed, word, thought,
A comment on the truths he taught:
His parish large, his income small,
Yet seldom wanted wherewithal;
For against every merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.
A painful pastor; but his sheep,
Alas! within no bounds would keep;
A scabby flock, that every day
Ran riot, and would go astray.
He thump'd his cushion, fretted, vent,
Thump'd o'er again each useful text;
Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain,
His parish was the more profane:
The scrubs would have their wicked will,
And censure Satan triumph'd still.
At last, when each expedient fail'd,
And serious measures nought avail'd,
It came into his head to try
The force of wit and raillery.
The good man was by nature gay,
Could gibe and joke, as well as pray;
Not like some hide-bound folk, who chace
Each merry smile from their dull face,
And think pride seal, ill-nature grace.

At christenings and each jovial feast,
He singled out the sinful beast:
Let all his pointed arrows fly,
Told this and that, look'd very sly, }
And left my masters to apply.
His tales were humorous, often true,
And now and then set off to view
With lucky fictions and sheer wit,
That pierc'd, where truth could never hit;
The laugh was always on his side,
While passive fools by turns deride;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering loud reform'd his brother;
Till the whole parish was with ease
Sham'd into virtue by degrees:
Then be advis'd, and try a tale,
When Chrysostom and Austin fail.

ELWES THE MISER.

One very dark night, Mr. Elwes, hurrying along the street, ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. Colonel Timms, at whose house he was, insisted on an apothecary being sent for, with which Mr. Elwes reluctantly complied. The apothecary, on his arrival, began to expatiate on the dangerous consequences of breaking the skin, the peculiar bad appearance of the wounds, and the good fortune of his being sent for. "Very probably," said old Elwes, "but, in my opinion, my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement; I will take one leg, and you shall take the other; you shall do what you please to yours, and I shall do nothing to mine; and I'll wager you your bill that my leg gets well the first." He used to boast that he beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

CLERICAL SHEEP-SHEARING.

A reverend divine being accused of negligence in his calling, and styled "an unfaithful shepherd," from scarcely ever visiting his flock, defended himself by saying, he was always with them at "*shearing time*."

THE SINGLE-SPEECH PARROT.

There is an eastern story of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only the words, "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at 100 rupees. A mogul asked the parrot, "Are you worth 100 rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed now of his bargain, he said to himself, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"

THE ONLY CONQUEST.

A facetious abbé, having engaged a box at the Opera-house, at Paris, was turned out of his possession by a mareschal, as remarkable for his ungentlemanlike behaviour, as for his cowardice and meanness. The abbé, for this unjustifiable breach of good-manners, brought his action in a court of honour, and solicited permission to be his own advocate, which was granted. When the day of trial arrived, he pleaded to the following effect: "'Tis not of Monsieur Suffrein, who acted so nobly in the East Indies—it is not of the Duke de Crebillon, who took Minorca—it is not of the Comte de Grasse, who so bravely fought Lord Rodney, that I complain; but it is of Mareschal ———, who took my box at the opera-house, and never took any thing else." This stroke of satire so sensibly convinced the court, that he had already inflicted sufficient punishment, that they refused to grant him a verdict.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN JAMES.

Tread softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd by any:
Posterity, let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

EXEMPLARY LIBERALITY

Marshal Villars, upon the death of the Duke de Vendôme, in the reign of Louis the XIVth, was made Governor of Provence in his room; and when he went to take possession of his new government, the deputies of the province made him the usual present of a purse full of *louis d'ors*, but the person who had the honour to present it, said to him, "Here, my lord, is such another purse as that we gave to the Duke de Vendôme, when, like you, he came to be our governor; but the prince, after accepting of it as a testimony of our regard, very generously returned it."—"Ah," said Marshal Villars, putting the purse into his pocket, "M. Vendôme was a most surprising man; he has not left his fellow behind."

IRISH DREAMING.

An English officer being quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged as they got into their carriage, by an old beggar-woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities. Their charity and patience became exhausted; not so the petitioner's perseverance. One morning, our oratrix began—"Oh, my lady! success to your ladyship, and success to your honour's honour, this morning, of all the days in the year; for sure did I not *dream* last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and your honour gave me a pound of tobacco."—"But, my good woman," said the general, "don't you know that dreams go by the rule of contrary?"—"Do they so?" rejoined the old woman, "then it must *mean*, that your honour will give me the tea, and her ladyship the tobacco."

A GREAT COMPOSER.

Dormouse esteems it wond'rous odd,
That people, when he preaches, nod,
As if he was a very proser.
Take comfort, Dormouse!—Though they blame
Your oratory, you may claim
The merit of a rare composer.

A MIRACLE ENHANCED.

A painter intending to describe the miracle of the fishes listening to the preaching of St. Anthony of Padua, painted the lobsters stretching out of the water red; having probably never seen them in their native state. Being questioned on this, and asked how he could justify his representing the lobsters as boiled, he extricated himself by observing, "that the miracle was the greater."

THE STAGE-COACH.

Resolv'd to visit a far distant friend,
A porter to the Bull-and-gate, I send,
And bid the slave at all events engage
Some place or other in the Chester stage;
The slave returns—its done as soon as said—
Your honour's sure when once the money's paid;
My brother who, impatient of delay,
Put to at three, and swears he cannot stay;
(Four dismal hours ere the break of day.)
Awak'd from sound sleep, thrice call'd at length I
rise,
 yawning, stretch out my arms, half clos'd my eyes,
By steps and lanthorn, enter the machine,
And take my place, now cordially! between
Two aged matrons of excessive bulk,
To mend the matter too, of meaner folk;
While in like mode, jamm'd in on t'other side
A bully captain, and a fair one, ride;
Polish as fair, and in whose lap a boy—
Our plague eternal, and her only joy:
At last, the glorious number to complete,
Lays in my landlord for that bodkin seat;
Seen soon by ev'ry billock, rut, and stone,
On each other's face by turns we're thrown;
My granam scolds, that coughs, and Captain
swears,
A fair one screams, and has a thousand fears;
While our plump landlord, trained in other lore,
Lingers at ease, nor yet asham'd to snore;
My master Dicky, in his mother's lap,
Pallid brings up at once three meals of pap;
Perfect company! next time I do protest, sir,
I walk to Dublin, ere I'll ride to Chester.

A GOOD CHARACTER.

Lord Mansfield had discharged a coachman whom he suspected of having embezzled his corn; a short time afterwards he received a letter from a merchant in the city, requesting a character of the dismissed servant: his lordship accordingly wrote an answer, that he was a very sober man, and an excellent coachman, but that he believed he had cheated him. Some time after this, going to Caen-wood, his lordship met his old coachman, who accosted him, expressing himself glad to see him in such good health, and thanked him for the character he had given him, in consequence of which he had got an excellent place.—"Your lordship," he said, "has been pleased to say I was a sober man, and a good coachman, but that you believed I had cheated you; my master observed, that if I answered the two first descriptions, the last he thought little of, for he did not think the devil himself could cheat your lordship."

SCARCE ARTICLES IN A REPUBLIC.

George the First of England having frequently experienced the rapacity of the Dutch at Helvoetsluys, was, in one of his journeys, determined to avoid it by not stopping there. It was a fine summer's day; and while the servants were changing the horses, and stowing his baggage in the coach, he stopped at the door of the principal inn, and asked for three fresh eggs; which having eaten, he enquired what he had to pay for them. "Two hundred florins," was the reply. "How!" cried the astonished monarch, "why so? eggs are not scarce at Helvoetsluys."—"No," replied the landlord, "but kings are."

TO A PARISH-CLERK.

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms,
When they translated David's psalms,
To make the heart full glad;
But had it been poor David's fate
To hear thee sing and them translate,
By Jove 'twould have made him mad.

PROOFS OF INSANITY.

In a cause respecting a will, evidence was given to prove the testatrix (an apothecary's wife) a lunatic; and, amongst many other things, it was deposed that she had swept a quantity of pots, phials, lotions, potions, &c. into the streets, as rubbish. "I doubt," said the learned judge, "whether sweeping *physic* into the street be any proof of insanity."—"True, my lord," replied the counsel; "but sweeping the *pots* away certainly was."

LORD THURLOW'S RELIGION.

Mr. Tierney once observed of Lord Thurlow, who was much given to swearing and parsimony, that he was a rigid disciplinarian in his religion, for that in his house it was *passion-week* in the parlour, and *lent* in the kitchen, all the year round.

FIREWORKS.

An eminent director of fireworks being in company with some ladies, was highly commending the epitaph in the abbey on Mr. Purcell's monument—

"He is gone to that place where only his own Harmony can be exceeded."

"Lord, sir," said one of the ladies, "the same epitaph might serve for you, by altering a single word—

"He is gone to that place where only his own Fire-works can be exceeded."

SLOTH THE CAUSE OF ENNUY.

Of those who time so ill support,
The calculation's wrong;
Else, why is life accounted short,
While days appear so long?

By action 'tis we life enjoy;
In idleness we're dead;
The soul's a fire will self destroy,
If not with fuel fed. VOLTAIRE.

RIGID ECONOMY.

The steward of the Duke of Gaiise representing to him the necessity there was of more economy in his household, gave him a list of many persons whose attendance was superfluous. The duke, after reading it, said—"It is very true that I can do without all these people, but have you asked them if they can do *without me*?"

UNIVERSITIES.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound,
In learning and science so greatly abound;
Since some carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few, who bring any away.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

On a lady's entering the assembly-room at York, Sterne asked her name: he was told it was a Mrs. Hobson; on which he said, "he had often heard of Hobson's choice, but he never saw it before."

SKIN AND GRIEF.

Thy nags (the leanest things alive),
So very hard thou lov'st to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

INCOME-TAX.

Horne Tooke is said to have given in his return under the property-tax, as having an income of only sixty pounds a year. Being, in consequence, summoned before the commissioners, who found fault with his return, and desired him to explain how he could live in the style he did with so small an income; he replied, "that he had much more reason to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they had; that, as their enquiry, there were three ways in which people contrived to live above their income, namely, by *begging, borrowing, and stealing*, and he left it to their sagacity, which of these methods he employed.

HOW TO SOW UP A SAND-BAG, AT A CITY-FEAST,

That is to say, one who will absorb like a bag of sand, or sandust, all the wine you can pour into him. Always have in your party half-a-dozen seasoned old toppers, whose heads are liquor-proof. Plant them at equal distances round your table; and when your huge barrel bellied Common Council-men are seated, and have loaded their first plates; then your chosen marksmen are to begin their attack, and challenge those fellows alternately with bumpers of port and sherry. Let all the hams be as salt as pickle, and all the meat-pies, and other made-dishes, as hot as pepper can make them; and, as your guests get thirsty and call for drink, let them be plied alternately with strong Dorchester beer, brown stout, rough cyder, and perry; still keeping up the fire of port and sherry from your *Rifle Corps*. Before the cloth is removed, let each be induced to swallow a large bumper of brandy, just to settle his stomach and aid digestion. The instant the table is cleared, at them again with bumper-rounds of claret; give them no breathing time, if you do they will drink till morning; and then, before the sixth bumper-toast is gone round, their maws will ferment, they will gape like sick pigs, and, unable to speak, or stand, will either tumble under the table, or stagger away; and then you will have time to enjoy your select friends, and acquire gout, to relish a supper of game."

MARRIAGES IN HEAVEN.

Said Celia to a reverend dean,
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That they have none in heaven?"

"They have," said he, "no women there."
She quick return'd the jest;
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

REPUBLICANISM

After the death of Charles the First, the Court of King's Bench was called the Court of Public Bench, and some republicans were so cautious of acknowledging monarchy any where, that in repeating the Lord's Prayer, instead of saying, "Thy kingdom come," they changed it to "Thy Commonwealth come."

A PATIENT COMPANION.

A gentleman who once introduced his brother to Johnson, was very earnest to recommend him to the doctor's attention; which he did by saying, "Doctor, when we have sat together some time, you'll find my brother very entertaining."—"Sir," said Johnson, "I can wait."

A FRIENDLY WISH.

Two Irishmen one day meeting, "I am very ill, Pat," said one, rubbing his head. "Then," replied the other, "I hope you may keep so—for fear of being worse."

PARLIAMENTARY BULLS.

On account of the great number of suicides, a member moved for leave to bring in a bill to make it a capital offence.

When Sir John Scott, now Lord Eldon, brought in his bill for restricting the liberty of the press, a member moved as an addition, that all *anonymous works* should have the name of the author printed on the title-page.

PICTURE-ROOM.

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold you."

ON THE PHRASE "KILLING TIME.

There's scarce a point wherein mankind agree
So well as in their boast of killing me.
I boast of nothing, but, when I've a mind,
I think I can be even with mankind.

THE OATH OF DUNMOW.

To reward chastity of mind, as well as body, an institution was established, giving to the happy possessors of conjugal virtue a slice of bacon. In 1510, Thomas Lefuller, of Coggeshall, Essex, came to the priory of Dunmow, and required to have some of the bacon. He was, according to the form of the charter, sworn before the prior of the house and the convent, and before a multitude of neighbours; when he received a gammon of bacon. The oath of Dunmow was this—

“Ye shall swear, by the custom of our confession,
That you never made any nuptial transgression
Since you were married to your wife,
Or householde travels, or contentious strife:
Or otherways at bed or boarde,
Offended each other in deede or worde;
Or, since the parish-clerk said ‘Amen,’
Wished yourselves unmarried agen;
Or, in a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought any way;
But, continued true and in desire
As when you join’d hands in the holy quire.
If to these conditions, without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear;
A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bere it home with love and good leave;
For this is our custom in Dunmow, well known,
Tho’ the sport be our’s, the bacon’s your own.”

OBEDIENCE OF WIVES.

In the Unitarian prayer-book, used by the American states of New England, the word *obey* is left out of the matrimonial service. Saint Paul, however, says, “Let the wife be subject to her own husband in every thing.”

CONFESSION OF TALLEYRAND, OF HIS EX-
PLOITS FROM THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN
TO TWENTY-ONE.

During five years, six husbands, from jealousy on my account, blew out their brains; and eighteen lovers perished in duels for ladies

who were my mistresses. Ten wives, deserted by me, retired in despair to convents. Twelve unmarried ladies, from doubt of my fidelity or constancy, either broke their hearts, or poisoned themselves in desperation. All these were persons of *haut ton*; and, in their number, I do not therefore include the hundreds of the *bourgeoisie*, or of chambermaids, who, forsaken by me, sought consolation from an halter, or in the river Seine. I have, besides, during the same short period, made twenty-four husbands happy fathers, and forty maids solitary and miserable mothers!

CHINESE MAXIM.

The tongue of women is their sword, and they never suffer it to grow rusty.

ON MARRIAGE.

God was the first that marriage did ordain,
By making one, two; and two, one again.”

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

A young fellow, called handsome Tracy, was walking in the Park, with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty; they followed them, but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. He followed her to Whitehall-gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them—he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and, after much disputing, went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butter woman, in Craven-street, and engaged her to meet him next morning in the Park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters, and, in the last, offered two hundred pounds a-year to her, and a hundred a-year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidante

of a stay-maker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. "Aye," says she, "but if I should, and should lose him by it." However, the measures of the cabinet-council were decided for virtue; and when she met Tracy next morning in the Park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him, that if he would accept such a dinner as a butter-woman's daughter could give him, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven-street; the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of May-fair. The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the king, but that he had a brother, over the way, who perhaps would, and who did. The mother borrowed a pair of sheets, and they consummated at her home; and the next day they went to their own palace. In two or three days the scene grew gloomy; and the husband, coming home one night, swore he could bear it no longer. "Bear! bear what?"—"Why, to be teased by all my acquaintance, for marrying a butter-woman's daughter. I am determined to go to France, and will leave you a handsome allowance."—"Leave me! why you don't fancy you shall leave me? I will go with you."—"What! you love me then?"—"No matter, whether I love you or not, but you shan't go without me." And they are gone! If you know any body that proposes marrying and travelling, I think they cannot do it in a more com-motious manner.

THE THOUGHT; OR, A SONG OF SIMILES.

I've thought; the fair Narcissa cries,
What is it like, Sir?—"Like your eyes—
'Tis like a chair—'tis like a key—
'Tis like a purge—'tis like a flea—

'Tis like a beggar—like the sun—
'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon—
'Tis like a kilderkin of ale—
'Tis like a Doctor—like a whale"—
Why are my eyes, Sir, like a Sword?
For that's the Thought, upon my word.
"Ah! witness every pang I feel,
The deaths they give, the likeness tell.
A sword is like a chair you'll find,
Because, 'tis most an end behind.
'Tis like a key, for 't will undo one;
'Tis like a purge, for 't will run thro' one;
'Tis like a flea, and reason good,
'Tis often drawing human blood."
Why like a beggar?—"You shall hear;
'Tis often carried 'fore the May'r;
'Tis like the sun, because its gilt;
Besides, it travels in a belt.
'Tis like the Dutch, we plainly see,
Because that state, whenever we
A push for our own int'rest make,
Does instantly our sides forsake."
The moon?—"Why, when all 's said and done,
A sword is very like the moon;
For if his Majesty (God bless him)
When County Sheriff comes t' address him,
Is pleas'd his favours to bestow
On him, before him kneeling low,
This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
And gives the glory to the Knight (night);
'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
For its not long in drawing out.
'Tis like a Doctor, for who will
Dispute a Doctor's pow'r to kill?"
But why a sword is like a whale
Is no such easy thing to tell;
"But since all swords are swords, d' ye see,
Why, let it then a backsword be,
Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
To raise up somewhat like a whale."

LEGACY TO A WIFE.

Whereas, it was my misfortune to be made very
enemy by Elizabeth, my wife, for many years,

from our marriage, by her turbulent behaviour; for she was not content with despising my admonitions, but she contrived every method to make me unhappy; she was so perverse in her nature, that she would not be reclaimed, but seemed only to be born to be a plague to me; the strength of Sampson, the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the cunning of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the subtlety of Hannibal, and the watchfulness of Hermogenes, could not have been sufficient to subdue her; for no skill or force in the world would make her good; and, as we have lived several years separate, and apart from each other eight years, and she having perverted her son to leave and totally abandon me; therefore I give her one shilling only.

MUTUAL LONGING.

A pregnant lady, dining with a bishop, took a sudden longing to an elegant silver tureen, then on the table. When she returned, her indisposition alarmed her husband; at length she explained the cause of it, and even prevailed on him to go to the bishop, and acquaint him with it. The bishop was too gallant to refuse a lady in her situation any thing, and sent it. She was delighted; she thanked the good bishop for it. At length her accouchement took place, and she went abroad. The bishop then sent a polite letter, congratulating her on getting abroad; requested she would return the tureen, as he now, in his turn, began to long for it; but that, upon any future occasion, if she should again long for it, it was at her service upon such terms.

LILLY'S WIFE.

Lilly, the almanack-maker, in the history of his life, makes the following item of his wife:—"Feb. 16, 1654, my second wife died, for whose death I shed no tears. I had £500 with her, as her portion; but she, and her poor relations, spent me a thousand pounds. *Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto; sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper et in sæcula sæculorum.*"

GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE. DRINKING SONG.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a cold,
I stuff my skin, so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she troul to me the howl,
Even as a malkworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Ev'n as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side, &c.

REPARATION OF CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.

The following extraordinary entry appears in the parish-register of Bermondsey, in 1604:

August.

The forme of a solemne vowe, made betwixt a man and his wife, the man having beene long absent, through which the woman beinge married to another man, tooke her again as followeth.

The Man's Speech.

Elizabeth, my beloved wife, I am right sorie that I have so longe absented my sealse from thee, whereby thou shouldest be occasioned to take another man to thy husband; therefore, I do nowe vowe and promise, in the sight of God, and of this companie, to take thee againe as mine owne; and will not onlie forgive thee, but also dwell with thee, and do all other duties unto thee as I promised at our marriage.

The Woman's Speech.

Ralph, my beloved husband, I am right sorie that I have, in thy absence, taken another man to be my husband; but here, before God and this companie, I do renounce and forsake him, and do promise to keep my sealse onlie unto thee during life, and to perform all duties which I first promised unto thee in our marriage.

The Prayer.

Almightie God, we beseech thee to pardon our offences, and give us grace ever hereafter to live together in thy feare, and to perform the holy duties of marriage, one to another, accordinge as we are taught in thy holie word; for thy dear Son's sake, Jesus. Amen.

The entry concludes thus—

The first day of August, 1604, Ralph Goodchilde, of the parish of Barking, in Thames-street, and Elizabeth, his wife, weare agreed to live together, and thereupon gave their hands one to another, making, either of them, a solemne vow so to doe, in the presence of

WILLIAM STERE, Parson,
EDWARD COKER, and
RICHARD EIRE, Clerk.

This difficult case of conscience must be left to the casuists. The poor substitute-husband, somehow, does not appear in the business; his renunciation of the lady was to be expected, if he acquiesced in the transfer.

ON A COVETOUS OLD PARSON.

Cries Spintext in spleen, "This public donation, Methinks, savours much of vain ostentation; God bless me, five pounds, why the sum is immense,

And for pity, mere pity! 'tis shew and pretence; When I do an alms, fame's trumpet ne'er blows What my right hand is doing, my left never knows,

All my gifts I bestow in so private a way,
That when, how, or where, no mortal can say;
Spintext, it is true, has such art to conceal 'em,
That his parish ne'er sees, nor the poor ever
feel 'em,

And thus he makes sure that none shall reveal 'em.

THE ABSENT MAN.

Menalcas comes down in a morning, opens his door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his night-cap on; and examining himself further, finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has stuck his sword on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed, he goes to court, comes into the drawing-room, and walking bolt upright under a branch of candlesticks, his wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the courtiers fall a laughing, but Menalcas laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the person that is the jest of the company. Coming down to the court gate he finds a coach, which taking for his own he whips into it; and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends the staircase, and runs through all the chambers

with the greatest familiarity, reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in, Menalcas rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed; Menalcas is no less so, but is every moment in hopes that his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. Night comes on, when Menalcas is hardly undeceived.

When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water; it is his turn to throw; he has the box in one hand, and his glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and at the same time throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter and flings the sand into the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the superscription; a nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: "I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter." His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, "My Lord, I received your Grace's commands with an entire submission to——" If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate; it is true the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in a hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner, and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon a business of importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has a hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him; the truth of it is, his eyes are open, but he makes no use of them,

and neither sees you, nor any man, nor any thing else; he came once from his country-house, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded; they held a flambeau to his throat, and bad him deliver his purse; he did so, and coming home told his friends he had been robbed; they desired to know the particulars, "Ask my servants," said Menalcas, "for they were with me."

BRUYERE.

THE SUITOR.

Lucas, with ragged coat, attends
My lord's levee; and, as he bends,
The gaping wounds expose to view
All else beneath as ragged too.
But hark the peer: "My friends, to-day
By great affairs I'm call'd away;
Attend to-morrow at this hour,
Your suits shall claim my utmost pow'r."
The crowd, retiring, thanks exprest,
Save Lucas, who, behind the rest,
Desponding loiter'd, cries my lord,
"Why, Lucas, do you doubt my word?"
No, sir, 'tis too well understood—
To-morrow!—Here his garb he view'd.
Alas! my lord! can I be mute?
To-morrow I shall have no suit."

A HARD MASTER.

A theatrical manager, one evening when his band was playing an overture, went up to the horn players, and asked why they were not playing. They said they had twenty bars rest. "Rest!" says he, "I'll have no rest in my company; I pay you for *playing* not for *resting*."

APPROPRIATE PRESENTS.

On the City of London presenting Admiral Keppel with the freedom in a box of heart of oak, and Lord Rodney in a gold box:—

Each admiral's defective part,
Satiric cits, you've told:
The wealthy Keppel wanted *heart*;
The gallant Rodney, *gold*.

THE COMPOSITION OF WINE.

An Asiatic chief being asked his opinion of a pipe of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer of the company's service, said, "he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues, and lions' hearts; for after he had drunk enough of it, he could talk for ever, and fight the devil."

BOX-LOBBY LOUNGERS.

On hearing two worthless cowards challenge each other in Drury-lane theatre, a gentleman present wrote the following stanzas:—

In Drury's lobby, Tom and Dick
Pull'd each the other's nose;
Yet, if Dick or Tom was right,
Pray who the devil knows?

"I am a gentleman!" cried Dick,
"And so," quoth Tom, "am I!"
Each strove to hide his trembling heart,
While each roar'd out—"You lie!"

Dick said, "I'm cousin to Lord Cog."
Tom swore, "he roll'd in riches;"
Dick knit his black Patrician brows,
And Tom pull'd up his breeches.

Now if this palsied pair should meet,
Impell'd by common sneers,
If either, or if both were shot,
Pray who the devil cares?

AFFECTATION.

As bad as the world is, I find by very strict observation upon virtue and vice, that if men appeared no worse than they really are, I should have less work than at present I am obliged to undertake for their reformation. They have generally taken up a kind of inverted ambition, and affect even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent. The first of this order of men are the Valetudinarians, who are never in health; but complain of want of stomach or rest every day until noon, and then devour all which comes be-

fore them. Lady Dainty is convinced, that it is necessary for a gentlewoman to be out of order; and to preserve that character, she dines every day in her closet at twelve, that she may become her table at two, and be unable to eat in public. About five years ago, I remember it was the fashion to be short-sighted. A man would not own an acquaintance until he had first examined him with his glass. At a lady's entrance into the playhouse, you might see tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and side-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its sight; but the blind seem to be succeeded by the lame, and a janty limp is the present beauty. I think I have formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have an occasion for it, or be esteemed really, and not genteelly a cripple. I have considered but could never find out the bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a Gascon general, who, by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be supposed that in this warlike age, some think a cane the next honour to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the Limpers came in, I remember a race of Lispers, fine persons, who took an aversion to particular letters in our language; some never uttered the letter *H*; and others had as mortal an aversion to *S*. Others have had their fashionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you said twice over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whose table is every day surrounded with flatterers, that makes use of this, sometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others as an art, to make them repeat their commendations. Such affectations have been indeed in the world in ancient times; but they fell into them out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a wry neck, which made it the fashion in his court

to carry their heads on one side when they came into the presence. One who thought to outshine the whole court, carried his head so over-complacently, that this martial prince gave him so great a box on the ear, as set all the heads of the court upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who talks atheistically all day in coffee-houses, and in his degrees of understanding sets up for a freethinker; though it can be proved upon him, he says his prayers every morning and evening.

Of the like turn are all your marriage-haters, who rail at the noose, at the words, "for ever and aye," and at the same time are secretly pining for some young thing or other that makes their hearts ache by her refusal. The next to these, are such as pretend to govern their wives, and boast how ill they use them; when, at the same time, go to their houses, and you shall see them step as if they feared making a noise, and are as fond as an alderman. I do not know, but sometimes these pretences may arise from a desire to conceal a contrary defect than they set up for. I remember, when I was a young fellow, we had a companion of a very fearful complexion, who, when we sat in to drink, would desire us to take his sword from him when he grew fuddled, for it was his misfortune to be quarrelsome.

As the desire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry shews itself in proper instances, the same desire in men who have the ambition without proper faculties, runs wild, and discovers itself in a thousand extravagances, by which they would signalize themselves from others, and gain a set of admirers. When I was a middle-aged man, there were many societies of ambitious young men in England, who, in their pursuits after fame, were every night employed in roasting porters, smoking cobblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning constables, breaking windows, blackening sign-posts, and the like immortal enterprises.

ADVICE TO LOVERS.

Poor Hal caught his death, standing under a spout,
Expecting till midnight when Nan would come out;
But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the
man's flame.

Whoe'er thou art that read'st these moral rhymes,
Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

COPY OF A LETTER OF APPLICATION FROM A SHOEMAKER'S WIFE, TO A CUSTOMER OF HER DECEASED HUSBAND.

Madam,—My husband is dead, but that is nothing at all; for Thomas Wild, our journeyman, will keep doing for me the same as he did before, and he can work a great deal better than he did, poor man, at the last, as I have experience of, because of his age and ailment; so I hope for your ladyship's custom. From your humble servant,
ANN R—s."

THE BISHOP AND THE PEASANT.

A German clown, at work in his field, seeing his bishop pass by, attended by a train becoming a peer, he could not forbear laughing, and that so loud, that the reverend gentleman asked the reason of it. The clown answered;—"I laugh when I think of St. Peter and St. Paul, and see you in such an equipage."—"How is that?" said the bishop.—"Do you ask how?" said the fellow. "They were ill-advised to walk alone on foot throughout the world, when they were the heads of the Christian church, and lieutenants of Jesus Christ, the king of kings; and thou, who art only our bishop, go so well mounted, as to have such a train of Hectors, that thou resemblest more a peer of the realm, than a pastor of the church." To this his reverence replied, "But, my friend, thou dost not consider that I am both a count and a baron, as well as thy bishop." The rustic laughed more than before; and the bishop asking him the reason of it, he answered, "Sir, when the count and the baron, which you say you are, shall be in hell, where will the bishop be?"

TYTHE IN KIND, OR THE SOW'S REVENGE.

Not far from London liv'd a boor,
 Who fed three dozen hogs, or more;
 Alike remote from care and strife,
 He crack'd his joke, and lov'd his wife.
 Madge, like all women, fond of sway,
 Was pleas'd whene'er she had her way
 And (wives will think I deal in fiction)
 But seldom met with contradiction:
 Then, stubborn as the swine she fed,
 She neither would be driv'n nor led;
 And Goodman Hodge, who knew her whim,
 Was kind, nor row'd against the stream.

Sabba'd by Nature's primal law,
 Young sows are ever in the straw;
 Each week (so genial fate decreed)
 Produc'd a new and numerous breed.
 Whene'er they came, sedate and kind,
 The vicar was not far behind;
 Of pigs the worth and prime he knew,
 And, parson like, would have his due.
 He watch'd the hour with anxious ken;
 His heart grew warm at number ten;
 The younger pigs he vowed the sweeter,
 And scarce allowed them time to litter.

One morn, with smile and bow polite,
 From Hodge he claim'd his custom'd right;
 But first enquired, in accents mild,
 How far'd the darling wife and child:
 How apples, pears, and turnips grew,
 And if the ale were old or new.
 Hodge, who from custom took the hint,
 Knew 'twas in vain a priest to stint;
 And, whilst his rev'rence took his swig,
 Hodge stepp'd aside, and brought the pig.

"Humph!" cried the parson, "let us see
 This offering to the church and me;
 I fear, my friend, 'twill never do;
 Methinks 'tis lean and sickly too.
 Time out of mind 't has been confess'd,
 Parsons should ever claim the best."
 This said, he eye'd it o'er and o'er;
 Stamp'd, set his wig, and all but swore.

"Such pig for me; why, man alive,
 Ne'er from this moment hope to thrive;
 Think you for this I preach and pray?
 Hence! bring me better tythes, I say."

Hodge heard, and, tho' by nature warm,
 Replied, "kind sir, I meant no harm;
 Since what I proffer you refuse,
 The sty is open, pick and chase."

Pleas'd with the offer, in he goes—
 His heart with exultation glows;
 He rolls his eye, his lips he licks,
 And scarce can tell on which to fix;
 At length he cries, "Heaven save the king!
 This rogue in black is just the thing!
 Hence shall I gain a rich regale!"
 Nor more, but seiz'd it by the tail.
 Loud squeak'd the pig; the sow was near—
 The piercing sound assail'd her ear;
 Eager to save her darling young,
 Fierce on the bending priest she sprung;
 Full in the mire his reverence cast,
 Then seiz'd his breech and held him fast.

The parson roar'd, surpris'd to find
 A foe so desperate close behind;
 On Hodge, on Madge, he calls for aid,
 But both were deaf to all he said.
 The scene a numerous circle draws,
 Who hail the sow with loud applause;
 Pleas'd they beheld his rev'rence writhe,
 And swore 'twas fairly tythe for tythe.
 "Tythe!" cried the parson, "Tythe, d'ye say.
 See here—one half is rent away!"

The case, 'tis true, was most forlorn;
 His gown, his wig, his breech was torn;
 And, what the mildest priest might ruffle,
 The pig was lost amidst the scuffle.
 "Give, give me which you please," he cried;
 "Nay, pick and choose," still Hodge replied.
 "Choose! honest friend; alas! but how?
 Heaven shield me from your murdering sow.
 When tythes invite, in spite of foes,
 I dare take Satan by the nose!
 Like Theseus, o'er the Styx I'd venture;
 But who that dreadful sty would enter?

Yet, whilst there's hope the prize to win,
By Heav'n to leave it were a sin."
This said, he arms his breast with rage,
And half resolves the foe t' engage.
Spite of the parson's angry mood,
The fearless sow collected stood ;
And seem'd to wait the proffer'd war,
With " touch them scoundrel, if you dare !"

His last resource the parson tries ;
Hems, strokes his chin, and gravely cries—
" Ye swains, support your injur'd priest
Secure the pig, and share the feast."
Staunch to his friend was every swain ;
Strange tho' it seem, the bribe was vain ;
And Hodge, who saw them each refuse,
Exclaim'd in triumph, " Pick and choose !"

The parson's heart grew warm with ire ;
Yet pride forbade him to retire.
What numbers can his spleen declare,
Denied, for once, his darling fare !
How shall he meet the dreadful frown
Of madam in the grogram gown ;
Who, eager for her promis'd treat,
Already turns the useless spit ?
" Wretch !" he exclaims, with voice profound,
Can no remorse thy conscience wound ?
May all the woes th' ungodly dread,
Fall thick on thy devoted head !
May'st thou in every wish be cross'd ;
May all thy hoarded wealth be lost !
May'st thou on weeds and offals dine,
Nor ale, nor pudding, e'er be thine !"

Hodge, who with laughter held his sides,
The parson's wrath in sport derides :
" No time in idle preaching lose ;
The sty is open—pick and choose ;"
Loud plaudits rose from every tongue ;
Heaven's concave with the clamours rung
Impatient of the last huzza,
The tytheless parson sneak'd away.

COURT AND CITY FOOLS.

The last of the licenced fools belonging to the
court was Killigrew, jester to Charles the Second.

The lord-mayor of London had his fool too !
hence the expression ' the lord-mayor's fool, who
likes every thing that is good.' At the beginning
of the last century, one of these city drolls
' jumped into a custard,' for the entertainment of
the citizens !

A WIFE'S SORROW.

At the marriage of Louis the Sixteenth with
Antoinette, in 1770, a dreadful accident occurred,
by which a thousand people lost their lives.
Among them was one Legros, a lady's hair-
dresser, of much fame. The wife of Legros went
to the field of the slain about three o'clock in the
morning, when some one began telling her the
fate of her husband in as tender a manner as pos-
sible. "'Tis very well," said she, " but I must
feel in his pockets for the keys of the house, or
else I cannot get in ;" and, so saying, this dis-
consolate widow went quietly home to her bed.

CLERICAL LEARNING.

In 1443, Dr. Thomas Gascoigne was chancellor
of Oxford. He seems to have deeply felt the
profligacy with which ecclesiastical affairs were
then conducted ; for he thus expresses himself :—
" I knew a certain illiterate idiot, the son of a
mad knight ; who, for being the companion, or
rather the fool, of the sons of a great family of
the blood-royal, was made arch-deacon of Oxford
before he was eighteen years old, and got soon
after two rich rectories and twelve prebends ! I
asked him, one day, what he thought of learning ?
' I despise it ;' said he. ' I have better livings
than you great doctors, and believe as much as
any of you.'—' What do you believe ?' said I.—
' I believe,' said he, ' that there are three Gods
in one person. I believe all that God believes.'"

REASON WHY WOMEN HAVE NO BEARDS.

Nature, regardful of the babbling race,
Planted no beard upon a woman's face ;
Not Packwood's razors, though the very best,
Could shave a chin that never is at rest.

THE HOLY SHEPHERD.

The late M. de Glermont Tonnere, the proud bishop of Noyon, when preaching in his cathedral, was once heard thus to commence his sermon: *Listen, thou christian mob, (canaille,) to the word of the Lord.* At another time, when disturbed by the whispers of the inattentive, while he was celebrating mass, he turned towards the assembly, crying out, *Really, gentlemen, judging by the noise with which you fill the church, one would conclude that it was a lackey, and not a prelate of rank, who officiated.* It was this bishop, who, when seized with a dangerous illness, sent for his confessor, and made known to him his fears of hell. This courtly priest replied, "You are very good, my lord, thus gratuitously to terrify yourself; but God will think of it twice before he damns a person of your high birth."

THE OLD COQUETTE.—IMITATED FROM HORACE.

A trace with your infamous labours, old Bet;
Good God! turn'd of fifty, and still a coquette!
Your dear, precious soul, rather study to save,
Than think of new victories—think of your grave;
Nor intrude on the girls with your Gothic flirtations,
Still spreading a cloud o'er their gay constellations.
'Tis Chloe's to sport in the pale of fifteen;
But from her years to yours count the season between.
Your daughter more decently rattles away,
In a crowd of gallants, at the ball or the play;
'Tis a youth of her age her soft bosom has fir'd;
And she sports like a kid or Bacchante inspir'd.
Not the rich folding train, nor the plummy balloon,
Becomes an old woman whom lovers disown;
All music is discord attun'd to thy tongue;
Thee nor roses, perfumes, nor cosmetics, wash young;
Not wine, purple wine, that enlivens the gay,
Can avail an old woman so wrinkled and grey.

THE SILENT HUSBAND

Madame Geoffrin had a husband, who was permitted to sit down at his own table to dinner, at the end of the table, upon condition that he never attempted to join in the conversation. A foreigner, who was assiduous in his visits to Madame Geoffrin, one day, not seeing him as usual at table, enquired after him:—"What have you done with the poor man whom I always used to see here, and who never spoke a word?"—"Oh, that was my husband; he is dead!"

THE PRIESTLY JONAH.

It blew a hard storm, and, in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confess'd,
Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest,
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the ocean.

OTAHEITAN CONVERSION.

Among the savages of the South-Sea Islands, Jorgensen, in his Account of the State of Christianity in Otaheite, speaks of Otoo, king of Uliteeah, who came on board, and, putting on a most sanctified face, said, "Master Christ very good, very fine fellow, me love him like my own brother, give me one glass of brandy." His majesty's desires, however, increased glass after glass, till at length he became noisy, and swore he would recant all he had said, if they did not give him more brandy. He was refused; and then, breaking out into the most horrid imprecations, jumped overboard, swearing and swimming to the shore.

ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

The jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipestaves, are but hoop'd into a tub;
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else, but only to hold drink.

ADVANTAGES OF BEING IN DEBT.

Sam Foote clearly demonstrated the advantages of not paying our debts. This, says he, however, presupposes a person to be a man of fortune, otherwise he would not gain credit. It is the art of living without money. It saves the trouble and expense of keeping accounts; and it also makes other people work, in order to give ourselves repose. It prevents the cares and embarrassments of riches. It checks avarice, and encourages generosity; as people are most commonly more liberal of others' goods than of their own; while it possesses that genuine spark of primitive Christianity which would inculcate a constant communion of all property. In short, it draws on us the inquiries and attentions of the world while we live, and makes us sincerely regretted when we die.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A country that draws fifty feet of water,
In which men live, as in the hold of nature;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drown a province, do but spring a lake;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;
That live, as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd;
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey,
And, when their merchants are blow'n up and
crack'd,
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and
wreck'd;
That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes;
A land, that rides at anchor, and is moor'd;
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

HENRY THE FIFTH.

Lloyd very neatly says of Henry the Fifth, that he had something of Cæsar in him, which Alexander the Great had not—that he would not be drunk; and something of Alexander the Great that Cæsar had not—that he would not be flattered!

ON TRANSUBSTANTIATION. BY A SPANISH POET.

If this we see be bread, how can it last,
So constantly consum'd, yet always here?
If this be God, then how can it appear
Bread to the eye, and seem bread to the taste?
If bread, why is it worshipp'd by the baker?
If God, can such a space a God comprise?
If bread, how is it, it confounds the wise?
If God, how is it that we eat our Maker?
If bread, what good can such a morsel do?
If God, how is it we divide it so?
If bread, such saving virtue could it give?
If God, how can I see and touch it thus?
If bread, how could it come from heav'n to us?
If God, how can I look at it and live?

DIGNITY OF AN ELECTOR.

The title of elector is useful beyond its foreign meaning. An Englishman travelling through Germany, having presented himself at the gate of a German city, was desired, in the usual manner, to describe himself. "I am," said he, "an elector of Middlesex." The Germans, who hold the dignity of elector as next in rank to that of king, and knew little or nothing of the English titles and rank, immediately opened their gates, and the guard turned out, and did him military honours!

A SWINDLING MUSICIAN.

His time was short, his touch was neat,
Our gold he freely fingered,
Alert alike with hands and feet,
His movements have not linger'd.
But where's the wonder of the case,
A moment's thought detects it,
His practice has been thorough bass,
A chord will be his exit.
Yet while we blame his hasty flight,
Our censure may be rash,
A traveller is surely right
To change his notes for cash.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

An empty man of a great family is a creature that is scarcely conversable. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eyebrow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedence are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of King Charles's parliaments: "Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time—" Upon which a rough honest gentleman took him up short.—I would fain know what that gentleman means. Is there any one in this house that has not had the honour to be born as well as himself?—The good sense which reigns in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a footing of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependents or flatterers, that lose all the respect which would otherwise be paid by them, by being too anxious in procuring it.

My Lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod to the low stoop in the salutation sign. I remember, five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying, it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly he no sooner came into the room, but casting his eye about, My lord such a one, says he, your most humble servant. Sir Richard, your humble servant. Your servant, Mr. Ironside. Mr. Ducker, how do you do? Ha! Frank, are you there?

I had some years ago an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. Martha Ironside, who would never marry beneath herself and is supposed to have

died a maid in the fourthscore year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and passed away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits, and alliances of the Ironsides. Mrs. Martha conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer, but said their prayers twice a-day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when they found she was an honest tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or a piece of Mechlin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together if she saw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest man upon the 'Change in a coach and six. She pretended that our family was nearly related, by the mother's side, to half a dozen peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of

Sir Gilbert Ironside, who had a horse shot under him at Edgehill fight, I gave an unfortunate pish, and asked, what was all this to me? upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great-grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironsides with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the Ironsides—After which follows the genealogy, drawn up by her own hand.

THE TEST OF PATIENCE; OR, THE HOGS IN THE PARSON'S CELLAR.

A parson who had a remarkable foible,
In minding the bottle more than the bible;
Was deem'd by his neighbours to be less perplex'd
In handling a tankard, than handling a text.

Perch'd up in his pulpit, one Sunday he cried—
“Make patience, my dearly beloved, your guide;
And, in all your troubles, mischances, and crosses,
Remember the patience of Job in his losses.”

Now this parson had got a stout cask of strong beer;
A present, no doubt—but no matter from where;
Suffice it to say that he reckon'd it good,
And valu'd the liquor as much as his blood.

While he the church-service in haste mutter'd o'er,
The hogs found their way thro' his old cellar-door;
And by the sweet scent of the beer-barrel led,
Had knocked out the spigot or cock from its head.

Out spouted the liquor abroad on the ground,
And the unblidden guests quaff'd it merrily round,
Nor from their diversion or merriment ceas'd,
Till every hog there was a true drunken beast.

And now, the grave lecture and prayers at an end,
He brings along with him a neighbouring friend;
To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer,
And taste his delightful October-brew'd beer.

The dinner was ready and all things laid snug—
“Here, wife,” says the parson, “go fetch up a mug.”

But a mug of what liquor he'd scarce time to tell her,

When—“Lord, husband!” she cried, “there's the hogs in the cellar.”

“To be sure they've got in whilst we were at pray'ers.”

“To be sure you're a fool; so, get you down stairs,

And bring what I bid you—Go, see what's the matter,

For now I myself hear a grunting and clatter.”

She went; and returning with sorrowful face,
In suitable phrases related the case;
He rav'd like a madman; and, snatching a broom,
First belabour'd his hogs, then his wife round the room.

“Was ever poor mortal so pester'd as I!
With a base slut who keeps all my house like a sty;

How came you to have your d——d hogs in the kitchen?

Is that a fit place to keep cattle, you —— in.”

“Lord, husband!” said she, “what a coil you keep here,

About a poor beggarly barrel of beer;
You should, in your troubles, mischances, and crosses,

Remember the patience of Job in his losses.”

“A plague upon Job,” cried the priest in a rage;
“That beer, I dare say, was near three years of age;

But you are a poor stupid fool, like his wife
Why, Job never had such a cask in his life!”

CONVIVIALITY.

Charles Bannister was one evening presiding at a convivial party, when a friend said to him, "you will ruin your constitution by sitting up at night in this manner."—"Oh," replied Bannister, "you do not know the nature of my constitution; I sit up at night to watch it, and keep it in repair while you are asleep."

GEORGE III. AND THE WHIGS.

When the Whigs came into power, they turned out every body, even Lord Sandwich, the master of the stag-hounds. The king met his lordship in his ride soon after. "How do you do?" cried his majesty, "so they have turned you off; it was not my fault, upon my honour, for it was as much as I could do to keep my own place."

GOLDEN HARVEST.

A nobleman about to marry a fortune, being asked how long the honey-moon would last, replied, "Don't tell me of the *honey-moon*, it is *honey-moon* with me."

PAYMENT AT SIGHT.

"Pay me my money!" Robin cried
To Richard, whom he quickly spied,
And by the collar seiz'd the blade.
Swearing he'd be that moment paid.
Base Richard instant made reply
(And struck poor Robin in the eye,
"There's my own mark in black and white,
A note of *hand*, and paid at *sight*!")

MORTIFICATIONS OF AN AUTHOR.

When a writer has with long toil produced a work intended to burst upon mankind with unexpected lustre, and withdraw the attention of the learned world from every other controversy or inquiry, he is seldom contented to wait long without the enjoyment of his new praises. With an imagination full of his own importance, he walks out like a monarch in disguise, to learn the various opinions of his readers. Prepared to

feast upon admiration, composed to encounter censures without emotion, and determined not to suffer his quiet to be injured by a sensibility too exquisite of praise or blame, but to laugh with equal contempt at vain objections and injudicious commendations, he enters the places of mingled conversation, sits down to his tea in an obscure corner, and while he appears to examine a file of antiquated journals, catches the conversation of the whole room. He listens but hears no mention of his book, and therefore supposes that he has disappointed his curiosity by delay; and that as men of learning would naturally begin their conversation with such a wonderful novelty, they had digressed to other subjects before his arrival. The company disperses, and their places are supplied by others equally ignorant, or equally careless. The same expectation hurries him to another place, from which the same disappointment drives him soon away. His impatience then grows violent and tumultuous; he ranges over the town with restless curiosity, and hears in one quarter of a cricket-match, in another of a pickpocket; is told by some of an unexpected bankruptcy, by others of a turtle-feast; is sometimes provoked by importunate inquiries after the white bear, and sometimes with praises of the dancing-dog; he is afterwards entreated to give his judgment upon a wager about the height of the monument; invited to see a foot-race in the adjacent villages; desired to read a ludicrous advertisement; or consulted about the most effectual method of making inquiry after a favourite cat. The whole world is busied in affairs which he thinks below the notice of reasonable creatures, and which are nevertheless sufficient to withdraw all regard from his labours and his merits.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

A footman who had been found guilty of murdering his fellow-servant, was engaged in writing his confession, "I murd—" he stopped, and asked, "How do you spell *murdered*?"

DEATH BY ORDER.

When Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event, when he wrote to this effect, "I am desired to inform the Court of Aldermen, Mr. Alderman Gill died last night by order of Mrs. Gill."

THE PATIENT'S FAREWELL.

My master! from your wise forbear,
Says Gwynn, with gestures odd;
And thus all commerce with the fair,
Or else you'll die, by G—d.

If death be in my fair one's smile,
And poison in my bin;
To live can ne'er be worth my while,
Adieu! good Dr. Gwynn.

BEN JONSON.

Ben Jonson owing a vintner some money, staid away from his house; the vintner meeting him by chance, asked him for his money, and also told him if he would come to his house, and answer him four questions, he would forgive him the debt. Ben Jonson very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed, called for a bottle of claret, and drank to the vintner, praising the wine greatly; "This is not our business," said the vintner; "Mr. Jonson, answer me my four questions, or pay me my money, or go to gnol."—"Pray," said Ben, "propose them."—"Then," said the vintner, "tell me, First, What pleases God?—Secondly, What pleases the Devil?—Thirdly, What pleases the World?—And lastly, What best pleases me?"—"Well, then," replied Ben,

"God is best pleased when man forsakes his sin;
pleased when man delights
pleas'd when you do draw
used when I do pay for mine."
satisfied, gave Ben a receipt
of claret into the bargain.

ROYAL VIRTUES.

George III. was coming home one day from the San Fiorenzo, at Weymouth, when the wind and tide met, and the people on shore were apprehensive that the barge would be swamped. The next morning some officers waited on the king, to congratulate him on his escape, saying, "that he must have been in great fear."—"Oh," replied the king, "I thank you; but let what will be said of the family, there are no cowards among us, whatever fools there may be."

LASTING BEAUTY.

Lord Ailenbury and Lady Strafford preserved their beauty so long, that Horace Walpole called them *Huckaback beauties*, that never wear out.

TYTHE BY INSTALMENTS.

A farmer once gave notice to the clergyman of his parish, who took it in kind, that he was going to draw a field of turnips on a certain day. The clergyman, accordingly, sent his team and servant at the time appointed, when the farmer drew ten turnips, and desired the servant to take one of them, saying, "he would not draw any more that day, but would let him know when he did."

A LADY OF FASHION,

She sometimes laughs, but never loud;
She's handsome too, but somewhat proud;
At court she bears away the belle
She dresses fine and figures well;
With decency she's gay and airy;
Who can this be but Lady Mary?

THE PENSIONER'S EQUIVOQUE.

A stranger visiting Greenwich-hospital, saw a pensioner in a yellow coat, which is the punishment for disorderly behaviour. Surprised at the singularity of the man's appearance, he asked him what it meant? "O, sir," replied the fellow "we who wear yellow coats are the music, and I is I who play the *first fiduk*."

A CLUB OF AUTHORS.

The first person of this society is Dr. Nonentity, a metaphysician. Most people think him a profound scholar; but, as he seldom speaks, I cannot be positive in that particular; he generally spreads himself before the fire, sucks his pipe, talks little, drinks much, and is reckoned very good company. I am told he writes indexes to perfection; he makes essays on the origin of evil, philosophical inquiries upon any subject, and draws up an answer to any book, upon twenty-four hours warning. You may distinguish him from the rest of the company by his long grey wig, and the blue handkerchief round his neck.

The next to him, in merit and esteem, is Tim Syllabub, a droll creature; he sometimes shines as a star of the first magnitude among the choice spirits of the age; he is reckoned equally excellent at a rebus, a riddle, a lewd song, and a hymn for the tabernacle. You will know him by his shabby finery, his powdered wig, dirty shirt, and broken silk-stockings.

After him, succeeds Mr. Tibbs, a very useful man; he writes receipts for the bite of a mad dog, and throws off an eastern tale to perfection; he understands the business of an author as well as any man, for no bookseller alive can cheat him; you may distinguish him by the peculiar dimensions of his figure, and the coarseness of his coat. However, though it be coarse, (as he sometimes tells the company,) he has paid for it.

Lawyer Squint is the politician of the society; he makes speeches for parliament, writes addresses to his fellow-subjects, and letters to noble commanders; he gives the history of every new play, and finds seasonable thoughts upon every opinion.

A NEW PRISON.

This world is a prison in ev'ry respect,
 Whose walls are the heavens in common;
 The gaoler is sin, and the prisoners men,
 And the fetters are nothing but women.

LOSING A CHANCE.

Lord Ligonier was killed by the newspapers, and wanting to prosecute them, his lawyer told him it was impossible—a tradesman might prosecute, as such a report might affect his credit. “Well then,” said the old man, “I may prosecute too, for I can prove I have been hurt by this report; I was going to marry a great fortune, who thought I was but seventy-four; the newspapers have said I am eighty, and she will not have me.”

VANITY

Lady Townshend told Horace Walpole that she should go to see the coronation of George III., as she had never seen one. “Why,” said Walpole, “you walked at the last?”—“Yes, child,” said she, “but I saw nothing of it, I only looked to see who looked at me.”

THE UNLUCKY DRAMATIST.

A Scotchman presented a tragedy to Mr. Garrick, who, after some time, returned it, saying, “that he did not think tragedy was the gentleman’s forte.”—“Then, sir,” said the other, taking a manuscript from his pocket, “here’s a comedy, and let me tell ye, it’s the first comedy that was ever wrote by any of my country.” This, however, Mr. Garrick likewise returned, observing, “*When I said that tragedy was not your forte, I did not mean that comedy was.*”

WARBURTON AND QUIN.

Bishop Warburton was once haranguing at Bath in behalf of prerogative, when Quin said, “Pray, my lord, spare me; you are not acquainted with my principles, I am a republican; and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles I. might be justified.”—“Aye,” said Warburton, “by what law?” Quin replied, “*by all the laws he had left them.*” The bishop told Quin to remember that all the regicides came to violent ends; “I would not advise your lordship,” said Quin, “to make use of that inference, for if I am not mistaken, the same was the case with the twelve apostles.”

JOURNAL OF A CITIZEN.

MONDAY, Eight o'clock. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go on ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. *Mem.* Too many plums, and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind, S.S.E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, being holiday, Eight o'clock. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, Eight o'clock. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands, but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in love and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine next morning.

THURSDAY, Nine o'clock. Staid within till two o'clock for Sir Timothy; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small-beer sour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to Sir Timothy. *Mem.* I did not go to the club to night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of port to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined, and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dream'd that I drank small-beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home, and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, marrow-bones; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three o'clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Vizier certainly dead.

REQUISITES FOR A MINISTER.

A wag, in 1753, gave the following genuine receipt, as the grand catholicon:

To form a minister, th' ingredients
Are, a head fruitful of expedients,
Each suited to the present minute,
(No harm if nothing else be in it!)
The mind, tho' much perplex'd and harass'd,
The count'nance must be unembarrass'd;
High promises for all occasions;
A set of treasoms, plots, invasions;
Bellic: to ward off each disaster;
Much impudence to brave his master;
The talents of a treaty maker;
The sole disposal of th' exchequer;
Of right or wrong no real feeling;
Yet in the names of both much dealing.
In short, this man must be a mixture
Of broker, sycophant, and trickster.

STEALING A MARCH.

Lord Waldegrave, when on his death-bed, asked his physicians what day of the week it was; they told him Thursday. "Sure," said he, "it is Friday."—"No, my lord, indeed it is Thursday."—"Well," said he, "see what a rogue this distemper makes one; I want to steal nothing but a day."

A REASONABLE ANSWER.

A poor man in Bedlam having been ill used by his apprentice, because he would not tell him why he was confined there, at last said, "Because God has deprived me of a blessing you never enjoyed."

DISSECTION OF A BEAU'S HEAD.

I was invited, me thought, to the dissection of a beau's head, and of a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains were not such in reality, but a heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors which were imperceptible to the naked eye: insomuch, that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribbands, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of network, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked-dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a-sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side of the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and false-

hoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders, which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *Galimatias*, and the English Nonsense.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded, that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The os cribriforme was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, save only that the *musculi amatorii*, or, as we may translate it into English, the ogling muscles, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection new discoveries as we are able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed that the person to whom this head belonged, he passed for a man above five and thirty years during which time he eat and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and, on particular occasions, had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring shovel, having been surprised by an enemy citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS ARCHITECT.

Old Bess, Countess of Hardwicke, built Chatsworth House; and her family pretended that had been prophesied to her that she would never die as long as she was building; and that at last she died in a hard frost, when the labourers could not work. She was married four times. Horace Walpole, on his visit to Chatsworth, is said to have written the following epitaph for her:

Four times the nuptial bed she warm'd,
And every time so well perform'd,
That when death spoil'd her husband's bill
He left the widow every shilling.
Fond was the dame, but not dejected;
Five stately mansions she erected;
With more than royal pomp to vary
The prison of her captive Mary.
When *Hardwicke's* towers shall bow their
Nor mass be more in *Workshop* said;
When *Bolsover's* fair fame shall tend,
Like *Olcotes*, to its mouldering end;
When *Chatsworth* tastes no *Ca'ndish* bounties
Let fame forget this costly Countess.

TREBLE BIRTH.

A man of some small fortune had a wife,
 And she, to be the comfort of his life,
 And pretty well they bore the joke together;
 With little jarring lived the pair one year,
 Sometimes the matrimonial sky was clear,
 At times 'twas dark and dull and hazy weather.
 Now came the time when mistress, in the straw,
 Did for the world's support her screams pre-
 pare;
 And Slop appear'd with fair obetetric paw,
 To introduce his pupil to our air;
 What is a neighbouring room the husband sat,
 Thinking on this thing now, and now on that.
 Now sighing at the sorrows of his wife,
 Praying to Heaven that he could take the pain,
 But recollecting that such prayers were vain,
 He made no more an offer of his life.
 As thus he mused in solemn study,
 Sometimes clear and sometimes muddy,
 In Betty rush'd with comfortable news:
 "Sir, Sir, I wish ye joy, I wish ye joy!
 A son is brought to bed of a fine boy,
 As far as ever stood in shoes!"
 "I'm glad on't, Betty," cried the master,
 "I pray there may be no disaster!
 All's with your mistress well, I hope?"
 "All's well, as heart can well desire,
 With Madam and the fine young squire,
 So likewise says old Doctor Slop."
 Betty hurried, fast as she could scour,
 Fast and as hard as any horse
 That trotted fourteen miles an hour;
 A pretty tolerable course.
 Then happy Betty came again,
 Moving with all her might and main;
 Just like a grampus or a whale,
 As loud too that would Calais reach from Dover;
 "Sir, Sir! more happy tidings; 'tis not over—
 And Madam's brisker than a nightingale."

A fine young lady to the world is come,
 Squalling away just as I left the room!
 "Sir, this is better than a good estate!"
 "Humph," quoth the man, and scratch'd his pate.

Now gravely looking up—now looking down;
 Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown,
 "Good God," says he, "why was I not a cock,
 Who never feels of burd'ning brats the shock;
 Who, Turk like, struts 'mid his madams, picking,
 Whilst to the hen belongs the care
 To carry them to eat, or take the air,
 Or bed beneath her wing the chicken?"

Just as this sweet soliloquy was ended,
 He found affairs not greatly mended
 For in bound Bet, her rump with rapture jig-
 ging;

"Another daughter, Sir—a charming child."—
 "Another!" cried the man, with wonder wild;
 "Zounds! Betty, ask your mistress, if she's pig-
 ging."

JUDGE JEFFERY'S SPEECH TO THE MAYOR AND
 ALDERMEN OF BRISTOL.

I have brought a brush in my pocket to rub off
 your dirt; I tell you, I have brought a stout
 besom, with which I will sweep every man's
 door, both within and without, for in good truth
 you want rubbing; the dirt of your ditch is in
 your nostrils. Where am I? in Bristol, a city in
 which it seems you claim the privilege of hang-
 ing, drawing, and quartering; a privilege you
 ought to enjoy at least once a month. I have a
 calendar of your city in my hands, and hope
 before I have done to hang one half of you at
 least.

SYMPATHETIC ANALOGIE.

Two cantabs were one day descending a stair-
 case, when the foremost chanced to stumble against
 a pail that had accidentally been left at the bottom,
 upon which his companion quaintly observed, that
 he had kicked the bucket, "Oh, no!" said he,
 "I only turned pale."

LONDON IN SUMMER.

This large city is now a huge oven, and the few who still walk the streets look baked. The streets are like the highways of the desert for silence and sand,—the stage-coaches (for no others are abroad) move in whirlwinds of dust,—and it is only when the sun goes down from the brazen sky, that you find London is still peopled.

The heat has grown intense, and it has certainly deadened the spirit of public amusements: all the gatherings of the wealthy into ball-rooms, and the other refuges of industrious idleness, are melting down—the theatres are stricken with loneliness—and all the superfluity of the London populace, great and little, is already flowing out upon the sea-shore, from Thanet to Torbay. This our "*laudatores temporis acti*" revile, as among the signs of a degenerate time. But what is the use of frying and boiling the human materials in cities, when it can live and be happy even on the withered downs and slimy shores of Margate. Our forefathers, with all their wisdom, were fools. Those opulent persons lingered through the year in their counting-houses, saw the summer only through the Sunday's dust at Islington, fed on the steams of mankind, concocted in a thousand wealthy and detestable lanes, till those venerable *stews* and *fricassees* of men were gathered to the grave. "*Vive la posterité.*" There is more enjoyment now scattered over the life of a London shop-keeper, than, fifty years ago, fell to the lot of his prince. I look upon this out-pouring of the multitude, this rush of the metropolitan *colluvies*;—this unctuous deluge rolling through the flood-gates Aldermanbury, Bucklersbury, and all the other snug and airless depositories and *hybernacles* of life in the city of cities; this scrambling, galloping, walking, tilburying, and steaming down to the sea-side, as among the first proofs, if not the very first, of the prosperity, good-humour, and good government of the nation. What if ancient men inflate their gout with oysters fresh from the bed, and city clerks make themselves ridiculous in quadrilles; what if the fashionables

of Moorfields grow romantic to the roar of moonlight kettle-drums on the pier at Margate; or embryo tailors, arm in arm with the rising hopes of haberdashery, discuss pantaloons and the battle of Waterloo on the Steyne? Who is the worse for all this? If the life of man is to be spent in eternal stitching, let them be grasped by the hand of law, the unworthy minister of Heaven in this instance, and summarily consigned to their country. But if all statutes, from Deuteronomy to Blackstone, are silent on the subject, let them be happy in their own way, flatter the ion-keepers, pick up pebbles on the sea-shore, spend their hebdomadaire gains in raffling for razor-paste, powder-puffs, and pill-boxes;—and when the municipal treasurer's sounds hollow, when the races are over, and every soul is saturated with sea-smells and Olympic dust, let them return, and through the winter "babble of green fields." There is no jest in all this. What would become of London, crammed with its million of heavy feeders, and those reinforced by irruptions from all the red, green, blue, brown, and black population of the earth, with all their oleaginous, murky, yellow-feverish, cholera-morbus bloods, inflamed by made wine, drugged porter, and the absorption of three hundred thousand annual bullocks, and three millions of sheep vaulted in under an impenetrable sky of smoke and ashes, from a hundred thousand manufactories of all horrible and death-dealing steams, stenches and evaporations, without those escapes and vents for the multitude?

MODERN SAMPSON

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
"Like Sampson, I my thousands slay;
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too."

ON AN EXCELLENT MUSICIAN PLAYING TO
AWKWARD DANCERS.

How ill the motion with the music suits,
Thus fiddled Orpheus, and thus danc'd the brutes!

BALAAM'S ASS.

Bishop Atterbury happened to say, upon a certain bill in discussion in the House of Lords, that "he had prophesied last winter, this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet." Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the bishop, desired the house to remark, "that one of the Right Reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to like him to, unless to that furious prophet, Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass." The bishop, in reply, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus, "Since the noble lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss to make out the other part of the parallel; I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship."

GOOD EFFECT.

Dick's wife was sick, and past the doctors' skill,
Who differ'd how to cure th' invet'rate ill.
Purging the one prescrib'd; no, quoth the other,
That will do neither good nor harm, dear brother:
Bleeding's the only thing—'twas quick replied,
That's certain death. But since we differ wide,
Th' fit the husband choose by whom t'abide.
"I've no great skill," cried Richard, "by the road!
But I've think *bleeding's* like to do most good."

MAIDEN SPEECH.

Earl Caernarvon, in the reign of Charles the Second, made a maiden speech in the House of Lords. The occasion was this:—The Duke of Buckingham had ridiculed his silence; when, being flushed with wine, he spoke as follows upon the prosecution of the Lord Treasurer Danby. "My lords, I understand but little of Latin, but a good deal of English, and not a little of the English history; from which I have learned the mischiefs of such prosecutions as these, and the ill fate

of them. I could bring many instances, and those very ancient; but, my lords, I shall go no further back than the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, at which time the Earl of Essex was run down by Sir Walter Raleigh; Lord Bacon ran down Sir Walter Raleigh, and your lordships know what became of Lord Bacon; the Duke of Buckingham ran down Lord Bacon, and your lordships know what became of the Duke of Buckingham; Sir Harry Vane ran down the Earl of Strafford, and your lordships know what became of Sir Harry Vane; Chancellor Hyde ran down Sir Harry Vane, and your lordships know what became of the Chancellor; Sir Thomas Osborne ran down Chancellor Hyde, and what will become of the Earl of Danby, your lordships can best tell; but let me see the man that dares run down the Earl of Danby, and we shall soon see what will become of him."

A CANINE M. P.

Lord North, once speaking in the house, was suddenly interrupted in the midst of the most important part of it, by a dog, who, having taken shelter and concealed himself under the table of the house, made his escape and ran directly across the floor, setting up, at the same time, a violent howl. It occasioned a burst of laughter, and might have disconcerted an ordinary man. Lord North, however, having waited till the roar which it produced had subsided, and preserving all his gravity, addressed the chair, "Sir," said he to the speaker, "I have been interrupted by a new member, but, as he has concluded his argument, I will now resume mine."

LORD ELDON'S FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.

Horne Tooke was once heard to declare, that, were he to be tried again, he would plead guilty rather than endure bearing the then solicitor-general's (since the Lord Chancellor Eldon) long speeches, one of which lasted eleven hours! Such an effect had this oratorical prolixity upon the nice ears of the author of the *Diversions of Pugsey*.

IRISH SORROW.

A captain of grenadiers having some time ago died in the West-Indies, his remains were followed to the grave by an Irish servant, and buried with military honours. Upon the discharge of the last round, poor *Pat*, who had hitherto observed an awful and melancholy silence, loudly exclaimed, "Ah? Master, Jewel, that's the last shot your honour will ever hear!"

PITT'S MINISTRY.

On the assertion of Mr. Hawkins Browne, that Mr. Pitt found England of wood and left it of marble.

From wood to marble, Hawkins cried,
Great Pitt transform'd us, ere he died!
Indeed! exclaimed a country gaper;
Sure he must mean to *marble paper*.

IDIOTISM.

A country clergyman, by his dull monotonous discourse, set all the congregation asleep, except an idiot, who sat with open mouth listening. The parson, enraged, and thumping the pulpit, exclaimed, "What! all asleep but this poor idiot."—"Aye," quoth the natural, "and if I had not been a poor idiot, I would have been asleep too."

NAUTICAL REASONING.

A sailor, being about to sail for India, a citizen asked him where his father died? "In shipwreck," was the answer. "And where did your grandfather die?"—"As he was fishing, a storm arose, and the bark foundering, all on board perished."—"And your great grandfather?"—"He also perished on board a ship which struck on a rock."—"Then," said the citizen, "if I were you I would never go to sea."—"And pray, Mr. Philosopher," inquired the seaman, "where did your father die?"—"In his bed."—"And your grandfather?"—"In his bed."—"And your great-grandfather?"—"He, and all my ancestors died quietly in their beds."—"Then, if I were you, I would never go to bed."

EQUIVOCATION. A TALE.

An abbot rich (whose taste was good
Alike in science and in food)
His bishop had resolv'd to treat;
The bishop came, the bishop eat;
'Twas silence, 'til their stomachs fail'd;
And now at heretics they rail'd;
What heresy (the prelate said)
Is in that church where priests may wed!
Do not we take the church for life?
But those divorce her for a wife,
Like laymen keep her in their houses,
And own the children of their spouses.
Vile practices! the abbot cry'd,
For pious use we're set aside!
Shall we take wives? marriage at best
Is but carnality profest.
Now as the bishop took his glass,
He spy'd our Abbot's buxom lass
Who cross'd the room, he mark'd her eye
That glow'd with love; his pulse beat high.
Fye, father, fye, (the prelate cries)
A maid so young! for shame, be wise.
These indiscretions lend a handle
To lewd lay tongues, to give us scandal;
For your vows sake, this rule I give t'ye,
Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.

The priest replied, I have not swerv'd
But your chaste precept well observ'd;
That lass full twenty-five has told
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one sum their ages cast;
So both my maids have fifty past.

The prelate smil'd, but durst not blame,
For why? his lordship did the same.

Let those who reprimand their brothers,
First mend the faults they find in others.

RICH AND POOR.

Sir Walter Raleigh says, that the difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats when he pleases, and the latter when he can get it.

THE EDINBURGH STEAM-BOAT.

If smack to London thou wouldst wish to go,
Then, gentle reader, go not in a smack,
Because accommodation's but so-so,
And if the winds not fair, she can but tack;
And if (as sometimes does) it comes a blow,
Long sickness makes thee wish that thou wert
back;

So, taking all things into view, I deem
Thy best and wisest plan's to go by steam.

Four guineas and a half the cabin fare;
And when thy parting friends sigh out *farewell*,
The wish is granted. Seated on thy chair,
When sounds the breakfast or the dinner bell,
With roasted, boiled, and baked, I know not
where

Thou could'st fare better, save in a hotel;
But men of moderate incomes it don't suit
To pay maids, waiters, and somewhat to *boot*.
Her mighty engine-wheels with splash and splutter,
And power of hundred horses, churn the ocean;
('Tis pity that such churning makes no butter,)
On, on, she sweeps with vibratory motion,
Much faster than a pleasure-boat or cutter;
And yet, for all her speed, I have a notion
She would not walk the waters, in high gales,
So well as vessels fitted with good sails.

Hark to the summons, dinner's on the table!
Hark to the clattering of the knives and forks,
The rising uproar of the ocean Babel;
The only silent one is he that works,
Setting his mouth as quick as he is able;
While ever and anon, the starting corks,
Fir'd in your face by furious ginger-beer,
Cause sudden starts of momentary fear!

But hapless he, the wight, whose lot is cast,
Before a mighty round of corned beef,
He, luckless wretch, must help himself the last
His time of eating too be very brief,
And half the dishes from the board be past
Ere general taste yet sated, gives relief;
Warned by his fate, choose thou position where
Potatoes only claim thy humble care.

Another scene succeeds: a sudden qualm
Comes o'er each bosom, with the rising squall;
Sea-sickness comes, for which there is no balm,
Not even Balm of Gilead, curing all
Our other ills—alike in storm and calm,
It baffles human aid, and you may call
For aught that medicine has art and part in,
You'll find 'tis *all my eye and Betty Martin*

Then beauty's head declines; her pensive eye
Looks sadly o'er the dark and heaving billow,
And through her tresses, as the rude wind sigh,
She leans above the wave-like drooping willow,
"And dull were he that heedless pass'd her by,"
Nor handed her a chair, and brought a
pillow!

'Tis strange, a meal prevented from digesting,
Should make a woman look so interesting.

She seems so helpless, and so innocent,
Still as a lake beneath the summer even;
A bright and beautiful embodiment,
Of calm and peace, and all we dream of heaven;
A sight to shake an anchorite or saint,
'Gainst beauty's smiles successful who has striv'n?
A pretty woman, like a sight of wonder,
Makes men turn up their eyes like ducks in
thunder.

The bark is at Blackwall, and so adieu!
My song and subject cease together there.
Oh! wonder-working steam, what thou mayst do,
Where is the prophet spirit to declare?
By thee we make broad cloth—hatch chickens too,
We roam the seas—we yet may traverse air
Nay, do not laugh, if I should fondly dream,
We yet may manufacture verse by steam.

THE IRISH FOOTMAN'S HINT.

An Irish footman having carried a basket of
game from his master to a friend, waited a consi-
derable time for the customary fee, but not find-
ing it likely to appear, scratched his head, and
said—Sir, if my master should say, "Paddy,
what did the gentleman give you?" what would
your honour have me to tell him?

ÆNEAS AND WILLIAM THE THIRD.

Jacob Tonson, Dryden's bookseller, was a whig, while the poet was a Jacobite. When Dryden had nearly completed his translation of Virgil, it was the bookseller's wish, and several of Dryden's friends, that the book should be dedicated to King William: this, however, the poet strenuously refused. The bookseller, however, who had as much veneration for William as Dryden had for James, finding he could not have the dedication he wished, contrived, on retouching the plates, to have Æneas delineated with a hooked nose, that he might resemble his favourite prince. This ingenious device of Tonson's occasioned the following epigram to be inserted in the next edition of Dryden's Virgil:—

Old Jacob, by deep judgment swav'd,
To please the wise beholdera,
Has plac'd old Nassau's hook-nos'd head
On poor Æneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's little lacking,
One took his father pick-a-back,
And t'other sent him packing.

DANCING-CARD EXTRAORDINARY.

As dancing is the poetry of motion—those who wish to sail through the mazes of harmony—or to “trip it on the light fantastic toe,” will find an able guide in John Wilde, who was formed by nature for a dancing-master.—N.B. Those who have been taught to dance with a couple of left legs, had better apply in time, as he effectually cures all bad habits of the kind.

A STANDARD RULE.

An officer and a lawyer talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion, when the lawyer observed, “That those who live by the sword must expect to die by the sword.”—“By a similar rule,” answered the officer, “those who live by the law must expect to die by the law.”

TRAVELLING EXPENCES.

A foolish young fellow boasting in company of his travelling abroad, was asked by one present how he made his way. “By my wits,” replied the other. “Indeed!” says he, “then you must have travelled *very cheaply*.”

ON MR. DAY, WHO RAN AWAY FROM HIS LANDLORD.

Here DAY and Night conspir'd a sudden flight,
For DAY, they say, has run away by night.
DAY's past and gone. Why, landlord, where's
your rent?

Did you not see that DAY was almost spent?
DAY pawn'd and sold, and put off what he might,
Tho' it be ne'er so dark, DAY will be light.
You had one DAY a tenant; and would fain
Your eyes could see that DAY but once again,
No, landlord, no; now you may truly say,
(And to your cost too) you have lost the DAY.
DAY is departed in a mist, I fear;
For DAY is broke, and yet does not appear.
From time to time he promis'd still to pay;
You should have rose before the break of DAY.
But if you had, you'd have got nothing by't,
For DAY was cunning, and broke over-night.
DAY, like a candle, is gone out, but where
None knows, unless to t'other hemisphere.
Then to the tavern let us haste away—
Come, cheer up—hang't—'tis but a broken DAY.
And he that trusted DAY for any sum
Will have his money, if that DAY will come.
But how now, landlord! what's the matter, pray?
What! you can't sleep, you long so much for DAY,
Have you a mind, sir, to arrest a DAY?
There's no such bailiff, now, as Joshua.
Cheer up then, man! what tho' you've lost a sum,
Do you not know that pay-DAY yet will come?
I will engage, do you but leave your sorrow,
My life for your's, DAY comes again to-morrow,
And for your rent—never torment your soul,
You'll quickly see DAY peeping through a hole.

THE LIGHT GUINEA.

A gentleman, travelling on a journey, having a light guinea which he could not pass, gave it to his Irish servant, and desired him to pass it upon the road. At night he asked him if he had passed the guinea. "Yes, sir," replied Tengage, "but I was forced to be very sly; the people refused it at breakfast and at dinner, so at a turnpike, where I had fourpence to pay, I whipped it in between two halfpence, and the man put it into his pocket and never saw it."

NEW REGIMEN.

A rich valetudinarian called in a physician for a slight disorder. The physician felt his pulse, and enquired, "Do you eat well?"—"Yes," said the patient. "Do you sleep well?"—"I do."—"Then," said the Esculapius, "I shall give something to take away all that."

ON A RUINED HORSE-RACER.

John ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last:
He ran in debt; and then to pay,
He *distanc'd* all—and ran away.

A COMPLIMENT ILL-RECEIVED.

A person who dined in company with Dr. Johnson, endeavoured to make his court to him by laughing immoderately at every thing he said. The doctor bore it for some time with philosophical indifference; but the impertinent ha, ha, ha! becoming intolerable, "Pray, sir," said the doctor, "what is the matter? I hope I have not said any thing that you can comprehend."

BIDDING AT AN AUCTION.

A gentleman having accidentally walked into an auction, heard the orator asking, "Will no one bid more? Oh, pray gentlemen, bid more."—"Very well," cried the hearer, with a grave face, "I'll bid more."—"Thank you, sir—go on—What do you bid?"—"Why I'll bid you—good night," and walked off.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE BY CHEESE.

There lived in York, an age ago,
A man whose name was Pimlico;
He lov'd three sisters passing well,
But which the best he could not tell.
These sisters three, divinely fair,
Shew'd Pimlico their tenderest care:
For each was elegantly bred,
And all were much inclin'd to wed;
And all made Pimlico their choice,
And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.
Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
Like ass divided 'tween the hay,
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
And choose his wife by eating cheese.
He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
And said with them that night he'd sup;
Desir'd that there might only be
Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;
He was resolv'd to crown his life,
And by that means to fix his wife.
The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;
Each drest herself divinely neat;
With faces full of peace and plenty,
Blooming with roses, under twenty.
For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
Were sweet as lilies of the valley;
But singly, surely buxom Bet
Was like new hay and mignonet;
But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
For that, of truth, was said of Nancy;
And as for Saf, she was a donna,
As fair as those of old Crotona,
Who to Apelles lent their faces
To make up madam Helen's graces.
To those the gay divided Pim
Came elegantly smart and trim
When ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,
Cut off some cheese to try her fortune;
Nancy at once not fearing—caring,
To shew her saving ate the paring;
And Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,
Cut and then threw away the rind;

While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
 Like a clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.
 This done, young Pimlico replied,
 "Sally I now declare my bride:
 With Nan I can't my welfare put,
 For she has prov'd a dirty slut:
 And Betsy, who has par'd the rind,
 Would give my fortune to the wind.
 Sally the happy medium chose,
 And I with Sally will repose;
 She's prudent, cleanly: and the man
 Who fixes on a nuptial plan,
 Can never err, if he will choose
 A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose."

TITLED PRAYERS.

In a country parish, the wife of the lord of the manor came to church, after her lying-in, to return thanks. The parson, niming to be complaisant, and thinking plain "woman" too familiar, instead of saying, "O Lord, save this woman!" said, "O Lord, save this lady!" The clerk, resolving not to be behind-hand with him in politeness, answered, "Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee."

GRAMMATICAL ANCESTORS.

Mr. Pitt was once disputing for the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In support of the superiority which he affirmed it to have over the English, he asserted, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could. "Then," said Thurlow, "your father and mother must have been two complete *negatives* to make such a *positive* fellow as you are."

THE DISAPPOINTED CRITIC.

An orator having written a speech, which he intended to deliver at a public meeting, gave it to a friend to read, and desired his opinion of it. The friend, after some time, told the author he had read it over three times: the first time it appeared very good, the second indifferent, and the third quite insipid. "That will do," said the orator, very coolly, "for I have only to repeat it once."

A LADY'S VALUABLES.

When the Duchess of Kingston wished to be received at the court of Berlin, she got the Russian minister there to mention her intentions to his Prussian majesty; and to tell him, at the same time, that her fortune was at Rome, her bank at Venice, but that her heart was at Berlin. Immediately on hearing this, the king sarcastically replied, "I beg, sir, you will give my compliments to her grace, and inform her that I am very sorry we are only entrusted with the *very worst* part of her property."

EPITAPH ON A TRAVELLER.

The evil that men do lives after them.
 The good is oft interred with their bones.

SHAKESPEARE.

Here resteth the body of

T—— B——,

late of Manchester,

who died on a journey through Scotland,
 May 3, 1798, aged 30.

This stone was placed here

by an Acquaintance,

who, after examining the *Debits* and *Credits*
 of his cash account,

found a small balance in his favour.

His sickness was short, and being a stranger,
 he was not troubled in his last moments

with the sight of weeping friends,

but died at an hospitable inn,

with the consent of all around him.

He left no mourner here,

Save a favourite mare, which,

(if the account of an ostler may be credited)
 neither ate nor drank during his indisposition.

READER!

little will be said to perpetuate his memory;
 the fact is—he died poor:

the whole he left behind would not buy paper
 sufficient to paint half his virtues.

His chief mourner was sold by public roup,

To pay the expenses of an
 over-grown landlord and half-starved apothecary

His bags at once contained
his wardrobe, patterns, and library,
consisting of
two neckcloths and a clean shirt :
with samples of
fringes, lace, lines and tassels,
whips, webs, and whalebone ;
also the following curious collection of books ;
A volume of manuscript poetry,
(the off-spring of his own muse)
Matrimonial Magazines,
Ovid's Art of Love—The Whole Duty of Man,
and
Plato on the Immortality of the Soul.
In a snug pocket lay
an Aberdeen note for five pounds,
and an unfinished love-letter ;
the latter evinced an eager desire
of a speedy marriage ;
For though his family face was an index of an
hardened and unforgiving temper,
it was at last approved by the object of his affection,
and, if death had spared him,
though nature had been unkind
he might have lived to have improved an ill-fa-
voured stock.
The affability of his manners,
and the susceptibility of his heart, I
gave appearances the lie ;
His attachment to the fair sex was notorious
to whom he was so tenderly attentive,
that the story of a rude embrace
would have caused the ' tear of Sensibility '
to trickle from his eye.*
He was ever happy when doing good ;
and his liberality bountifully extended
to the unfortunate part of the sex,
whom he always relieved to the utmost of his power ;
he was, justly speaking, a friend to all ;
an enemy to none but himself.
BROTHER TRAVELLER
stop ! and reflect a moment on the uncertainty of
this life !

* He had only one.

Five days are not yet passed, since he drank with
glee the well-known humpster toast ;
he little thought it was
his farewell tribute to every earthly pleasure !
But his last journey being over, there is now
no riding double stages to make up lost time ;
Nor *boxing Harry*
to make up his cash account !
who knows but *Harry* may now be *boxing* him ?
The final balance
of the good and evil actions of his life is now struck !
and here he rests in hope,
that it may be found to his credit
on the judgment day,
in the grand ledger of everlasting happiness.

PRIESTCRAFT OUTWITTED.

An Italian noble being at church one day, and
finding a priest who begged for the souls in purga-
tory, gave him a piece of gold. " Ah ! my lord,"
said the good father, " you have now delivered a
soul." The count threw upon the plate another
piece ; " Here is another soul delivered," said the
priest. " Are you positive of it ?" replied the
count. " Yes, my lord," replied the priest, " I
am certain they are now in heaven."—" Then,"
said the count, " I'll take back my money, for it
signifies nothing to you now, seeing the souls are
already got to heaven, there can be no danger of
their returning to purgatory."

POETICAL LICENCE.

When Charles, at once a monarch and a wit,
Some smooth, soft flattery read, by Waller writ ;
Waller, who erst to sing was not ashamed,
That heav'n in storms great Cromwell's soul had
claim'd,
Turn'd to the bard, and, with a smile, said he,
" Your strains for Noll excel your strains for me."
The bard, his cheeks with conscious blushes red,
Thus to the king return'd, and bow'd his head ;
" Poets, so heav'n and all the nine decreed,
In fiction better than in truth succeed."

THE SNORING MEMBER.

During a debate in the House of Commons, about four in the morning, a member was called to order for snoring, while a very eminent orator was addressing the house. When a division took place, the speaker, as usual, put the question.—“Those who are for the amendment say *aye*, and those who are of the contrary opinion say *no*.” A gentleman who was near the snoring member, exclaimed from the gallery, “the nose had it.”

LOVE FOR OUR ENEMIES.

A physician seeing Charles Bannister about to drink a glass of brandy, said, “Don’t drink that filthy stuff; brandy is the worst enemy you have?”—“I know that,” replied Charles, “but you know we are commanded by Scripture to love our enemies.”

A SUCCESSOR TO CERBERUS.

Carolán, the Irish bard, being refused entrance to a nobleman’s house by the porter, whose name was O’Flinn, wrote with chalk on the door—“What pity hell’s gates are not kept by O’Flinn, such a surly old dog would let nobody in.”

MACKCOULL, THE PICKPOCKET.

While Sir W. Parsons was one day sitting at Bow-street, he received the following curious epistle from a notorious pickpocket—

Gentlemen,—I beg leave to inform you that I am (with my wife) going to the theatre, Covent-garden. I take this step, in order to prevent any ill-founded malicious constructions. Trusting I am within the pale of safety, and that my conduct will ever insure me the protection of the magistracy, I remain, Gentlemen, with all due respect and attention, your most obedient very humble servant,
JOHN MACKCOULL.

Donaldson, the officer, therefore treated the apologist with proper attention, and Mackcoull retired with his wife, without attempting to *mill a wisp, queer a stilt, or draw a taller*.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,
SHEWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER
THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME
HOME SAFE AGAIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin’s spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister’s child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the callender,
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, that’s well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish’d with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss’d his loving wife,
O’erjoy’d was he to find
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow’d
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was staid,
Where they did all get in,
Six previous souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

Is down he came, for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone-bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To keep his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road,
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to snort,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

"So—fair and softly!" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb or rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dream'd when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
'Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd!
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound.

And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
 How in a trice the turnpike-men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back,
 Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
 With leather girdle brac'd
 For all might see the bottle necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 And till he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From balcony espied
 Her tender husband, wond'ring much
 To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house,"
 They all at once did cry;
 "The dinner waits, and we are tir'd;"
 Said Gilpin—"So am I."

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclyn'd to tarry there;
 For why—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 'Till at his friend the Callender's
 His horse at last stood still.

The callender, amaz'd to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him—

"What news? what news? your tidings tell
 Tell me, you must and shall—
 Say why bare-headed you are come,
 Or why you're come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And lov'd a timely joke;
 And thus unto the callender,
 In merry guise he spoke—

"I came because your horse would come,
 And if I well forbode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here;
 They are upon the road.

The calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Return'd him not a single word,
 But to the house went in;

When straight he came with hat and wig,
 A wig that flow'd behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus show'd his ready wit;
 "My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day;
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse he said,
 "I am in haste to dine;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast!
 For which he paid full dear;
 For while he spake a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear!

Whereat his horse did snort as he
 Had heard a lion roar;
 And galloped off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
 He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down,
 Into the country far away,
 She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
 That drove them to the Bell,
 "This shall be your's when you bring back
 My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back again,
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop
 By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went post-boy at his heels,
 The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
 They rais'd the hue and cry;

Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!
 Not one of them was mute;
 And all and each that pass'd that way
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space:
 The toll-men thinking, as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to Town,
 Nor stopp'd till where he first got up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
 And Gilpin, long live he;
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see!

AFFAIR OF HONOUR ACCOMMODATED.

Weston the actor having borrowed, on note, five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money mentioned it in a public coffee-house, which caused Weston to send him a challenge. When in the field, the gentleman, being a little tender in point of courage, offered him the note to make it up; to which our hero readily consented, and the note was delivered. "But now," said the gentleman, "if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us, therefore let us give each other a slight scratch, and say we wounded each other."—"With all my heart" said Weston; "come, I'll wound you first," so drawing his sword, he thrust it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the tears into his eyes. This being done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief, "Come," said the gentleman, "where shall I wound you?" Weston, putting himself in a posture of defence, replied, "where you can, sir."

(PAST CURE.)

Comus proclaims aloud his wife's a w——;
 Alas! good Comus! what can we do more?
 Were thou no cuckold we could make thee one,
 But, being so, we cannot make thee none.

COMMITTAL.

A witness in the Court of King's Bench being cross-examined by Mr. Garrow, was asked if he was not a *fortune-teller*. "I am not," answered the witness; "but if every one had his due, I should have no difficulty in telling your fortune."—"Well, fellow," says Mr. Garrow, "pray what is to be my fortune?"—"Why, sir," rejoined the witness, "I understand you made your *first speech* at the Old Bailey, and I think it is probable that you will make your *last speech* there." Lord Kenyon told the witness, angrily, "That he would commit him."—"I hope," answered he, "your lordship will not commit yourself."

A SLEEPING WATCHMAN.

Sound sleeps yon guardian of the night,
The hours uncalled—youth's rest not sweeter.
"I thought he was a watch"—"You're right,—
He's a *stop-watch*, not a *repeater*."

THE CHRISTENING.

A countryman carrying his son to be baptized, the parson asked what was to be the name. "Peter, my own name, and please your reverence."—"Peter, that is a bad name; Peter denied his master."—"What then would your reverence advise?"—"Why not take my name, Joseph?"—"Joseph; ah! he denied his mistress."

ELECTION MANŒUVRE.

The non-resident freemen of Berwick-upon-Tweed living in London, being put on board two vessels in the Thames, a few days previous to the election of 1768, in order to be conveyed to Berwick by water, Mr. Taylor, one of the candidates in opposition, covenanted with the naval commander of this election cargo, for the sum of £400, to land the freemen in Norway. This was accordingly done, and in consequence Mr. Taylor and Lord Delaval secured their seats without any farther expense.

THE MISER'S MANSION.

See, sir, see, here's the grand approach;
This way is for his grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and here's the clock;
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made
The chimnies are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind.
The gallery's contriv'd for walking;
The windows, to retire and talk in;
The council-chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.—
Thanks, sir, cried I; 'tis very fine
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
This is a *house*, but not a *dwelling*.

KNAVERY ON ALL SIDES.

A clergyman said to one of his poor parishioners, "You have lived like a knave, and you will die like a knave."—"Then," said the poor fellow, "you will bury me like a knave."

A WELL-INFORMED WITNESS.

A quaker was examined before the board of excise, concerning certain duties; when the commissioners thinking themselves disrespectfully treated by his *thacing* and *thouing*, one of them, with a stern countenance, asked him; "Pray, sir, do you know what we sit here for?"—"Yea," replied Nathan, "I do; some of you for a thousand, some for fifteen hundred, and others for seventeen hundred and fifty pounds a-year."

THE TOPER'S LOGIC.

Some say that hard drinking will hasten our end,
And that temperance is to long life the best friend;
But since we were fashion'd from *dust*, as we learn,
And to *dust* are all hast'ning again to return,
To prolong our existence, a toper would say,
'Tis undoubtedly needful to "*moisten our clay*."

A FAIR BARGAIN.

A gentleman, once advertising for a coachman, had a great number of applicants. One of them he approved of; and told him, if his character answered, he would take him on the terms which they had agreed upon. "But," said he, "my good fellow, as I am rather a particular man, it may be proper to inform you, that every evening, after the business of the stable is done, I shall expect you to come to my house for a quarter of an hour to attend family prayers. To this, I suppose, you can have no objection."—"Why, as to that, sir," replied the fellow, "I do not see much to say against it; but I hope you'll consider it in my wages."

A DIALOGUE.

N. Get along, Sir—I hate you; that's flat.
Let me go then—Lord bless me!—be quiet—
If you won't keep your hands off—take that;—
D'ye think I came here to a riot?

N. Why, madam,—how now? Do you scratch
In short, Miss, I won't bear this usage—
You're a little unthinking cross-patch—
And yet you're of Miss I know who's age.

N. Of this, or of that Miss's age,
What business have fellows with me, Sir?
Put yourself into ne'er such a rage,
I care not three skips of a flea, Sir.

N. Lord, madam, I hope no offence;—
My words seldom bear any meaning:
But, you're a lady of sense,
And anger would scorn to be seen in.

N. Such rudeness would ruffle a saint;
I wish you could learn to be civil.—

N. Oo kin, and I will, I'll maintain't—

N. Well! sure you're an impudent devil.

There!—now you are satisfied?—N. No:

N. What again!—how can folks be so teasing.

N. While your lips so much sweetness bestow,
Your nails can do nothing displeasing.

REASON FOR GETTING DRUNK.

Says my lord to his cook, "You son of a punk,
How comes it I see you, thus, every day drunk?
Physicians, they say, once a month do allow
A man, for his health, to get drunk as a sow."
"That is right," quoth the cook, "but the day
they don't say,
So for fear I should miss it, I'm drunk every
day."

NEGRO CANDOUR.

A negro in the island of St. Christopher had so
cruel a master that he dreaded the sight of him.
After exercising much tyranny among his slaves,
the planter died, and left his son heir to his
estates. Some short time after his death, a gen-
tleman meeting the negro, asked him how his
young master behaved. "I suppose," says he,
"he's a chip of the old block?"—"No, no,"
says the negro, "Massa be all block himself."

AMERICAN ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Ran away from his wife and helpless family. on
Friday last, John Spriggs, by trade a tailor, aged
thirty-five; has a wide mouth, zig-zag teeth, a
nose of high-burned brick-blue with a lofty
bridge, swivel-eyed, and a scar (not an honour-
able one) on his left cheek. He primes and loads
(that is, takes snuff and tobacco); and is so lo-
quacious that he tires every one in company but
himself. In order that he may entrap the sinner
and the saint, he carries a pack of cards in one
pocket, and the *Practice of Piety* in the other.
He is a great liar, and can varnish falsehood with
a great deal of art. Had on, when he went away,
a three-cocked hat, which probably he has since
changed to a round one, with a blue body-coat,
rather on the fade. He was seen in Bennington
on Saturday last, disguised in a clean shirt.

THE LOYAL PAIR.

"I'll list for a soldier," says Robin to Sue,
To avoid these eternal disputes!"—

"Aye, aye," cries the termagant, "do, Robin, do!
I'll raise, the mean while, fresh recruits."

HUMOURS OF A CLUB.

Sir Geoffrey Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This our foreman is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and ran it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest, worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars, and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of since the fight of Marston Moor; and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices; for which he is in great esteem among us.

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of our society. He is a good-natured indolent man, who speaks little himself, but laughs at our jokes; and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to shew him good company, and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent; but whenever he opens his mouth, or laughs at any thing that passes, he is constantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner, "Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are."

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a bencher of the neighbouring inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing-Cross, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle. He has about ten distichs of Hudibras without book, and never leaves the club until he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dulness of the present age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them,

because they see I am something respected by others; though, at the same time, I understand by their behaviour, that I am considered by them as a man of a great deal of learning, but no knowledge of the world; insomuch, that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the philosopher: and Sir Geoffrey, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, "What does the scholar say to it?"

Our club meets precisely at six of the o'clock in the evening; but I did not come last night until half-an-hour after seven, by which means I escaped the battle of Naseby, which the Major usually begins at about three-quarters after six; I found also, that my good friend, the Bencher, had already spent three of his distichs; and only waited an opportunity to hear a sermon spoken of, that he might introduce the couplet where "a stick" rhimes to "ecclesiastic." At my entrance into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the Bencher had been diverting them with a story of Jack Ogle.

I had no sooner taken my seat, but Sir Geoffrey, to shew his good-will towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and stirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality, to be obliged by those who endeavour to oblige me, and, therefore, in requital for his kindness, and to set the conversation a-going, I took the best occasion I could to put him upon telling us the story of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles and particularly that in which he fell. The Gantlett was a game-cock, upon whose head a knight, in his youth, had won five hundred pounds and lost two thousand. This naturally set the Major upon the account of Edgehill fight, and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all the

was said, though it was the same he had heard every night for these twenty years, and upon all occasions winked upon his nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the world a taste of our innocent conversation, which we spun out until about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lantern to light me home.

REDUCTION OF YEARS.

The author of the following receipt asserts, that it will reduce a man of sixty to the appearance of fifty at least; Close shaving (if a black complexion) two years; false hair, one; powder, one; a new set of artificial teeth, two; a clean shirt, one; some two; false eye-brows, one; false calves, one; corns pared, and thin shoes, one.

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY BARRINGTON, THE PICKPOCKET, ON OPENING THE THEATRE AT SIDNEY, BOTANY BAY.

From distant climes o'er wide-spread seas we come,
 Not with much eclat or beat of drum;
 True patriots all, for be it understood,
 We left our country for our country's good;
 No private views disgrac'd our generous zeal,
 What urg'd our travels, was our country's weal;
 And none will doubt, but that our emigration
 Has prov'd most useful to the British nation.
 But you enquire what could our breasts inflame
 With this new fashion for theatric fame?
 What in the practice of our former days
 Could shape our talents to exhibit plays?
 Your patience, sirs, some observations made,
 You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.
 He who to midnight ladders is no stranger,
 You'll own will make an admirable *Ranger*.
 To see *Macheath* we have not far to roam,
 And sure in *Filch* I shall be quite at home:
 Unrivall'd there, none will dispute my claim
 To high pre-eminence and exalted fame.

As oft on Gadshill we have ta'en our stand,
 When 'twas so dark you could not see your hand,
 Some true-bred Falstaff we may hope to start,
 Who, when well bolster'd, well will play his part;

The scene to vary, we shall try in time
 To treat you with a little pantomime;
 Here light and easy columbines are found,
 And well-tried harlequins with us abound:
 From durance vile our precious selves to keep,
 We often had recourse to a flying-leap!
 To a black face have sometimes owed a 'scape,
 And Hounslow-Heath has prov'd the worth of crape.

But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to soar
 Above these scenes, and rise to tragic lore?
 Too oft, alas! we forc'd the unwilling tear,
 And petrified the heart with real fear!
 Macbeth a harvest of applause will reap,
 For some of us, I fear, have murder'd sleep!
 His lady too, with grace will sleep and talk;
 Our females have been us'd at night to walk.
 Sometimes, indeed, so various is our art,
 An actor may improve and mend his part.
 "Give me a horse!" bawls Richard like a drone;
 We'll find a man would help himself to one.
 Grant us your favour, put us to the test,
 To raise your smiles we'll do our very best;
 And without dread of future turnkey Lockits.
 Thus, in an honest way, still pick your pockets.

EPITAPH ON A MARSHAL OF THE KING'S BENCH.

Some years since there was a Marshal of the King's Bench whose name was Thomas, that became extremely obnoxious to the prisoners; one of them, on some occasion or other, spread a report of his death, which gave rise to the following epitaph:—

Beneath this stone lies Marshal
 Thomas.

He's gone: 'tis well;
 We thank thee, Hell,
 For taking such a rascal
 from us.

AUCTIONEER ELOQUENCE.

An elegant *pleasure-yacht* being sold by auction, the auctioneer said, that it comprehended all the advantages of the most finished *country villa*, besides many which were peculiar to itself. It had all the accommodations of a house, and was free from the inconveniences of a bad neighbourhood, for its *scille* could be changed at pleasure; it had not only the richest, but also the most *various prospects*; and it was a villa free from *house-duty* and *window-tithes*; it paid neither *church-tithes* nor *poor-rates*; it was free from *government* and *parochial taxes*, and it not only had a command of wood and water, but possessed the most *extensive fishery* of any house in England.

A PHILOSOPHIC COBBLER.

Though not very fond of seeing a pageant myself, yet I am generally pleased with being in the crowd which sees it; it is amusing to observe the effect which such a spectacle has upon the variety of faces; the pleasure it excites in some, the envy in others, and the wishes it raises in all. With this design, I lately went to see the entry of a foreign ambassador, resolved to make one in the mob, to shout as they shouted, to fix with earnestness upon the same frivolous objects, and participate for a while the pleasures and the wishes of the vulgar.

In this plight, as I was considering the eagerness that appeared in every face, how some hustled to get foremost, and others contented themselves with taking a transient peep when they could; how some praised the four black servants that were stuck behind one of the equipages, and some the ribbons that decorated the horses' necks in another; my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any I had yet seen: a poor cobbler sat in his stall by the way-side, and continued to work while the crowd passed by, without testifying the smallest share of curiosity. I own his want of attention excited mine; and, as I stood in need of his as-

sistance, I thought it best to employ a philosophic cobbler on this occasion. Perceiving my business, therefore, he desired me to enter and sit down, took my shoe in his lap, and began to mend it, with his usual indifference and taciturnity.

"How, my friend," said I to him, "can you continue to work, while all those fine things are passing by your door?"—"Very fine they are, master," returned the cobbler, "for those that like them, to be sure; but what are all those fine things to me? You don't know what it is to be a cobbler, and so much the better for yourself. Your bread is baked; you may go and see sights the whole day, and eat a warm supper when you come home at night; but for me, if I should run hunting after all these fine folk, what should I get by my journey but an appetite? and, God help me, I have too much of that at home already, without stirring out for it. Your people, who may eat four meals a-day, and a supper at night, are but a bad example to such a one as I.—No, master, as God has called me into this world, in order to mend old shoes, I have no business with fine folk, and they no business with me." I here interrupted him with a smile. "See this last, master," continues he, "and this hammer; this last and hammer are the two best friends I have in this world, nobody else will be my friend, because I want a friend. The great folks you saw pass by just now have five hundred friends, because they have no occasion for them; now, while I stick to my good friends here, I am very contented; but, when I ever so little run after sights and fine things, I begin to hate my work, I grow sad, and have no heart to mend shoes any longer."

This discourse only served to raise my curiosity to know more of a man whom nature had thus formed into a philosopher. I therefore insensibly led him into a history of his adventures. "I have lived," said he, "a wandering life, now five-and-fifty years, here to-day and gone to-morrow; for it was my misfortune, when I

was young, to be fond of changing."—"You have been a traveller then, I presume?" inter-
rupted I. "I can't boast much of travelling,"
continued he, "for I have never left the parish
in which I was born but three times in my life,
that I can remember; but then there is not a
street in the whole neighbourhood that I have
not lived in at some time or another. When I
began to settle and take to my business in one
street, some unforeseen misfortune, or a desire
of trying my luck elsewhere, has removed me,
perhaps a whole mile, away from my former cus-
tomers, while some more lucky cobbler would
come into my place, and make a handsome for-
tune among friends of my making; there was
one who actually died, in the stall that I had left,
worth seven pounds seven shillings, all in hard
gold, which he had quitted into the waistband of
his breeches."

I could not but smile at these migrations of a
man by the fire-side, and continued to ask, if he
had ever been married? "Ay, that I have, mas-
ter," replied he, "for sixteen long years; and a
weary life I had of it, heaven knows. My wife
took it into her head, that the only way to thrive
in the world was to save money; so, though our
earnings were but three shillings a-week, all
that she ever could lay her hands upon she used
to hide away from me, though we were obliged to
starve the whole week after for it.

"The first three years we used to quarrel
about this every day, and I always got the bet-
ter; but she had a hard spirit, and still conti-
nued to hide as usual; so that I was at last tired
of quarrelling and getting the better, and she
scraped and scraped at pleasure, till I was almost
starved to death. Her conduct drove me at last
in despair to the alehouse; here I used to sit,
with people who hated home like myself, drank
while I had money left, and run in score when
any body would trust me; till at last the land-
lady coming one day with a long bill, when I
was from home, and putting it into my wife's
hands, the length of it effectually broke her

heart. I searched the whole stall, after she was
dead, for money; but she had hidden it so effec-
tually, that, with all my pains, I could never find
a farthing."

ASSISTANCE.

Curio, whose hat a nimble knave had snatch'd,
Fat, clumsy, gouty, asthmatic, and old,
Panting against a post, his noddle scratch'd,
And his sad story to a stranger told.

"Follow the thief," replied the stander by;
"Ah, Sir!" said he, "these feet will wag no
more."

"Alarm the neighbourhood with hue and cry."
"Alas! I've roar'd as long as lungs could
fear."

"Then," quoth the stranger, "vain is all endea-
vour,

Save voice to call, save vigour to pursue:
And since your hat, of course, is gone for ever,
I'll e'en make bold to take your wig—adieu!"

RIVAL DOCTORS.

When Drs. Cheyne and Winter were the two
principal physicians at Bath, they adopted very
opposite modes of practice; but the former gave
some credence to his prescription of milk diet, by
making it the principal article of his own suste-
nance. On this occasion Winter sent to him the
following stanzas:—

Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn;
From Hippocrates thou hast it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairne.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes and calves is food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor, one new prescription try,
A friend's advice forgive:
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die,
Thy patients then may live.

DR. CHEYNE'S ANSWER.

My system, Doctor, 's all my own,
 No teacher I pretend;
 My blunders hurt myself alone,
 But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
 Thrice happy might you be;
 Perhaps you might regain your mind,
 And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
 But heartily forgive!
 'Tis natural you should bid me die,
 That you yourself may live.

SCOTCH NOBILITY.

Quin being asked if he had ever been in Scotland, and how he liked the people, replied: "If you mean the lower order of them, I shall be at a loss to answer you; for I had no farther acquaintance with them than by the smell. As for the nobility they are numerous; and, for the most part, proud and beggarly. I remember, when I crossed from the north of Ireland into their country, I came to a little wretched village, consisting of a dozen huts, in the style of the Hottentots; the principal of which was an inn, and kept by an earl. I was mounted on a shrivelled quadruped, for there was no certainty of calling it horse, mare, or gelding; much like a North Wales goat, but larger, and without horns. The whole village was up in an instant to salute me; supposing, from the elegance of my appearance, that I must be some person of a large fortune and great family. The earl ran, and took hold of my stirrup while I dismounted; then turning to his eldest son, who stood by us without breeches, said, my lord, do you take the gentleman's horse to the stable, and desire your sister, Lady Betty, to draw him a pint of two-penny; for I suppose so great a man will ha' the best liquor in the *wholous*."—"I was obliged," continued Quin, "to stay here a whole night, and to make a supper of

rotten potatoes and stinking eggs. The old nobleman was indeed very complaisant, and made me accept of his own bed. I cannot say that the dormitory was the best in the world; for there was nothing but an old box to sit upon in the room, and there were neither sheets nor curtains to the bed. Lady Betty was kind enough to apologize for the apartment, assuring me, many persons of great *degnaty* had frequently slept in it; and that though the *blonkets loked sae block*, it was not quite four years *sin* they had been washed by the countess her mother, and Lady Matilda Carolina Amelia Eleonora Sophia, one of her younger sisters. She then wished me a good night, and said, the viscount, her brother, would take particular care to *grease my boots*."

ANACREONTIC.

Ah! wherefore did I daring gaze
 Upon the radiance of thy charms
 And, vent'ring nearer to thy rays,
 How dar'd I clasp thee in my arms?
 That kiss will give my heart a pain,
 Which thy sweet pity will deplore.
 Then, Cynthia, take the kiss again,
 Or let me take ten thousand more.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE BEGGAR.

As Queen Elizabeth was riding on horseback, she was met by a beggar, who asked alms of her. The Queen remarking to her chamberlain, that the man followed her wherever she went, quoted this line out of Ovid:

Pauper ubique jacet.

Which may be thus translated:

"In any place, in any bed,
 The poor man rests his weary head"

On which the pauper instantly replied,

*In thalamis Regina tuis, hac nocte jacerem
 Si foret hoc verum, Pauper ubique jacet.*

"Ah, beauteous Queen, if that were true,
 This very night I'd rest with you."

HELL AND PURGATORY.

A Venetian nobleman was one day rallied by a priest, upon his refusing to give something to the church, which the priest demanded for the deliverance of him from purgatory; when the priest asked him, if he knew what an innumerable number of devils there were to take him? he answered, "Yes, he knew how many devils there were in all,"—"Indeed, how many?" says the priest, his curiosity being raised by the novelty of the answer. "Why, ten millions, five hundred and eleven thousand, six hundred and seventy-five devils and a half," says the nobleman. "A half?" says the priest, "pray what kind of a devil is that?"—"Yourself," says the nobleman, "for you are half a devil already, and will be a whole one when you come there; for you are for deluding all you deal with, and bring soul and body into your hands, that you may be paid for letting us go again."

WHERE'S THE POKER

The poker lost, poor Susan storm'd,
And all the rites of rage perform'd,
As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,
Fidgeting, and fretting;
Nothing but villany and thieving!
Good heavens! what a world we live in!
I don't find it in the morning,
I surely give my master warning.
It's better far shut up his doors,
Than keep such good-for-nothing w——s,
For wheresoe'er their trade they drive,
The virtuous bodies cannot thrive."
Well may poor Susan grunt and groan,
Misfortunes never come alone,
But tread each other's heels in throngs;
For the next day she lost the tongs;
The salt-box, cullender, and grate
Then shar'd the same untimely fate.
To rain she vails and wages spent
A few ones—for the new ones went.

There'd been, she swore, some devil or witch in,
To rob and plunder all the kitchen.
One night she to her chamber crept,
Where for a moment she'd not slept,
Curse on the author of these wrongs,
In her own-bed she found the tongs!
Hang Thomas for an idle joker!
And there, good lack! she found the poker
With salt-box, pepper-box, and kettle,
And all the culinary metal.
Be warn'd, ye fair, by Susan's crosses,
Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses,
For if young girls delight in kissing,
No wonder that the poker's missing.

THE LESS OF TWO EVILS:

The doctrine of purgatory was once disputed between the Bishop of Waterford and Father O'Leary; it is not likely the former was convinced by the arguments of the latter, who, however, closed it very neatly by telling the bishop—"Your lordship may go farther, and fare worse."

HOW TO SAVE ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him. "I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted, he went the next day to the rich man's house, about the time that he was known to sit down to dinner, and told the servant that he must speak with his master immediately; for that he could save him a thousand pounds. "Sir," said the servant to his master, "here's a man in a great hurry to speak with you, who says he can save you a thousand pounds." Out comes the master, "What's that you say, sir? That you can save me a thousand pounds?"—"Yes, sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner. I'll go and dine myself, and call again."—"Oh, pray, sir, come in, and take a dinner with me."—"Sir, I shall be troublesome."—"Not at all." The invitation was accepted; and, dinner being over, and the family retired—"Well, sir, said the man of the house, now to our

business. Pray, sir, let me know how I am to save this thousand pounds."—"Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."—"I have."—"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds!"—"I do so."—"Why then, sir, let me have her, and I'll take her with nine thousand."

WRITTEN ON THE DOOR OF A CERTAIN HOUSE.

Gold rules within, and reigns without these doors,
Makes mentake places, and poor maids turn w—s.
Her blooming virtue's sold, his trust's betray'd,
Debauch'd the member falls, alike the maid!
Each pleads excuse, tho' profit each does move—
His is the sov'reign's service, her's is love.
The world sees through the sham in which both
join,
He votes for interest, as she yields for coin.

PATRONAGE.

The late Earl of Chesterfield was universally esteemed the Mæcenæ of the age in which he lived. Dr. Johnson addressed the plan of his dictionary of the English language to him on that account; and his lordship endeavoured to be grateful by recommending that valuable work in two essays, which, among others, he published in a paper intitled the World, conducted by Mr. Moore and his literary friends. Some time after, however, the doctor took great offence at being refused admittance to Lord Chesterfield, which happened by a mistake of the porter; and just before the work was finished, on Mr. Moore's expressing his surprise that Dr. Johnson did not intend to dedicate the book to his lordship, the lexicographer declared he was under no obligation to any great man whatever, and therefore should not make him his patron. "Pardon me, sir," said Moore, "you are certainly obliged to his lordship for the two elegant papers he has written in favour of your performance."—"You quite mistake the thing," returned Johnson, "I confess no obligation. I feel my own dignity, sir; I have made a Commodore Anson's voyage round the whole

world of the English language; and while I am coming into port, with a fair wind on a fine sunny day, my Lord Chesterfield sends out two little cock-boats to tow me in. I am very sensible of the favour, Mr. Moore, and should be sorry to say an ill-natured thing of that nobleman: but I cannot help thinking he is a lord among wits and a wit among lords.

LETTER FROM AN IRISH GENTLEWOMAN TO HER SON IN LONDON.

My dear child,

I thought it my duty incumbent upon me, to you know that your only living sister, Cam Mac-Framme, has been violently ill of a fit of sickness, and is dead; therefore we have small hopes of her getting better. Your dear mother constantly prayed for a long and speedy recovery.

I am sorry to acquaint you, that your godfather Patrick O'Conner, is also dead. His death was occasioned by eating rid-hirringes stuffed with potatoes, or parates stuffed with rid hirringes, I do not know which; and notwithstanding the surgeon attended him for three weeks, he died suddenly for want of help on the day of his death, which was Sunday night last. The great bulk of his estate comes to an only dead child in the family.

I have made a present of your sister's diamond ring to Mr. O'Hara, the great small-beer brewer for three guineas; and I have taken the corner-house that is burnt down, on a repair lease.

I have sent you a Dublin Canary-bird, which I have carefully put up in a rat-trap, with some food in a snuff-box, which will come free of charges, only paying the captain for the passage.

Pray send me the news of the proceedings of the House of Commons next week; for we hear they have given us leave to import all our parates into England, which is great news indeed.

Write immediately, and don't stay for the post. Direct for me next door to the Bible and Map in Copper Alley, Dublin, for there I am now; but I shall remove to-morrow into my new house.

betwixt to me in a frank again; for the last
 that came free was charged thirteen-pence.
 none at present from

Your dutiful mother,

CAREY CARRNAYL MAC FRANK.

It did not sale this litter, to prevent it from
 being broke open; therefore send word if
 it arrives. Your cousin-in-law, Thady
 O'Donerty, is gone for a light-horseman among
 the militia.

IMPOSSIBLE TO SCREEN A FOOL.

Inner tailor, as tis said,
 by trim, canvass, tape, and thread,
 by dubs, and wadding, silk, and twist,
 and the long extensive list
 which their uncount bills abound
 and rarely in their garments found;
 and other arts in trade,
 and a handsome fortune made;
 what, what few have ever done,
 let thirty thousand to his son.

Then, a gay young swagg'ring blade,
 he'd the very name o' the trade,
 but reflections should be thrown
 on him, resolv'd to leave the town,
 to a level where he was not known.

To Oxford first he made his way,
 in gilded coach and liv'ries gay;
 the bucks and beaux his taste admire,
 his equipage and rich attire;
 nothing was so much adored
 as his fine silver-hilted sword;
 so small, and short, 'twas vastly neat,
 his sight was deem'd a perfect treat;
 and a hater begg'd to have a look,
 but when the sword in hand he took,
 he swore, by Jove, it was an odd thing,
 and look'd just like a tailor's bodkin.
 The hater was gall'd at his expression,
 thinking they knew his mean profession;
 and his sword he sneak'd away,
 and drove for Glo'ster the same day.

There soon he found new cause of grief
 For (dining on some fine roast beef)
 They asked him which he did prefer,
 Some cabbage or some cucumber.

What was design'd a compliant,
 He thought severe reflection meant;
 His stomach turn'd, he could not eat,
 So made an ungentle retreat;
 Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,
 And bade his coachman drive to Bath,
 There he suspected fresh abuse,
 Because the dinner was roast goose;
 And that he might no more be jeer'd,
 For Exeter directly steer'd.

There with the beaux, he drank about,
 Until he fear'd they'd find him out;
 His glass not fill'd (as was his rule)
 They said 'twas not a thimble full
 The name of thimble was enough,
 He paid his reckoning and went off.
 Next day to Plymouth he remov'd,
 Where he still unsuccessful proved
 For tho' he filled his glass or cup,
 He did not always drink it up;
 The toppers mark'd how he behav'd,
 And said "a remnant should be sav'd."

The name of remnant gall'd him so,
 He then resolv'd for York to go;
 There fill'd his humper to the top,
 And always fairly drank it up;
 "Well done," said Jack, a buck of York,
 "You go through stitch, sir, with your work."

The name of stitch was such reproach,
 He rang the bell, and call'd the coach;
 But e'er he went, enquiry made
 By what means they found out his trade.

You put the cap on, and it fits,
 Replied one of the Yorkshire wits;
 Our words, in common acceptation,
 Could not find out your occupation;
 'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,
 To find out both your trade and you;

Proud coxcombs and fantastic beaux,
In ev'ry place themselves expose;
They travel far, at great expense,
To shew their wealth and want of sense;
But take this for a standing rule,
There's no disguise will screen a fool.

CHARACTER OF A MIGHTY GOOD KIND OF A MAN.

The good qualities of such a man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm, but you never find him do any good. He is careful to have all the externals of sense and virtue, but you never perceive his *heart* concerned in any word, thought, or action. To him every body is his dear friend, with which he always begins all his letters, and ends them with "Your ever sincere and affectionate friend." He is usually seen with persons older than himself, but always richer. He is not prominent in his conversation, but merely puts in his "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," to every thing said by the elevated or overbearing; which confirms him in their opinion as "a very sensible and discerning person," as well as a "mighty good kind of a man."—He is so familiarized to assent to every thing advanced, that I have known him approve opposite sentiments in the course of five minutes! The weather is a leading topic with "a mighty good kind of a man," and you may make him agree in one breath, that it is hot and cold, frost and thaw, and that the wind blows from every point of the compass! He is so civil and well-bred, as to keep you in the rain, rather than ascend a carriage before you; and the dinner would grow cold in your attempt to move him from the lower end of the table. Not a glass approaches his lips unless he has disturbed half the company to drink their health. He never omits his glass with the mistress of the house, nor forgets to notice little master and miss, which with mamma always makes him "a mighty good kind of a man," and also assures her, that he would make a very good husband. No man is ever half so happy, or so general, in his friendships—every one he names

is a friend of his, and all his friends are "mighty good kind of men." He pulls off his hat to every third person he meets, though he knows not even the name of one in twenty!—A young man born with this demonstrated propensity of "mighty goodness," has every chance of advancing his fortune. Thus, if in orders, he will contrive to pick up a tolerable living, or become tutor to a dunce of quality. If "a mighty good kind of a man" is a counsellor, he will draw from the attornies a large supply of chamber cases and special pleadings, or bills and answers, he being greatly qualified for a *drag-horse* of the law. If he is admitted into the college as M. D. he will have every chance to be at the top of the profession, as the whole success of the faculty depends upon old women, or fanciful young ones, hypochondriacs and ricketty children; to the generosity of these nothing so much recommends a physician, as his being "a mighty good kind of a man." It is past dispute that a *good man*, and a man of sense should possess in some degree the outline described; yet, if he possesses no more, he will be attended but a vapid and valueless character. Many superficial observers are deceived by *French politeness*; it has the glitter of a diamond, but the want of hardness discovers the counterfeit, and points out to be of no intrinsic value! If the head and heart are to be omitted in the character, you may as well seek for female beauty without a nose or an eye, as expect a valuable man without understanding or sensibility. But besides this, it often happens that those "mighty good kind of men" are wolves in sheep's clothing, and that the plausible cunning of their outward deportment is calculated to entrap the unwary, and to promote sinister designs.

MADAM, MY WIFE.

Ye lovers of quiet, and conjugal joys;
Dread foes to contention, jars, tumult, and noise
Oh! fly from my dwelling, fly quickly for life!
Is't the plague? Ten times worse—'tis madam's wife.

What din and confusion; what clack of a mill;
Or swift-rolling torrent, that falls from yon hill;
Or cannon's loud roar? None of these, by my life,
The noise that you hear is—from madam, my wife.

Hark! murder's cry'd out; I am sure 'tis no
dream:

How dreadful the sound is! how shrill is the
scream!

Run, neighbours, with speed, seize the murderer's
knife!

Stop! stop! it is nothing—but madam, my wife.

Let Bedlam's let loose! the fierce winds now
arise;

The loud thunder rolls, and disturbs all the skies;

The earth itself quakes; 'tis the element's strife;

'Tis nature's last pang; no—'tis madam, my wife.

O great, ye kind gods! that these tumults may
cease,

Or put me, with speed, to some island of peace;

Thank with thanks—Hark! the noise of drum,
trumpet, and fife!

Now! crack! stop my ears!—oh, 'tis madam,
my wife.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Wor-
shire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his
name Sir Roger de Coverly. His great grand-
father was inventor of that famous country-dance
which is called after him. All who know that
dance are very well acquainted with the parts and
figure of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is
singular in his behaviour, but his singularity
proceeds from his good sense, and are contra-
dictory to the manners of the world, only as he
thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this
never creates him no enemies, for he does no-
thing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being
confin'd to modes and forms, makes him but
a sturdier and more capable to please and oblige
those who know him. When he is in town, he lives
in Soho-square. It is said, he keeps himself a

bachelor, by reason he was crossed in love by a
perverse beautiful widow of the next county to
him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was
what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped
with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege,
fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and
kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house,
for calling him youngster. But, being ill-used
by the above-mentioned widow, he was very
serious for a year and a half; and though his
temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over
it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed
afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and
doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at
the time of his repulse, which, in his merry hu-
mours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve
times since he first wore it. It is said, Sir Roger
grew humble in his desires after he had forgot
this cruel beauty, insomuch, that it is reported he
has frequently offended in point of chastity with
beggars and gypsies! but this is looked upon, by
his friends, rather as matter of raillery than
truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful,
gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in
town and country; a great lover of mankind—
but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour,
that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His
tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all
the young women profess love to him, and the
young men are glad of his company; when he
comes into a house, he calls the servants by their
names, and talks all the way up-stairs to a visit.
I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a Justice of the
Quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-
session with great abilities, and three months ago
gained universal applause by explaining a passage
in the game act.

A TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

Midas (we read) with wond'rous art of old,
Whate'er he touch'd, at once transform'd to gold:
This modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
Touch them with gold, they'll turn to what you
please.

THE SIX-FOOT SUCKLING.

With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
 And amply too, the place of being wise,
 Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
 To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
 With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance
 charms,
 And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
 Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
 By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
 Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
 Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
 With that malignant envy which turns pale,
 And sickens even, if a friend prevail;
 Which merit and success pursues with hate,
 And dams the worth it cannot imitate;
 With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
 Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
 Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
 What's basely done, should be done safely too;
 With that dull, rooted, callous impudence
 Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
 Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vices snares,
 She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
 With all these blessings, which we seldom find
 Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,
 A motly figure, of the fribble tribe,
 Which heart can scarce conceive or pen describe,
 Came simpering on.

* * * * *

Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both
 Of neuter gender, tho' of Irish growth;
 A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait,
 Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
 Fearful It seem'd, tho' of athletic make,
 Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
 Its tender form, and savage motion spread
 O'er its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.
 Much did It talk, in Its own pretty phrase,
 Of genius and of taste, of players, and of plays;
 Much too of writings which Itself had wrote,
 Of special merit, tho' of little note;

For fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
 That what It wrote none but Itself should read;
 Much too It chatter'd of dramatic laws,
 Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause;
 Then with a self-complacent pitting air
 It smil'd, It smirk'd, It wrigg'l'd to the chair,
 And with an awkward briskness—not Its own,
 Looking around, and perching on the throne,
 Triumphant seem'd; when that strange savage
 dame,

Known but to few, or only known by name,
 Plain common sense appear'd, by nature there
 Appointed, with plain truth, to guard the chair;
 The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
 To Its first state of nothing melted down.
 Nor shall the muse, (for even there the pride
 Of this vain nothing shall be mortify'd,)
 Nor shall the muse (should fate ordain her rhyme
 Fond, pleasing, thought, to live in after-times)
 With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
 Known be the character, the thing forgot
 Let It, to disappoint each future aim,
 Live without sex, and die without a name.

THE BACHELOR'S REGISTER.

At 16 years incipient palpitations are manifested towards the young ladies.

17. Much blushing and confusion occurs when addressed by a handsome woman.

18. Confidence in conversation with the ladies is much increased

19. Becomes angry if treated by them as a boy

20. Betrays great consciousness of his own charms and manliness.

21. A looking-glass becomes an indispensable piece of furniture in his dressing-room, and in some instances finds its way into the pocket.

22. Insufferable puppyism now exhibited.

23. Thinks no woman good enough to enter the marriage state with him.

24. Is caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.

25. The connection broken off from self-control on his part.

46. Conducts himself with airs of much superiority towards her.

47. Pays his addresses to another lady, not without hopes of mortifying the first.

48. Is mortified and frantic on being refused.

49. Rails against the fair sex in general, as heartless beings.

50. Seems morose and out of humour in all conversations on matrimony.

51. Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than previously.

52. Begins to consider personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly.

53. Still retains a high opinion of his attractions as a husband.

54. Consequently has the hope that he may still marry a chicken.

55. Falls deeply and violently in love with one Mortimer.

56. *de dernier desespoir* / another refusal.

57. Indulges now in every kind of dissipation.

58. Shows the best part of the female sex, and finds some consolation for his spleen in the society of ladies of easy dispositions.

59. Suffers much remorse and mortification in going.

60. Begins to think he is growing old, yet still has a fresh budding of matrimonial ideas, but no shoots.

61. A nice, buxom young widow begins to persecute him.

62. Ventures to address her with mixed sensations of love and interest.

63. Interest prevails, which causes much can- dour.

64. The widow jilts him, being full as cautious as himself.

65. Becomes every day more gloomy and averts his face from the fair sex.

66. Gouty and nervous symptoms now begin to torment him.

67. Fears what may become of him when he grows old and infirm; but still persuades himself he is a young man.

48. Thinks living alone irksome.

49. Resolves to have a prudent young woman as housekeeper and companion.

50. A nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout.

51. Much pleased with his new housekeeper as a nurse.

52. Begins to feel some attachment to her.

53. His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her.

54. Is in great distress how to act.

55. Completely under her influence, and very miserable.

56. Many painful thoughts about parting with her, and attempts to gain her on his own terms.

57. She refuses to live any longer with him alone.

58. Gouty, nervous, and bilious to excess.

59. Feels very ill, sends for her to his bedside, and promises to espouse her.

60. Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her favour, and makes his exit in her arms.

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

A group of toppers at a table sat,
With punch, that much regales the thirsty soul;
Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
Humming and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and, for their sin,
Some hundreds lost their legs, and tumbled in,
And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
Like Pharaoh and his daring host were drown'd.

Wanting to drink, one of the men
Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
And drank—then, taking care that none were
lost,

He put in ev'ry mother's son again.

Up jump'd the Bacchanalian crew on this,

Taking it very much amiss;

Swearing, and in the attitude to strike.

"Lord!" quoth the man, with gravely lifted eyes.

"Though I don't like to swallow flies,
I did not know but others might."

WHIMS OF PHILOSOPHERS.

Previous to the year 1820, when Sir Richard Phillips published that system of nature in which he demonstrates that there exists no power in the material or known universe but *matter in motion*, or that matter in motion is *the only existing power*; and then illustrates the proximate causes of all phenomena on this principle: the soi-disant philosophers taught to the world, and perhaps many of them actually believed in the following most whimsical doctrines:

1. That bodies *attract* one another, or are made to move towards one another by their own mutual influence or pressure, which is the same thing as to say that they acted where they are not, and pushed each other from their opposite or contrary sides!

2. That in other cases they took it into their noddles to *repel* or repulse one another, or were actuated alternately by sentiments of affection and dislike!

3. That a stone moves towards the earth because the earth attracts it or pushes it downwards from the opposite side.

4. That the earth thus pushes the moon towards itself on the moon's opposite side, and the sun all the planets, though none of them permanently vary their distances.

5. That the space between the planets is a vacuum, though gas expands on every side.

6. That heat is a subtle fluid coming when called for, and filling up the spaces between atoms, when these are said to be heated.

7. That animal life is a principle of its own kind, or a sort of rare fluid which gets into bodies.

8. That electric, galvanic, and magnetic phenomena are each produced by fluids which whisk up and down the world, and come at command, on performing certain incantations.

9. That identical atoms of light travel twelve millions of miles in a second, and have *fits* of easy reflection and transmission.

10. That the moon in some way gets under the

waters of the ocean, and pushes them up, while the waters somehow get behind the moon and push down the moon.

All which may be called the philosophical commandments of the last age, and absurd as they may seem to every thinking mind, they are even to this day cherished by dotards in philosophy and by superannuated establishments where knowledge never advances.

RELIGION AND TRADE.

Queen Mary having ordered her attorney general, Seymour, to draw up the charter for the college in Virginia, which was to be given with two thousand pounds in money, he opposed the grant, saying, that the nation was engaged in an expensive war, that the money was wanted for better purposes, and he did not see the least occasion for a college in Virginia. The commissary represented to him, that its intention was to educate and qualify young men to be ministers of the gospel, much wanted there; and begged the Attorney-General would consider that the people of Virginia had souls to be saved as well as the people of England. *Souls!* said he, *damn your souls! make tobacco!*

OLD AND YOUNG, IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

Fair Susan did her wif-hede well menteine,
Al gates assaulted sore by letchours tweine.
Now and I read aright that auntient song,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.

Had thilke same tale in other guise been told
Had they been yong, (pardie) and she been old
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much sorer tryal
Full marveillous, I wote, were swilk denyal.

THE CRITICAL QUESTION

When Macklin gave lectures on the drama Foote being one evening present, talking and laughing very loud, just before the lecture began Macklin, offended, called out rather pettishly "Sir, you seem to be very merry there; but do you know what I am going to say now?"—"No sir," said Foote; "pray do you?"

NOMINAL EPITAPH.

Dr. Walker wrote a work on the English particles, which obtained for him the short and pithy epitaph:—

Here lie Walker's particles.

DORINDA.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
United cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies
Pains not the heart but hurts the sight.
Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
But Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

ACCOMMODATING A VISITOR.

Baron Perryn, having been engaged on a visit to the lake, came at an early hour, to enjoy the pleasure of angling in the pond. Foote, ever ready to oblige his guests, ordered the fishing apparatus to be got ready, and a chair to be placed at the right side for the accommodation of the learned sportsman. Two hours did the Baron throw the line patiently. At length Foote and his company came out. "Well, baron," said he, "do they bite?"—"No, I have only had a nibble or two."—"That you have not!" says the son of Aristophanes. "What do you mean?" said his lordship. "I mean," replied his host, "that there is not a fish in the pond, for the water was only put in yesterday."

LUTHER AND THE CATHOLICS.

Martin Luther thus *elegantly* expresses himself about the Catholics.—"The Papists are all asses; put them in whatever form you please boiled, roasted, baked, fried, skinned, beat, bashed, they are always the same—asses! The pope (he says) was born out of the devil's posteriors, full of devils, lies, blasphemies, and idolatries; he is Anti-christ, the robber of churches, the ravisher of virgins, the greatest of pimps, the governor of Babel," &c. &c.

THE PARSON'S BRIDLE.

A youthful parson one day preach'd
Against the drunken, lewd, and idle;
His flock he earnestly beseech'd
On their desires to put a bridle.

The service o'er, his text forgot,
The parson revell'd with the squire;
Bumpers went round, oh woeful blot,
His rev'rence tumbled in the mire.

"Where's now your bridle?" quoth his host,
He hiccup'd out, "What do you think
I've thrown't away? no, 'tis not lost,
I only took it off to drink."

BOWELS OF AN ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Mr. Erskine, when a counsel in the Court of King's Bench, told Mr. Jekyll, "That he had a pain in his bowels, for which he could get no relief."—"I'll give you an infallible specific," replied the humorous barrister; "Get made attorney-general, my friend, and then you'll have no bowels at all!"

WHITFIELD AND THE DRUMMER.

George Whitfield was once, in the early part of his life, preaching in the open fields, when a drummer happened to be present, who was determined to interrupt his pious business, and rudely beat his drum in a violent manner, to drown the preacher's voice. Mr. Whitfield spoke very loud, but was not so powerful as the instrument; he therefore called out to the drummer in these words: "Friend, you and I serve the two greatest masters existing, but in different callings; you may beat up for volunteers for King George; I for the Lord Jesus Christ. In God's name, then, don't let us interrupt each other; the world is wide enough for us both, and we may get recruits in abundance." His speech had such an effect, that the drummer went away in great good humour, and left the preacher in full possession of the field.

THE CARELESS COUPLE.

Jenny is poor, and I am poor
 Yet we will wed—so say no more;
 And should the bairns you mention come.
 (As few that marry but have some)
 No doubt but Heav'n will stand our friend,
 And bread, as well as children, send.
 So fares the hen, in farmer's yard,
 To live alone she finds it hard;
 I've known her weary every claw
 In search of corn amongst the straw;
 But when in quest of nicer food,
 She clucks amongst her chirping brood;
 With joy I've seen that self-same hen
 That scratch'd for one, could scratch for ten.
 These are the thoughts that make me willing
 To take my girl without a shilling;
 And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,
 Jenny's resolv'd to marry me

A HOT BIRTH.

Mahommed says the slightest of sinners will be confined in hell nine hundred years, so very hot as to make the brain boil through the skull; but downright sinners for nine thousand years, in a place where the heat is seven times more horrible.

NICE DISTINCTION.

"It is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon at the bar to Judge Burnet, "to hang a poor fellow for stealing a horse."—"You are not to be hanged, sir," answered the judge, "for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

EXTEMPORE ON A KEY, APPENDED TO THE
 BOSOM OF A VERY BEAUTIFUL
 YOUNG LADY.

How blest is thy lot, thou insensible key,
 How gladly I'd change situations with thee!
 For to thee, like the key of St. Peter, is given
 To guard o'er the gateway—that leads into
 Heav'n!

THE TRAVELLING JOKE.

Footie, being at Dover, in his way to France, went into the kitchen of the inn to order his dinner. The cook, understanding that he was about to embark for France, was bragging that, for her part, she was never once out of her own country. Footie instantly replied, "Why, Cookey, that's very extraordinary; as they tell me, above stairs, that you have been several times *all over grease*"—"They may say what they please above stairs or below stairs," replied the cook, "but I was never ten miles from Dover in my life."—"Nay, now, that must be a fib," said Footie, "for I have myself seen you at *Spit-head*." The servants by this time caught the joke, and a roar of laughter ran round the kitchen, which ended in his giving them a crown to drink his health and a good voyage.

UPS AND DOWNS.

Phœbus and Ned are like two buckets grown;
 Always, when one is up, the other's down.

POPULAR NUMERAL.

In Wilkes's time No. 45 was extolled beyond any other assemblage of numerals which art could invent. One man swore that he would eat 45lbs of beef-steaks; another that he would drink 4 pots of porter; but they both died before the glorious purpose could be accomplished. But to Wilkes it was a lucky number; presents poured in upon him in forty-fives; from one he received 45 dozen of claret; from another 45 dozen of candles, but all in forty-fives.

OLD MARGERY.

Dead drunk Old Marg'ry oft was found,
 But now she's laid beneath the ground,
 As door-nail dead—alas the day!
 Her nose was red, and moist her clay.
 From morn to night, of care bereft,
 She plied her glass and wet her throttle;
 Without a sigh her friend she left,
 But much she griev'd to leave her bottle

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN. A STAGE-COACH ROMANCE.

It was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn—whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls, crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, denuded out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen-wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon com-

panions round a paddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers' room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers, called travellers, or riders; a kind of commercial knights-errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors, that I know of at the present day, to the knights-errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving whip, the buckler for a pattern card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about, spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade instead of fight with one another. As the room of the hostel in the good old fighting times would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travellers' room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing his breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high and dripping umbrel-

las. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing farther from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco-smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times: Good for nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the *Lady's Magazine*. I read all the common-place names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I deciphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry, which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds, drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter-patter-patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carrot-headed hostler, and that non-descript animal, ycleped boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on

its way, and boy and dog, and hostler and boots, all slunk back to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact, there was no hope of its clearing up: the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess's tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and on referring to the almanack, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom, through the whole month, "Expect—much—rain—about—this—time."

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after, I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar, "The stout gentleman in No. 13. want his breakfast. Tea, and bread and butter, with ham and eggs; the eggs not to be too much done." In such a situation as mine, every incident was of importance. —Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind; and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up-stairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or merely as "the gentleman in No. 13," would have been a perfect blank to me; I should have thought nothing of it; but "the stout gentleman!" the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind's eye; and my fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or as some term it, lusty; in a probability, therefore, he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, I must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The stout gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. I was evidently a man of importance; "well to do in the world;" accustomed to be promptly wait

open; of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry. "Perhaps," thought I, "he may be some London alderman; or who knows but he may be a member of parliament!"

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was doubtless making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing; and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. "Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid! the eggs were overdone; the ham was too salt; the stout gentleman was evidently nice in his eating; one of those who eat and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household. The hostess got into a fume. I should observe that she was a brisk coquettish woman; a little of a snob, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal; with a nincompoop for a husband, as snobs are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but said not a word against the stout gentleman; by which I clearly perceived, that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise, and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs and ham, and bread and butter, were sent up. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint. I had not made many turns about the travellers' room, when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards, there was a stir and an inquest about the house. The stout gentleman wanted the Times or Chronicle newspaper. I set him down, therefore, for a whig; or rather, from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt, I had heard, was a large man; "who knows," thought I, "but it is Hunt himself."

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter, who was this stout gentleman that was making all this stir; but I could get no information. Nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names or occupations of their tran-

sient guests. The colour of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff colour; or, as in the present instance, the stout gentleman; a designation of the kind once hit on, answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry. Rain—rain—rain! pitiless ceaseless rain! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation or amusement within. By and by I heard some one walking over-head. It was in the stout gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man, by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square-toes of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I had to go to work at this picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently met with, swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malt liquors. Men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate; who are used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waters by name, tattle the maids, gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of negus after dinner. The morning wore away in forming of these and similar surmises. As fast as I move one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect. I was getting a fit of the fidgets. Dinner-time came. I hoped the stout gentleman might dine in the travellers' room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no, he had dinner served in his own room—

What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of this world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living. Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle, before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and, on listening, I found it to be "God save the King." 'Twas plain, then, he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be! My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some personage of distinction travelling *incog*? "Who knows!" said I, at my wit's end; "it may be one of the royal family, for aught I know, for they are all stout gentlemen." The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and, as far I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the mean time, as the day advanced, the travellers' room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats; others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two, especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting maid, whom they called Louisa and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the stout gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away, the travellers read the papers two or three times over, some drew

round the fire, and told long stories, about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings down. They discussed the credits of different merchants, and different inns; and the tw wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their night-caps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind, after which, they, one after another, rung for boots and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers. There was only one man left: a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself, with a glass of port-wine negus, and a spoon; sipping, and stirring, and meditating, and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep, but upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop, from the eaves of the house. The church-bells chimed midnight. All at once the stout gentleman began to walk over-head, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this, especially to one in my state of nerves. These ghastly great-coats, these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. "Be he who, or what he may," said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chamber candle, and hurried up to No. 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated,—I entered. The room was deserted. There stood a large broad-bottomed

elbow-chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a Times newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese. The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off, sorely disappointed, to my room, which had been changed to the front of the house. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty waxed tops, standing at the door of a bed-chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den. He might discharge a pistol, or something worse, at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terribly nervous state, and even when I fell asleep, I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the stout gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

I slept rather late the next morning, and was awakened by some stir or bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below, "The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13!" I heard an immediate scampering of a chamber-maid along the passage, and a shrill reply as she ran, "Here it is! here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

The mysterious stranger was then on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I could ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach-door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed,—“All right!” was the word,—the coach whirled off,—and that was all I ever saw of the stout gentleman!

TREASON NEVER PROSPERS.

Treason does never prosper; what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

IRISH READING.

An American citizen, for the purpose of arresting attention, caused his sign to be set upside down. One day, while the rain was pouring down with great violence, an Irishman was discovered directly opposite, standing with some gravity upon his head, and fixing his eyes stedfastly upon the sign. On an enquiry being made of this inverted gentleman, why he stood in so singular an attitude, he answered, "I am trying to read that sign."

HOME TRUTHS.

Relations take the greatest liberties, and give the least assistance. If a stranger cannot help us with his purse, he will not insult us with his comments; but with relations, it mostly happens, that they are the veriest misers with regard to their property, but perfect prodigals in the article of advice.

SATIRE.

Strong and sharp as our wit may be, it is not so strong as the memory of fools, nor so keen as their resentment; he that has not strength of mind to forgive, is by no means so weak as to forget; and it is much more easy to do a cruel thing, than to say a severe one.

INTOLERANCE.

There are only two things in which the professors of all religions have agreed; to persecute all other sects, and to plunder their own.

THE THRIVING TRADESMAN.

When a couple of broom-men had chatted one day
On a number of things in a sociable way,
A new subject they started; says Jack, "My friend, Joe,
I have long been most plaguedly puzzled to know
How you manage to sell your brooms cheaper than mine,
As I steal the materials."—"I like your design,
But improvement, you know, is the soul of each trade,
So the brooms which I sell, I steal ready made."

GREENWICH FAIR.

The glorious sun now rises gay,
 Promise of a brilliant day;
 Leave your toils and cares for one day,
 Greenwich hoy! 'tis Whitsun-Monday.

Now the throng begins to pour
 Through the Minories to the Tower;
 From Spitalfields in crowds they come,
 From Shoreditch, and from Hackney some.
 Hark! each driver from his coach,
 As the motley groups approach,
 Hails 'em with tremendous bawl,
 "Room for barbers! Shavers all!"
 And the noisy boatman roars,
 "Sculler? Sculler? Oars, sir? oars?"

The 'prentice, pantaloop'd so neat,
 Hands his fair one to her seat,
 Then beside her gently sits,
 Courting,—cracking nuts by fits;
 While around, with cheerful faces,
 Lads and lasses take their places;
 And the boatman doffs his coat,
 Calling out to—"Trim the boat."

Now adown fair Thames they glide,
 Bandyng jokes from side to side;
 Ship-bells jingling—shouting sailors,
 "Barbers all! or, tailors! tailors!"
 Here's a pair!—how smart they look!
 Coachy John, and Betty Cook!

Cutkold's awful Point they pass,
 Each gay lad salutes his lass.
 Head uncover'd, bending low,
 Gives to horns the accustomed bow.

Hark! the French-horn's cheerful note,
 Heard from yonder gilded boat,
 "What a handsome, well-dress'd crew,
 Holland trowsers—jackets blue:
 And their ladies at each side,
 Chanting as they sweetly glide,
 While England's banner o'er them waves,
 "Britons never will be slaves!"

"What a charming group of sailors!"
 "Ma'am you're wrong."—"What! are they
 tailors?"

Bustle, bustle; noise and bustle;
 Now among the boats they rustle:
 The narrow keel now cuts the strand,
 Each joyous soul prepares to land,
 'Midst shouting, swearing, wrangling, laughter,
 Some in mud, and some in water;
 While the cropp'd lass, and jemmy spark,
 Onward push for Greenwich Park.

Hark! the merry bells are ringing,
 Happy mortals!—cheerful singing—
 Dancing—eating—drinking—smoking—
 Wrangling some—and others joking!
 Bless me! what a mingled din!
 "Shew 'em up; pray walk in!"
 Just now going to begin!"

Lo, the Park, and many a stall,
 With toys and ribbons, 'gainst its wall;
 And Pidcock with his beasts so rare O,
 And strolling actors, with Pizarro,
 Shewing the histrionic art,
 From its primeval stage,—a cart!

Now the Park's small entrance view,
 Ah! what struggling to get through;
 "Bless me, sir! don't squeeze me so!"
 "Ma'am, your heel is on my toe!"
 One general push, now—"Yo—oh—hoy;
 Huzza! we're in the Park, my boy!"

Mercy on us! what a do:
 "I've lost a cloak!" "and-I a shoe!"
 "Stop thief, pray stop that running fellow,
 He's scampering off with my umbrella."
 See the rumpled lasses stand,
 Lending each a helping hand,
 Smoothing back dishevell'd tresses,
 Pinning up their tatter'd dresses.

The anxious school-boy takes his stand,
 Brandish'd truncheon in his hand,
 Aiming, by one skilful fling,
 To drive the orange o'er the ring.

In spacious circle near yon tree
The merry lads and lasses see,
One smart damsel passing round,
Just without its ample bound,
Drops the handkerchief—and mark
’Tis nearest to that jemmy spark.

Bounding like the nimble fawn,
See the nymph spring o’er the lawn,
While the swain pursuing hard,
Anxious for the sweet reward,
The panting fugitive does bring,
Blushing, to the joyous ring;
’Midst laughing lads and titt’ring misses,
Takes his well-earn’d prize of kisses.
There the well-known hill appears,
Down its slope they trip in pairs;
The long drawn line, link’d hand in hand,
Waiting for the signal stand;
’Tis giv’n, and off they nimbly go!
Adown the steep in steady row,
“But stop, ah, stop!—across the slope,
Mischievous boys have drawn a rope.”

Heels o’er head away they go!
Tumbling to the vale below!
In vain the rolling fair one tries
To hide her charms from vulgar eyes;
The stocking black, or blue, or white,
The lovely legs expos’d to sight,
The pretty foot, in neat made shoe,
Nay, e’en the sacred garter too!

What joyous shouts now rend the skies,
As each fallen nymph essays to rise;
While the swain, with tender care,
Sweetly soothes his trembling fair
And from this disast’rous scene
Leads her blushing o’er the green.

Firm against yon spreading tree,
Timber toe, the fiddler see,
“Waking the soul to harmony.”

See the active sailor go,
First on heel—then on toe;
Now retreating—then advancing;
While the sprightly hornpipe dancing.

Hail! all hail! to one-tree hill!
Here we’ll sit and gaze our fill;
Ships and boats, and herds, and flocks,
Blackwall Yard, and London Docks;
A palace, too, beneath our feet,
The sailors’ well-earn’d last retreat,
And Deptford Yard, and meads and bow’rs,
And fam’d Augusta’s distant tow’rs.

If Greenwich Park such joys can give
At Whitsuntide, there let me live.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

A citizen, whose industrious habits had advanced him to a country-house, while walking one day in his garden, caught the gardener asleep under a tree. He scolded him soundly for his laziness, and ended by telling him, that such a sluggard was not worthy to enjoy the light of the sun. “It was for that reason exactly,” said the gardener, “that I crept into the shade.”

A QUICK RETORT.

A black footman was one day accosted by a fellow,—“Well, Blackee, when did you see the devil last?” Upon which Blackee, turning suddenly round, gave him a severe blow, which staggered him, and with it this appropriate and laconic answer, “When I saw him last he send you dat—how you like it.”

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

A French epigrammatist gives the following account of Beaumarchais’ Comedy of the *Marriage of Figaro*. “In this imprudent play every actor is a vice: Bartholo is *avarice*; Almaviva, *seduction*; his Tender Rib, *adultery*; Double-main, *theft*; Marcelline, a *fury*; Basile, *calumny*; Fanchette, *innocence* on its way to *seduction*; Cherubin, *libertinism*; Suzen, *craft*: as for the Figaro, the droll, he so perfectly resembles his patron, that the likeness makes one start; in short, that all the vices might be seen together, the pit in full chorus called for the author.”

TAKING THE WALL.

An ill-bred man, who always took the wall, one day said to a gentleman, "I do not give the wall to every puppy;" when the latter replied, "But I do."

CRACKING A PUN.

Two bucks, who were sitting over a pint of wine, made up for the deficiency of port by the liveliness of their wit. After many jokes had passed, one of them took up a nut, and holding it to his friend, "If this nut could speak, what would it say?"—"Why," rejoined the other, "it would say, give me none of your jaw."

WALTZING.

What! the girl I adore by another embraced?
What! the balm of her lips shall another man taste?

What! touch'd in the twirl by another man's knee?

What! panting, recline on another than me?
Sir, she's yours; from her lip you have brush'd the ripe dew;

What you've touch'd you may take.—Pretty Waltzer, adieu.

THE FAT GROCER OF MALDEN.

Edward Bright was a grocer of Maldon, in Essex, and became heir, in regular succession, to mountains of flesh, for his ancestors were remarkably fat. At the age of twelve years and a half, he weighed 144 pounds. Before he attained the age of twenty he weighed twenty-four stone; and increased about two stone in each year, so that at the time of his death his weight amounted to forty-four stone, or 616 pounds. He died at the age of thirty, November, 1750. This man, it appears, took a great deal of exercise, and even walked nimbly; his appetite always good. Towards the close of his life, he drank nothing but small-beer, at the rate of a gallon a day. After his death, seven men of twenty-one years of age were inclosed in his waistcoat, in consequence of a wager, "without breaking a stitch, or straining a button."

LAW.

How many good laws have our Parliament made!
And how many of breaking them make a mere jest?

Let us then have one more—that all laws be obey'd;

And, happily, this may be broke like the rest.

LITERARY FELONY

When Sir John Hayward published his *Life and Reign of Henry IV.*, in the year 1599, Queen Elizabeth was highly incensed at it, and asked Mr. Bacon, (afterwards Lord Bacon, one of her council) whether there was any treason contained in it? Mr. Bacon answered, "No, madam, for treason, I cannot deliver opinion that there is any; but very much felony." The queen apprehending it, gladly asked, "how and wherein?" Mr. Bacon answered, "Because he had stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus."

THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

To the bedridden rector the curate did s'ep in,
The state of his health to inquire of his wife—
And found him departed—the widow sat weeping
"Bewailing the loss of her comforts in life."

"In this valley of tears," the kind curate replied,
"From some the Lord takes, and to some he is giving;

It is your duty now, madam, to mourn for the dead,
But 'tis mine to be off and look after the living."

CLERICAL THEFT.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. "Yea," said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This being told to the preacher, he resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will; I said you had stolen the sermon; I find I was wrong; for on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it taken, I found it there."

THADDY MAHONE AND SILVIA PRATT.

Of late a fond couple alone
 In the bar of a coffee-room sat,
 Where the swain, Mr. Thaddy Mahone,
 Sigh'd hard at the plump Mrs. Pratt.
 His praises so pointedly gay,
 The widow received with a smile;
 She heard the soft things he could say,
 But she counted her silver the while
 "Mr. Pratt," the fond shepherd began,
 "How can you be cruel to me?
 I'm a lovesick and thirsty young man
 Oh give me some gunpowder-tea.
 "For rolls never trouble your mind;
 I eat when I look upon you;
 To my love let your answer be kind,
 And half a potatoe will do."
 "No trouble at all, sir, indeed,"
 Said the lady, and gave him a leer,
 "Do you wish to-day's paper to read?
 Will you please, sir, to take your tea here?"
 "Will I take my tea here? that I will
 But I never read papers nor books;
 Be pleas'd, ma'am, the tea-pot to fill,
 You sweeten the tea with your looks.
 "Saint Patrick! I've emptied the pot,"
 Exclaim'd the stout Monaghan youth;
 "But, my honey, your tea is so hot,
 It has scalded the top of my tooth.
 "How well your good time you employ;
 May I beg for a jug of your cream?
 The water's so warm, my dear joy,
 My whiskers are singed by the steam.
 "Mrs. Pratt, you're an angel in face,
 How I doat on your fingers so fair!
 Oh, I long like a dragon to place
 Another gold wedding-ring there.
 "Do you think now my lies are untrue?
 You may shut those sweet eyes of your own,
 And never see one that loves you,
 Like myself, Mr. Thaddy Mahone.

"Come join your estate to my own,
 And then what a change we shall see!
 When you are the flesh of my bone,
 What a beautiful charmer I'll be!

"I have fields in my farm at Kilmore,"—
 Again Mrs. Pratt gave a leer,
 And all that he manfully swore,
 She drank with a feminine ear.
 But scarce did the widow begin
 To answer her lover so gay;
 When, alas! a bum bailiff came in,
 And took Mr. Thaddy away.

CHOICE OF EVILS.

A gentleman who was asked whether singing or public speaking entertained him most, replied,
 "Of the two evils I certainly prefer the former; a song has an end, but a speech has none."

KNIGHTHOOD.

When Lord Sandwich was to present Admiral Campbell, he told him, that probably the King would knight him. The admiral did not much relish the honour. "Well, but," said Lord S. "perhaps Mrs. Campbell will like it."—"Then let the King knight her," answered the rough seaman.

PUNNING ON NAMES.

A Miss Hudson being addressed by a naval officer, whom she repulsed, it was observed, in her presence, that he was not the only warrior who had been foiled in endeavouring to enter Hudson's Bay.

On Mrs. Trout being delivered of a son, who was christened Jonas, a wag said—
 Three days and nights, asserts the sacred tale,
 Jonas lay hid in belly of a whale;
 A greater wonder now by far's come out—
 Jonas, from nine months lodging in a Trout!
 Mr. Bearcroft told his friend, Mr. Vansittart,
 "Your name is such a long one, I shall drop the sittart, and call you Van for the future."—"With all my heart;" said he, "by the same rule, I shall drop croft, and call you Bear."

TO A POPPISH CLERGYMAN.

Be thou, dear parson, plainly dress'd,
 All priestly frippery I detest;
 No curls should deck thy tortur'd hair,
 To make the congregation stare;
 Nor diamond ring, nor perfumes strong,
 Nor 'kerchief wav'd to thee belong

In cassock plain, and sable gown,
 Thou'lt be admir'd by all the town;
 'Twill ne'er shame thee as a divine,
 To make the sober vestments thine;
 Nor me, as an impartial friend,
 The decent garb to recommend.

THE WRONG LEG.

Dr. Thomas, (Bishop of Salisbury) forgot the day he was to be married, and was surprised at his servants bringing him a new dress. A gnat stinging him in the leg, the doctor stooped and scratched the leg of a gentleman who stood next to him.

AMOURS OF HENRY VIII.

Three Kates, two Nans, and one sweet Jane, I wedded,
 One Dutch, one Spanish, and four English wives;
 From two I got divorced, two I beheaded,
 One died in childbed, and one me survives.

Henry once sent an offer of his hand to the Princess of Parma, who returned for answer, that she was greatly obliged to the king for his compliment; and that if she had two heads, one of them should have been at his service; but, as she had only one, she could not spare it.

VALUABLE GIFT.

A scene-shifter to a provincial company having sustained some severe losses, was advised by the manager to solicit a subscription. A few days afterwards the latter asking how the business proceeded, was shewn the list of donations, which, after inspecting it, he returned, "Why, sir," said the scene-shifter, somewhat surprised, "will you not give me any thing?"—"Zounds, man," replied the other, "did not I give you the hint."

TO SIR JOHN HILL, M. D.

Thou essence of dock, of valerian and sage,
 At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
 The worst that I wish thee for all thy d—d crimes
 Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes.
 THE JUNTO.

Answer to the Junto.

Their wish in form must be revers'd,
 To suit the doctor's crimes;
 For he who takes his physic first,
 Will never read his rhymes.

The doctor sent to one of the papers the following answer:—

Ye desperate Junto, ye great or ye small,
 Who combat dukes, doctors, the devil and all,
 Whether gentlemen scribblers, or poets in jail,
 Your impertinent curses shall never prevail;
 I'll take neither sage, dock, valerian or honey,
 Do you take the physic, and I'll take the money.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH OATHS.

A highlander's oath was formerly performed, and may still be, by holding up the right-hand. A highlander, at the Carlisle assizes, had positively sworn to a fact of consequence, in the English mode; but his indifference being noticed by the opposite party, he was required to confirm his testimony by taking the oath of his country to the same. "Na, na," said the mountaineer, in his northern dialect, "dinna ye ken that thair is muckle odds between blawing on a buik and damning ane's ain saul?"

MILITARY PRIZE POEM.

On the death of General Wolfe, a premium was offered for the best written epitaph on that brave officer. A number of poets, of all descriptions, started as candidates, and among the rest was a poem sent to the editor of the Public Ledger, of which the following was one of the stanzas:—

"He march'd without dread or fears,
 At the head of his bold grenadiers;
 And what was more remarkable—nay, very particular,
 He climb'd up rocks that were perpendicular."

COCKNEYISMS.

The peculiar pronunciation of the following words is the unique property of the Cockneys, which may be said to give their precedents or rest-rolls of inheritance.

Curons, for curious; and *curostity*, for curiosity. Here is a short cut; and yet they say *stupendious*, for stupendous, which shews, that though brevity may be the soul of wit, it is not always of pronunciation.

Necessiated and *necessuated*, for necessitated.

Unpossible, for impossible.

Leastwise, for at least.

A conquest of people, for a *concourse*.

Attacked, for attacked.

Shay and *po-shay*, for chaise and post-chaise.

Gound, for gown; *schoold*, for school.

Bachelor, for bachelor.

Obtropolous, for obstreperous.

Argufy, for signify; or, to argue.

Common-garden, for Covent-garden.

Kindington, for Kensington.

Chimley, or *Chimbley*, for chimney.

Prodigious, for prodigious.

Prodigy, for prodigy.

Kber, for cover.

Sarpan, for saucepan; *sance*, for sauce; *saacor*, for macer; *sacy*, for saucy.

Dauter, for daughter.

Contagious, for contiguous.

For *fraid* of, instead of, for *fear* of.

Dubious, for dubious.

Musicianer, for musician; *opticianer*, for optician.

Spults, for quilt.

Pillar'd, for pilloried.

Strondge, for crowd.

Squedge, for squeeze.

Anger (as a verb), to make angry.

Venon, for venom.

Serment, for sermon.

Verment, for vermin. Also *surgeont*, for surgeon.

Parretick, for paralytic.

Postes and *postessor*, for posts. So also *ghostes* and *ghostesses*.

Sitiation, for situation.

Portingal, for Portugal.

Somewheres, for somewhere; *nowheres*, for nowhere; a favourite plural.

Mislest, for molest.

Scholard, for scholar.

Regiment, for regimen.

Margent, for margin.

Conträry, for contrary.

Blasphemious and *blasphémous*, for blasphemous.

Howsomdever and *whatsomdever*, for however and whatever.

Successfully, for successively; "He did not pay my bill, though I called upon him several days successfully."

Respectively, for respectfully.

Mayoraltry, for mayoralty.

Commonality, for commonalty.

Properietor, for proprietor.

Nonplush'd, for nonplus'd.

Colloguing, for colleaguings.

Drowneded, for drowned.

An-otomy, a skeleton.

Paragraft, for a paragraph.

Stagnated, for stagger'd.

Ruinated, for ruined.

Solentary, for solitary.

Eminent danger, for imminent danger.

Intosticated, for intoxicated.

Perwent, for prevent.

Preused, for perused.

Refuge, for refuse.

Radidges, for radishes; also *rubbidge*, for rubbish; *furbidge*, for furbish.

Taters, for potatoes: thus abbreviated, cockneys perhaps do not consider them as *pot-atos*, until they are put into the pot!

Loveyer, for lover.

Humoursome, for humorous.

Pottecary, for apothecary.

Sot, for sat; "he *sot* himself down;" *set*, for sit; "pray, *set* down."

Flagrant, for fragrant, as, "this moss-rose is very flagrant."

Fetch a walk, *folch'd* a walk, *cotch'd* cold.

Know'd, for knew and known; also *seed*, for saw and seen; *grow'd*, *throw'd*, *draw'd*, for grown, thrown, drawn.

Mought, for might.

Fit, for fought; a Five's-court abbreviation of the preterite *fought*.

A-dry, *a-hungry*, *a-cold*, &c.

This here; *that there*; *if so be as how—and so*.

Refusal, for refusal.

Rayly, for really.

Wind, for wine.

Scithers, for scissors.

Postponded, for postponed.

Kwine, for coin.

Inigo Jones, the architect, has been often complimented as *Indigo* Jones.

Rizz, for risen.

Lunnun, for London.

Moral, for model; "The child is the very moral of his father," who may not have much morality to spare.

Hiss, *hern*, for his or hers.

Ourn, *yourn*, for our's, your's.

Nolus bolus, for nolens volens. They also call part of the funeral service, "*De profundis*," (the 130th Psalm,) by the style and title of "*Deborah Fundish*." An ignorant imprisoned cockney pickpocket once called a "*habeas corpus*," "*a hap'orth of copperas*," which is the language of Newgate.

Weal, for veal.

Winegar, for vinegar.

Ficked, for wicked.

Vig, for wig.

Widowhood, neighbourhood, and livelihood, are called widow-wood, neighbour-wood, lively-wood.

Howdacious, for audacious.

Underminded, for undermined.

Mullygrubs, a neat symphonious expression for megrims.

Nincompoop, (a corruption of the *tim non compes*,) a fool, an idiot.

Obstacle, for obelisk.

The letter *h* is taken great liberties with by the genuine cockney, as in the following example. "They saw a flower in the *edge*; and, in trying to get at it, trod just at the *hedge* of the stream. They have their *air* cut by a fashionable dresser; and have bought a most beautiful *at*, which is a most becoming *ed-dress*, and they shall wear it the next time they go *hout* to dinner.

A City servant once began a letter to his master, the alderman, with *Horned* Sir, instead of *Honoured* Sir.

"Is there none here but you?" a usual query; used by Dean Swift to his clerk, Roger Cox, who, turning over the leaves of his prayer-book, dryly replied, "Sure, you are here too!"

THE IRISHMAN'S RECKONING.

"Who lives there, honest fellow?" said a travelling stranger,

As on thro' the county of Antrim he sped,
And who fancied that houses shut up implied danger,

"Lives there," answered Teague, "why a man that is dead."

"When did he die?" cried the stranger more gaily;

Teague pans'd, scratch'd his caxon, so straight and so sleek,

Then replied, "By my conscience, my jewel, why really,

If he'd lived till to-day, he'd been dead a whole week!"

DOUBLE CONFESSION.

A pamphlet called "The Snake in the Grass," being reported to be written by an illiterate nobleman, (probably in joke,) the gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. His lordship protested his innocence; but the gentleman not being satisfied without having it under his hand, the nobleman took a pen, and began. "This is to scratify, that the buk, called the Snak—" "Oh, my lord," said the person, "I am quite satisfied now you are not the author."

MUTUAL MISTAKE.

An Irish pig-merchant, who had more money in his pocket than his ragged appearance denoted, once took an inside passage in a Liverpool stage-coach. An exquisite, of the first order, who was a fellow-passenger, was evidently annoyed by the presence of Pat; and having missed his handkerchief, tasked him with having picked his pocket, threatening to have him taken before a magistrate, at the next stage. Before they arrived there, however, the exquisite found his handkerchief, which he had deposited in his hat. He made a very awkward kind of an apology upon the occasion; but Pat stopped him short with this remark, "Make yourself easy, my honey; there's no occasion for any bother about the matter. You took me for a thief; and I took you for a gentleman; and we are both mistaken; that's all honey."

ALDERSICH'S FIVE REASONS FOR DRINKING.

Good wine—a friend—or being dry—
Or lest we should be by and bye—
Or any other reason why.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

Kennet, Lord-Mayor of London, in the year 1780, began life as a waiter, and his manner never rose above his original station. When he was summoned to be examined in the House, one of the Members wittily observed—"If you ring the bell Kennet will come of course." One evening at the Alderman's Club, he was at the whist-table, and Mr. Alderman Pugh, a dealer in soap, and an extremely good-natured man, was at his elbow, smoking his pipe. "Ring the bell, soap-suds," said Mr. Kennet, in his coarse way. "Ring it yourself, Bar," replied the alderman, "you have been twice as much used to it as I have."

LOVE.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself; and all that runs over will be yours.

LOGIC.

Cries logical Bobby to Ned, will you dare
A bet, which has most legs, a mare, or *no mare*.
A mare, to be sure, replied Ned, with a grin,
And fifty I'll lay, for I'm certain to win.
Quoth Bob, you have lost, sure as you are alive,
A mare has but four legs, and *no mare* has five.

TEDIOUS BREAKFAST.

When Buonaparte was preparing to invade Spain, Talleyrand remonstrated against it as fraught with difficulties. "No, no," said Napoleon, "the war with Spain will be only a breakfast for me."—"I fear," replied the minister, "that your Majesty may be long at table."

ROUGH ROADS.

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

GREENWICH AND DULWICH.

A celebrated living poet, occasionally a little absent of mind, was invited by a friend, whom he met in the street, to dine with him at a country lodging he had taken for the summer months. The address was "near the *Green Man* at *Dulwich*," which, not to put his inviter to the trouble of pencilling down, our bard promised faithfully to remember. But when Sunday came, he made his way to *Greenwich*, and began inquiring for the sign of the *Dull Man*! No such sign was to be found; and, after losing an hour, a person guessed that though there was no *Dull Man* at *Greenwich*, there was a *Green Man* at *Dulwich*, which the gentleman might possibly mean.

MOURNING SUITS.

Parsons and lawyers, both you'll find
By mourning suits are known;
Those for the sins of all mankind,
The other for their own.

ODE TO MY PIPE.

Pipe! whether plain in fashion of Frey-herr,
Or gaudy glittering in the taste of Boor,
Deep-darkened Meer-schaum or Ecume-demer,
Or snowy clay of Gowda, light and pure.
Let different people different pipes prefer,
Delft, horn, or catgut, long, short, older, newer,
Puff, every brother, as it likes him best,
De gustibus non disputandum est.

Pipe! when I stuff into thee my canaster,
With flower of camomile and leaf of rose,
And the calm rising fume comes fast and faster,
Curling with balmy circles near my nose
And all the while my dexter hand is master
Of the full cup from Meux's vat that flows.
Heavens! all my brain a soft oblivion wraps
Of wafered letters and of single taps.

I've no objections to a good segar,
A true Havannah, smooth and moist, and brown;
But then the smoke's too near the eye by far,
And out of doors 'tis in a twinkling flown;
And somehow it sets all my teeth ajar,
When to an inch or so we've smoked him down;
And if your leaf have got a straw within it,
You know 'tis like a cinder in a minute.

I have no doubt a long excursive hooker
Suits well some lordly loungee of Bengal,
Who never writes or looks into a book, or
Does any thing with earnestness at all;
He sits, and his tobacco's in the nook, or
Tended by some black heathen in the hall,
Lays up his legs, and thinks he does great things
If once in the half-hour a puff he brings.

I rather follow in my smoking trim
The example of Scots cotters and their wives,
Who, while the evening air is warm and dim,
In July sit beside their garden hives;
And, gazing all the while with wrinkles grim
To see how the concern of honey thrives,
Empty before they've done a four-ounce bag
Of sailors' twist, or, what's less common—slag.

MENDING A PEN.

When Mr. Penn, a young gentleman well-known for his eccentricities, walked from Hyde-park-corner to Hammersmith, for a wager of one hundred guineas, with the Hon. Butler Danvers, several gentlemen who had witnessed the contest spoke of it to the Duchess of Gordon, and added, it was a pity that a man with so many good qualities as *this Penn* had, should be incessantly playing these unaccountable pranks. "It is so," said her grace; "but why don't you advise him better? He seems to be a *pen* that every body cuts, but nobody mends."

FEMALE VIRTUE.

Did ladies now (as we are told
Our great grandmother did of old)
Wake to a sense of blasted fame,
The fig-tree spoil to hide their shame,
So numerous are these modern Eves,
A forest scarce could find them leaves.

SWIFT ON STOCK JOBBERS.

He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is said, proverbially, to sell the *bear's skin*, while the bear runs in the woods; and it being common for stock-jobbers to make contracts for transferring stock at a future time, though they were not possessed of the stock to be transferred, they were called sellers of bear-skins, or "*bears*." Another interpretation arises from the general character for *trampling under-foot*, which agrees with their department of business, viz. to keep down the stocks.

ON A PHYSICIAN.

Here Doctor Fisher lies interr'd,
Who filled the half of the church-yard.

HONESTY.

A gentleman once asserted that he did not believe that there was a truly honest man in the whole world; Sir, said a bye-stander, it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world; but it is very possible that some one man—*may know himself.*

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Suppose us, now, at Mrs. Flourish's,—chairs and sofas all crowded; the ceremonies of tea and coffee quite finished, and the eyes and ears of the visitors all expanded for the promised display. "Now, my dear Diggory," said the young gentleman's dotting mamma, "make your best bow to the company, my love, and let Doctor Tadpole hear you speak 'The Newcastle Apothecary!'" I always like my Diggory to say summat happy-cable."—"Then suppose, Madam," replied the Doctor, "suppose the young gentleman recites Gay's fable of 'The Old Hen and the Cock!'"—"Darry me, Doctor, he shall learn that next, after he has got 'Gimlet,' and 'Mounseer Tonson,' and 'Bucks have at you all!' and 'Young Norval,' and 'Old Towler,' and 'All the World's a Stage,' and——"—"Hold, hold, my dear madam! why there's enough for the next nine months already;—why, you'd multiply the ten parts of speech by forty, and let us have all of them!"—"Come then, Diggory, my man, I'll ring the bell, and snuff the candles, and you shall give us that first one first, howsomever; and we'll have others afterwards." The Doctor interfered no further; the company adjusted themselves in proper order, and sat in rueful expectation of the coming pleasure.

I must here premise, that Master Flourish's memory, although tolerably tenacious as to the number of its subjects, was rather variable as to the method of detailing them; thus making a kind of dramatic cross-reading, which sometimes marred the solemn effect of his tragedy. At length, therefore, after blacking his face, clearing his throat, and pulling up his trowsers, he thus began:—

"I do remember an apothecary,
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
A balligator stuff'd;—
A member of this Esculapian line
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
His name was Bolus!

My poverty, but not my will consents,
When taken—To be well shaken.
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Calling aloud—What, ho! Apothecary!"

During this very extraordinary exhibition, the good old lady winked, nodded, and prompted, but all to no purpose. The fact was, Master Diggory's speeches were literally at his fingers' ends, as, being accustomed to work them into his head, by scratching himself with a particular finger, the same manœuvre was always to be performed at the recital, and the application of a wrong digit invariably introduced a wrong passage. "Why, Diggory, my love!" at length exclaimed his perturbed mamma,—"you were sadly out, my dear! Now do try again, chuck, and let the company hear Gimlet's sillyliquous about Toby." Master Flourish, junior, accordingly again hah'd and hemmed; and, after the usual evolutions, thus broke out:—

"Toby, or not Toby,—that there s the question?
Whether—my name is Norval
On the Grampian hills,—My father feeds his
Pigs,—no, sheep,—his flocks—flocks of
Pigeons, that flesh is heir to.
To die, to sleep, a horse! a horse!—
My kingdom for a horse!
Aye, there's the rub! for, for, for,—
Heaven soon granted what my sire denied, you
moon!"

Here young Hopeful concluded; most of the company expressed themselves perfectly satisfied, and even Doctor Tadpole was convinced that, in some cases, a single dose is one too many

HALF-WAY AND BACK.

An old gentleman, who had been accustomed to walk round St. James's Park every day, was once met by a clergyman in the Mall, who asked him if he still continued to take his usual walk, "No, sir," replied the old man, "I cannot do so much now; I cannot get round the Park; but I will tell you what I do instead, I go half round and back again."

THE BERKSHIRE PUBLICAN.

Friend Isaac, 'tis strange you, that live so near
Bray,

Should not set up the sign of the vicar;
Though it may be an odd one, you cannot but say,
It must be the sign of good liquor.

The Answer.

Indeed, master poet, your reason's but poor;
For the vicar would think it a sin
To stay, like a booby, and lounge at the door;
'Twere a sign of bad liquor within.

HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS.

The following paper contains regulations for the
household-servants of an English baronet, about
the year 1566.

1. That no servant bee absent from praier, at
morning or evening, without a lawfull excuse, to
bee alleged within one day after vppon paine to
forfeit for eury tyme 2d.

2. That none sweare any othe vppon pain for
eury one 1d.

3. That no man leau any doore open that he
findeth shut, without theare be cause, vppon paine
for eury tyme 1d.

4. That none of the men be in bed, from our
Lady-day to Michaelmas, after 6 of the clock in
the morning; nor out of his bed after 10 of the
clock at night; nor from Michaelmas till our
Lady-day, in bed after 7 in the morning, nor out
after 9 at night, without reasonable cause, on
paine of 2d.

5. That no man's bed be vnmade, nor fire or
candle-box vncleane after 8 of the clock in the
morning, on paine of 1d.

6. That no man teach any of the children any
unhonest speeche, or othe, on pain of 4d.

7. That no man waite at table without a tren-
cher in his hand, except it be vppon some good
cause, on paine of 1d.

8. That no man appointed to waite at my table
be absent that meale without reasonable cause, on
paine of 1d.

9. If anie man break a glasse hee shall answere
the price thereof out of his wages: and if it be
not known who breake it, the butler shall pay for
it, on paine of 12d.

10. The table must be covered half-an-hour
before 11 at dinner, and 6 at supper, or before, on
paine of 2d.

11. That meate be readie at 11, or before, at
dinner, and 6, or before, at supper, on paine of 6d.

12. That none be absent without leave or good
cause, the whole day, or anie part of it, on paine
of 4d.

13. That no man strike his fellow, on paine of
losse of service; nor reuile or threaten, or pro-
voke one another to strike, on paine of 12d.

14. That no man come to the kitchen without
reasonable cause on paine of 1d. and the cook
likewise to forfeit 1d.

15. That none toy with the maids, on paine of
4d.

16. That no man weare foul shirt on Sunday,
nor broken hose or shoes, or dublett without buttons,
on paine of 1d.

17. That when any stranger goeth hence, the
chamber be dressed vp againe within four howres
after, on paine of 1d.

18. That the hall bee made cleane eury day, the
eighth in the winter and seuen in the summer, on
paine of him that shall doe it 1d.

19. That the court-gate bee shut each meale
and not opened during dinner and supper, without
just cause, on paine the porter to forfeit
eury tyme 1d.

20. That all stayrs in the house, and other rooms
that need shall require, bee made cleane on Friday
after dinner, on pain of forfeiture for euery
one whom it shall belong vnto 3d.

All which summes shall be duly paide each
quarter-day out of their wages, and bestowed
the poore, or other goodly use.

OUT OF DEBT.

You say you nothing owe, and so I say,
He only owes who something has—to pay.

NAME OF A COACH.

A traveller in a stage, not particularly celebrated for its celerity, inquired of the gentleman who sat next him, what the coach was called; upon which the latter replied, "I think, sir, it must be the *Regulator*, for I observe all the other coaches go by it."

THE BRIGHTON BELLE,

Addressed to a Gentleman at Nottingham.

No longer boast your midland town;
The flow'r of English fair possesses;
A lovelier band no spot can own,
Than what our happy Sussex blesses.

Come quit your nest of stocking-loom
And take with me a trip to Brighton;
All that enchanting place illumines
Which heart can love or eye delight in.

And he who there can keep his heart,
Tho' he hath travell'd from Jerusalem,
May safely dare love's potent dart,
Should he in age exceed Methusalem.

Vain all your efforts to retreat,
Or shield yourself by meditation;
Where angels at each step you meet,
And ev'ry star's a constellation.

"But there's ane lass in prime of youth,
Aboon them a', I loe her better;"
That's right broad Scotch; but since 'tis truth,
I quote the ballad to the letter.

And faith so soon I'm set on flame,
That, ope my heart this very minute,
Depend on't, Dick, you'd find her name
Engrav'd, and pretty deeply, in it.
A face and form to rival Venus,
A sparkling eye of love and light full,
(To use could quiz—I think between us,)
The tout ensemble is delightful.

I will not sing her charms in rhyme,
Who writes of her in verse but proses;
For surely 'tis a waste of time,
To praise the hue or sweets of roses.

But this I know, that, say or sing,
The sight of her to me's a sweeter,
Yet, curse me, 'tis an easier thing,
To see this damsel than forget her!

And were I not so over nice,
(Or not such brass, as you say rather,)
I could methinks give some advice,
Would prove of service to her father.

For, sure, were all men of my mind,
His girl might prove a mighty saving;
Five minutes gaze on her they'd find
A cure for all their warm-bath craving.

And he might charge the usual tip,
For where's the man would grudge to pay it?
He snre must be a frigid rip,
And dead to beauty, though I say it.

But soft! too fast my projects rise,
And after all I should but fool him;
For when thus warm'd at Kitty's eyes
All his cold-baths could never cool 'em.

OXY-GIN AND HYDRO-GIN.

While a ventriloquist was describing the nature of gas, a *blue-stocking* lady clamorously inquired of a gentleman near her, what he meant by *oxy-gin* and *hydro-gin*, or what was the difference? "Very little, Madam," said he; "by *oxy-gin*, we mean *pure gin*, and by *hydro-gin gin* and *water*."

THE BASHFUL MAN,

Written by Himself, in a Letter to a Friend.

I labour under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most ambitious to appear;—but I shall give you a short sketch of my present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer, of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was

sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended.

Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with an estate of about two thousand pounds a-year, joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother, and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at *Friendly-Hall*, dependant on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons from a professor who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and although I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory* when unsupported by habitual *practice*! As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery-servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge

of my distress; and of that description, the number; I believe, is very small. The Baronet's politeness, by degrees, dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books, in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning several editions of the Greek classics, in which the Baronet's ideas exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I supposed) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board which, by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm. I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkish carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served up; and I with joy then understood that the bell which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter.

at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dash, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my breeches, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this inflammation, and for some minutes my legs felt as if they were stewed in a boiling cauldron; not collecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his face, when I trod upon his toes, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities paralysed, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I committed during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or to select various dishes that stood near me, spilling my soup, and knocking down a saltcellar; but let me hasten to the second course, where my distressers quite overwhelmed me.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my plate, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to let me for a pigeon that stood near me. In haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in a fit of shame and resolution, I was obliged to confess the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the pain; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness; but oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely

designed, to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain over all the dishes,—and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

ON A GIANT ANGLING.

His angle-rod, made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke,
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

ECLIPSE DEFERRED.

Dean Swift one day observed a great rabble assembled before his deanery door, and upon inquiring the cause, was told it was to see an eclipse. He immediately sent to the beadle, and gave him instructions what to do. Away ran the crier for his bell, and after ringing it some time in the crowd, bawled out, "Oh yes, oh yes, all manner of persons concerned, are desired to take notice, that it is the Dean of St. Patrick's will and pleasure, that the eclipse be put off till this hour to-morrow. So God save the King and his reverence the Dean."

THE HUMOUROUS REFUSAL; OR, SUNDRY
NOVEL OBJECTIONS AGAINST GOING
TO SEA.

Of a vein most facetious and quaint was Dick
Swill,
But the joys of the bottle his thoughts aye did
fill;

One day to his sire, who made a great fuss
In begging to sea he would go, Dick spoke thus:
"Dear father, no further insist on this matter—
Ods heart! the trite subject is worn to a tatter;
But yet, ere *in toto* we wisely dismiss it,
Just hear me expound my refusal explicit:—
Your son well-advised from such dangers would
keep—

He's a vast deal too deep, sir, to tempt the vast
deep;
Nor into the hazard of drowning e'er pon' he,
Unless in epitome, drowning—by dropsy
The ocean, oh shun! would I say to my soul,
Or be thy *main* sport but a brimming punch-bowl.
Then, sir, living at sea would be scarcely to me
life,

Who like to see life, though I like not a *sea* life.
Obeying, I quickly most wretched should be,
And besides being *sea-sick*, quite *sick of the sea*.
What *vessels* care I for, save vessels of wine?
What *anchors*, save anchors of brandy divine?
Say, how can I *harbour* a thought about *Port*,
Save that which creates the gay Bacchanal's
sport?

Besides, who could ever regard as a treat
That compound of leather and brine, their salt
meat?

'Twere not fair to expect with such fare life to
drag on;

No—give me a flagon—I'll ne'er think a flag on.
Then, hang it! that word of such ominous scope,
Rope's-end—which suggests the sad end by a
rope.

But should some grand booty (like Colchis' rich
fleece)

Reward my sea perils, thro' Fate's kind caprice,

Would there not *then*, you ask me, be argumen
some for't?

Ah no;—I should be but *flec'd* out of my cos
fort.

That man must possess, sir, a mind that nong
minds,

Who at the ship's stern can endure the stern
winds;

Ah! think what a toil, in one's life's latter stag
To be *ploughing* the main 'midst the *furrows*
age!

I prefer a deep glass to the glassy deep, far,
And now *pitch* to oblivion all thoughts 'bout
tar.

Thus, as for the *sea*, my dear father now know
all

The motives which urge me to *wave* the proposal

A BANDY JOKE.

A company of itinerant actors once attempt
to gratify the inhabitants of a country town
their united efforts; one of our best tragedies w
selected for the night's amusement. In the four
act of the tragedy, the Duke, sitting in judgmen
ordered the culprit into court, in these words—

"Bring the vile offender *straight* before us."
The messenger, who was a wag, stepped forward
and exclaimed in the superlative, "It's impo
sible, your grace, to bring him *straight* before
you, for he is one of the handiest legged fellows
you ever saw in all your life;" which occasion
such a universal roar, that a considerable time
elapsed before the comical tragedy could be pr
ceeded with.

ON A POSTILION.

Here I lays,
Killed by a chaise.

BED.

Bed is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it wi
reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; and
make up our minds every night to leave it earl
but we make up our bodies every morning to kn
it late.

BILLY TAYLOR.

Billy Taylor was a brisk young feller,
Full of mirth, and full of glee,
And his mind he did diskiver
To a lady fair and free.

Four and twenty brisk young fellers,
Drest they vas in rich array,
They kim and they seized Billy Taylor,
Pressed he vas, and sent to sea.

His true-love she followed arter,
Under the name of Richard Car,
And her hands were all bedaubed
With the nasty pitch and tar.

Arrangement came on the very next morning;
Bold she fit among the rest;
The wind aside did blow her jacket,
And diskivered her lily-white breast.

Was the captain kim for to know it,
He says vat vind has blown you to me?
And sir; I be kim for to seek my true-love,
Whom you pressed and sent to sea.

If you be kim to seek your true-love
He from the ship is gone away,
You'll find him in London streets, ma'am,
Talking with his lady gay.

She rose up early in the morning,
Long before the break of day:
And she found false Billy Taylor,
Talking with his lady gay.

Straight she called for swords and pistils,
Brought they vas at her command,
She fell on shooting Billy Taylor,
With his lady in his hand.

When the captain be kim for to know it,
He very much applauded her for what she
had done,

And he made her first lieutenant,
Of the valiant Thunder bomb.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

The Beehive of the Romish church, 1580, black
letter, contains the following story—There was a

lively holy monke, which was continually tempted
and troubled with a deuill, euen tyll his olde days;
and when, in the ende, hee began to waxe weery
of it, hee then did pray the deuill, very friendly,
that hee woulde let him alone in quiet; where-
upon the deuill did answere him, that so farre
as he woulde promise to doe, and sweare to keepe
secrete a thing that hee woulde commande him,
then he woulde leaue off to trouble him any more.
The monke did promyse him, and tooke thereupon
a deepe othe. Then sayde the deuill; "If thou
wilt that I shall trouble thee no more, then thou
must not pray any more to that image;" and it
was an image of our ladie, holding her childe in
armes. But the monke was more craftie than the
deuill; for he went and confessed him of it, the
next daye, to the abbot, and the abbot did dis-
pence with him for his othe, upon condition that
hee should continue his praying to the image.

ON A PARISH PARSON.

Come, let us rejoyce, merry boys, at his fall,
For, egad, had he lived, he'd have buried us all.

VIOLATION OF THE SABBATH.

In the time of Marlow, the celebrated patriot,
fanaticism ran so high, that an order was issued
by the Privy Council that no *beer* should be
brewed on a Saturday. This very singular order
being the subject of conversation, King James the
Second asked Marlow, during the period he was
composing his celebrated "Jew of Malta," what
his opinion was of the subject, "May it please
your Majesty," replied Marlow, "you may de-
pend upon it, the reason why they will not suffer
any *beer* to be brewed upon a Saturday, is, for
fear it should *work* on a Sunday.

DEFINITION OF THE WORD NEWS.

The word explains itself, without the Muse,
And the four letters speak from whence comes
news,

From north, east, west, south, the solution's made,
Each quarter gives accounts of war and trade.

REASONS FOR HANGING A WEAVER

A blacksmith of a village murdered a man, and was condemned to be hang'd. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the alcade that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith, to shoe horses, mend wheels, &c. But the alcade said, "How, then, can I fulfil justice?" A labourer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place, one is enough; *hang the other.*"

BOTHERATION.

Copy of an Order sent by a Farmer's Wife, to a Tradesman in Town, for a Scarlet Cardinal.

Sir,—If you please to send me a scarlet cardinal, let it be full yard long, and let it be full, it is for a large woman; they tell me I may have a large one and a handsome one for eleven shillings, I should not be willing to give more than twelve; but if you have any as long either duffel or cloth, if it comes cheaper I should like to have it, for I am not to give more than twelve shillings; I beg you, sir, to be so good as not to fail sending me this cardinal on Wednesday without fail, let it be full yard long, I beg, or else it will not do, fail not on Wednesday, and by so doing you will oblige, Your humble servant, M. W.

P.S. I hope you will charge your lowest price, and if you please not to send me a duffel one, but cloth, full yard long and full, and please to send it to Mr. Field's the waterman, who comes to the Beehive, at Queenhithe; pray don't send me a duffel one, but cloth; I have altered my mind, I should not like it duffel, but cloth; let it be full yard long, and let it be cloth, for I don't like duffel; it must not be more than twelve shillings at most, one of the cheapest you have and full yard long; send two, both of a length, and both large ones full yard long; both of a price, they be both for one woman, they must be exactly alike for goodness and price, fail then not on Wednesday, and full yard long.

THE FRIARS OF DIJON.—A TALE.

When honest men confess'd their sins,
And paid the church genteely—
In Burgundy two Capuchins
Lived jovially and freely.

They march'd about from place to place,
With shrift and dispensation;
And mended broken consciences,
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One friar was Father Boniface,
And he ne'er knew disquiet,
Save when condemn'd to saying grace
O'er mortifying diet.

The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form and sallow,
Would scarce have made a candlewick
For Boniface's tallow.

Albeit, he tippled like a fish,
Though not the same potation;
And mortal man ne'er clear'd a dish
With nimbler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts arrived,
One evening late, to pigeon
A country pair for alms, that lived
About a league from Dijon—

Whose supper pot was set to boil,
On faggots briskly crackling;
The friars enter'd, with a smile,
To Jacquez and to Jacqueline

They bow'd, and bless'd the dame, and then
In pious terms besought her,
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water.

For water and a crust they crave,
Those mouths that even on Lent days,
Scarce knew the taste of water, save
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacquez, "That were sorry cheer
For men fatigued and dusty;
And if ye supp'd on crusts, I fear
You'd go to bed but crusty."

So forth he brought a flask of rich
Wine fit to feast Silenus,
And viands, at the sight of which
They laugh'd like two Hyænas.

Alternately the host and spouse
Regaled each pardon-gauger,
Who told them tales right marvellous,
And lied as for a wager—

'Bout churches like balloons convey'd
With aeronautic martyrs;
And wells made warm, where holy maid
Had only dipt her garters.

And if their bearers gaped, I guess
With jaws three inch asunder,
Twas part out of weariness,
And partly out of wonder.

Then striking up duets, the Freres
Went on to sing in matches,
From psalms to sentimental airs,
From these to glees and catches.

At last they would have danced outright,
Like a baboon and tame bear,
If Jacques had not drunk Good night,
And shewn them to their chamber.

The room was high, the host's was nigh —
Had wife or he suspicion,
That monks would make a raree-show
Of chinks in the partition?—

Or that two confessors would come
Their holy ears out-reaching,
To conversations as hum-drum
Almost as their own preaching?

Shame on you Friars of orders gray,
That peeping knelt, and wriggling,
And when ye should have gone to pray,
Betook yourselves to giggling!

But every deed will have its meed:
And hark! what information
Has made the sinners, in a trice,
Look black with consternation.

The farmer on a bone prepares,
His knife, a long and keen one;
And talks of killing both the Freres,
The fat one and the lean one,

To-morrow, by the break of day,
He orders too, salt-petre,
And pickling tubs; but, reader, stay,
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country-folk
Gave pigs the name of friars;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they'd trod on briars.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

What, pickle and smoke us limb by limb!
God curse him and his larders!
St. Peter will bedevil him,
If he salt-petres Friars.

Yet, Dominick, to die!—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly;—
Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that for absolution's sake
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick, thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation,
And thou shouldst have my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls,
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the Saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadillos.

Yet midst this penitential plight
A thought their fancies tickled,
'Twere better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they gift themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of Saints to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one lighted like a cat,
Then scamper'd off like Jehu,
Nor stopp'd to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of a clay hue—

Who being by nature more design'd
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That broaden'd with the plumping.

There long beneath the window's sconce
His bruises he sat pawing,
Squat as the figure of a bonze
Upon a Chinese drawing.

At length he waddled to a sty ;
The pigs, you'd thought for game sake,
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town,
And with short respiration
Bray'd like a donkey up and down
Ass-ass-ass-assination !

Men left their beds, and night-capp'd heads
Popp'd out from every casement ;
The cats ran frighten'd on the leads ;
Dijon was all amazement.

Doors bang'd, dogs bay'd, and boys hurra'd,
Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
Till soundest-sleeping watchmen woke,
And even at last the mayor rose—

Who, charging him before police,
Demands of Dominick surly,
What earthquake, fire, or breach of peace
Made all this hurly-burly ?

Ass—quoth the priest—ass-assins, sir,
Are (hence a league, or nigher)
About to salt, scrape, massacre
And barrel up a friar.

Soon at the magistrate's command,
A troop from the gens-d'armes house
Of twenty men rode sword in hand,
To storm the bloody farm's house.

As they were cantering toward the place,
Comes Jacquez to the swineyard,
But started when a great round face
Cried, Rascal, hold thy whinyard.

'Twas Boniface, as mad's King Lear,
Playing antics in the piggery :—
“ And what the devil brought you here,
You mountain of a friar, eh ? ”

Ah, once how jolly, now how wan,
And blubber'd with the vapours,
That frantic Capuchin began
To cut fantastic capers—

'Crying help, hollo, the bellows blow,
The pot is on to stew me ;
I am a pretty pig, but no !
They shall not barbacue me.

Nor was this raving fit a sham ;
In truth, he was hysterical,
Until they brought him out a dram,
And that wrought like a miracle.

Just as the horseman halted near,
Crying, Murderer, stop, ohoy, oh !
Jacquez was comforting the frere
With a good glass of noyeau—

Who beckon'd to them not to kick up
A row ; but waxing mellow,
Squeez'd Jacquez' band, and with a hiccup
Said you're a damn'd good fellow.

Explaining lost but little breath :—
Here ended all the matter ;
So God save Queen Elizabeth,
' And long live Henry Quatre !

The gens-d'armes at the story broke—
Into horse fits of laughter,
And, as if they had known the joke,
Their horses neigh'd thereafter.

Lean Dominick, methinks, his chaps
Yawn'd weary, worn, and moody,
So may my readers, too perhaps,
And thus I wish 'em good day.

HECTIC FEVER.

As the Duke of Sully was going one morning into the chamber of Henry IV. of France, he met a lady of easy virtue, who he knew had just left the apartment of this amorous monarch. When Sully came, the king received him with a very serious countenance, told him he was very unwell, and added, that, "For the whole morning he had a fever, which had but just left him."—"I know it has left you," replied the minister, "I know it has left you, I met it going away, all in green."

A SEA CHAPLAIN'S RELIGION.

When the Earl of Cloncartie was captain of a man-of-war, and was cruising on the coast of Spain, he happened to lose his chaplain, who was carried off by a fever; on which the lieutenant, a Scotchman, gave him notice of it, saying, at the same time, "that he was sorry to inform him that he died a Roman Catholic."—"Well, so much the better," said his lordship. "Oot awa, my lord, wae can you say so of a British clergyman?"—"Why," said his lordship, "because I believe I am the first captain of a man-of-war that could do without having a chaplain who had any religion."

ON A LOCKSMITH.

A zealous locksmith died of late,
And silent stands at heaven's gate;
The reason why he will not knock,
Is that he means to pick the lock.

FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

A Cornish clergyman having a dispute concerning several shares in different mines, found it necessary to send for a London lawyer, to have the conversation with the witnesses, examine the depositions, view the premises, &c. The divine very soon found that his legal assistant was as great

a scoundrel as ever was struck off the rolls. However, as he thought this knowledge might be useful, he showed him his papers, took him to compare the surveyor's drawing with the situation of the pits, &c. When in one of these excursions, the professional gentleman was descending a deep shaft by means of a rope which he held tight in his hand, he called out to the parson who stood at the top, "Doctor, as you have not confined your studies to geography, but know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this to the pit in the infernal regions?"—"I cannot exactly ascertain the distance," replied the divine, "but let go your hold, and you'll be there in a minute."

BACCHANALIAN ODE

Inscribed to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

While worldly men through stupid years
Without emotion jog,
Devoid of passions, hopes, and fears,
As senseless as a log—
I much prefer my nights to spend,
A happy ranting dog,
And see dull care his front unbend
Before the smile of Hogg.

The life of man's a season drear,
Immersed in mist and fog,
Until the star of wit appear,
And set its clouds agog.
For me, I wish no brighter sky
Than o'er a jug of grog,
When fancy kindles in the eye,
The good gray eye of Hogg.

When Misery's car is at its speed,
The glowing wheels to cog;
To make the heart where sorrows bleed
Leap lightly like a frog;
Gay verdure o'er the crag to shower,
And blossoms o'er the bog,
Wit's potent magic has the power,
When thou dost wield it, Hogg!

PROCLAMATION FOR HOLDING A FAIR AMONG THE SCOTCH.

O yes ! and that's e'e time ; O yes ! and that's twa times ; O yes ! and that's third and last time. All manner of person or persons whosoever, let 'em draw near, and I shall let 'em ken that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholm, for the space of aught days, wherein gin, any hustrin, custrin, land-lopper, dubs-kouper, or gang-the-gate-swingier, shall breed any hurdam, durdam, rabblement, babblement, or squabblement, he shall have his lugs tacked to the muckle throne, with a nail of twa-a-penny until he down on his hobshanks, and up with his muckle doup, and pray to ha'en nine times God bless the king, and thrice the muckle laird of Relton, paying a groat to me Jemmy Ferguson, bailey of the aforesaid manor. So you've heard my proclamation, and I'll gang hame to my dinner.

NUDA PAPILLA.

In Paradise, ere baneful sin began,
Naked were seen the woman and the man,
But when blest innocence remained no more,
Sin brought forth shame and cast a covering o'er ;
Their *virtuous times primæval worth* express
By throwing off the incumbrances of dress ;
Our beauteous belles, with elegance and ease,
And in a *state of nature*, strive to please.
Hail, heav'nly charmers ! justly you're ador'd
Now *shame* is fled, and *innocence* restor'd

DRESSING AND SHAVING.

Two sailors went into a cook's shop, and called for dinner. The landlady set before them a piece of boiled pork, which had not been properly singed, many long hairs adhering to it. "Jack," said one to his companion, "I cannot stomach this pork ; why, the hairs are half as thick and as long as a cable."—"You may eat away, gentlemen," said the landlady ; "I can assure you it is good meat, for I *dressed* it myself."—"Did you so ? mistress," said the other sailor ; "I wish you had also *shaved* it yourself."

BAD TIMES.

A Yorkshireman meeting with a friend in London, the following conversation took place between them:—"Sad times," says the Yorkshireman, "how dun you come ou here in Lunun?"—"Very bad," replied the other, "*a honest man has no chance to live, now-a-days.*"—"Ah ! (says the Yorkshireman) but *we mixes it bit in our country.*"

ON A WOMAN WHO WAS SINGING BALLADS FOR MONEY TO BURY HER HUSBAND.

For her husband deceas'd, Sally chaunts a
sweet lay,
Why, faith, it is singular sorrow ;
But (I doubt) since she sings for a dead man a
day,
She'll cry for a live one to morrow.

UNLUCKY OMISSION.

The company of Stationers, in the reign of Charles I., took it into their heads to command people to commit adultery ; for in the Bible they then printed, at the King's Printing-office, Blackfriar's, now the Times' Office, instead of the usual run of the seventh commandment, a great number of copies were issued with this reading, "Thou shalt commit adultery." Archbishop Laud, however, had them up to the Star Chamber, and fined them severely for the oversight. Whether the reading world availed themselves of the licence given in the early copies, history doth not tell. The Spectator, however, archly remarks, "tho he fears many young profligates of both sexes are possessed of this spurious edition, and observe the commandment very strictly."

DRYDEN'S IRRITABILITY.

Dryden, in his play of the "Conquest of Granada," makes Almanzor say to Boudelin, King of Grenada—

"Ohey'd as sovereign by thy subjects be ;
But know, that *I alone* am king of me."
This mode of expression incurred the censure

the critics, which Dryden's temper could not easily bear; and it was retorted upon him by Colonel Heylyn, the nephew of Dr. Heylyn, the cosmographer. Not long after the publication of his book, the doctor had the little misfortune to lose his way upon a large common, which created an innocent laugh against him, as a minute geographer. Dryden, falling into the colonel's company at a coffee-house, rallied him upon the circumstance which had happened to his uncle, and asked where it was that he lost himself? "Sir," said the colonel, "I cannot answer you exactly; but I recollect that it was somewhere in the kingdom of *Us*!" Dryden took his hat, and walked off.

MATRIMONIAL WHIMS.

I will not have a man that's tall,
A man that's little is worse than all;
I will not have a man that's fair,
A man that's black I cannot bear;
A young man is a constant pest,
An old one would my room infest;
A man of sense, they say, is proud,
A senseless one is always loud;
A man that's rich I'm sure won't have me,
And one that's poor I fear would starve me;
A sailor always smells of tar,
A rogue, they say, is at the bar;
A sober man I will not take,
A gambler soon my heart would break;
Of all professions, tempers, ages,
Not one my buoyant heart engages;
Yet strange and wretched is my fate,
For still I sigh for the marriage state.

LUTHER'S POLEMICS.

Luther, the German reformer, thus addresses the pope: "Little pope, little, little pope, you are an ass, a lubberly ass; walk very softly, it is slippery, you will break your legs, and then people will say, what the devil is this? The little ass of a pope is lamed. An ass knows it is an ass; a stone knows it is a stone; but these little asses of popes do not know that they are asses."

ENGLISH SANG FROID.

An Englishman applied, when at Berlin, to the lord-mareschal, to present him to the king, Frederick the Great. His lordship told him, that it was not such an easy matter, and that many great noblemen had been refused. "Faith!" said the Englishman, "it is not that I care much about it; but, as I have already seen five kings, I should be glad to make up the half-dozen."

WIGS.

Soon after the death of Counsellor Pitcairne, Counsellor Seare bought his tye-wig; and when Seare appeared in it at the Chancery-bar, the Lord-Chancellor (Hardwick) addressing Mr. Seare, (or rather the wig) said, "Mr. Pitcairne, have you any thing to move?"

The sight of a wig has also an evangelical effect. A man returned from attending one of Whitfield's sermons, and said, "it was good for him to be there: the place, indeed, was so crowded, that he had not been able to get near enough to hear him; but then," he said, "I saw his blessed wig."

ON CAPTAIN THOMAS STONE.

As the earth the earth doth cover,
So under this stone lies another.

JAPANESE PUNCTILIO.

A Japanese, who had been brought from Russia, in the suite of the ambassador, one day, in a fit of despondency, made an attempt to cut his throat with a razor. A physician and surgeon instantly prepared to staunch the blood; but a Japanese guard interposed, asserting, that it would be unprecedented to take any measures until the governor's orders had been received. It was in vain to tell them, that the man might die in the interim: he was left to bleed till the arrival of some of the Banjos, who declared that it would have been quite irregular for the Russian doctors to save the life of a Japanese; and he was accordingly turned over to the faculty, to be dealt with according to the laws and institutions of Japan.

PRIDE OF PARENTAGE.

A cornet of hussars, who was not the most polished in his manners, having joined his regiment, was asked by his colonel what his father was? He replied a farmer."—"Pity your father did not make you follow his trade." Upon which the cornet asked, "Pray, sir, what is your father?"—"A gentleman, sir."—"Pity he did not make you one," replied the cornet.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A BALL-ROOM.

The beaux are jogging on the pictured floor,
The belles responsive trip with lightsome heels;
While I, deserted, the cold pangs deplore,
Or breathe the wrath which slighted beauty feels.

When first I entered glad, with glad mamma,
The girls were ranged and clustered round us
then;

Few beaux were there, those few with scorn I saw,
Unknowing dandies that could come at ten.

My buoyant heart beat high with promised pleasure,
My dancing garland, moved with airy grace;

Quick beat my active toe to Gow's gay measure,
And undissembled triumph wreathed my face.

Fancy prospective took a proud survey
Of all the coming glories of the night;
Even where I stood my legs began to play—
So racers paw the turf e'er jockeys smite.

And "who shall be my partner first?" I said,
As my thoughts glided o'er the coming beaux;
"Not Tom, nor Ned, nor Jack,"—I tossed my
head,

Nice grew my taste, and high my scorn arose.

"If Dicky asks me, I shall spit and sprain;
When Sam approaches, headaches I will mention;
I'll freeze the colonel's heart with cold disdain:"
Thus cruelly ran on my glib invention.

While yet my fancy revelled in her dreams,
The sets are forming, and the fiddles scraping;
Gow's wakening chord a stirring prelude screams,
The beaux are quizzing, and the misses gaping.

Beau after beau approaches, bows, and smiles,
Quick to the dangler's arm springs glad ma's
selle;

Pair after pair augments the sparkling files,
And full upon my ear "THE TRIUMPH" swel
I flit my fan in time with the mad fiddle,
My eye pursues the dancers' motions flying;
Cross hands! Balancez! down and up the
middle!

To join the revel how my heart is dying.

One miss sits down all glowing from the dance,
Another rises, and another yet;
Beaux upon belles, and belles on beaux advance
The tune unending, ever full the set.

At last a pause there comes—to Gow's keen ha
The hurrying lackey hands the enlivening po
The misses sip the ices where they stand,
And gather vigour to renew the sport.

I round the room dispense a wistful glance,
Wish Ned, or Dick, or Tom, would crave
honour;

I hear Sam whisper to Miss B. "Do—dance,"
And launch a withering scowl of envy on her

Sir Billy capers up to Lady Di;
In vain I cough as gay Sir Billy passes;
The Major asks my sister—faint, I sigh, [and
"Well, after this—the men are grown in

In vain! in vain! again the dancers mingle,
With lazy eye I watch the busy scene,
Far on the pillowed sofa sad and single,
Languid the attitude—but sharp the spleen.

"La! ma'am, how hot!"—"Your quite fatigue
I see;"

"What a long dance!"—"And so you're co
to town!"

Such casual whispers are addressed to me,
But not one hint to lead the next set down.

The third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth are gone
And now the seventh—and yet ~~Sam~~ asked
once!

When supper comes, must I descend alone?
Does Fate deny me my last prayer—a dance!

Mamma supports me to the room for munching,
There turkey's breast she crams, and wing of
pullet;

Idolbbering jelly, and hard nuts am crunching,
And pouring tuns of trifle down my gullet.

No bean invites me to a glass of sherry;
Above me stops the salver of champagne;
While all the rest are tossing brimmers merry,
I with cold water comfort my disdain.

Ye backs of London! and ye tasteless creatures!
Ye rapid Dandies! how I scorn you all!—
Green slender slips, with pale cheese-pairing fea-
tures,

Awkward, lumbering, red-faced boobies tall.

Strange compounds of the bean and the attorney!
Raw lairds! and school-boys for a whisker shav-
ing!

May injured beauty's glance of fury burn ye!
I hate you—clowns and fools!—but hah!—I'm
saving!

BENEFIT OF STAMMERING.

A nobleman, who stammered a great deal, being
in a cockpit, and proposing several bets which he
would have lost if he could have replied in time,
at length offered five thousand pounds to a hun-
dred. A gambler who stood by said *done*; but
his lordship's fit of stuttering happening to seize
him, he could not repeat the word *done* before his
favourite cock was beat. On this Colonel Thorn-
ton, giving him a knowing jog, observed, "If
your lordship had been a *plain speaking* man, you
would have been ruined by this time.

THEATRICAL MISTAKES.

A laughable blunder was once made by Mrs.
Gibbs, of Covent Garden Theatre, in the part of
Miss Sterling in the "Clandestine Marriage:" when
speaking of the conduct of Betty, who had locked
the door of Miss Fanny's room, and walked away
with the key, Mrs. Gibbs said, "She has locked
the key and carried away the door in her pocket."
Mrs. Davonport, as Mrs. Heidleberg, had pre-
viously excited a hearty laugh by substituting for

the original dialogue, "I protest there's a candle
coming along the gallery *with a man in its hand*;
but the mistake by Mrs. Gibbs seemed to unin-
tentional, and unpremeditated, that the effect was
irresistible, and the audience celebrated the joke
with three rounds of applause.

THE ADVANTAGE OF TOPING.

Some say toppers should never get mellow,
That a drunken man's a stupid fellow,
For if 'tis true that he always sees double,
He's twice his neighbour's portion of trouble:
But an argument soonest admits of digestion,
When you take the pleasant side of the question;
And if our lives by this standard we measure,
He's twice his neighbour's portion of pleasure
Then all get drunk if you wish to be happy, [py,
To shun pleasure that courts you is stupid and sap-
Drink away, you'll be nobly repaid for your la-
bour, [neighbour,

Why 'twill make you as happy again as your
Suppose, while you're racking your piometer
You've not cash enough to pay the waiter;
Why what's to do? get drunk you ninny, [guinea:
'Twill make ten and sixpence appear like a
Then if to do good you receive satisfaction, [tion,
How charming to think that, for every kind ac-
Of conferring two you'll have the employment,
And can any man shew me a sweeter enjoyment
Then all get drunk, &c.

Since friendship's so rare and so bright a jewel,
To the fire of life that so kindly adds fuel, [ple,
With wine make your clay so moist, and so sup-
Instead of one friend why you'll meet with a cou-
ple: [pers,

Then when you come with the drink in your nap-
How sweet of two wives to hear the clappers!
But that would be covetous out of season,
For one wife at a time is enough in all reason,
Then all get drunk, &c.

Thus, were the world drunk, 'twould double their
pleasure,
The drunken miser would double his treasure,

UNLUCKY HINTS.

Bishop Burnet was very remarkable for his temporary absence of mind; in the days of the great Marlborough, he obtained an interview with him, and was even asked to dine, but cautioned to be on his guard and not commit himself. Among other great company was Prince Eugene, who seeing a dignified clergyman present, asked who he was, and having heard he had been at Paris in 1680, asked him how long it was since he had left it. Burnet, flattered, answered with precipitation he could not recollect the year, but it was at the time that the Countess of Soissons was imprisoned on suspicion of practicing a concealed mode of poisoning people. This lady happened to be the mother of Prince Eugene, and both parties' eyes being fixed upon each other, then only he perceived his mistake, stammered, apologized, and retired in the utmost confusion. Upon another occasion, the Bishop dining one day with Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, the conversation turned upon the ingratitude of the Government to the Duke, who had just lost his place. Burnet aptly compared him to Belisarius; when her Grace asked what was the occasion of his downfall? "Oh! madam, (says Burnet) poor Belisarius had a shocking brimstone of a wife."

GOOD HEALTH.

A healthy old gentleman was once asked by a king, what physician and apothecary he made use of to look so well at his time of life. "Sire," replied the gentleman, "my physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

ATTRACTIVE PLAY-BILL.

Soon after the representation of the dramatic pieces of "Deaf and Dumb," and the "Blind Girl," the following whimsical advertisement appeared.

"We have the pleasure to announce to the public, that there is in preparation, and intended to be produced before Christmas (if it be possible by that time to complete the splendid profusion of

scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations), the following entertainment:

"An entirely new grand serio-comic-pantomimic-operatic-tragical Drama, called, '*The Idiot*,' or '*Deaf, Dumb, and Blind*.'"

"In Act 1st. A scene of the interior of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, including various surgical operations, and a dance by invalids on crutches, with a *pas seul* by the matron.

In Act 2d. A procession of physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, on a cattle-day, productive consequently of much comic confusion.

In Act 3d. A sea-fight by condemned malefactors, a proper number of whom will be killed on the stage, by particular desire of several persons of distinction. Scene, An Indian Coast: savage spectators by the patients of the Small-pox Hospital.

"In Act 4th. A new and unrivalled composition, called '*The Whooping Cough*;' (the united efforts of our best musicians,) to be sung by Mr. Incledon. The execution of this bravura will completely immortalize the fame of the singer.

"In Act 5th. A grand shock of electricity—an 'metic by the three Miss Stentors; an amputation; a chorus of hysterical and hypocondriac persons, male and female; to conclude with an apoplectic fit, which carries off all the characters.

"After which will be presented a Farce, called '*The Maniac and the Cripple*.'"

THE FARCE OF PHYSIC.

When Dr. —, some years since, went to practise at Bath, a gentleman asked Dr. Delacour, what could bring a practitioner from the metropolis to open a shop in the country. "The reason," replied he, "is obvious enough, sir; when a doctor breaks down on the *London turf*, he retires to cover at Bath for a guinea and a shilling."—"Why, my dear doctor, this makes physic a mere farce."—"True," rejoined he, "a direct farce, for it is generally the last act before the curtain drops."

THE BAKER'S FUNERAL.

The death of Mr. Holland of Drury-lane theatre, who was the son of a baker at Chiswick, had a very great effect upon the spirits of Foote, who had a very warm friendship for him; being a legatee, as well as appointed by the will of the deceased one of the hearers, he attended the corpse to the family vault at Chiswick; and there very sincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town, by way of alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford-coffee-house; when Harry Woodward coming up to him, asked him if he had not been paying the last compliment to his friend Holland? "Yes, poor fellow," says Foote, almost weeping at the same time, "I have just seen him shoved into the family oven."

THE DECANter.

O thou, that high thy head dost bear,
With round smooth neck, and single ear,
With well-turn'd narrow mouth, from whence
Flow streams of noblest eloquence;
'Tis thou that first the bard divine,
Sacred to *Phæbus*, and the nine,
That mirth and soft delight can'st move,
Sacred to *Venus*, and to love:
Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon-companion fair;
Thou'rt full of wine, when thirsty I;
And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

Confined in a certain street, the north-end of the city, up three pair of stairs backwards, by the cruelty of a most unnatural mother, and the indolence of a father, who doth not want for sense, but spirit to wear the breeches, a young girl, turned of one-and-twenty, not very tall, but thought to be too much so by her mother, who still keeps her in flat-heeled shoes. The young lady cannot boast of as much beauty as her mamma, but she has the advantage of her in an easy temper, and would be quiet if she would let her. She would be much obliged to any gentleman who could take pity on

her sufferings, and relieve her by marriage, from the distresses, bolts, and bars, she labours under N. B. She is quite easy as to fortune, and will be as well contented with a partner of 1,000*l.* per annum, as with a larger sum.

VULGAR NATURES.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it, like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with vulgar natures,
Use them kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

FIGHTING AND PAINTING.

When Hayman was painting the pictures of the British heroes for the Rotunda at Vauxhall, the Marquis of Granby paid him a visit at his house in St. Martin's-lane, and told him he came at the request of his friend Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, to sit for his portrait. "But, Frank," said the Marquis, "before I sit to you I insist on having a set-to with you." Hayman, not understanding him, and appearing much surprised at the oddity of the declaration, the Marquis exclaimed: "I have been told you were one of the best boxers of the school of Broughton, and I am not altogether deficient in the pugilistic art; but, since I have been in Germany, I have got a little out of practice, therefore I will have a trial of strength and skill." Hayman pleaded his age and gout as insuperable obstacles. To the first position the marquis replied that there was very little difference between them; to the latter, the exercise was a specific remedy, and added, that a few rounds would cause a glow that would give animation to the canvass. At length they began, and after the exertion of much skill and strength on both sides, Hayman gave the marquis a blow on the stomach, when they both fell with a tremendous noise, which brought up the affrighted Mrs Hayman, who found them rolling over each other on the carpet, like two bears.

GEORGE II. AND GARRICK.

When George the Second went to see Garrick at Richard the Third, the only part of the play which amused or interested the king, was the Lord-Mayor of London; and when Garrick was attending the royal party from the theatre, anxious to hear the king's opinion of his own performance, all the compliment he received from the sovereign was a high eulogy upon the Lord-Mayor. "I do love dat Lord-Mayor," said the king, "capital Lord-Mayor—fine Lord-Mayor dat, Mr. Garrick, where you get such capital Lord-Mayor."

COQUETRY.

A lady being asked what was the difference between a coquette and a woman of gallantry, answered, "The same that there is between a sharp and a thief."

THE BEAUTIFUL MAID.

That *Bells* an angel all confess:

An angel I agree her;

That she's a devil, is prov'd by this,

She tempts all men that see her.

No wonder then our hearts we find

Subdued, do all we can,

Since heaven and hell are both combin'd

Against poor mortal man.

TYTHE GOSPEL.

A clergyman in an inland county once concluded his sermon with the following words:—"Brethren, next Friday is my tythe-day, and those who bring the tythes on that day, which are by due, shall be rewarded with a good dinner; but those who do not, may depend, that on Saturday they will dine on a lawyer's letter."

LOVE'S FELONY.

To a Lady in a Court of Assize.

While petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing a heart?
You, fair one, will smile and cry, "Laws I defy
you;"

Assured that no peers can be summon'd to try you!
But think not that paltry defence will secure ye:
For the Muses and Graces will just make a jury.

HOW TO EXAMINE A WITNESS.

Barrister. Call John Tomkins.

Witness. Here—(is sworn).

B. Look this way—What's your name?

W. John Tomkins.

B. John Tomkins, eh! And pray, John Tomkins, what do you know about this affair?

W. As I was going along Cheapside—

B. Stop, stop! not quite so fast, John Tomkins. When was you going along Cheapside?

W. On Monday, the 26th of June.

B. Oh, oh! Monday, the 26th of June—And pray, now, how came you to know that it was Monday, the 26th of June?

W. I remember it very well.

B. You have a good memory, John Tomkins—here is the middle of November, and you pretend to remember your walking along Cheapside in the end of June.

W. Yes, sir, I remember it as if it was but yesterday.

B. And pray, now, what makes you remember it so very well?

W. I was then going to fetch a midwife.

B. Stop there, if you please. Gentlemen of the jury, please to attend to this—So, John Tomkins, you, a hale, hearty man, were going to fetch a midwife. Now, answer me directly—look this way, sir—what could you possibly want with a midwife?

W. I wanted to fetch her to a neighbour's wife, who was ill a-bed.

B. A neighbour's wife! What, then, you have no wife of your own?

W. No, sir.

B. Recollect yourself, you say you have no wife of your own?

W. No, sir; I never had a wife.

B. None of your quibbles, friend; I did not ask you if you ever had a wife; I ask you if you have now a wife? and you say no.

W. Yes, sir; and I say truth.

B. Yes, sir! and no, sir! and you say truth

we shall soon find that out. And was there nobody to fetch a midwife but you?

W. No; my neighbour lay ill himself—

B. What! did he want a midwife too? (*a loud laugh*).

W. He lay ill of a fever; and so I went to serve him.

B. No doubt, you are a very serviceable fellow in your way. But pray, now, after you had fetched the midwife, where did you go?

W. I went to call upon a friend—

B. Hold, what time in the day was this?

W. About seven o'clock in the evening.

B. It was quite day-light, was it not?

W. Yes, sir; it was a fine summer evening.

B. What! is it always day-light in a summer evening?

W. I believe so—(*smiling*).

B. No laughing, sir, if you please; this is too serious a matter for levity. What did you do when you went to call upon a friend?

W. He asked me to take a walk; and when we were walking, we heard a great noise—

B. And where was this?

W. In the street.

B. Pray attend, sir,—I don't ask you whether it was in the street—I ask you, what street?

W. I don't know the name of the street; but it turned down from—

B. Now, sir, upon your oath—do you say you don't know the name of the street?

W. No, I don't.

B. Did you never hear it?

W. I may have heard it, but I can't say I remember it?

B. Do you always forget what you have heard?

W. I don't know that I ever heard it; but I may have heard it, and forgot it.

B. Well, sir, perhaps we may fall upon a way to make you remember it.

W. I don't know, sir; I would tell it if I knew it.

B. Oh! to be sure you would; you are remarkably communicative. Well, you heard a noise, and I suppose you went to see it too.

W. Yes; we went to the house where it came from.

B. So! it came from a house; and pray what kind of a house?

W. The Cock and Bottle, a public-house?

B. The Cock and Bottle! why I never heard of such a house. Pray what has a cock to do with a bottle?

W. I can't tell, that is the sign.

B. Well, and what passed then?

W. We went in to see what was the matter, and the prisoner there—

B. Where?

W. Him at the bar, there; I know him very well.

B. You know him? how came you to know him?

W. We worked journey-work together once; and I remember him very well.

B. So! your memory returns: you can't tell the name of the street, but you know the name of the public-house, and you know the prisoner at the bar. You are a very pretty fellow! and pray what was the prisoner doing?

W. When I saw him, he was—

B. When you saw him! did I ask you what he was doing when you did not see him?

W. I understood he had been fighting.

B. Give us none of your understanding, tell what you saw.

W. He was drinking some Hollands and water.

B. Are you sure it was Hollands and water?

W. Yes; he asked me to drink with him, and I just put it to my lips.

B. No doubt you did, and I dare say did not take it soon from them. But now, sir, recollect you are upon oath—look at the jury, sir—upon your oath, will you aver that it was Hollands and water?

W. Yes, it was.

B. What; was it not plain gin?

W. No; the landlord said it was Hollands.

B. Oh! now we shall come to the point.—The landlord said! Do you believe every thing the landlord of the Cock and Bottle says?

W. I don't know him enough.

B. Pray what religion are you of?

W. I am a Protestant.

B. Do you believe in a future state?

W. Yes.

B. Then, what passed after you drank the Hollands and water?

W. I heard there had been a fight, and a man killed; and I said, "Oh! Robert, I hope you have not done this;" and he shook his head.—

B. Shook his head; and what did you understand by that?

W. Sir!

B. I say, what did you understand by his shaking his head?

W. I can't tell.

B. Can't tell!—Can't you tell what a man does when he shakes his head?

W. He said nothing.

B. Said nothing! I don't ask you what he said—What did you say?

W. What did I say?

B. Don't repeat my words, fellow; but come to the point at once.—Did you see the dead man?

W. Yes; he lay in the next room.

B. And how came he to be dead?

W. There had been a fight, as I said before—

B. I don't want you to repeat what you said before.

W. There had been a fight between him and the—

B. Speak up—his lordship don't hear you—can't you raise your voice?

W. There had been a fight between him and the prisoner—

B. Stop there—Pray, sir, when did this fight begin?

W. I can't tell exactly; it might be an hour before. The man was quite dead.

B. And so he might, if the fight had been a month before; that was not what I asked you. Did you see the fight?

W. No—it was over before we came in.

B. Well what we?

W. I and my friend

B. Well—and it was over—and you saw nothing?

W. No.

B. Gem'men of the jury, you'll please to attend to this; he positively swears he saw nothing of the fight. Pray, sir, how was it that you saw nothing of the fight?

W. Because it was over before I entered the house, as I said before.

B. No repetitions, friend.—Was there any fighting after you entered?

W. No, all was quiet.

B. Quiet! you just now said, you heard a noise—you and your precious friend.

W. Yes, we heard a noise—

B. Speak up, can't you? and don't hesitate so.

W. The noise was from the people crying and lamenting—

B. Don't look to me—look to the jury—well, crying and lamenting—

W. Crying and lamenting that it happened; and all blaming the dead man.

B. Blaming the dead man! why, I should have thought him the most quiet of the whole—(another laugh)—But what did they blame him for?

W. Because he struck the prisoner several times without any cause.

B. Did you see him strike the prisoner?

W. No; but I was told that—

B. We don't ask you what you was told—What did you see?

W. I saw no more than I have told you.

B. Then why do you come here to tell us what you heard?

W. I only wanted to give the reason why the company blamed the deceased.

B. Oh! we have nothing to do with your reasons or theirs either.

W. No, sir, I don't say you have.

B. Now, sir, remember you are upon oath—you set out with fetching a midwife; I presume you now went for an undertaker?

W. No, I did not.

B. No! that is surprising; such a friendly man as you! I wonder the prisoner did not employ you.

W. No, I went away soon after.

B. And what induced you to go away?

W. It became late; and I could do no good.

B. I dare say you could not—And so you come here to do good, don't you?

W. I hope I have done no harm—I have spoken like an honest man—I don't know any thing more of the matter.

B. Nay, I shan't trouble you farther—(*witness retires, but is called again*). Pray, sir, what did the prisoner drink his Hollands and water out of?

W. A pint tumbler.

B. A pint tumbler! what! a rummer?

W. I don't know—it was a glass that holds a pint.

B. Are you sure it holds a pint?

W. I believe so.

B. Ay, when it is full, I suppose.—You may go your ways, John Tomkins.—A pretty hopeful fellow that. (*Aside*).

ON THE STATUE OF GEORGE II. ON THE TOP OF THE SPIRE OF BLOOMSBURY CHURCH.

When Harry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch,
His subjects all styl'd him the head of the church;
But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,
Instead of the church made him head of the steeple.

FRUITS OF WEDLOCK.

He that hath a handsome wife, by other men is thought happy; 'tis a pleasure to look upon her, and be in her company; but the husband is cloyed with her. We are never contented with what we have.

A man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sits upon them. He that will keep a monkey should pay for the glasses he breaks.

Selden's Table Talk.

AVARICE.

Ten thousand pounds Avarus had before,
His father died, and left him twenty more.
Till then, a roll and egg he could allow,
But eggs grow dear, a roll must dine him now.

MUSICAL POLITICS.

Dr. Wise, the musician, being requested to subscribe his name to a petition against an expected prorogation of Parliament in the reign of Charles II., answered, "No, gentlemen, it is not my business to meddle with state-affairs; but *I'll set a tune to it, if you please.*"

PENNANT'S TOUR THROUGH CHESTER.

Pennant had a singular antipathy to a wig, which, however, he could suppress till reason yielded to wine, but when this was the case, off went the wig next him into the fire. Dining once at Chester with an officer who wore a wig, Mr. Pennant became half-seas over; another friend in company, however, had placed himself between Pennant and the wig, to prevent mischief. After much patience, and many a wistful look, Pennant started up, seized the wig, and threw it on the burning coals. It was in flames in a moment, as well as the officer, who ran to his sword. Down stairs ran Pennant, and the officer after him, through all the streets of Chester; but Pennant, from his superior knowledge of topography, escaped. This was whimsically enough called *Pennant's tour through Chester*.

PIETY AND PLEASURE.

Charles the Second had on the warming-pans of his mistresses beds this inscription: "Serve God, and live for ever."

ON FOOTE'S DEATH.

Foote from his earthly stage, alas! is hurl'd;
Death took him off, who took off all the world.

PATIENCE AND INTELLECT.

When Horne Tooke was called before the commissioners to give an account of the particulars of his income, having answered a question that was asked, one of the wise men said peevishly, that he did not understand his answer. "Then," said Tooke, "as you have not *half the understanding of another man*, you ought at least to have *double the patience.*"

ANCESTRY.

Sir Thomas Overbury says, "that the man who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potatoe—the only good belonging to him is under ground."

TRIP TO PARIS.

Our party consists, in a neat Calais job,
Of Papa and myself, Mr. Connor and Bob.

You remember how sheepish Bob look'd at Kil-
randy, [a Dandy;
But, Lord! he's quite alter'd—they've made him
A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and
lac'd,

Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist:
Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to
scholars,

With heads, so immoveably stuck in shirt-collars,
That seats like our music-stools soon must be
found them, [round them!

To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look
In short, dear, "a Dandy" describes what I mean,
And Bob's far the best of the *genus* I've seen:

An improving young man, fond of learning,
ambitious,

And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,
Whose names—think, how quick!—he already
knows pat,

A la braise, petits patés, and—what d'ye call that,
They inflict on potatoes?—oh! *maitre d'hôtel*—
I assure you, dear Dolly, he knows them as well
As if nothing but these all his life he had eat,
Though a bit of them Bobby has never touch'd
yet; [cooks,

But just knows the names of French dishes and
As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books.

The next is a part of Bob's journal,
Dick, Dick, what a place is this Paris! but stay—
As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a
day,

As we pass it, myself, and some comrades I've got,
All thorough-bred Gnostics, who know what is
what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of Cock-
aigne,

That Elysium of all that is *friend* and nice,
Where for hail they have *bon mots*, and claret for
rain, [ice,

And the skaters in winter show off on cream-
Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,

Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields;

Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,

And the geese are all born with a liver complaint!

I rise—put on neckcloth—stiff, tight, as can be—

For a lad who goes into the world, Dick, like me,

Should have his neck tied up, you know, there's

no doubt of it—

Almost as tight as some lads who go out of it.

With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that

"hold up

The mirror to nature"—so bright you could sup

Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that

draws

On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause!—

With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,

And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feeder,

I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet

Beats the field at a *dejeuner a la fourchette*;

There, Dick, what a breakfast!—oh, not like

your ghost

[toast;

Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and

But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves

about,

[out

Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles

One's *pate* of larks, just to tune up the throat,

One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote*,

One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,

Or one's kidneys—imagine, Dick—done with

champagne!

[mayhap,

Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute—or,

Chambertin, which you know's the pet tippie of

Nap,

And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler,

Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so partic'lar.—

Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and

then, Dick, 's

The coffee's né'er-failing and glorious appendix,

(If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend
on't, [on't];
I'd swallow even W—tk—ns', for sake of the end
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips,
Just as if bottled-velvet tipp'd over one's lips!
This repast being ended, and *paid for*—(how odd!

Till a man's us'd to paying, there's something
so queer in't,
The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,
And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to
appear in't,

We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh, Dick,
the phyzzes,

The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quizzes!
Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
With a coat you might date *anno domini* 1;
A lac'd hat, worsted stockings, and—noble old
soul!

A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole;
Just such as our Pr—e, who nor reason nor
fun dr—ads,

Inflicts without ev'n a court-martial on hundreds.
Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish eye,
(Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by the by);
And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,
In a silk that has stood since the time of the
Fronde.

There goes a French dandy—ah, Dick, unlike
some ones

We've seen about White's—the Mounseers are but
rum ones;

Such hats!—fit for monkies—I'd back Mrs. Draper
To cut neater weather-boards out of brown paper:
And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't distress
'em! [em!

They'd club for old B—m—I, from Calais, to dress
The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,
That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this head-
lopping nation,

To leave there behind them a snug little place
For the head to drop into, on decapitation;
In short, what with mountebanks, counts, and
friseurs,

Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs—

What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk
breeches,

Old dustmen with swinging great opert-hats,
And shoe-blacks reclining by statues in niches,
There never was seen such a race of Jack
Sprats!

WATER-GRUEL AND ROAST-BEEF.

Phillips and Smith, the sheriffs of London, in
1807-8, were men of very different appearance
and habits. Phillips lived on vegetables and
drank water, and Smith eat turtle and drank of
the best vintages, while in persons they were per-
fect contrasts. Phillips was rosy, fat, and up-
right. Smith was cadaverous, lean, and stooping.
As they passed through the street, they used to
hear the following ejaculations from the multitude,
as Smith went forward, "there goes water-gruel,"
—"what a poor looking dog."—"He looks like
potatoes and cabbage."—"Ha! ha! ha! water-
gruel and he become one another!" As Phillips
advanced, "Here comes roast-beef," was the ge-
neral cry, "My God! what a contrast? That
water-gruel fellow looked as though he had been
eat and sp—d up again; but roast-beef for
ever."—"Ha! ha! ha! God bless his rosy gills
—no water-gruel for me."

THE PROGRESS OF MATRIMONY.

In the blithe days of honey-moon,
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I lov'd her late, I lov'd her soon,
And called her dearest kitten.

But now my kitten's grown a cat,
And cross like other wives,
Oh! by my soul, my honest Mat,
I think she has nine lives!

A MATCH FOR THE DEVIL.

"Two gossiping women," says the old proverb,
"are a match for the devil," as the following
story will, in some degree, explain and confirm
the saying—

Old Nick, or, as he is vulgarly termed, the
Devil, sometimes, it is said, amuses himself by

taking a survey of the world, 'as it is.' In one of these perambulations he happened to alight close to a church during divine service. Anxious to see how all the good people passed their time, he entered, and taking his station outside the rails of the altar, not being permitted to go within-side, looked around.—Some, he observed, were most intent upon gazing about them; others in noticing who came in, or criticising their dress or appearance, than minding what the parson was saying; but what particularly took his attention, was two antiquated dowagers, who, instead of paying attention to the minister, amused each other with the scandal of the town, and such-like edifying conversation; not sparing the reputations of even their own intimate friends. Sir Nick, highly entertained with their innocent remarks, pulled a roll of parchment out of his pocket, and began to write down in short-hand the substance of their conversation. Before, however, they had half done, his parchment was full on both sides. Unwilling to lose a word of what passed, he stretched it with his teeth—still it was too little; and in a short time he was as bad off as ever. Vexed to be foiled by two old women, he pulled and pulled, but all to no purpose; at length, by repeated pulling, the parchment snapped, and bouncing his devilship's head against the railing, broke it in several places. St. Martin, who was saying mass at the altar, burst out laughing, to see Sir Nick in such a passion, and to find the devil fool enough to suppose that a roll, or even a skin of parchment, would hold two women's gossip, even in church.

TO A SEAMSTRESS.

O! what bosom but must yield,
When, like *Pallas*, you advance,
With a thimble for your shield,
And a needle for your lance?
Fairest of the stitching train,
Ease my passion by your art;
And, in pity to my pain,
Mend the hole that's in my heart.

POETICAL FRANKING.

About the time of the trial of Lord Melville, Mr. S. the clerk of the rules, having occasion for a frank, to be addressed to "Mr. William Linkhorn, of Dawlish, Devonshire," applied to Mr. Erskine, then in the Court, who immediately wrote the frank, and handed it back to Mr. S. with the following lines—

When the Clerk of the Rules draws a *Frank* up
in Court,
Though the distance be great, the direction is *short*;
If a member he spies, whose pen is but scrawlish,
He trusts will be legible somehow at *Dawlish*;
So he works the poor member, his pen, and his
inkhorn,
To *Melvilize* postage for one *Billy Linkhorn*.

THE DEVIL AND DR. FAUSTUS.

There is a strong propensity in man's nature, to resolve every strange thing, or, whether really strange or not, if it be but strange to us, into the supernatural, or into devilism or magic, and to say every thing is the devil, that we can give no account of. Thus, the famous doctors of the faculty at Paris, when John Faustus brought the first printed books that had been then seen into the city, and sold them for manuscripts, were surprised at the performance, and questioned Faustus about it; but he affirming they were manuscripts, and that he kept a great many clerks employed to write them, they were satisfied for a while. But, looking farther into the work, they observed the exact agreement of every book, one with another; that every line stood in the same place, every page a like number of lines, every line a like number of words; if a word was misspelt in one it was misspelt also in all; nay, if there was a blot in one, it was alike in all; they began to muse how this should be: in a word, the learned divines, not being able to comprehend the thing, concluded it must be *the devil*; that it was done by magic and witchcraft; and that, in short, poor Faustus *dealt with the devil*. John Faustus, however, was a compositor, to Koster, of Haaerlem, the first in

ventor of printing; and having printed the psalters, sold them at Paris, as manuscripts; because, as such, they yielded a better price. The learned doctors, not being able to understand how the work was performed, concluded it was all the devil, and that the man was a wizard; accordingly they took him up for a magician and a conjuror, and one that worked by the black art; that is to say, by the help of the devil; they threatened to hang him for a wizard, and commenced a process against him in their criminal courts, which made such a noise in the world, as raised the fame of poor John Faustus to a frightful height, till at last he was obliged, for fear of the gallows, to discover the whole secret to them.

THE HERALD.

I do remember a strange man—a Herald,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted,
In party-coloured coat, like a fool's jacket,
Or morris-dancer's dress. Musty his looks,
Like to a skin of ancient shrivelled parchment,
Or an old pair of leather-brogues twice turned.
And round the dusky room he did inhabit,
Whose wainscoat seem'd as old as Noah's ark,
Were divers shapes of ugly ill-form'd monsters,
Hung up in scutcheons, like an old church aisle;
A blue-boar rampant, and a griffin gules,
A gaping tiger, and a cat-a-mountain,
What nature never form'd, nor madman thought;
"Gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire,"
—And right before him lay a dusty pile
Of ancient legers, books of evidence,
Torn parish-registers, probates, and testaments,
From whence, with cunning art and sly contrivance,
He fairly culled divers pedigrees,
(Which make, full oft, the son beget the father,
And give to maiden ladies fruitful issues);
And next, by dint of transmutation strange,
Did coin his musty vellum into gold.—
Anon, comes in a gaudy city youth,
Whose father, for oppression and vile cunning,
Lies roaring now in limbo-lake the while;

And after some few words of mystic import,
Most gravely uttered by the smoke-dried sage,
He takes in lieu of gold the vellum roll,
With arms emblazon'd and Lord Lyon's signet,
And struts away a well-born gentleman.
Observing this, I to myself did say,
An' if a man did need a coat of arms,
Here lives a caitiff that would sell him one.

A NEW WORLD.

The following scientific intelligence appeared in an American newspaper:—

"Light developes light," ad infinitum.

St. Louis, (Missouri Territory,) North-America.
April 10, A. D. 1818.

"TO ALL THE WORLD.—I declare the earth to be hollow, and habitable within; containing a number of concentric spheres, one within the other, and that their poles are open twelve or sixteen degrees. I pledge my life in support of this truth, and am ready to explore the concave, if the world will support and aid me in the undertaking.

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES,

Of Ohio, late Captain of Infantry.

I ask one hundred brave companions, well equipped, to start from Siberia, in autumn, with rein-deer and sledges, on the ice of the frozen sea. I engage we find a warm country and rich land, stocked with thrifty vegetables and animals, if not men, on reaching about sixty-nine miles northward of latitude 82. We will return in the succeeding spring.—J. C. S.

THE MELANCHOLY OF TAILORS.

The characteristic pensiveness in tailors being so notorious, it is to be wondered that none of those writers, who have expressly treated of melancholy, should have mentioned it.

They may be reduced to two, omitting two subordinate ones, viz.

The sedentary habits of the tailor.—Something peculiar in his diet.

First, his *sedentary habits*.—In Doctor Norris's famous narrative of the frenzy of Mr. John Dennis,

the patient, being questioned as to the occasion of the swelling in his legs, replies that it was "by criticism;" to which the learned doctor seeming to demur, as to a distemper which he had never heard of, Dennis (who appears not to have been read upon all subjects) rejoins with some warmth, that it was no distemper, but a noble art! that he had sat fourteen hours a-day at it; and that the other was a pretty doctor, not to know that there was a communication between the brain and the legs.

When we consider that this sitting for fourteen hours continuously, which the critic probably practised only while he was writing his "remarks," is no more than what the tailor, in the ordinary pursuance of his art, submits to daily (Sundays excepted) throughout the year, shall we wonder to find the brain affected, and in a manner unclouded, from that indissoluble sympathy between the noble and less noble parts of the body, which Dennis hints at? The unnatural and painful manner of his sitting must also greatly aggravate the evil, inasmuch that I have sometimes ventured to liken tailors at their boards to many envious Junos, sitting cross-legged to hinder the birth of their own felicity. The legs reversed thus \times cross-wise, or decussated, was among the ancients the posture of malediction. The Turks, who practise it at this day, are noted to be a melancholy people.

Secondly, his diet.—To which purpose is a most remarkable passage in Burton, in his chapter entitled "Bad diet a cause of melancholy."—"Amongst herbs to be eaten (he says) I find ~~peas~~, cucumbers, melons, disallowed; but especially CABBAGE. It causeth troublesome dreams, and sends up black vapours to the brain. Galen, *de affect. lib. 3, cap. 6*, of all herbs condemns ~~spinage~~. And Isaac, *lib. 2, cap. 1, animæ gravitationem facit*, it brings heaviness to the soul." I could not omit so flattering a testimony from an author who, having no theory of his own to serve, has so unconsciously contributed to the confirmation of mine. It is well known, that this

last-named vegetable has, from the earliest period which we can discover, constituted almost the sole food of this extraordinary race of people.

HOT AND COLD:

To his poor cell a satyr led
A traveller, with cold half dead,
And with great kindness treated:
A fire-nose high he made him straight,
Show'd him his elbow-chair of state,
And near the chimney seated.

His tingling hands the stranger blows,
At which the satyr wond'ring rose,
And bluntly asked the reason.
Sir, quoth the man, I mean no harm,
I only do't my hands to warm,
In this cold frosty season.

The satyr gave him from the pot
A mess of porridge piping hot;
The man blow'd o'er his gruel.
What's that for, friend? The satyr cry'd,
To cool my broth, his guest reply'd,
And truth, sir, is a jewel.

How, quoth the host, then is it so,
And can you contradictions blow?
Turn out, and leave my cottage.
This honest mansion ne'er shall hold
Such rascals as blow *hot* and *cold*,
The de'l must find you pottage.

THE EXCISEMAN IN H—L.

An exciseman, born and bred in London, whose name was John Grant, chanced to fall in love with a young lady from Newcastle, whom he shortly married. The only condition was, that the newly-married couple should pass the honey-moon in Newcastle, at the house of the bride's father, which was readily acceded to. Accordingly, the couple set out on their journey, and were well received by their friends; who, in the true spirit of hospitality, contrived to intoxicate the bridegroom. Overpowered by the fumes of the wine, Johnny fell into a profound sleep, in this state his new

friends, to complete the jest, let him down into a coal-pit. In a few hours Johnny awoke, and was immediately surrounded by the miners; one of a peculiarly rough appearance stepped forward to the trembling bridegroom, and asked him, in a gruff voice, "Who, and what are you? and how did you come hither?" Johnny, astonished at the infernal crew, concluded immediately that he was in hell, and very submissively taking off his hat replied, "how I came here I know not, but I suppose I died."—"Who, and what are you," repeated the miner. "When on earth," replied the bridegroom, "I was Johnny Grant, the excise-man, a righteous man, and a psalm-singer; but now I am in hell, I am any thing your devilship pleases."

TO A PERSON VERY FOND OF SINGING.
O! prithee cease thy ear-annoying strain,
And rid, at least, thy friends of persecution:
Such notes were stolen from hell 'tis very plain:
Repent, and make the devil restitution.

HOW v. MUCH.

In 1824 an action was brought to recover a debt of 14*l.* 5*s.* The counsel, Mr. Sergeant Pell, first took the names of the parties *How* and *Much* in their individual form, and after driving unfortunate "*How*" through all the changes and vicissitudes which it ever experienced, had "yet," as he himself observed, "a difficult task to perform," for "*Much*" remained behind. He assured the Jury, that slight as the case was, and brief as should be the proof, yet if they gave their verdict for the plaintiff, they would be for ever remembered as on that day having done "*much*" at all events. He then went on to speak of the names collectively, and rang the changes upon "*how much*," to no end. Mrs. *How* proved that she had gone to Mr. *Much* for the amount of the bill; that he told her to go to Mr. *Parry*, with whom he said he left the money, and when she refused to do so, he told her either to go to *Parry* or to go to hell. Counsel—I suppose you declined to go to either?—Indeed I did.

A QUERY, ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

Why is a Gardener the most extraordinary man in the world?

"Because no man has more business upon earth, and he always chooses good grounds for what he does. He commands his *thyme*, he is master of the *mint*, and fingers *penny-royal*; he raises *celery* every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not bring him a *plum*. He meets with more *boughs* than a minister of state; he makes more *beds* than the French king, and has in them more *painted ladies* and genuine *roses* and *lilies* than are to be found at a country-wake; he makes *raking* his business more than his diversion, as many other gentlemen do; but makes it an advantage to health and fortune, which few others do; he can boast of more *rapes* than any rake in the kingdom. His wife, notwithstanding, has enough of *lad's love*, and *heart's ease*, and never wishes for *needs*. Distempers fatal to others never hurt him; he walks the better for the *gravel*, and thrives most in a *consumption*. He can boast of more *bleeding hearts* than your ladyship, and more *laurels* than the duke of Marlborough; but his greatest pride, and the world's greatest envy, is, that he can have *you* when he pleases.

INTENDED FOR DRYDEN.

This SHEFFIELD raised: the sacred dust below
Was DRYDEN once. The rest, who does not know?

DR. GOODENOUGH.

On being told that the Bishop of Carlisle, (Dr. Goodenough) was appointed to preach before the House of Peers—

"'Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the Lords should preach;
For sure enough they're bad enough
He undertakes to teach."

When the above prelate was made Bishop, certain dignitary, whom the public had expected to get the appointment, being asked by a friend how he came not to be the new Bishop, replied because I was not *Good-enough*!

THE PIC-NIC PARTY.

At length the day, "the great, the important day, big with the fate" of three hack steeds, and eighteen goodly personages, burst through my window's curtains. I had coaxed myself to sleep the preceding night, with the *Possibility that it was not impossible* that it might rain, seeing that all ordinary things are subject to change—that the earth had now been baked for upwards of six weeks; but I was disappointed. Phœbus was in fiercer feather than ever, and the little girls were dancing over my head with the most heart-rending gaiety. Nevertheless, I was a philosopher, and resolved to stand by my promise with magnanimity. I broke my fast with a glass of camomile tea, which gave me vigour to dispose of a bowl of strawberries and cream, and to tilt at the most accomplished jokes of the party.

The breakfast was scarcely over, when we were attracted to the window by a strange outlandish noise, resembling the gambols of sweeps on May-day, or the more musical clink of marrow-bones and cleavers. I had scarcely time to exclaim "What the deuce is that?" when I beheld three vehicles approaching the house, at the instigation of certain animals which I should, without doubt, have taken for crocodiles, had I not been assured by the Captain that they were very excellent horses. All our souls and bodies were in instant commotion. The ladies donned their bonnets and seized their parasols; while the gentlemen rushed out to the stowing of the cargo. "Hampers, and baskets, and bundles," passed to and fro with a rapidity that was truly fearful, and threatened to flatten some of the handsomest noses of the party. I am well assured that I was considered a very helpless sort of a person; for, in truth, I was more occupied in getting out of the way than in contributing my exertions for the general merriment. I suspect, likewise, that my skill in the commissariat was but lightly esteemed; for when I hinted at taking a shower-bath with us, the proposal was absolutely considered as a joke.

At last there was a general cry for passengers. The captain mounted the dicky of the best equipage, and was soon accommodated with five of the lightest insides. His friend, the cornet, made ready with equal alacrity; and, to my dismay, I was informed that I, even I, was to be the chariotteer of the third. At the same time (I confess it was with gratitude), I received a confidential communication that it would not be incumbent on me to show any uncommon degree of *Olympic spirit*, as I had been appointed *conducteur* to the married ladies and the crockery-ware. And what to draw them? O ye Gods! my blood curdled at the sight! I could have picked a better horse out of the maws of the ravens. Such a ewe-necked, raw-boned, rat-tailed, broken-kneed, maulendered, sulclendered, spavined, and string-halted skeleton, never entered the precincts of a dog-kennel. The owner, however, assured me, upon the honour of a gentleman, that it could see very tolerably with one eye, and had the best wind of any horse in the country.

I had applied four or five thwacks with the whip, and had begun to expect that my quadruped would shortly agree to follow his companions, who were now almost out of sight, when the operation was suspended by a shout in the distance, and the appearance of a corpulent gentleman in leather breeches and boots, with a bundle at his back.—"Oh, here's Mr. D.!" cried the ladies all at once. "I knew he would come," said one. "How kind!" cried another. "How he runs!" exclaimed a third—and I must in justice declare, that, for a gentleman whose legs diverged like a pair of compasses, and who lacked some of the wind for which my horse was so celebrated, he wagged along with very praiseworthy rapidity—"How d'ye do, Mr. D.?" cried all at once—Mr. D. wiped his red face and powdered head, and panted sorely—"Servant, Ladies—pooff—oh dear! pooff—how hot it is—only just got your note—pooff—came off at a moment's warning—pooff—ran like a lamp-lighter—Dear me, dear me—brought my share of the pic-nic though—round of beef—fat as I am—

all melted, I'm afraid, and—beg pardon, young gentleman—permit me to put it between your legs."

Ye Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this? The reeking bundle was placed under my nose, and Mr. D. ascended the after part of the car. The shafts rose, and the belly-band tightened, and I was very near escaping from my situation, under the idea that Mr. D. and the horse intended playing at see-saw, or rather that the latter was to be hoisted over my head, and seated in the laps of the ladies. The event, however, not occurring, I resumed the application of the whip, and had the satisfaction of seeing my animal set up his back and grind away beyond my hopes.

Oh, how I wish my limits would permit me to dilate upon the dust and the heat; the stoppages and the walkings up-hill; the jokes of Mr. D. and the applauses of the ladies. For be it known that Mr. D. was something of a wit, and very much of a royster, and altogether a very desirable companion—when there was room for him. One thing I must not omit to state, which is, that no person whatsoever should judge of a horse by appearances, or mistrust his abilities before he has given them a fair trial. We overtook the car which preceded us, and, had it not been for the screams of the married ladies, and the clattering of the dishes, I verily and truly believe we could have beaten them—Mr. D. thought so too, for which I honour him. We now arrived within sight of our destination, and I found my spirits not a little exhilarated at the prospect of being once more upon my legs. Perhaps this happy state of mind may have been in some measure owing to the consciousness of having proved myself a worthy candidate for gymnastic honours; but it was more likely to arise from a sweet smile of my dark-eyed maid, who beckoned me to approach her car, and assured me that, since I was evidently the most accomplished knight, she had determined to place herself under my protection for the rest of the expedition. With such a prospect, I leaped to the ground as lightly as if my joints had not once been shaken out of their

sockets. The dust flew as if it had proceeded from the jolt of a gigantic pepper-box; but I heeded it not—I gave but one squeeze, and helped the ladies out. The captain took care of the hacks, (which, without dispute, must have been nearly related to the horses of the sun, or they must, many miles ago, have sunk beneath his beams); the cornet saw to the unloading of the baggage; and I did my best to play the agreeable to thirteen petticoats; for Mr. D. was dusting himself amongst the buttercups; and another young gentleman, whom I have not mentioned, was too much enthralled by an individual enchantress to be worth the notice of the rest. It would be an uncourtly breach of confidence were I to relate all the gentle things that were said to me. Let it suffice, that I had interest to procure, by general assent, a total manumission from the labours of the day, and received the fairest arm in the world, with strict injunctions to make myself as happy as I could.—"And now," said my dark-eyed maid, "are you still sorry that you came with us?"—"Say no more of it," I replied, "I would come every day of my life, if I lived to the age of Methuselah."

Of course, eating and drinking (plebeian vices!) were the first amusements which occurred to the earthly minds of such of our gentles as did not happen to be favourites with the ladies—that is, *very especial ones*—I mean—in short, the reader knows, I mean a delicate allusion to myself. We stood upon the summit of a hill, reconnoitering the valley for an appropriate scene of carousal. Huge cliffs on the opposite side extended their delicious shadows over the green bosom of the wood, and the blue streamlet looked cool as the springs of Lapland. "Delightful," ejaculated Mr. D. who had just risen from the grass with a pair of green buckskins, "let us carry down the provisions without more ado. The two dragoons shall bring the two hampers, the clergyman carry the basket, and I my own beef." With that he flourished the saturated bundle, and pushed boldly at the declivity.—Alas, and alas! the hill was steep and the grass was slippery! Poor Mr. D. was

his feet and his bundle at the same instant—The whole party set up a shout, and down he rolled— I never saw a man turn over at such a rate in my life, and I am quite convinced that he would have danced the best roller at Greenwich fair. The beef was inspired with a noble emulation, and contended the race most magnanimously. Bets ran high; and the odds varied from two to one on the man, to five to four on the beef. The wager, however, was not doomed to be decided; for Mr. D. in showing his arms round about for some kind of stop to his career, unhappily seized upon his competitor, and they both plunged into the water together; which the captain pronounced to be a dead heat. At first there was some alarm for the consequences of this surprising feat; but on Mr. D.'s emerging, like a river god, from the bed of the stream, and waving his hat, which had gone floating after him, our breasts beat more freely, and our youths commenced the removal of the water—something cautioned in their motions by the fearful example which had just been exhibited. Mr. D. made the best of his way to a farm-house— and found him churning the water in his boots at the distance of a hundred yards.

We formed our head-quarters in a small green field, which was nearly insulated by the brook, and surrounded by weeping birch and feathering ash tremulous over our heads, and beneath our feet smiled the sweetest cowslips that ever welcomed the happy scenes of happiness. I never before saw a place look so like what he ought to be, or woman so like an angel. While the gentlemen who did not happen to be favourites with the ladies, (meaning I said before, all but myself and the luckless Mr. D.), were emancipating whole hecatombs of the barn-door population, with certain quarrelsome bottles of champagne, which had been threatening to break each other's heads almost from the commencement of the journey, I made myself comfortable in spreading cloaks and coats for our more delicate companions to recline upon. Never was a party so daintily adorned. I sat upon the same

cloak with the dark eyes, and could have spouted extemporaneous poetry till

"Scott, Rogers, Moore, and all the better brothers Had hid their diminish'd heads, and look'd aghast."

I was getting from pensive to sad, and from sad to sorrow, with a rapidity which would very soon have affected the fountains of mine eyes, when I was aroused by a peal of light laughter, to which the sonorous "ho, ho, ho!" of Mr. D. beat time like the drum in a band of music. He made his appearance in a smock-frock, worsted stockings, and hob-nails, and challenged to roll down again with any gentleman or lady of the party, and give them half-way. The gauntlet not being taken up, (though I am not sure but I saw a pair of little black eyes very much inclined to sparkle with defiance), he wheeled round, and made a dead point at a magnificent venison-pasty, which rose up from the midst of the subordinate building, like the tower of Babel. Turret after turret disappeared, the turkeys were mutilated, the pies evaporated, and the champagne banged like a battery upon the scene of slaughter. "Another slice," quoth Mr. D. "with a little of the jelly, and some of the under-crust—thank'ee ladies, your health—ho, ho, ho! what a roll it was! I'll be bound I made the turf as smooth as a bowling-green, and flattened every stone in my course. Happy to take a glass with you, sir—I mean the gentleman in the blue cravat.—So—so—that hearty arquebusade and opodeldoe too—cured all my bruises in a crack—I never drank any other embrocation than champagne.—Another slice, please, with a little more of the jelly, *sicut antea*, as the doctors say. Hark'ee," continued he, flinging his arm round my neck, and whispering while he was yet masticating two square inches of venison, which made some of the party believe he was devouring my ear, "how do you think I got this doublet and hose? I knew my leathers would only be fit for spindles after this sousing, and so I made a swap with the farmer—ho, ho, ho! I'll sell you my smock at half-price."

It was now time to harness the hacks, and while this operation was in performance, I could plainly distinguish the slayers of men discoursing in terms very derogatory to my skill as a whip. 'This I instantly set down for envy, for I had almost beaten them with the worst horse and the heaviest load (to say nothing of Mr. D. as supercargo), and I was quite certain, now that the pies were eaten, and the above gentleman exchanged for my beauty, I could win the race home with ease. I started, as before, the last of the three, husbanding the powers of my crocodile with laudable jockeyship. The night became very dark, and we were only aware of our relative distances by the rattle of our wheels, and the merciless cracking of our whips. My opponents were evidently gaining ground upon me, and my passengers were beginning to grow clamorous under the idea that we should lag too far behind, and so be robbed and murdered. I believe I have hinted, in various places, that I am endowed with a certain portion of that greatest of all earthly goods called philosophy; and it was this which enabled me to calculate the chances in my favour, with a precision that rendered me deaf to the remonstrances of persons who were less gifted. In the first place, it was granted on all sides that we were going down hill; and, in the next, it was not to be denied that every one of our quadrupeds, from the testimony of his knees, was woefully addicted to stumbling. Now I had always considered it as an axiom, that a horse was more apt to stumble down hill than up hill, and that an over-driven one had no sort of conscience whatever. Consequently it was incumbent on me to use all proper circumspection, seeing that I had six ladies, and all the dishes to answer for, besides a seventh person, whom etiquette forbids me to mention. The caution which I had adopted was equally necessary for my competitors; and since they were cursed with too much courage to follow it, the chances were about fifty to one, that one of them would measure his length on the ground. The other must of course pull up to assist his comrade, and in this dilemma I had settled it with my

high mettled skeleton, that we should politely wish them good-night. I believe it was about mid-way that my calculations were verified. I first heard a crash, then a general scream, then the word of command to halt, and afterwards the jolly "ho, ho, ho!" of Mr. D. which gave me the satisfactory intelligence that my enemies had come to a downfall, and that none of the party had experienced bodily injury. Now was the time for my triumph; but I must say I bore it like a hen. I was beginning an admonitory harangue with, "I told you how it would be," when the sight of the distress actually deprived me of the power of speech. The noble steed still lay panting upon the ground, while the captain cut the harness-pieces for his liberation;—the two shafts he snapped off like sticks of barley-sugar, and the whole machinery appeared to have received a shock little short of a paralysis. "How shall we get home?" cried the distressed females, "we cannot sleep under the hedge."—"Beg pardon, ladies," replied Mr. D., "it is one of the most comfortable ditches I was ever pitched into—went right in upon my head, and received in manner of damage, except a tdg of the pig-tail which hung in a bramble, and a few thorns, what took advantage of the absence of my buckskin."

My heart melted within me, and I agreed with the opposition carrier, that if he would convey the vanquished champion and the ponderosity of Mr. D., I would endeavour to persuade my horse to accommodate the five forlorn damsels. The proposal was thankfully agreed to. The fragments of the wreck were removed to the road-side, the miserable hack turned into the first field that presented itself, and I finished the remainder of my journey with eleven ladies, and not a single accident.

• IMPERIUM IN IMPERIO

When Beelzebub first to make mischief began,
He the woman attack'd, and she gull'd the good
man;

This Moses asserts, and from hence would infer
That woman rules man, and the devil rules her.

DIALOGUES, WITH ECHO, WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1816.

Dialogue I.

Παντοῦ στὸματὸν λαλὸν βίονα, ποίμεσθαι ἡδὺ
Παῖνον.

Can Echo speak the tongue of every country?	ECHO.	Try.
<i>Te virginem si fortè poscam erotica?</i>		Εἰς ταχα.
<i>Ma si li sopra il futuro questionero?</i>		Εἴτιον εἰς.
<i>Et puis-je le parler sur des choses passées?</i>		Essaye.
<i>Dic mihi quæso mirum, vitiis cui tot bonâ parta:</i>		BUONAPARTE.
When once Sir Sidney drove with shame from Acre.....		A cur!
To unlock our India, France would make of Turkey—.....		Her key.
Would she then seize Madras, Bombay, Bengal?		All.
And did her chief fly Egypt, when most needed?		He did.
Whom is he like, who thrives but by escaping?		Scapin.
<i>Qu'en dis-tu aux histoires, qu'en dit Denon?</i>		Non.
What are the arms with which he now fights Britons?		High tones.
<i>Quæ in istius minis fuit aliquis?</i>		All a quiz!
<i>Quævis ille tantò hic jactator hiatu?</i>		"I hate you."
<i>Quævis aussitôt qu'il le veut, ce grand homme!</i>		A grand hum!
<i>Quævis stille moras, pelagusque horrere putatur!</i>		Peut-être.
Wouldst thou think him then mad, if his forces he march here?		As a March hare.
Where does he wish those forces wafted over?.....		To Dover.
And—what would they be, ere led to London?		Undone.
And George then thrush by land the Corsican?		He can.
What, if he should chance to meet our navy?		Yes!
<i>ἢ γὰρ ἔχθρα γὰρ τὴν καὶ θαλάσσης ἐφύ;</i>		A few.
<i>Quævis, cum Xerxes, nostris fugere actus ab oris.</i>		A bore is.
Hence he swears, he'll n'er again turn flyer.		Liar!
How best shall England quell his high pretences?		Paret enses.
<i>Quævis ce qu'elle montrera, pour calmer cet inquiet?</i>		Εἴχνα.
<i>Quævis ductus pœnas elabis, improbe, Gallis.</i>		Gallows.
<i>Quævis tu viderè morto, "Ben gli sta" gridera.</i>		Agreed—Harra

Dialogue II.

—Quæ nec reticere loquenti,
Nec prior ipsa loqui potuit.

What I call; sweet Maid, come echo me,	ECHO.	Recomit!
Tell me, of what consists the heart of Gaul;		Of gall.
Her mad caprices in her ancient shape;		Ape!
Her present taste, for blood and riot eager.....		Tigre!
Tell, of what God her sons are now the votaries;		Asses.

And whose before, so wolfish grown and ravenous :	ECHO.	Venus.
Wretches, as changeful as the changing ocean !		O citizens !
<i>Au roi, qui les aimoit, ils ont frappé le cou—</i>		Πολίται.
<i>Ma sotto i ré erano sempre allegri.</i>		All agree.
<i>Τίς δὲ τούτων αὐτοῖς ἐνέπνευσ' ὕμνου θρασυκίαν ;</i>		Cayenne.
<i>Aliquid mali molitus in nos consili ;</i>		Silly !
<i>Cumque illo miles Batavus conjurat amicè.</i>		Rot 'em, I say.
Where would his Brest fleet in our empire land ?		Ireland.
<i>Ἀλλοθι δ' ὅ γ' ἠπειλ' ἐμβαλεῖν διὰ νῆας.</i>		En Ecosse.
<i>Quisnam illum à Scotis macnet exitus, auspice Moirâ ?</i>		Mourâ.
<i>Spem forsân nullam, Moira ibi jam duce, habet !</i>		Deuce a bit !
<i>Εἰς Ἀγγλίας δ' ἔκκειν ἰσως νῆσ' τοῦ.</i>		To die.
How best shall we 'scape this invasion's alarm ?		All arm.
Then, Englishmen, rush to the field, 'tis your duty :		Διურτ.
Be no longer the dupes of an Amiens truce. ..		Ruse !
(<i>Ἦν δόλος, ἢ φιλία' τὴ δ' ἐκ φρενὸς κλίθην αὐτοῖς ;</i>		Otto's.)
<i>Furem ego contundam, qui te rapere audet, agelle :</i>		To a jelly.
<i>Angliaque externos facîle opprîmet ipsa latrones :</i>		At her own case.
And dost thou wish the throne restored by Moreau ?		Oro.
Then from his height falls dread Napoleon ;		Apollyon !
(<i>Scilicet hunc Anglus vocat, hunc Hebræus Abaddon !</i>		A had one.)
And then the world, now sacred, will laugh at him : ..		Affatim.
<i>Il reste donc à souhaiter, que la France lui désobéît.</i>		So be it !

THE CHESTER SHEWMAN AND MUNGO.

A puppet shewman, having engaged a black (native of Africa) who was a performer on the instrument called the jumba, made from an Indian nut-shell, also danced to his own music, and sung (in tolerable English) his own songs, his simplicity and pleasantry drew his employer great audiences, and poor Mungo believed his master was possessed of some supernatural agency, by nightly beholding with astonishment his wonderful feats of deception and legerdemain. On the 5th of November, 1771, the showman, or doctor, was exhibiting in a large lodge-room at Chester. After various feats that tended to elevate and surprise, by cutting off locks, heads, swallowing knives and forks, eating fire, disgorging ribbons and needles, tricks of cups and balls, cards, &c. to the astonishment of Blackey, and admiration of the company, a most shocking occurrence happened. In a cellar under the lodge room, which was

an out-building, several barrels of gunpowder were deposited for exportation to Ireland. Boys in the street, throwing about their wild serpents, squibs, &c. one or more of them fell into the cellar, and unfortunately communicated the powder, some of which had been split through crevices of the barrels, and occasioned a terrible explosion, in the critical scene where "the doctor" is in the act of running away with Punch and his wife Joan." The majority of the spectators were killed, including the shewman ; several, severely lacerated and wounded, were driven to a great distance. Poor Mungo was found in a neighbouring field, scorched and stunned by the explosion, but not dangerously hurt. On his recovery, taking it for granted the afflicting accident was a part of the performance, he exclaimed, " Oh dam my massa, he send me away in a hurry ! My master dam clever fellow, but I like dis trick ; me give him warning ! "

PRIVATE PUBLICITY.

Mr. Harrington having died suddenly, the editor of a paper told his readers he was author of several medical tracts which he had *privately* given to the public.

THE EDINBURGH LOUNGER.

I rose this morning about half-past nine,
At breakfast coffee I consumed *pour quatre*,
Unnumbered rolls enriched with marmalade fine,
And little balls of butter dished in water,
Three eggs, two platefuls of superb cold chine
(Much recommended to make thin folks fatter);
And having thus my ballast stow'd on board,
Banned forth to kill a day's time like a lord.
How I contrived to pass the whole forenoon,
I can't remember though my life were on it;
I helped G. T. in jotting of a tune,
And hinted rhymes to G——s for a sonnet;
I called at the Knoxs' shop with Miss Balloon,
And heard her ipsa dixit on a bonnet;
I was washed my mouth with ices, tarts, and
Summers, and
ginger-beer and soda, at Montgomery's.
In Prince's-street I once or twice paraded,
And gazed upon these same eternal faces;
The beardless beaux and bearded belles, those
faded
And flashy silks, surtouts, pelisses, laces;
The crowds of clerks, astride on hackneys jaded,
Spacing and capering with notorial graces;
The dog enthusiasts who indulge vain whimsies,
They might pass in Bond-street or St. James's.
The equestrian and pedestrian vanish
Due to a herring in his lonely shop,
A sort of kind gregarious, and more clannish,
A club at Waters' for a mutton-chop;
I was resolved for once my cares to banish,
And give the Cerberus of thought a sop,
At Jack's, and Sam's, and Dick's, and Tom's
consent.
And o'er the Mound to Billy Young's we went.

I am not nice, I care not what I dine on,
A sheep's-head, or beef-steak, is all I wish;
Old Homer! how he loved the ~~subject ones~~
It is the glass that glorifies the dish.
The thing that I have always set my mind on
(A small foundation laid of fowl, fish, fish)
Is out of bottle, pitcher, or punch-bowl
To suck reviving solace to my soul.

Life's a dull dusty desert, waste and drear,
With now and then an oasis between,
Where palm-trees rise, and fountains gushing clear
Burst 'neath the shelter of that leafy screen;
Haste not your parting steps, when such appear,
Repose, ye weary travellers, on the green,
Horace and Milton, Dante, Burns, and Schiller,
Dined at a tavern—when they had "the siller."

And ne'er did poet, epical or tragical,
At Florence, London, Weimar, Rome, Maybole,
See time's dark-lantern glow with hues more
magical

Than I have witnessed in the Coffin-hole,
Praise of antiquity a ham and fudge I call,
Ne'er past the present let my wishes roll;
A fig for all comparing, croaking grumblers,
Hear me, dear dimpling Billy, bring the tumblers.

Let blank verse hero, or Spenserian rhymers,
Treat Donna Musa with chateau-margout,
Chateau-la-fite, Johannisberg, Hocheimer,
In tall outlandish glasses green and blue,
Thanks to my stars, myself, a doggerel chimer,
Have nothing with such costly tastes to do;
My muse is always kindest when I court her
O'er whisky-punch, gin-twist, strong beer, and
porter.

And O, my pipe, 'tough in these Dandy days
Few love thee, fewer still their love confess,
Ne'er let me blush to celebrate thy praise,
Divine invention of the age of Bess!
I for a moment interrupt my lays
The tiny tube with loving lips to press,
I'll then come back with a reviving zest,
And give thee three more stanzas of my best.

A DOUBTFUL CAUSE.

At York assizes, a barrister met a tinker, and jocosely clapping his hand on the fellow's shoulder, asked him what news from hell? "A great deal," replied the tinker; "a wall has just fallen down."—"Well," returned the counsellor, "it is to be built up again, I suppose."—"I don't know," says the other; "there is a great dispute about it between the pope and the devil."—"And how," cried the long-robed gentleman, "do you think the matter will go?"—"I don't know," answered the tinker; "the pope has the most money, but the devil has the most lawyers."

HAND AND FOOT.

An Irish officer having hurt his foot, applied for cure to the late Mr. Kelly, the surgeon. Kelly and he having quarrelled, he quitted him before the cure was completed, and put himself under the management of another surgeon. Notwithstanding this, Kelly brought him a bill of thirty pounds, which the hero objecting to, the cause was tried in Westminster Hall, where the counsel employed for the defendant beginning an harangue which the captain thought irrelevant to the cause, the captain interrupted him with—"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, I will state the real fact in one minute. The real case was this; I hurt my foot, and applied to Mr. Kelly to cure it, but during five weeks curing, it grew worse every day, and as I at last found he wanted to *take a hand of my foot*, I left him, and took it to another surgeon."

EPITAPH ON A TAYLOR.

Here lies poor *Snip*, who when he first began,
Bade fair to be *the ninth part of a man*;
In earth he lies, remov'd from all abuse,
Who, while alive, oft prov'd himself a *goose*;
But, as a goose to live must surely eat,
He dealt in *cabbage*—a most glorious treat,
To cut and clip, and stitch, he knew full well,
His work was done, and now he's gone to hell.

ODE ON THE SUN.

A young gentleman, at the university of Cambridge, known to have a *pretty knack* at making verses, was one day seized with the *furor scribendi*, and determined to write an ode on the Sun. The weather was uncommonly sultry, and feeling his imagination peculiarly glowing, he began his ode as follows—

"The sun's perpendicular heat,
Had illumined the depth of the sea."

This done, he scratched his head for another thought, but in vain. The beams of Phœbus sometimes inspire with genius, and sometimes with sleep. With our poet they had the latter effect, for in a few seconds he sunk back motionless in his chair. A fellow-collegian, who happened at this inauspicious moment to enter the room, saw his situation, and seeing the beginning of the new-born ode lying on the table before him, he took the pen and wickedly completed the stanza as follows

"The sun's perpendicular heat,
Had illumined the depth of the sea;
And the fishes beginning to sweat,
Cried, d—n it, how hot we shall be."

THE THREE CROSSES.

Dean Swift, in his journeys on foot, was accustomed to stop for refreshment or rest at the little ale-houses by the road-side. One of these, between Dunchurch and Daventry, was distinguished by the sign of the *three crosses*, in reference to the three intersecting ways which fix the site of the house. At this, the dean called for his breakfast; but the landlady, being engaged with accommodating her more constant customers, some waggoners, and staying to settle an altercation which unexpectedly arose, kept him waiting quite inattentive to his repeated exclamations. He took from his pocket a diamond, and wrote on every pane of glass in the room:—

To the Landlord.

There hang three crosses at thy door;
Hang up thy wife, and she'll make four.

AMUSEMENTS OF MODERN YOUNG MEN.

Gaming, talking, swearing, drinking,
 Hunting, shooting, never thinking;
 Chattering nonsense all day long,
 Humming half an opera-song;
 Choosing bangles, rings, and jewels;
 Writing verses, fighting duels.
 Mincing words in conversation,
 Ridiculing all the nation.
 Admiring their own pretty faces,
 As if possessed of all the graces;
 And, though no bigger than a rat,
 Peeping under each girl's hat.

THE GENTLE GIANTESS.

The widow Blacket, of Oxford, says a modern
 wher, is the largest female I ever had the pleasure
 of holding. There may be her parallel upon the
 earth, but surely I never saw it. I take her to be
 really descended from the maid's aunt of Brain-
 ford, who caused Master Ford such uneasiness. She
 hath Atlantean shoulders; and, as she stoopeth in her
 gait—with as few offences to answer for in her
 own particular as any of Eve's daughters—her
 back seems broad enough to bear the blame of all
 the perradillos that have been committed since
 Adam. She girdeth her waist—or what she is
 pleased to esteem as such—nearly up to her shoul-
 ders, from beneath which, that huge dorsal ex-
 pansion, in mountainous declivity, emergeth. Re-
 spect for her alone preventeth the idle boys, who
 follow her about in shoals, whenever she cometh
 abroad, from getting up and riding. But her
 presence infallibly commands a reverence. She
 is indeed, as the Americans would express it,
 something awful. Her person is a burthen to her-
 self, no less than to the ground which bears her.
 To her mighty bone, she hath a pinguitude withal,
 which makes the depth of winter to her the most
 desirable season. Her distress in the warmer sol-
 tice is pitiable. During the months of July and
 August, she usually renteth a cool cellar, where
 kegs are kept, whereinto she descendeth when
 Sirius rageth. She dates from a hot Thursday—

some twenty-five years ago. Her apartment in
 summer is pervious to the four winds. Two
 doors, in north and south direction, and two win-
 dows, fronting the rising and the setting sun, never
 closed, from every cardinal point, catch the con-
 tributory breezes. She loves to enjoy what she
 calls a quadruple draught. That must be a
 shrewd zephyr, that can escape her. I owe a
 painful face-ach, which oppresses me at this mo-
 ment, to a cold caught sitting by her, one day in
 last July, at this receipt of coolness. Her fan in
 ordinary resembleth a banner spread; which she
 keepeth continually on the alert to detect the least
 breeze. She possesseth an active and gadding
 mind, totally incommensurate with her person.
 No one delighteth more than herself in country
 exercises and pastimes. I have passed many an
 agreeable holiday with her in her favourite park
 at Woodstock. She performs her part in these
 delightful ambulatory excursions by the aid of a
 portable garden-chair. She setteth out with you
 at a fair foot gallop, which she keepeth up till
 you are both well breathed, and then she repositeth
 for a few seconds. Then she is up again, for a
 hundred paces or so, and again resteth—her move-
 ments, on these sprightly occasions, being some-
 thing between walking and flying. Her great
 weight seemeth to propel her forward, ostrich-
 fashion. In this kind of relieved marching, I
 have traversed with her many scores of acres on
 those well-wooded and well watered domains.
 Her delight at Oxford is in the public walks and
 gardens, where, when the weather is not too op-
 pressive, she passeth much of her valuable time.
 There is a bench at Maudlin, or rather, situated
 between the frontiers of that and ***'s college
 —some litigation latterly, about repairs, has
 vested the property of it finally in *****,—
 where at the hour of noon she is ordinarily to be
 found sitting—so she calls it by courtesy—but in
 fact, pressing and breaking it down with her
 enormous settlement; as both those Foundations,
 who, however, are good-natured enough to wink
 at it, have found, I believe, to their cost. Here

she taketh the fresh air, principally at vacation times, when the walks are freest from interruption of the younger fry of students. Here she passeth her idle hours, not idly, but generally accompanied with a book—blest if she can but intercept some resident Fellow (as usually there are some of that brood left behind at these periods); or stray Master of Arts (to most of whom she is better known than their dinner bell); with whom she may confer upon any curious topic of literature. I have seen these shy gownsmen, who truly set but a very slight value upon female conversation, cast a hawk's eye upon her from the length of Maudlin grove, and warily glide off into another walk—true monks as they are, and uggently neglecting the delicacies of her polished converse, for their own perverse and uncommunicating solitariness! Within doors her principal diversion is music, vocal and instrumental, in both which she is no mean professor. Her voice is wonderfully fine; but till I got used to it, I confess it staggered me. It is for all the world like that of a piping bulfinch, while from her size and stature you would expect notes to drown the deep organ. The shake, which most fine singers reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility, or tremulousness of pipe, she carrieth quite through the composition; so that her time, to a common air or ballad, keeps double motion, like the earth—running the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving upon its own axis. The effect, as I said before, when you are used to it, is as agreeable as it is altogether new and surprising. The spacious apartment of her outward frame lodgeth a soul in all respects disproportionate. Of more than mortal make, she evinceth withal a trembling sensibility, a yielding infirmity of purpose, a quick susceptibility to reproach, and all the train of diffident and blushing virtues, which for their habitation usually seek out a feeble frame, an attenuated and meagre constitution. With more than man's bulk, her humours and occupations are eminently feminine. She sighs—being six foot high. She languisheth—being two

feet wide. She worketh slender sprigs upon the delicate muslin—her fingers being capable of moulding a Colossus. She sippeth her wine out of her glass daintily—her capacity being that of a tun of Heidelberg. She goeth mincingly with those feet of hers—whose solidity need not fear the black ox's pressure. Softest, and largest of thy sex, adieu! by what parting tribute may I salute thee—last and best of the Titanesses—Ogress, fed with milk instead of blood—not least, or least handsome among Oxford's stately structures—Oxford, who, in its deadeast time of vacation, can never properly be said to be empty, having thee to fill it.

ON AN UNDERTAKER.

Here lies Bob Master.—Faith! 'twas very hard
To take away our honest Robin's breath;
Yet surely Robin was full well prepared—
Robin was always looking out for *death*.

STANDARD MERIT.

Fletcher, bishop of Nismis, was the son of a tallow-chandler. A proud duke once endeavoured to mortify the prelate, by saying at the levee that he smelt of tallow; to which the other replied, "My lord, I am the son of a chandler, 'tis true, and if your lordship had been the same, you would have remained a tallow-chandler all the days of your life."

OLD ANAGRAMS.

Arresting very well with this agrees,
It is a *slinger* worse than wasps or bees,
The very word includes the prisoner's *fates*;
Arresting briefly claps them up in *grates*.
To all good verses *prisons* are great foes,
And many poets they keep fast, in *prase*.
Again, this very word portends small *hopes*,
For he that's in a prison is in *ropes*,
Makes woeful purchase of calamities,
And finds in it no profit, or no *prise*:
Fifth, cold, and hunger, dwell within the
- door,
And thus a prison always doth nip sore

PARISIAN ENGLISH.

Chatter laughs at the French spoken in his days, in London.

"After the school at Stratford at the Bow."

The Parisians have probably some such school in the neighbourhood for teaching a peculiar dialect of the English language; and the abundant influx of our countrymen into the French metropolis of late years, has brought this dialect into much repute. One often sees emblazoned in large letters, over a shop-window, meant probably as a decoy, but more likely, one would think, to operate as a warning to English travellers—

"Here they *spike* the English."

Which (being translated) merely declares that the English language is *spoken* in the house. A lady from London, perceiving this inscription over a milliner's door, its import being explained to her, she went in, when, having with some difficulty found out which of the *Damoiselles* it was that was skilled in *spiking* the English, she attempted to converse with her about a hat which she was trying on. After many vain attempts on both sides, the young French woman at last, observing that the hat was too small, brought out this accurate phrase:

"Is, matame, he is too little big."

In the Rue St. Honoré, a hair-dresser has the following captivating invitation:

"Hear to cut off hares in English fashion."

In the Rue de Fanbourg Poissonnière dwells a lady named Conraizy, who tells the world, by means of her sign-board, that she is a

"Washerwoman and wash embroideries, lace, garters, silk-stockings, also household's furniture's covers table-cloths, napkins, and Calender's all at one's desire; she will also charge herself of the *entertaining* the works that is to be done to all sorts of laces for the body, and will be exactly delivered at one's desire."

ON A WAGGONER.

Here I be—dead and gone,
Kill'd by a fall from a waggon.

CAUSE OF GOUT.

Alderman Barber one morning, while he was in bed, was visited by a friend, who being told he was ill of the gout, walked into his chamber without any ceremony. The visitor sat down, and entered into conversation; but observed the curtains to be close drawn, and the alderman to be more reserved than usual, and looking under the bed, spied a woman's shoe. "Well, Mr. Alderman," said he, "I hope you are not dangerously ill."—"I am miserably tormented in my feet," replied the alderman. "I do not wonder at that," said the other, "when you wear such narrow-toed shoes."

THE LAW-SUIT.

An Irishman loaded with faggots, cried loudly as he passed along, "Make way! make way!" that people might beware in time, as is usual. A coxcomb, who thought it beneath him to take the fellow's counsel, pushed by him, and had his coat considerably torn. He flew in a violent passion, and had the man taken before a magistrate, pleading for payment of the damage. The Irishman was interrogated, but he merely opened his mouth without speaking. "Are you dumb? my friend," said the magistrate. "No," interrupted the plaintiff, "mere malice, because he cannot defend himself; he appears dumb now, but when we met this morning, he bawled, 'Make way! make way!' like a very devil; you might have heard him a mile."—"And why, then," said the magistrate, "did you not *make way*?"

THE SWEEP.

An Irish gentleman being confined to his bed by a severe fit of the gout, some sweeps were employed to clean the chimneys of the house next to him, and one of the boys by mistake came down into the gentleman's apartment. The boy, confused at his mistake, seeing the gentleman in bed, said, "Sir, my master will come for you presently." "Will he, by G—d!" said the gentleman, leaping out of bed; "I beg to be excused staying here any longer then," and immediately ran down stairs.

DRY HUMOUR, OR THE FAST-DAY.

'Twas on a day, but not the last,
When orders for a gen'ral fast
Were from the cockpit given;
That men no more in sin might plunge,
But wipe all out by sorrow's sponge,
And make their odds all even.

When soaking Sam, who ev'ry day,
To sot's hole went, to souse his clay,
There found the doors all barr'd;
For Sam the front and postern try'd,
But all in vain for entrance ply'd,
A case he thought quite hard!

And hard and harder while he knock'd,
Silence within his batt'ring mock'd,
'Till Sally op'd the sash;
And cry'd, "Pray cease your rat tat tat,
This day we are resolv'd, that's flat,
To fast, and take no cash."

"Why then," says Sam, in sulky strain,
"Fast on. I'll rap no more in vain,
Upset me if I do;
But you're a pack of curst queer elves,
Who not content to fast yourselves,
Must make your doors fast too!"

DIFFICULTY OF ONE IRISHMAN KNOWING ANOTHER.

An Irishman having one night endeavoured to display his abilities at a public eloquent society, his oration was severely criticised and animadverted upon by several orators in the opposition, and especially by one of his countrymen. When the society broke up, he thus addressed himself to a gentleman of his acquaintance, "did not you observe what a silly argument that Scotch fellow made against me?"—"Why, it was your own dear countryman," said the gentleman, "how came you not to perceive it?"—"No, surely," replied Pat; "Why then, my dear, I will tell you the reason; you know that if there be two people in a company that have eat garlick, they cannot smell it upon each other."

A QUARRELSOME RHYME.

One morning, Otway happened to call upon Dryden, (who lived opposite to him in Fetter-lane), at breakfast-time; but was told, by his servant, his master was gone to breakfast with the Earl of Pembroke. "Very well," said Otway, "tell your master, I will call to-morrow." The next morning he called, according to his promise. "Well, is your master at home now?" said he to the servant. "No, sir, he is gone to breakfast with the Duke of Buckingham hire," said the servant. Otway, whether actuated by envy, pride, or disappointment, then took up a piece of chalk which lay on the table, and wrote over the door, as he went out,

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit."

The next morning Dryden recognised the handwriting, and told the servant to go to Mr. Otway and desire his company to breakfast with him; in the mean time he wrote, with the same piece of chalk, underneath Otway's line of

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit."

"This was written by Otway, opposite."

This, however, offended Otway, who told him he might keep his wit and his breakfast to himself.

THE DRUNKARD.

Ned Soaker lay stretch'd on the bed of grim death, By brandy burnt up, gasping deeply for breath; A friend, with much fervor, advised him to think On his awful approach to Eternity's brink! Cries Ned, "for such matters I duly have cared, And am well for a world of pure spirits prepared."

A YOUNG WIFE WELL MATCHED.

A gentleman of Hampshire had, by his will, in the year 1736, ordered, that after his decease his body should be thrown into the sea beyond the Needles, which was accordingly complied with. On making enquiry into his motives for this singular disposal of his remains, it was discovered, that he made it for the purpose of disappointing a young wife, who had frequently assured him, by way of consolation, that she would dance upon his grave.

CONFESSIONS OF A BRICKLAYER.

Some trifling repairs are required at your house, send for a bricklayer; he comes, probably attended with a man, to receive your directions, occupying ten minutes. The next morning he sends a workman and a labourer; the workman begins to cut away; the labourer returns for materials, and brings a dozen bricks and one hod of mortar, employed half a day. The job being finished, "What was used, Paddy?" enquires the man of the labourer. "Sure it is a score of bricks and two hods of mortar," replies the assistant bricklayer. Returned home, the foreman makes enquiry, "two score of bricks, and four hods of mortar," answers the man; the foreman makes a memorandum for the clerk, *three score bricks and six hods of mortar*; the clerk enters in his master's books, *one hundred bricks and eight hods of mortar*; the master, looking over his accounts, alters the entry to *one hundred and fifty bricks and twelve hods of mortar*; and thus the bill is rendered:—

Mr. William Lackwit,

Dr. to Thomas Singleton.

To taking up and relaying brick step in cellar; underpinning wall; plaistering copper; stopping rat-holes; repairing ceiling; self, man, and labourer, one day and a half; one hundred and fifty paving bricks; twelve hods of mortar; six baskets of rubbish carted away, 5*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*

THE BANK CLERK AND THE STABLE-KEEPERS.

Shewing how Peter was undone,

By taking care of Number One.

Peter Prim (so Johnson would have written) let me indulge in the remembrance;—Peter! the formal prig has oft my fancy smitten, for were the Bank had never a completer *prig* among its thousand clerks, than he who now elicits our remarks.

Prim was a formalist, a prig,

A solemn fop, an office Martinet,

One of those small precisians who look big

If half-an-hour before their time they get

To an appointment, and abuse those elves
Who are not over-punctual, like themselves.

If you should mark his powder'd head betimes,
And polish'd shoes in Lothbury,
You know the hour, for the three-quarter chimes
Invariably struck as he went by.

From morning fines he always saved his gammon
Not from his hate of sloth, but love of Mammon.

For Peter had a special eye
To Number One;—his charity

At home beginning, ne'er extends,
But where it started had its end too;
And as to lending cash to friends.

Luckily he had none to lend to.

No purchases so cheap as his,
While no one's bargains went so far,
And though in dress a deadly quizz,
No Quaker more particular.

This live automaton, who seem'd
To move by clock-work, ever keen
To live upon the saving plan,
Had soon the honour to be deem'd
That selfish, heartless, cold machine,
Call'd in the city—a warm man.

A Bank Director once, who dwelt at Chigwell,
Prim to a turtle-feast invited,
And as the reader knows the prig well,
I need not say he went, delighted!
For great men, when they let you slice their meat
May give a slice of loan—a richer treat.

No stage leaves Chigwell after eight,
Which was too early to come back;
So, after much debate,

Peter resolved to hire a hack,
The more inclined to this because he knew
In London Wall, at Number Two,
An economic stable-keeper,
From whom he hoped to get one cheaper.

Behold him mounted on his jade,
A perfect Johnny Gilpin figure,
But the good bargain he had made
Compensating for sneer and snigger,

He trotted on—arrived—sat down,
 Devour'd enough for six or seven,
 His horse remounted, and reach'd town
 As he had fix'd, exactly at eleven.
 But whether habit led him, or the Fates,
 To give a preference to Number One
 (As he had always done)
 Or that the darkness jumbled the two gates,
 Certain it is he gave that bell a drag,
 Instead of Number Two,
 Rode in—dismounted—left his nag,
 And homeward hurried without more ado.

Some days elapsed and no one came
 To bring the bill, or payment claim
 He 'gan to hope 'twas overlook'd,
 Forgotten quite, or never book'd—
 An error which the honesty of Prim
 Would ne'er have rectified, if left to him.
 After six weeks, however, comes a pair
 Of groom-like looking men,
 Each with a bill, which Peter they submit to;
 One for the six weeks hire of a bay mare,
 And one for six weeks keep of ditto;
 Together—twenty-two pounds ten!

The tale got wind.—What, Peter make a blunder!

There was no end of joke, and quiz, and wonder,

Which, with the loss of cash, so mortified
 Prim, that he suffer'd an attack
 Of bile, and bargain'd with a quack,
 Who daily swore to cure him—till he died!
 When, as no will was found,

His scraped, and saved, and hoarded store
 Went to a man to whom some months before,
 He had refused to lend a pound.

THE MUNIFICENT SAINT.

A devout lady offered up a prayer to St. Ignatius for the conversion of her husband; a few days after, the man died; "What a good saint is our Ignatius!" exclaimed the consolable widow, "he bestows on us more benefits than we ask for!"

DANGER OF SCEPTICISM.

Mallet, the poet, was so fond of being thought a sceptic, that he indulged this weakness on all occasions. His wife, it is said, was a complete convert to his doctrines, and even the servants stared at their master's bold arguments, without being poisoned by their influence. One fellow, however, was determined to practise what Mallet was so solicitous to propagate, and robbed his master's house. Being pursued, and brought to justice, Mallet attended, and taxed him severely with ingratitude and dishonesty. "Sir," said the fellow, "I have often heard you talk of the impossibility of a future state; that, after death, there was neither reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, and this tempted me to commit the robbery."—"Well! but, you rascal," replied Mallet, "had you no fear of the gallows?"—"Master," said the culprit, looking sternly at him, "what is it to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the less?"

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

Archbishop Usher, when crossing the channel from Ireland to this country, was wrecked on some part of the coast of Wales. On this disastrous occasion, after having reached the shore, he made the best of his way to the house of a clergyman, who resided not far from the spot on which he was cast. Without communicating his name, or his dignified station, the archbishop introduced himself as a brother clergyman in distress, and stated the particulars of his misfortune. The Cambrian divine suspecting his unknown visitor to be an impostor, gave him no very courteous reception; and having intimated his suspicions, said, "I dare say you can't tell me how many commandments there are."—"There are eleven," replied the archbishop, very meekly. "Repeat the eleventh," rejoined the other, "and I will relieve you;"—"Put it in practice and you will," answered the primate. "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another."

BEN JONSON A BRICKLAYER.

Ben Jonson, in the early part of his life, was a bricklayer, but was then distinguished for his wit and poetical talents. A lady of considerable humour, who had heard of him, passing him one morning while he was at work, addressed him thus—

“ With line and rule,
Works many a fool;
Good morning, master bricklayer.”
To this Ben replied,
“ In silk and scarlet
Walks many a barlo;
Good morning, madam.”

CIVIC CONUNDRUM.

A fashionable emigrant being invited to dine with a city alderman, in whose hands he had lodged money, was for a long time tormented with extravagant encomiums on a gibletpie, which his host was most voraciously devouring. “ Have you ever, mounseer,” said the alderman, “ have you ever seen any thing like it ? ” — “ Nothing in my life,” replied the other, “ except your worship’s wig.” — “ Ha! ha!” exclaimed the alderman, “ that’s a good one. But pray how is my pig like that pie.” — “ Pardie,” rejoined the Blackman, “ because it has a goose’s head in it.”

THE ROPE.

Two persons quarrelling in a public-house, one told the other he knew what would hang him. “ You are a liar,” replied his antagonist, “ and I defy you to prove your words,” when the first produced a rope, and said, “ this would hang you.”

THE TART REPLY.

Says the squire to the parson, “ if you were to lie in this dirt, we could make a substantial goose pie:”
Says the parson, “ if you in your grave were extended,
[mended,]
(Which I hope won’t happen till your morals are
And I read the prayers, by a much better rule,
The parish might call me a goose-bury fool.”

CRITIC IN BLACK, AND THE LISPING LADY.

A Mail-coach Adventure.

The night was dark and stormy, nor except from the occasional glimpse of a lamp as we passed through Islington, could I form any idea of the physiognomy of my three companions; nor was it until the constant use of a snuff-box, that set the whole coach sneezing, that I discovered the person opposite me to be a Frenchman; and although we were four in the inside, as loving and as compact, aye, as potted beef, it was at least two hours before one word was spoken. In another corner of the coach was a lady with a pug-dog, which she hugged with all possible care and attention; and opposite her was a cynical old gentleman in black, who might have passed either for a poor parson, a rich attorney, a bishop, or a Welch judge, and seemed to have taken an oath of solemn silence the moment he entered the coach; this seemed to give great uneasiness to the Frenchman, who, by a variety of sighs, shrugs, hints, and peeps at the old gentleman, tried to break the ice which had hitherto frozen up all conversation. However, he made an attempt at a thaw of words; perhaps it would be requisite to tell you what he meant before I tell you what he said; he meant to say that the coach he was in had started first from town, but had suffered another to pass it, which he had thus expressed—Mister Sarc, dat coach wick was fairst bye and bye is now behind very... but observing he was not attended to, he addressed himself particularly to the old gentleman in black, sitting opposite to him, who seemed to have taken an oath of solemn silence the moment he entered the coach—and all he could get in reply was a frown, an occasional nod, or a grunt, ugh; Ah, ah, monsieur, vat is dat ugh? Je ne comprend pas, monsieur; I don’t understand dat ugh. Parlez vous Francois, monsieur, comment vous portez vous, monsieur. How you do, sair? Ugh, ugh! Are you not well, sair? c’est bien drole—c’est bien comical; ah, that gentleman shall not speak to me.—Are you not well, sair? I am

not very well myself, it is very warm, it is quite de day of de dog—and whenever it is de day of dog, I have de bad of de head. I have not drink a present, mais; I must confess last night I did drink for sixpence too much of your punch—Ugh. However the Frenchman having heard that perseverance always answered, he was now determined to try its effect, by putting a direct question to him, and trusting to his politeness for an answer—“dites moi, tell me, sare, are you not well;” at last the old gentleman was provoked to a reply, and said, though not in the civillest tone in the world, “I am remarkably well, I was very well when I left town; I am very well now, and if I should happen to be taken ill, sir, I’ll let you know.” Finding all attempts at conversation were ineffectual with him, he determined to try his persuasion with the softer sex: he then turned round to the lady with the pug-dog; and here he was rather more fortunate in his application—being one of those who are called agreeable companions in a stage-coach, who would rather talk nonsense than not talk at all. When he said, “madam, shall I have de pleasure to talk to you, because dat gentleman shall not speak to me?”—“Oh, yes, monsieur,” with a lisp, “with the greatest pleasure in life, what shall we talk about?”—“Oh! madame, it is not for me to chuse—vat you please, theatrique, politique, Belle Lettre—Letters; talking of letters, pray what do you think of the letter S, madame?”—“The letter S, sir!”—“Madame, I don’t understand you.”—“I mean, sir, with respect to the pronunciation on it.”—“Pronunciation, oh! madame, I cannot pronounce it at all; it is de diable himself; it is true we have it in our language, merely pro forma at the end of our words; but there he lay wriggling and twisting about like a French horn upon piano-forte. Oh! the letter S. is le diable himself.”—“Oh! sir, I think it is the sweetest sounding letter in the whole alphabet; you must know, sir, I always cultivate the sound of the S, for I was married to Mr. Simmer, the soap-boiler, in St. Mary Axe; he used to say, ‘Selina, my soul,

you have the sweetest lisp;’ so I’ve retained my lisp, though I have lost him poor soul. You must know, sir, so fond am I of the letter S, I have taught my daughter Selina to cultivate it in the same way; and I never take a servant into my house if she has not got an S in her name. I’ve got a servant called Sukey, and another called Sophy, a cat called Frisk, and a dog called Smolensko; so I told my daughter Selina, to repeat a little lesson after me—that was to tell Sukey to bring the scissars off the sofa, to cut Smolensko’s tail.”

THE MEDDLER.

“Will and Hal, love their bottle.” Well, Prattle why not? [sol. Drink as much as they can, ’twill not make you a Phil’s purse has fin’d deep for illicit amours.” Well, Prattle, the damage is Philip’s, not yours. “Surface revels all night, and sleeps out half the day.” Well, Prattle, his pranks will not turn your head grey. “Charles, ruin’d by gambling, begs alms to subsist.” Well, Prattle, subscribe or withhold as you list. Be less busy, good Prattle, with others affairs! Keep an eye to concerns of your own, and not theirs. You’re in risk of arrest, Prattle, that’s your concern; None will lend you a doit, and you’ve no means to earn. Your wife’s ever drunk, Prattle, that concerns you. Miss Prattle, your daughter’s with child—and that too.

I could preach thus a week, did my taste so incline. But, Prattle, your scrapes are no business of mine.

SWEARING BY PROXY.

Cardinal Dubois used frequently, in searching after any thing he wanted, to swear excessively. One of his clerks told him, “Your eminence had better hire a man to swear for you, and then you will gain so much time.”

DEATH BY DEGREES.

A physician who attended Fontenelle, once found him drinking coffee. "My good sir," said this sage descendant of Galen, "I am astonished to see you swallowing the juice of that pernicious berry! coffee is a slow poison!"—"I should think it must be *slow*," said Fontenelle, "for I have drunk it with great perseverance for more than forty years."

EPITAPH, NEAR SHEFFIELD.

Thomas Hughes,
Removed from over the way.

GALLANT MOURNING.

The Spaniards do not often pay hyperbolical compliments; but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says, "They were mourning for the murders she had committed."

SAINT MICHAEL'S CHAIR.

Merrily, merrily, rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake, and Rebecca his wife,
Arriv'd at St. Michael's door.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,
Cheerful and frank and free.
But he led a sad life, with Rebecca his wife,
For a terrible shrew was she.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take,
Till patience avail'd no longer:
But Richard Penlake, his crabstick would take,
And shew her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca his wife had often wish'd
To sit in St. Michael's chair
For she should be the mistress then,
If she had once sat there.

It chanced that Richard Penlake fell sick,
They thought that he would have died;
Rebecca his wife made a vow for his life,
As she knelt by his bed-side.

"Now hear my prayer, St. Michael! and spare
My husband's life," quoth she;
"And to thine altar we will go,
Six marks to give to thee."

Richard Penlake repeated the vow,
For woundidly sick was he;
"Save me, St. Michael, and we will go
Six marks to give to thee."

When Richard grew well, Rebecca his wife
Teazed him by night and by day;
"O mine own dear! for you I fear
If we the vow-delay."

Merrily, merrily, rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake, and Rebecca his wife,
Arriv'd at St. Michael's door.

Six marks they on the altar laid,
And Richard knelt in prayer:
She left him to pray, and stole away,
To sit in St. Michael's chair.

Up the tower Rebecca ran,
Round, and round, and round;
'Twas a giddy sight to stand a-top,
And look upon the ground.

"A curse on the ringers, for rocking
The tower!" Rebecca cried,
As over the church battlements
She strode, with a long stride.

"A blessing on St. Michael's chair!"
She said as she sat down;
Merrily, merrily, rung the bells,
And out Rebecca was thrown.

Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought
That his good wife was dead:
"Now shall we toll, for her good soul,
The great church-bell?" they said.

"Toll at her burying," quoth Richard Penlake,
"Toll at her burying," quoth he
"But don't disturb the ringers now,
In compliment to me."

TIMELY FEAR.

Foote once went to spend his Christmas at a friend's, when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by a scarcity of wood, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for town. A lady seeing him with his boot on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in? and pressed him to stay. "No, no," says Foote, "was I to stay any longer, you would not let me *have a leg to stand on*."—"Why, sure," says the lady, "we do not drink so hard."—"No," says the wit, "but there is so *little wood in your house*, that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fires some morning with my *right leg*."

THE PIG.

An Irishman seeing his neighbour driving an unruly pig, asked what he was going to do with it? "Faith!" replied Paddy, "I am taking it home to help the children to eat their potatoes."

THE FEMALE MICROCOSM.

To a Lady, who said, Man is a little World.

The world in small *men* are, you say;
And why not *women* too, I pray?
All species they as well comprise,
That trace earth, waters, or the skies.

The *lamb* their childhood well explains;
They're skittish *fillies* in their teens;
Often the name of *cats* prevails,
Creatures that play much with their tails.

Yet are believ'd from seas to spring,
When the dissembling *Syrens* sing;
Some are call'd *thornbacks*—for their years;
Some *crocodiles*—when they're in tears.

But they are *parrots* when they talk;
They're *peacocks* proud whene'er they walk;
Yet *turtles*, meeting face to face;
They're *rails*, who at tea-tables sway;
They're *bats*, who chase their twilight prey;
And other things in proper place.

The Lady's Answer.

A *little world*, I say again,
Meets in the motley creature *man*
His single species all explains,
Earth, ocean, or the air contains.

The *ape* much in his youth appears;
The *goat*, the *swine*, or *wolf* in years;
Often, the name of *curs* prevails,
For fawning at their patrons tails.

Yet thought some ocean monster when
We see a state *leviathan*;
Some are call'd *codsheads*—wanting brains;
Some *sharks*—where gaming reigns.

But *blackbirds*, when in pulpits zealous;
They're horred *owls*, when husbands jealous;
And *jays*, at court, who spark it;
They're *gulls*, whom corporations glean,
Canary birds at 'Change are seen,
And *capons*—in Haymarket.

PICTURE DABBLING.

P——, a picture-dealer, met S—— in the street one day, and the following conversation ensued—

S. You look deplorably sad, what is the matter with you?

P. Oh! I am the unluckiest dog alive, I am almost ruined; I have lost fifty pounds this morning.

S. How, how, man; I never knew you had much to lose?

P. Oh! it is always my luck, always unfortunate; a heavy loss, a dead loss!

S. (Sympathetically.) But how happened it?

P. Why, last week I bought a volume of plates at a sale for forty shillings; and as they were the way of Lord G——'s collection, I offered them to him. He appointed to call this morning I went; his Lordship was engaged, and I sat down in the anti-room. I had resolved to put good five pounds profit on, and began looking over the prints, that I might see where to insist on their value. It struck me that they looked better than before, and I determined to ask ten pounds for them! Well, sir, I waited and waited till

most tired; and I said to myself, by G——, I won't waste my time so long for nothing, for any lord in Christendom; I'll ask fifteen pounds!! Another half-hour passed, and I got so mad, that I swore to myself I'd ask thirty, and I had made up my mind to this when I was called in. His Lordship was in desperate good humour, and behaved so kindly, that when he inquired the price, I plumped it at once *fifty pounds!!!*

And so by your greed you lost your purchaser!

P. No, d—n it; he gave me a check for the money in a moment, without haggling; I might as easily have got a hundred; but I am always lucky!!

FIDDLER'S DUEL.

A desperate, and probably a most bloody duel, once prevented in the musical world, by the interference of a friendly *second fiddle*, fortunately tuned up in concert pitch for the harmonic purpose. The *minor-keyed* Cramer, it seems, called on his father. It happening that neither of the *primos* having a bow to draw the next day, he actually agreed to draw a trigger against the first leg of each other's life. The instruments were repaired; but, happily, the time was not duly set, as one of them only began his *dead march* to Kingston in three flats, while the other had run a rapid fugue to the termination of the passage, asked for the last movement, where he remained *ad libitum*. From this error in counting, an interval of twenty-four bars rest took place, in which the two-part friend happily threw smoking cantabile of his own composing; this brought the principal performers into unison with each other, by an amicable *rondeau*, which, after a short state, closed the performance by a very noble FINALE.

A PAIR OF EAR-RINGS.

Happy the man the music nursed
Towards Phoebus' temple beckoned;
He lets some fair one sing the first,
And takes at sight the second.

Not mine that tuneful height to gain,
And yet, to stem disaster,
Methought I might, by care and pain,
Some few duettos master.

Kate, fair preceptress, taught me well,
By dint of toil, to hellow.
A second to Mozart's "Crudel,"
And Mayer's "Vecchierello."

Push'd on by her assiduous aid,
In strains not much like Banti,
Through "Con un Aria" next I strayed,
Composed by Fioravanti.

Thus taught my tuneful part to bear,
To Kate, assiduous girl,
In courtesy I sent a pair
Of ear-rings deck'd with pearl.

My Mercury to Kate's abode
On agile pinions flew,
And fleetly by the self-same road
Brought back this billet-doux:—

"A hoon like this, dear sir, appears
The best you can bestow;
'Tis fit you decorate my ears—
You've bored them long ago.

NICKNAMES.

Lord Howe was called, by his sailors, *Black Dick*, from his dark complexion.

Old Vestris, the celebrated dancer, christened himself the *Dieu de Danse!*

Queen Anne was called, by Walpole, *Goody Anne*, the wet-nurse of the church.

The great Duke of Marlborough got the nickname of *Silly*, from a habitude of expression he had. If a question was asked, he would reply, "Oh silly!" Then will you do so and so?—"Oh silly! silly!" was the eternal reply.

Lord-chancellor Northington, remarkable for his profligate and brutal manner, procured himself the nickname of *Surly Bob*.

Lord Sandwich got the name of *Jemmy Twitcher*.

Judge Jeffreys had a book dedicated to him, as *Earl of Flint*.

The late Lord Temple obtained the nickname of *Squire Gawkey*.

Dr. Halifax, when at the University, was known by the nickname of *Louse*, from his courting the company of the *heads* of houses.

Sir Fletcher Norton, eleven years Speaker of the House of Commons, got the epithet of *Sir Bullface Doublefee*!

When Julius Cæsar entered Rome in triumph, his own soldiers said, "Romans, take care of your wives and daughters—*Bald-pate* is come again."

Socrates was nicknamed *Flat nose*.

Frederick the First got the name of *Barbarossa*, from the colour of his beard.

CHANGING NAMES.

Thomas Knight, Esq. whose paternal name was Brodmax, which, very early in life, he changed for that of May. afterwards, by a statute of 9th Geo. II. took the name of Knight, which occasioned a facetious member of the House to get up, and propose "a general bill, to enable that gentleman to take what name he pleased."

THE JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION.

I devise to end my days—in a tavern drinking,
May some Christian hold for me—the glass when
I am shrinking;

That the Cherubim may cry—when they see me
sinking,
God be merciful to a soul—of this gentleman's
way of thinking.

A glass of wine amazingly—enlighteneth one's
internals,

'Tis wings reddened with nectar—that fly up to
supernals.

Bottles crack'd in taverns—have much the sweeter
kernels,

Than the sups allowed to us—in the college jour-

Every one by nature hath—a mould which he was
cast in: [write fasting]

I happen to be one of those—who never could
By a single little boy—I should be surpass'd in
Writing so; I'd just as lief—be buried, tomb'd,
and grass'd in.

Every one by nature hath—a gift too, a dotation.
I. when I make verses—do get the inspiration
Of the very best of wine—that comes into the
nation;

It maketh sermons to abound—for edification.
Just as liquor floweth good—floweth forth my
lay so;

But I must moreover eat—or I could not say so;
Nought it availeth inwardly—should I write all
day so; [Nas]

But with God's grace after meat—I beat Ovid
Neither is there given to me—prophetic anima-
tion, [saturation]

Unless when I have eat and drank yea, ev'n to
Then, in my upper story—hath Bacchus domi-
nation, [relation]

And Phœbus rusheth into me, and beggarth all

AMERICAN ODDITIES.

Captains Lewis and Clarke, in their Travels to the Source of the Missouri, among other tribes of Indians, fell in with that of the Sioux, whose chiefs made a speech, but whose names, being literally translated from their own dialect, were, Mahtoree, that is, *white crane*; Carkapaha, that is, *crow's-head*; Lenasawa, *id est, black cat*; Neswanja, that is, *big-ox*; Sananona, *iron-eye*. There were other eminent men among them, with equally eminent names; as, *Big Horse*, *White Horse*, *Little Thief*, *Hospitality*, *Blackbird*, *Wolf-man*, *Little Raven*, *Little Fox*, *Big White*, and *Big Thief*. These eccentricities are only equalled by the names of the American rivers and creeks, such as *Big Muddy River*, *Little Muddy River*, *Little Shallow River*, *Good Woman River*, *Little Good Woman Creek*, *Grindstone Creek*, *Cupboard Creek*, *Biscuit Creek*, *Blowing-fly Creek*.

SURGEON OUTWITTED.

It is a superstition with some surgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the gall and bargain for the carcass with the criminal himself. An Irishman once did so, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died. The surgeon communicated his business, and fell into discourse with a little fellow who refused twelve shillings, and insisted upon fifteen for his body. Another fellow said, "Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half-starved all his life, and is now half dead with fear, cannot answer your purpose. I have ever lived highly and freely, my veins are full, I am not pined in imprisonment; you see my crest is up to your knife, and after Jack Catch has cut upon my honour, you'll find me as sound as a hallock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty shillings I am your man." Says the Surgeon, "done, there's a guinea." The witty rogue took the money, and as soon as he had it in his fist, said, "Bile, I'm to be hang'd in chains."

MADRIGAL,

The idea from Quevedo.

O wherefore, Julia, heavenly maid!
Is thy sweet bosom thus display'd?
I've heard admiring swains unfold,
It is so cruel and so cold,
That, love, the darling of the fair,
Was never known to nestle there:—
Oh! lure the wand'rer to thy arms,
Or from our sight conceal thy charms;—
O'erish emotions he inspires,
Or cease to kindle fierce desires;—
Nor ever should the Graces rove,
Where chill disdain has banish'd Love.

GOOD WISHES.

An Irish hangman, upon asking a criminal about the executed for the customary bequest, and receiving it, exclaimed, "Long life to your honor," at the same moment drew the bolt which smothered the unfortunate man into eternity.

LEFT-HANDED.

A prisoner in the bar at the Mayor's Court, in being called on to plead to an indictment for larceny, was told by the clerk to hold up his right-hand. The man immediately held up his left-hand; "hold up your right-hand," said the clerk.—"Plase your honour," still keeping his left hand up, "plase your honour I am left-handed."

SHADES OF LIFE.

This is the very best world we live in—
To spend, to lend or to give in;
But it is the worst world that ever was known—
To beg, or to borrow, or get one's own.

IRISH PETITION.

To the Honourable Commissioners of the Excise:
The humble Petition of Patrick O'Connor, Blarney O'Bryan, and Carney Macquhre, to be appointed Inspectors and Overlookers (vulgarly called Excisemen) for the Port of Cork, in the Kingdom of Ireland.

And whereas we your aforesaid Petitioners will, both by night and day, and all night and all day, and we will come and go, and walk and ride, and take and bring, and send and fetch and carry, and we will see all, seize all, and more than all, and every thing and nothing at all, of all such goods and commodities as may be, can be, and cannot be, liable to pay duty.

And we your aforesaid Petitioners will, at all times, and no time, and time past, be present and absent, and be backwards and forwards, and behind and before, and be no where, and every where, and here and there, and no where at all.

And we your aforesaid Petitioners will come and inform, and give information and notice, duly and truly, wisely and honestly, according to the matter as we know and don't know, and we will not rob or cheat the king any more than is now lawfully practised.

And we your aforesaid Petitioners, all of us, are protestants and gentlemen of reputation, and we love the king, and we value him, and we will

fight for him and against him, and we will run for him and from him, to serve him or any of his family and acquaintance, as far and as much farther as lies in our power, dead or alive, as long as we live.

Witness our several and separate hands in conjunction, and one and all three of us both together.

Patrick O'Connor.

Blarney O'Brian.

Carney Macquire.

ON IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Of old, the debtor that insolvent died,
Egypt the rites of sepulture denied;
A different trade enlightened Christians drive,
And charitably bury him alive.

POLITE ROBBERS.

A gang of robbers broke into the house of a gentleman in Stanhope-street, and stole some plate and other articles. A few days afterwards, the following notice appeared in the Daily Advertiser:—

"A Card.—Mr. R. of Stanhope-street, presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honour of eating a couple of roast chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of Madeira, &c. at his house on Monday night. *In their haste* they took away the tankard; they are heartily welcome to that; to the table-spoons, and to the light guineas which were in an old red morocco pocket-book, they are also heartily welcome; but in the said pocket-book there were several loose papers, which, consisting of private memorandums, receipts, &c. can be of no use to his kind and friendly visitors, but are important to him; he, therefore, hopes and trusts they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch, which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any way could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser; and is, with due respect, theirs, &c.

W. R."

A packet was a few nights afterwards dropped into the area of his house, containing the books and papers, with this apologetical epistle:

"Sir,—You are quite a gemmen. Your madery we be's not use to, and it got into our upper works, or we would never have cribbed your papers. They be all marched back agen wid the red hook. Your ale was mortal good, and the tankard and spoons were made into a rabbit soup in Duke's plaice, two hours before dey-lite. The old family watch-cases were, at the same time, made into a brown gravy, and the gents are new christened, and on their voyage to Holland. If they had not been transported, you should have had 'em agen, for you are quite a gemmen, be you know as they have been christened, and got a new name, they would no longer be of your family; and soe, sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we be much obligated to you, and shall be glad to sarve and wissit you by nite by day, and are yours, till death,

"A. B. and C."

THE PAINTER.

In ev'ry town and village round,
A marvellous wight is always found,
Whose works, in signs and wonders shown,
Make both himself and others known
Within the reach of mortal ken:
Beyond that space, like other men,
His works unseen, unheard his name,
Remain untrumpeted by Fame.

For each vain dauber must not hope
A Dryden, Addison, or Pope
To celebrate his art and skill,
Although these brethren of the quill
Were loud and lavish in applause
Of sev'ral, with as little cause;
Whilst many such, for want of brass
Or gold, their lives obscurely pass;
Nor when they die shall marble bust
Be placed above their humble dust;
No monument, no epitaph,
To make fools stare, and wise folks laugh;

Telling, that Nature, now alive all,
 Is glad she's rid of such a rival;
 Though, finding him depriv'd of breath,
 Fears that herself may suffer death."
 Contented by their work; to live,
 Till death the fatal stroke shall give;
 Yet not entirely 'rest of praise,
 While simple clowns admiring gaze,
 Seeing the globe hang by a pole;
 The moon that never shall be whole.
 With greater wonder they behold
 The radiant blaze in burnished gold;
 The rainbow too, placed as a sign,
 In earthly colours deign'd to shine;
 And hither by a fixed star,
 Navigators are guided from afar.—
 Looking the sky, sometimes he doigns
 To think what the world contains;
 And obstetric, head prolific,
 Produces strange figures hieroglyphic
 Of man, of beast, of fish, and fowl
 Of insect, plant, jug, glass, and bowl;
 Yet not confined to nature's store,
 His fertile fancy strikes out more
 And much more strange than she can drag on,
 Fire monsters! such as fiery dragon;
 Of dreadful shape and dismal hue,
 The griffin green, the lion blue;
 And all unique, by him so doom'd,
 Or in self-kindled flames consum'd;
 The pelican, shedding her heart's blood,
 Feeds her unfilial infant brood;
 A white-lead angel here descends,
 And there a lamp-black fiend attends;
 Half fish, half woman, 'bove the surges
 A mermaid from the sea emerges;
 A satyr, somewhat more than demi-
 Devil, and some others I could name ye;
 So great his art, so vast his genius,
 That things, however heterogeneous,
 Are by his pow'r combined together,
 As if they all were of a feather;
 But never with presumptuous hand
 Does he transgress heav'n's high command,

For nothing with or without breath,
 In heav'n above or earth beneath,
 Or in the waters under earth,
 Is like that to which his brush gives birth;
 But all so like 'twould pose a witch
 Well to determine which is which,
 Had not that happy art been found
 Which "gives a form to empty sound,"
 And makes the hand talk to the eye;
 The traveller else, as passing by,
 Might for a cow mistake the steed
 But that ev'n "he who runs may read,"
 In capitals, "THE WHITE HORSE INN,"
 And in less characters, "wine, beer, and gin."
 When England Charles for Noll did barter,
 Made one protector—t'other a martyr;
 When roundheads ruled our cavaliers,
 The arts and sciences in tears
 Mourn'd their protector's hapless fate,
 Gentle, generous, good, and great;
 It happen'd in these times fanatic,
 Such artist with his host ran a tick,
 Five pounds or so—a desperate score!
 (It might be less, or might be more.)
 Of their discourse the constant theme
 Whene'er they met; at last this scheme,
 Poor Brush, quite harass'd, did impart,
 To pay each other art for art
 Quoth he, they differ but in name,
 The principle of both's the same,
 On drawing both depend, 'tis clear—
 I pictures draw, and you draw beer.
 Then since they are so near a-kin,
 To quarrel would be shame and sin."

The host, who could not mend the matter,
 Thought something still than nothing better;
 In short, without much farther jargon,
 They both agreed, and struck a bargain;
 The host, in want of a new sign,
 Gives him the subject, or design;
 Not dictated by wicked wit,
 But taken out of holy writ;
 Nathless, resolved to make a show,
 He would have Pharaoh's overthrow.

Home went the painter, overjoy'd,
To find himself again employ'd,
Got his materials and tools,
And laid the board all over gules,
But how to place the figures there
Required more skill than fell to's share !
He beat his head, and rubb'd his brow,
But rubb'd in vain, *as I do now*.
Tir'd of the task, he soon gave o'er,
Said that should do—he said, nay swore.

Next day returning to his host,
He of his piece began to boast :—
“ I'm sure it must be to your liking,
It is so very bold and striking.”
“ Well, say no more,—let's see,—dispatch,—
Zounds ;—what is this !—a mere red splatch !”
“ Red splatch d'ye call't ?—'tis the Red Sea.”
“ The devil it is !—well, that may be ;
Then where are Pharaoh and his host ?”—
“ Drown'd in the sea, you know they're lost.”
“ True—the Egyptians went to the bottom,
But the Israelites, where have you got 'em
And Moses too, who was their guide ?”
“ Oh ! they're all safe on t'other side.”
The host, who hitherto had stickled,
Finding at last his fancy tickled,
His visage now began t' uncloud,
And now he laugh'd both long and loud.
When he recover'd from his fit,
Quoth he, “ Friend Brush, I love thy wit,
And like thy joke, yet much I doubt
Some dunces may not find it out ;
Therefore “ pro bono publico,”
In order that all men may know,
In letters fair write under, (bids he)
“ This is Pharaoh in the Red Sea.”

CURRAN'S SOUL OF WIT.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, “ That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night.”

CHOICE COMPANY.

An Indian of the Abipones (an equestrian people of South America) was about to be baptised. “ You will certainly go to heaven after this ceremony, when you die,” said the Jesuit, who was to christen him ; the Indian was content. Just as the water was on the point of being thrown, however, a doubt arose in the mind of the savage. “ By this water I shall go to heaven ?” said he. “ As sure as there are mosquitos in America,” answered the father. “ But my friends, who will be baptised, they must go to hell ?”—“ Assuredly they shall not miss, a man of them.”—“ Then, excuse me ; I am sorry to have given you this trouble, but I shall choose to go too.”

THE MONUMENT

The celebrated Duke of Buckingham is said to have written on the Monument the following lines :—

Here stand I,
The Lord knows why ;
But if I fall,
Have at ye all.

VILLAGE WORTHIES.

The tailor, a pale-faced fellow, plays the clarion in the church choir, and, being a great musical genius, has frequent meetings of the band at his home where they “ make night hideous” by their concerts. He is, in consequence, high in favour with Master Simon ; and, through his influence, in the making, or rather marring, of all the liveries of the hell, which generally look as though they had been cut out by one of those scientific tailors of the Flying Island of Laputa, who took measure of their customers with a quadrant. The tailor, in fact, might rise to be one of the monied men of the village, was he not rather too prone to gossip and keep holidays, and give concerts, and blow his substance, real and personal, through his clarion net, which literally keeps him poor both in body and estate. He has, for the present, thrown by his regular work, and suffered the breeches of the

to go unmade and unmended, while he is occupied in making garlands of party-coloured ribbons, in imitation of flowers, for the decoration of the May-pole.

Another of Master Simon's counsellors is the apothecary, a short, and rather fat man, with a pair of prominent eyes, that diverge like those of an owl. He is the village wise man; very sensible, and full of profound remarks on shallow matters. Master Simon often quotes his sayings, and considers him as rather an extraordinary man, and sometimes consults him occasionally in desperate cases of the dogs and horses. Indeed, he seems to have been overwhelmed by the apothecary's philosophy, which is exactly one observation deep, consisting of indisputable maxims, such as may be culled from the mottos of tobacco-boxes. I had occasion of his philosophy in my very first conversation with him; in the course of which he observed, with great solemnity and emphasis, that "wisdom is a very compound of wisdom and folly;" to which Master Simon, who had hold of my arm, clung very hard on it, and whispered in my ear, "that's a devilish shrewd remark!"

THE FOUR AGES OF WOMEN.

She is more covetous than tender,
 Ere she could not delay the bliss,
 She exacted of Lysander
 Ere she was able to grant a kiss.

Next day; what a change in trading!
 The merchandize became more cheap
 When she demanded of the maiden
 Ere she was able to grant a kiss.

She is more am'rous now becoming,
 Ere she could not delay the bliss,
 She exacted of Lysander
 Ere she was able to grant a kiss.

Next day, all prud'ry over,
 Ere she could not delay the bliss,
 She exacted of Lysander
 Ere she was able to grant a kiss.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

Than Burns perhaps no man more severely inflicted the castigation of reproof. The following anecdote will illustrate this fact. The conversation one night at the King's Arms Inn, Dumfries, turning on the death of a townsman, whose funeral was to take place on the following day, "By the bye," said one of the company, addressing himself to Burns, "I wish you would lend me your black coat for the occasion, my own being rather out of repair."—"Having myself to attend the same funeral," answered Burns, "I am sorry that I cannot lend you my *sables*, but I can recommend a most excellent substitute; *throw your character over your shoulders*—that will be the *blackest coat* you ever wore in your life-time!"

PUNNING EPITAPH.

The following epitaph, engraven on a tombstone in the Houtf, a large burying-ground in the town of Dundee, affords a striking example of the taste for playing on words, which prevailed towards the end of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the following century.

On Mr. Alex. Speid.

Time flies with speed, with speed *Speid's* fled,
 To the dark regions of the dead;
 With speed consumption's sorrows flew,
 And stopt *Speid's* speed for *Speid* it slew.
 Miss *Speid* beheld, with frantic woe,
 Poor *Speid* with speed turn pale as snow,
 And beat her breast, and tore her hair,
 For *Speid*, poor *Speid*, was all her care,
 Let's learn of *Speid* with speed to fly,
 From sin, since we like *Speid* must die.

HORACE WALPOLE AND HIS TIMES.

The eccentric Horace Walpole says, that in his times the modes of christianity were exhausted, and could not furnish novelty enough to fix attention. Zinzendorffe plied his Moravians with nudities, yet made few enthusiasts. Whitfield and the methodists made more money than disturbances: his largest crop of proselytes lay among servant-maids; and his warmest devotees went to Bedlam without

going to war. Bower, whom some thought they had detected as a jesuit, and who at most was but detected as an impostor, had laid open the practices of the catholics, and detailed the establishments of the jesuits in the very heart of London, without occasioning either alarm or murmur against those fathers. Yet, uninflamable as the times were, they carried a great mixture of superstition. Masquerades had been abolished because there had been an earthquake at Lisbon; and when the last jubilee masquerade was exhibited at Ranelagh, the sle-houses and roads to Chelsea were crowded with drunken people, who assembled to denounce the judgements of God on persons of fashion, whose greatest sin was dressing themselves ridiculously. A more inconvenient reformation, and not a more sensible one, was set on foot by societies of tradesmen, who denounced to the magistrates all bakers that baked or sold bread on Sundays. Alum, and the variety of spurious ingredients with which bread, and indeed all wares were adulterated all the week round, gave not half so much offence as the vent of the chief necessary of life on the seventh day. Some of the elders too of our own church, seeing what harvests were brought into the tabernacles of Whitfield and Wesley, by familiarising God's word to the vulgar, and by elevating vulgar language, had the discretion to apply the same call to their own lost sheep, and tinkled back their old women by sounding the brass of the methodists. One Ashton, a quaint and fashionable preacher of the orthodox, talked to the people in a phrase compounded of cant and politics; he reproved them for not coming so church, where "God keeps a day but sees little company," and informed them that "our ancestors loved powder and ball, and so did our generals; but the latter loved them for their hair and hands."

ROYAL LEARNING.

The present King of Persia made many inquiries of Sir Harford Jones respecting America, saying, "What sort of a place is it? How do you get at it? Is it under ground, or how?"

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY, AND CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

A messenger, in breathless haste,
With hair erected on his head,
In Cornaro's chamber prest,
And rush'd up to the sleeper's bed;
The sleeper lay in sweet repose,
The wasted strength of life restoring,
Lulled by the music of his nose,
Which mortals vulgarly call snoring.
The stranger shook him pretty roughly,
And tweaked his nose, and pulled his hair;
At last Cornaro, rather gruffly,
Asked what the devil brought him there?
The messenger, in great distress,
At length in broken accents said,
"O! sir! they've sent me here express
To tell you that your wife is dead!"
"Indeed!" the widowed man replied,
Turning upon his other side,
And pulling o'er his eyes his cap,
In hopes of finishing his nap—
"To-morrow, when I wake, you'll see
How long and loud my grief shall be!"

CHISWICK.

Dr. Blunderton, the rector of Chiswick, at a time the Earl of Burlington built his Italian villa there, had been made to believe that the villa was entirely formed of cheese. The doctor had related this report so often, that he, by degrees, persuaded himself of its truth. The tale thus obtained a foundation, which was this. The earl somehow or other, discovered that the etymology of Chiswick was Cheese-wick; and, therefore, to persuade the world that he was an antiquary, he consulted with the best architects in Italy upon the materials. Brick was vulgar, and any house might have a brick-house. Freestone was excessively dear. At length, upon consulting an Italian abbate, who had an uncle in the province of Lodi, where the Parmesan cheese is made, the Italian had the address, for the benefit of his uncle,

was the greatest factor in the province, to persuade the earl to case his house with the parings of Parmesan cheese. The oddity of the idea struck the earl, and some thousands of the oldest and largest Parmesan cheeses were selected for the purpose, and shipped from Venice for England. The house was cased with this curious envelope with a cement brought from Italy, and the earl's cheesemonger's bill amounted to an enormous sum, which exceeded the bills of all the other artificers put together. A fine summer saw the house completed; but, from the damps, dews, and rains, of the winter, the cheese façades became soft, and, by their odour, attracted all the rats in the parish, which, added to the company they brought with them from the Thames, so much undermined and damaged the casing of the house, that the abbate was anathematized, and the crust of the building was changed to what it now is.

LOVE AND PRIDE,

How shall I do with my love and my pride?
Dear Dick, give me counsel, if friendship has any:
[ply'd,
"Prither purge, or let blood," surly Richard re-
"And forget the coquette in the arms of your Nanny."

A GHOST STORY.

A certain bishop and a justice of peace had great altercations on the subject of ghosts. The bishop was a zealous defender of their reality, the justice somewhat sceptical. The bishop one day met his friend, and the justice told him, that at their last conference on the subject, he had made a demonstration which convinced him of the existence of ghosts. "I rejoice at your conclusion," replied the bishop; "give me the circumstance that produced it, with all the particulars of your demonstration you say."—"Yes, my lord, as I lay last night in my bed,—about the fifth hour I was awakened, by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs."—"What?"—"Alarmed at the noise, I drew my door open."—"Proceed!"—"And saw a faint

glimmering light enter my chamber."—"Of a blue colour, was it not?"—"Of a pale blue!"—"The light was followed by a tall, meagre, stern figure, who appeared as an old man of seventy years of age, arrayed in a long light-coloured rug gown, bound round with a leathern girdle; his beard thick and grisly, his hair scant and straight, his face of a dark sable hue, on his head a large fur cap, and in his hand a long staff. Terror seized my whole frame—I trembled till the bed almost shook, and cold drops hung on every limb; the figure, with a slow and solemn step, stalked nearer and nearer."—"Did you not speak to it? There was money hid, and murder committed, without doubt."—"My lord, I did speak to it. I adjured it, by all that was holy, to tell me whence and why it thus appeared?"—"And in Heaven's name, what was the reply?"—"It was accompanied, my lord, by three strokes of his staff upon the floor, so loud that they made the room ring again; when, holding up his lantern, and then waving it close to my eyes, he told me he was the watchman! and came to give me notice that my street-door was wide open, and unless I arose and shut it, I might chance to be robbed before morning."

THE PAINTER OF FLORENCE.

There once was a Painter in Catholic days,
Like Job who eschewed all evil;
Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze,
With applause and amazement, but chiefly his praise

And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were angels compared to the devils he drew,
Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell,
Such burning hot eyes, such a damnable hue,
You could even smell brimstone, their breath was so blue,

He painted his devils so well.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
'Twas over the Virgin's church-door;
She stood on the dragon, embracing her son,
Many devils already the artist had done,
But this must out-do all before.

The old dragon's imps, as they fled through the air,
 At seeing it, paus'd on the wing,
 For he had a likeness so just to a hair, [there,
 That they came, as Apollyon himself had been
 To pay their respects to their king

Every child on beholding ii shiver'd with dread,
 And scream'd, as he turned away quick;
 Not an old woman saw it, but raising her head,
 Dropp'd a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles,
 and said,

"God help me from ugly old Nick!"

What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
 He sometimes would dream of by night;
 But once he was startled, as sleeping he lay,
 'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey
 That the Devil himself was in sight.

"You rascally dauber," old Beelzebub cries,

"Take heed how you wrong me again!

Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
 Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
 Or see if I threaten in vain!"

Now the Painter was bold and religious beside,
 And on faith he had certain reliance,
 So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
 And thank'd him for sitting with Catholic pride,
 And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
 He is ready as soon as 'tis light;
 Every look, every line, every feature he knows,
 'Twas fresh to his eye, to his labour he goes,
 And he has the old wicked one quite.

Happy man, he is sure the resemblance can't fail,
 The tip of the nose is red hot, [scales,
 There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with
 And that—the identical curl of his tail,
 Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks, and retouches again with delight;
 'Tis a portrait complete to his mind!
 He touches again, and again feeds his sight,
 He looks around for applause, and he sees with
 The original standing behind. [affright,

"Fool! idiot!" old Beelzebub grinn'd as he
 spoke,

And stamp'd on the scaffold in ire;
 The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
 'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding
 broke;

And the Devil could wish it no higher.

"Help! help me, O Mary," he cried in alarm
 As the scaffold sunk under his feet.

From the canvass the Virgin extended her arm,
 She caught the good Painter, she saved him from
 harm,

There were thousands who saw in the street.

The old dragon fled when the wonder he spied,
 And curs'd his own fruitless endeavour;

While the Painter call'd after, his rage to deride
 Shook his pallet and brush, in triumph, and cried

"Now I'll paint thee more ugly than ever!"

TANDEM DRIVING.

At length Bill Puncheon sees his sire laid low;
 At length Bill Puncheon means to be "the go"
 At length he soars to manage whip and reins;
 At length he's "all the kick," from Bow to Staines
 At length he drives upon Newmarket sod;
 At length he drives, until he drives to—quod.

ETYMOLOGICAL PUNNING.

Swift, in his Art of Punning, gives the etymological rule, when a man hunts a pun through every letter and syllable of a word; as, for example, I am asked, "What is the best word to spend an evening with?" I answer, "*Potaloe*" for there is, *po—pot—pola—potat—potatoc*, and the reverse, *sol a top*.

Achilles, continues he, being a hero of a restless and unquiet nature, never gave himself any repose either in peace or in war; and, therefore, as General Earl of Warwick was called a kill-cow, and another terrible man a kill-devil, so this general was called a kill-case, or destroyer of ease, and at length, by corruption, Achilles.

Andromache, the wife of Hector, he traces thus: Her father was a Scotch gentleman, of a noble

ally, still subsisting in that ancient kingdom; being a foreigner in Troy, to which city he is one of his countrymen, in the defence of which, as Dictys Cretensis learnedly observes, Hector fell in love with his daughter, and the father's name was Andrew Mackay. The young boy was called by the same name, only a little altered to the Grecian accent.

Barne Tooke, in his *Diversions of Purley*, indicates the derivation of King Pepin from the Dutch noun *osper*: as thus—*osper*, *eper*, *oper*; *oper*; *nipkin*, *nipkin*, *pipkin*, *pepin*—king—King Pepin! And, in another work, we find the etymology of pickled cucumber from King Jeremiah *sumpti gratia*; King Jeremiah—Jeremiah; Jerry, kings jerkin, girkin, pickled-cucumber! Also, the name of Mr. Fox, as derived from a rainy-day; as thus—Rainy-day, rain a day, rain much, rain hard, reynard, fox!

OPTICAL DEFICIENCY.

A poor man once lost his sight by an accident, having been placed under some skilful oculist, who very and strangely recovered it; he was induced to use it gradually, and was able at length to look boldly and firmly at distant objects, saw the ships on the horizon, boats in the distance, horses, dogs, flet, and even fleas; till, to the astonishment of the faculty, he was able to read the largest type. As reading was the criterion of his recovery, away went the appointed oculists, and doctors, and apothecaries, physicking, lancetting, lotioning, rubbing, and rubbing at the eyes as hard as they possibly could, till at the termination of a fortnight, they exhausted all their skill, and nearly killed the patient. "Gentlemen," said the sufferer, "thank you for your exertions, I assure you I am well enough. I have sufficiently recovered the use of my eyes to satisfy myself; I see horses and cows five fields distant. I see the sun upon the window frame—I am satisfied." "Ah!" said one of the professors, "but your enjoyment is yet denied to you—you can-

not yet read even large type, and it is that which convinces us there is something yet to do."—"That there is, sir," answered the patient, "a great deal to do, to make me read any type, for I never could read at all."

WOMAN'S RESOLUTION.

O! cry'd Arsenia, long in wedlock blest,
Her head reclining on her husband's breast,
"Should death divide thee from thy doating wife,
What comfort could be found in widow'd life?
How the thought shakes me!—heav'n my Strephon save,

Or give the lost Arsenia half his grave."
Jove heard the lovely mourner, and approv'd;
"And should not wives like this," said he, "be lov'd?

Take the soft sorrower at her word; and try
How deeply-rooted woman's vows can lie."

'Twas said, and done—the tender Strephon dy'd;

Arsenia two long months—t' out-live him try'd;
But in the third—alas!—became a bride.

VICE VERSA

A Frenchman once asked what difference there was between M. de Rothschild, the loan broker, and Herod? "It is," he was told, "that Herod was the King of the Jews, and Rothschild the Jew of the Kings."

BARRISTERS.

A gentleman when attending York Assizes, wrote to a friend as follows:—"I spend most of my time in the Nisi-prius Court. Besides that the trials are of a less painful nature than those at the crown end, the bar have certainly there the widest scope for the display of talent. I visited it for the first time on Tuesday, in company with my worthy friend Timothy. We set off early in order to secure a good place. The streets through which we passed were all alive, and the castle was evidently the centre of general attraction. The bearers of blue bags (for green is now discarded,) were particularly nimble.

"There, with like haste, by several ways they run,
Some to undo—and some to be undone."

My friend was in danger of laughing outright, when his eye caught a first glimpse of the galaxy of wigs, which "make so many foolish faces wise, and so many wise faces foolish."—"Odds bobbins," said he, "but they are a rum looking set." And sure enough they are. I never look upon them, without being reminded of the Ugly Club at Oxford, mentioned by the Spectator. Some frowned from under *deep* wigs. These Timothy took to be the Chamber Counsel, of whose unfathomable legal knowledge he had often heard. Others mounted *fierce* wigs, and *pert* wigs. These, he doubted not, were the formidable lawyers he had read of, who terrify poor witnesses so in cross-examination. A few sported sly wigs; and a great many were encumbered with wigs that bore no character at all. All these he set down as the briefless. There were new moon phizzes and full moon phizzes; sleepy eyes and sleepless eyes; staring eyes and squinting eyes; sharp noses and snub noses; hook noses and long noses; twisted noses and twittering noses; in short, features differing as much from each other as possible, but all agreeing in that true legal characteristic—Oddity!

"What formidable gloom their faces wear!
How wide their front!—how deep and black the rear!
How do their threatening heads each other
throng!"

Their employments, also, as Timothy remarked, were some of them equally comical. Those who were not concerned in the cases before the Court, were killing their time, and perhaps smothering their chagrin, by reading a newspaper, or French novel; or sketching caricatures; or cracking jokes; or perpetrating puns. One graceless wag was moulding paper pellets with his finger and thumb, and discharging them at his second neighbour, over the shoulder of the first. Another was scrutinizing a bevy of beauties, who occupied one of the most conspicuous portions of the Court,

as conveniently as if they had been placed there for the express purpose of being seen. A third and a fourth were conversing with each other by signs and nods, across the table. It was an awfully pleasant sight, and can only be paralleled by an equal number of grave divines playing at hunt the slipper in their canonicals, in the midst of a public assembly, if such a thing should ever occur.

VAT YOU PLEASE.

Some years ago, when civil faction
Rag'd like a fury thro' the fields of Gaul;
And children in the general distraction,
Were taught to curse as soon as they could squall.
When common sense in common folk was dead,
And murder shew'd a love of nationality;
And France, determin'd not to have a head,
Decapitated all the higher class,
To put folks more on an equality;
When coronets were not worth half-a-crown,
And liberty in bouquet-rouge, might pass
For Mother Red-cap, up at Camden-town;
Full many a Frenchman then took wing,
Bidding soup-maigre an abrupt farewell,
And hither came pell-mell,
Sans cash, sans clothes, almost sans ev'ry thing.
Two Messieurs, who about this time came over,
Half-starv'd, but toujours gai;
(No weasels e'er were thinner)
Trudg'd up to town from Dover,
Their slender store exhausted on the way,
Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner.
'Twas morn, and from each ruddy chimney top
The dun smoke-wreaths were slowly curling
Each house-maid, cherry-cheek'd, her snow w
Before the door was gaily twirling.

From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,
Our Frenchman wander'd on their expeditio
Great was their need, but sorely did they grieve
Stomach and pocket in the same condition,
At length, by mutual consent they parted,
And different ways on the same errand started.

Dis happen'd on a day most dear
 To epicures, when general use
 sanctions the roasting of the sav'ry goose !
 Towards night, one Frenchman, at a tavern near,
 Stopp'd, and beheld the glorious cheer ;
 While greedily he sniff'd the luscious gale in,
 That from the kitchen windows was exhaling,
 And instant set to work his busy brain,
 And sniff'd and long'd, and long'd and sniff'd again.
 Necessity's the mother of invention,
 (A proverb I've heard many mention,)
 So now, one moment saw his plan completed,
 And our sly Frenchman at a table seated.

The ready waiter at his elbow stands—
 "Er, will you favour me with your commands ?
 "We've roast and boil'd, sir, choose you those or
 fine."
 "But! you are very good, sare! — VAT YOU
 PLEASE."

Quick at the word,
 Upon the table smokes the wish'd for bird !
 No time in talking did he waste,
 But pounc'd pell-mell upon it ;
 Dumbly and merry-thought he pick'd in haste,
 Rustling in the merry thought that won it !
 He follows goose, and after pie comes cheese ;—
 "Bilton or Cheshire, sir?"—"Ah, VAT YOU
 PLEASE!"

And now our Frenchman having ta'en his fill,
 Starts to go, when—"sir, your little bill!"
 "Ah! vat you're BILL! vell, Mr. Bill, good-
 day!
 "Your, good Villiam!"—"No, sir, stay ;
 "There's Tom, sir—you've this bill to pay."

"Pay, pay, MA FOI !
 "I call for nothing, sare—PARDONNEZ MOI !
 "You bring me vat you call your goose, your cheese,
 "You ask-me to eat—I tell you, VAT YOU PLEASE."
 Down came the master, each explained the case,
 The one with cursing, t'other with grimace ;

But Boniface, who dearly lov'd a jest,
 (Although sometimes he dearly paid for it,)
 And finding nothing could be done—you know,
 (For when a man has got no money,
 To make him pay some would be rather funny !)
 Of a bad bargain made the best,
 Acknowledg'd much was to be said for it ;
 Took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face,
 And Briton-like forgave a fallen foe,
 Laugh'd heartily, and let him go !

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued,
 Away he trotted in a merry mood ;
 When, turning round the corner of a street,
 Who but his countryman chanc'd he to meet,
 To him, with many a shrug and many a grin,
 He told how he had taken Jean Bull in !
 Fir'd with the tale, the other licks his chops,
 Makes his congee, and seeks this shop of shops.
 Ent'ring, he seats himself, just at his ease,
 "What will you take, sir?"—"VAT YOU PLEASE."
 The waiter look'd as pale as Paris plaster,
 And, up stairs running, thus address'd his master—
 "These d—d Monseers, come over sure in pairs ;
 "Sir, there's another "VAT YOU PLEASE!" down
 stairs!"

This made the landlord rather crusty,
 Too much of one thing—the proverb's somewhat
 musty ;

Once to be done, his anger didn't touch,
 But when a second time they tried the tresson,
 It made him crusty, sir, and with good reason ;
 You would be crusty, were you done so much !

There is a kind of instrument
 Which greatly helps a serious argument,
 And which, when properly applied, occasions
 Some most unpleasant tickling sensations !
 'Twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen
 skip ;

'Twould strike you presently— a stout horsewhip !
 This instrument our MAITRE D'HOTE
 Most carefully conceal'd beneath his coat,
 And, seeking instantly the Frenchman's station,
 Address'd him with the usual salutation.

Our Frenchman, bowing to his thread-bare Determin'd whilst the iron's hot to strike it, [knees, Pat with his lesson answers—"VAT YOU PLEASE!" But scarcely had he let the sentence slip, Than round his shoulders twines the pliant whip! "Sare! sare! ah, misericorde! parbleu! Got d—m, monsieur, vat make you use me so? Vat call you dis?"—"Lord, don't you know? That's what I please," says Bonny "how d'ye like it?"—

Your friend, although I paid dear for his funning, Deserv'd the goose he gain'd, sir, for his cunning; But you, monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting, Are goose enough—and only wanted basting!"

ADULTERY.

A Shandean Fragment.

"It is a shame—it is a disgrace to our laws—to our manners—to our religion," exclaimed Yorick, with more than his usual elevation of tone. My father waked him from his reverie, and expected, from the earnestness of Yorick, an elaborate disquisition on the laws, manners, or religion. He drew, with great complacency of look, and much inquisitiveness of aspect, his chair towards that of Yorick, who pointed with his finger to several paragraphs in the paper, which he had been reading, dated from Doctors' Commons. My father surveyed them with calmness, or rather indifference. My father had been long married, and the subject of adultery was one of those few speculations which had never agitated his pericranium, or produced one eloquent speech, or one pointed observation. My father, besides the inconvenience of the hip-gont, was never, as my mother used to relate, a very fond lover. He had never written sonnets to praise her charms, or elegies to deplore her cruelty. My father had only written—his name to the marriage articles. These valuable MSS. he had all the morning been employed in perusing, or dandling on his knee before the fire-side. On Yorick's exclamation, my father, in hopes of some fresh subject, put them hastily into his pocket. "The many ex-

amples," repeated Yorick, smiling at the same time at the non-chalance of my father, who had now placed his left leg on the top bar of the grate, a posture which betrayed a most unseemly fissure in his lower vestment, "are a disgrace to the religion we profess."—"In your church, Mr. Yorick," said Dr. Slop, sitting upright in his chair, and in a very professional voice, "marriage is not one of the communions, and therefore the immorality of the breach of the vow," continued Dr. Slop, with somewhat less fluency than before "is not so great, as with you marriage has more of a civil nature."—"The parties," replied Yorick, "in our church, approach the altar, and, in the sight of God and man, vow eternal fidelity to each other, and therefore I conceive the adulterer of either side forfeits all claim"—"To a separate maintenance," observed my father very quickly, who had for some time resumed the perusal of his marriage articles. "And the children, you know, Mr. Yorick," continued my father very scientifically, "Poor dear little things, and they are included in the guilt of either sinner?" asked my uncle Toby, whilst a big tear stood in his eye, and his bosom heaved with convulsive pity. Mrs. Wadman's bewitching looks came across my uncle Toby's imagination. Her age, which had not passed the probability of being a mother, and her vivacity, which had created certain doubts and apprehensions in the bosom of an old bachelor with a wound in his groin, all rushed at the same time upon his reservoir of ideas, and the tone of his voice was so elegiac, and the mode of putting the question so very energetic, that my father's sportive fancy was immediately on tip-toe; he rubbed the right side of his nose with great rapidity, and, stifling a smile, he approached my uncle Toby's chair, and looking at him with great earnestness,—"My dear brother, has then the late Mrs. Wadman done us the honour?"—"The late!" repeated my uncle with great surprise. My father drew his inference, and resumed his chair and studies in perfect composure.

READY-MADE SPEECH,

Adapted to all Occasions.

Sir,—Unused, unacquainted, unhabituated, unaccustomed to public speaking, I rise, sir, in consequence of having caught your eye, sir, to express, with the utmost diffidence, my humble ideas on the important subject now before the house. I will, therefore, sir, be *bold to affirm*, and I am *free to declare*, that I by no means *meet the idea* of the nubble Lud. I will not, however, go over the same grounds or *commit myself*, by taking up a principle without the most perfect consideration. But as I am now upon my legs, I certainly shall not *blink the question*; nor am I at all inclined to *meet him half way*, because, on the first blush of the business, I was determined to *scout flatter in toto*; for if, sir, the well-being of civilised society, and the establishment of order and tranquillity, is the grand object of our investigation, I cannot hesitate to pronounce—Sir! I cannot hesitate to pronounce, that I *want words* to express my indignation at the general tenour of the arguments so ably *agitated* by the honourable member on my left hand. But, sir, the idea does not attach; and when my learned friend professed to *lay down his principles* with so much method, he only proved his weakness by undertaking to *cleanse the Augean stable*, and to perform the labours of Hercules himself. No, sir, I am again *free to assert*, and, sir, I am by no means *dissatisfied to prove*, that if gentlemen, under the existing circumstances, do not act with vigour and unanimity against the introduction of French principles, our glorious constitution, produced by the wisdom of our ancestors, may fall to the ground, sir! yes, fall to the ground, by the impulse of a Jacobin innovation. But on this head, we are *ripe to deliberate*; and I trust the gentlemen with whom I have the honour to act, and who constitute the decided majority of this honourable house; for whose worth, integrity, firmness, perspicuity, ingenuity, perseverance, and patriotism I have the most dignified respect,

and in whom also I place the most perfect confidence; I say, sir, I trust they will preserve the privileges of this assembly from the lawless banditti of *acquitted felons*, who, not having been *killed off*, insult us daily by their negative successes, and circulate their seditious principles, to the danger of every respectable man in the community, who may, by possessing property, become an object of their diabolical depredations. Not, however, to trespass any longer upon the patience of the house, I shall conclude by observing, with the great Latin poet of antiquity,

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere:
Carpe diem.

LAUGHING PROHIBITED.

To prove pleasure but pain, some have hit on a project,

We're duller the merrier we grow,
Exactly the same unaccountable logic,
That talks of cold fire and warm snow

For me born by nature,
For humour and satire,
I sing, and I roar, and I quaff;
Each muscle I twist it,
I cannot resist it,

A finger held up makes me laugh;
For since pleasure's joy's parent, and joy begets mirth,

Should the subtlest casuist, or soph upon earth,
Contradict me, I'd call him an ass and a calf,
And boldly insist once for all;

That the only criterion of pleasure's to laugh,
And sing toll de roll loll de loll.

Vainly bountiful Nature shall fill up life's measure,
If we're not to enjoyment awake;

Churls that cautiously filtrate and analyze pleasure
Deserve not that little they take.

For me who am jiggyish,

And funny, and giggish,

Such joys are too formal by half:

I roar, and I revel,

Drive care to the devil,

And hold both my sides while I laugh.

For since pleasure, &c

I hate all those pleasures we're angling and squar-
 And fitting and cutting by rules ; [ing,
 And dam'me—dear me, I beg pardon for swearing,
 All that follow such fashions are fools.
 They may say what they list on't,
 But of life, I insist on't,
 That pleasure's the prop and the staff,
 That sets every muscle,
 In a comical bustle,
 And tickles one into a laugh.

For since pleasure, &c.

THE MERIT OF BLOOD.

When Sheriff Phillips told Sir John Silvester, the Recorder of London, that his court in the Old Bailey smelt of blood.—“I'm glad of it,” replied Black Jack, in his stern way, “for it will thereby keep away the rogues and thieves.”

IN HENDON CHURCH-YARD.

T. Crosfield,
 Died November 8th, 1808.
 Beneath this stone Tom Crosfield lies,
 Who cares not now who laughs or cries;
 He laughed when sober, and when mellow,
 Was a harum-scarum harmless fellow;
 He gave to none design'd offence,
 So *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

REPUBLIC OF BABINE:

There was, at the court of Sigismund Augustus, a gentleman of the family of Psamka, who, in concert with Peter Cassovius, bailiff of Lublin, formed a society which the Polish writers call “The Republic of Babine;” and which the Germans denominate “The Society of Fools.” This society had its king, its chancellor, its counselors, its archbishops, bishops, judges, and other officers. When any of the members did or said any thing at their meetings, which was unbecoming or ill-timed, they immediately gave him a place, of which he was required to perform the duties, till another was appointed in his stead; for example, if any one spoke too much, so as

to engross the conversation, he was appointed orator of the republic; if he spoke improperly, occasion was taken from his subject to appoint him a suitable employment; if, for instance, he talked about dogs, he was made master of the buck-hounds; if he boasted of his courage, he was made a knight, or perhaps a field-marshal; and if he expressed a bigotted zeal for any speculative opinion in religion, he was made an inquisitor. The offenders being thus distinguished for their follies, and not their wisdom, gave occasion to the Germans to call the republic “The Society of Fools.” The King of Poland, one day, asked Psamka, if they had chosen a king in their republic? To which he replied, “God forbid that we should think of electing a king while your majesty lives; your majesty will always be King of Babine, as well as Poland.” The king inquired farther, to what extent their republic reached? “Over the whole world,” says Psamka; “for we are told, by David, that all men are liars.” This society soon increased so much, that there was scarce any person at court who was not honoured with some post in it; and its chiefs were also in high favour with the king.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

In London I never know what to be at,
 Enraptured with this, and transported with that;
 I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
 And life seems a blessing too happy for man.
 But the country, Lord bless us, sets all matters
 right,
 So calm and composing from morning till night;
 Oh! it settles the stomach when nothing is seen
 But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.
 In London how easy we visit and meet,
 Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are
 our treat;
 Our mornings, a round of good-humour'd delight,
 And we rattle in comfort and pleasure all night.
 In the country how pleasant our visits to make,
 Through ten miles of mud for formality's sake,

As the coachman in drink, and the moon in a
 fog,
 And no thought in our heads but a ditch or a bog.
 In London, if folks ill together be put,
 A bore may be roasted, a quiz may be cut.—
 In the country, your friends would feel angry and
 sore,
 Call an old maid a quiz, or a parson a bore.
 In the country, you're nail'd like a pale in your
 park,
 To some stick of a neighbour cram'd into the ark:
 Or if you are sick, or in fits tumble down,
 You reach death ere the doctor can reach you
 from town.

I've heard that how love in a cottage is sweet,
 When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy
 meet;

I know nothing of that, for, alas! I'm a swain
 Who require (and I own it) more links to my chain.

Your jays and your magpies may chatter on trees,
 And whisper soft nonsense in groves if they please;
 But a house is much more to my mind than a tree,
 And for groves—Oh! a fine grove of chimneys
 for me.

In the evening you're screw'd to your chairs fast
 to sit,

All stupidly yawning at sixpenny whist,
 And though win or lose, it's as true as it's strange,
 You're nothing to pay—the good folks have no
 change.

But for singing and piping, your time to engage,
 You have cock and hen bullfinches coop'd in a
 cage;

And what music in nature can make you so feel
 As a pig in a gate-stuck, or knife-grinder's wheel?

I grant, if in fishing you take much delight,
 In a post you may shiver from morning to night;
 And though blest with the patience that Job had
 of old,

The devil a thing will you catch but a cold.

Yet it's charming to hear, just from boarding-
 school come,

A hoyden tune up an old family strum;
 She'll play "God save the King," with an excel-
 lent tone,

With the sweet variation of "Old Bobbing Joan."

But what though your appetite's in a weak state?
 A pound at a time they will put on your plate,
 It's true, as to *health* you've no cause to complain,
 For they'll drink it, God bless'em, again and
 again.

Then in town let me live, and in town let me die,
 For in truth I can't relish the country, not I;
 If I must have a villa in London to dwell,
 Oh! give me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall.

THE IRISH EATING-HOUSE.

This is to acquaint the whole world, and all my
 good friends in Kilkenny into the bargain, that I,
 Bryan Mullorony, late of Bread-street, and for-
 merly of Pudding-lane, do intend to open an
 Eating-house in Swallow-street. And whereas it
 is well-known that the belly is a monster, that
 has no ears, and, therefore, it is mere waste of
 windpipe to be talking to it; and if the guts once
 begin to grumble, if you should even swallow the
 whole riot-act, it won't settle them half so soon as
 a clumsy piece of boiled beef, or a slice of plum-
 pudding, he has, therefore, prepared dishes for
 all appetites and for all nations. He knows very
 well that a large troop of his own countrymen
 are annually imported every year, duty free, like
 their own Irish linen, as well to keep up the breed
 as to reap down the harvest; and, as they are
 lads of keen appetite, he has prepared a dainty
 dish for all such maws. This dish he calls the
 General Post-office, because there are letters of
 all description thrown into it, viz. shins of beef,
 clods, marrow, hogs-pudding, chitterlings, with a
 train of *et ceteras* as long as the tail of a paper
 kite. For those that can afford to send vice bits
 down Red-Lion-passage, he has prepared a table
 as long as the board of longitude, that will always

be found covered with *legs* of mutton, *shouldering* each other, with some bones to be picked at second-hand very cheap. He also intends to establish a cut-finger club for the use of shoe-blacks, newsmen, nightmen, &c. and one of the rules of this club will be, that if any one should happen by choice or chance to swallow another fellow's finger, or the joint of a finger, he is to pay one-penny. Those that intend to stow in three dinners at once, are to pay by the pound, twelve pound to the dozen, butter weight. And whereas there are some pale thin-looking fellows, with crane-necks, that would demolish a shoulder of mutton at one sitting, they are to pay according to the damages they have committed; and as the Irish are very fond of working at the *wet-dock*, he has laid in a large quantity of small-beer, of so fine a quality that it will wrestle even with some of your porter, though it should get into a passion, and foam as much as it pleases; but his dear countrymen must know, that he will not keep a floating account with any one of them, nor take a duplicate in pay for any one of them, even though it should be backed by his *honour*. As to Scotchmen, who wish to cheat their guts, and to amuse their teeth, he has prepared for them that dish so well known north of the Tweed, namely, a *haggis*, with black-pudding as tough as Indian-rubber; and, as an empty sack can't stand, he is resolved that the substantial only shall appear on his tables. None of your French slops, with a little piece of beef, and an ocean of soup, like a small island in a lake; no syrup of cinders, no jelly of pipe stopples, or quaking puddings, that will tremble at the sight of a knife or a spoon. And as it sometimes happens that those who frequent Bating-houses often mistake their pocket for their mouth, and, as it is a pity that the belly should be defrauded of its due, he requests all such to take notice of this hint, and to be careful that they do not commit such mistakes. He has also fitted up a room for the use of ladies, but he wishes that it may be publicly known, that no woman is to be admitted in half-

mourning, or those that have business on both sides of the street, as he does not wish to have any meandering of that kind in his house. Those that wish to eat against time, to pay one shilling a-head, provided they don't bolt, and in that case eighteen-pence. A bill of fare, as long as a Welsh pedigree, will be written out every day, with a clean table-cloth once a quarter, for the use of those that like to dine genteely, with every genteel accommodation; but no tripe at night, and heels in the morning. The young Newlands will be always welcome.

N.B. Fine roast pork, that would tempt a Jew, every day at one o'clock.

IN LAMBETH CHURCH-YARD,

On William Wilson, a troublesome Tailor.

Here lies the body of W. W.

Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOLAR.

In the days that are past, on the banks of a stream,
Whose waters but softly were flowing,
With ivy o'ergrown, an old mansion house stood,
That was built on the skirts of a chilling damp
wood,

Where the yew tree and cypress were growing.
The villagers shook as they pass'd by the doors,
When resting at eve from their labours,
And the trav'ler full many a furlong went round,
If his ears once admitted the terrific sound
Of the tale that was told by the neighbours.

They said that the house on the skirts of the wood
By a saucer-ey'd ghost was infested,
Which fill'd ev'ry heart with confusion and fright,
By assuming strange shapes in the dead of the
night,

Shapes monstrous and foul, and detested.

And truly they said, for the master well knew,
That this ghost was the greatest of evils,
For no sooner the bell of the mansion toll'd o'er,
Than this frolicsome imp in a fury began
To caper like ten thousand devils.

He appeared in all forms the most strange and uncouth,

Sure no goblin was ever so daring,
He utter'd loud shrieks, and most horrible cries,
Carr'd his body and bones, and his sweet little eyes,

'Till his impudence grew beyond bearing.

Just at this nick o'time, as the master's sad heart
With sorrow and anguish was swelling,
He heard that a scholar, with science replete,
Full of mystical lore as an egg is of meat,
Had taken at Cambridge a dwelling.

The scholar was vers'd in all mystical arts,
Most famous was he throughout college,
To the Red Sea full many an unquiet ghost,
To repose with King Pharaoh, and his mighty host,
He had sent thro' his powerful knowledge.

To this scholar so learned, the master he went,
And so lowly he bent with submission,
Told the freaks of the ghost, and the horrible frights,

That prevented his household from sleeping o' nights,

Then offer'd this humble petition.

That he, the said scholar, in wisdom so wise,
Would this mischievous ghost lay in fetters,
And send him in torments for ever to dwell,
In the sethermost pit of the nethermost hell,
For destroying the sleep of his betters.

This scholar, so vers'd in all mystical lore,
Told the master his prayer should be granted,
Then order'd his horse to be saddled with speed,
And perch'd on the back of his cream-colour'd steed,

Trotted off to the house that was haunted.

He enter'd the house at the fall of the night,
The trees of the forest 'gan shiver,
The hoarse raven croak'd, and blue burnt the light,

The owl loudly shriek'd, and pale with affright,
The servants like aspens did quiver.

Bring some turnips and milk, the scholar he cried,
In a voice like the echoing thunder;
They brought him some turnips, and suet beside,
Some milk and a spoon, and his motions they ey'd,
Quite lost in conjecture and wonder.

He took up the turnips—he par'd off the skin,
Put them into a pot that was boiling,
Spread a table and cloth, and made ready to sup,
Then call'd for a fork, and the turnips fish'd up
In a hurry, for they were a spoiling

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk,
The hail at the casement 'gan clatter;
The scholar ne'er heeded the tempest without,
But raising his eyes, and turning about,
Ask'd the maid for a small wooden-platter.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk,
The storm came on thicker and faster,
The blue lightnings flash'd and with terrific din,
The rain at each crevice and cranny crept in,
Tearing up by the root lath and plaster.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk,
The mess would have ravish'd a glutton,
When, lo! his sharp bones scarcely cover'd his skin,

The ghost from the nook o'er the window peep'd in,

In the form of a boil'd scrag of mutton.

“Oh, ho!” cried the ghost, “what art doing below,

The scholar look'd up in a twinkling,
Since the times are too hard to afford any meat,
To make my poor turnips more pleasant to eat,
A few grains of pepper I'm sprinkling.

Then he caught up a fork, and the mutton he seized,

And sous'd it at once in the platter,
Threw o'er it some salt, and a spoonful of fat,
And before the poor, ghost could tell what he was at,

He was gone like a mouse down the throat of a cat,

And that is the whole of the matter.

WATCHMAKER'S EPITAPH,

On a Tomb in Berkeley church-yard, Gloucestershire.

Here lyeth Thomas Peirce, whom no man taught,
Yet he in iron, brasse, and silver wrought.

He jacks and clocks, and watches (with art)
made

And mended too, when others work did fade.
Of Berkeley five tymes maior this artist was,
And yet this major, this artist was but grasse:
When his owne watch was downe on the last day,
He that made watches had not made a key
To wind it up, but uselesse it must lie
Until he rise again no more to die.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

At Number One dwelt Captain Drew,
George Benson dwelt at Number Two;
(The street we'll not now mention)
The latter stunn'd the King's Bench bar,
The former, being lamed in war,
Sung small upon a pension.

Tom Blewit knew them both—than he
None deeper in the mystery

Of culinary knowledge;
From turtle soup to Stilton cheese,
Apt student, taking his degrees
In Mrs. Rundell's college.

Benson to dine invited Tom;
Proud of an invitation from

A host who "spread" so nicely,
Tom answer'd, ere the ink was dry,
"Extremely happy—come on Fri-
Day next, at six precisely."

Blewit, with expectation fraught,
Drove up at six, each savoury thought
Ideal turbot reach in:

But, ere he reach'd the winning post,
He saw a Haunch of Ven'son roast
Down in the next-door kitchen.

"Hey! Zounds! what's this? a haunch at
I must drop in; I can't refuse [Drew's]

To pass were downright treason;
To cut Ned Benson's not quite staunch;
But the provocative—a haunch!
Zounds! it's the first this season!

"Ven'son, thou'rt mine! I'll talk no more—"
Then, rapping thrice at Benson's door,

"John, I'm in such a hurry!
Do tell your master that my aunt
Is paralytic, quite aslant,
I must be off for Surrey."

Now Tom at next door makes a din—

"Is Captain Drew at home?"—"Walk in—"

"Drew, how d'ye do?"—"What! Blewit!"

"Yes, I—you've ask'd me, many a day,
To drop in, in a quiet way,
So now I'm come to do it."

"I'm very glad you have," said Drew,
"I've nothing but an Irish stew—"

Quoth Tom (aside) "No matter,
'Twon't do—my stomach's up to that,
'Twill lie by, till the lucid fat
Comes quiv'ring on the platter."

"You see your dinner, Tom," Drew cried,

"No, but I don't though," Tom replied;

"Is mok'd below,"—"What?"—"Ven'son,
A haunch"—"Oh! true, it is not mine;
My neighbour has some friends to dine:—"

"Your neighbour! who?"—"George Benson."

"His chimney smoked; the scene to change,
I let him have my kitchen range

While his was newly polish'd:
The Ven'son you observed below,
Went home just half an hour ago:
I guess it's now demolish'd.

"Tom, why that look of doubtful dread?

Come, help yourself to salt and bread,

Don't sit with hands and knees up;

But dine, for once, off Irish stew,
And read the 'Dog and Shadow' through,
When next you open *Esop*."

JONAH'S SOLILOQUY.

What house is this? here's neither coal nor candle;

Where I nothing but guts of fishes handle

I and my table are both here within,

Where day ne'er dawn'd, where sun did never shine

The like of this on earth man never saw,

A living man within a monster's maw!

Buried under mountains, which are high and steep!

Plunged under waters hundred fathoms deep!

Not so was Noah in his house of tree,

For through a window he the light did see;

He sailed above the highest waves, a wonder,

I and my boat are all the waters under!

He and his ark might go and also come;

But I sit still in such a straighten'd room

As is most uncouth; head and feet together

Among such grease as would a thousand smother.

The above is extracted from the poems of the Rev. Zachary Boyd, a man of undoubted piety, though great eccentricity. He left his fortune and his *manuscripts* to the University of Glasgow; the latter part of his bequest, judging from the specimen just given, must have been invaluable!

ON DR. JOHNSON.

By Soame Jenyns.

Here lies poor Johnson; reader, have a care,

Tread lightly, lest ye rouse a sleeping bear;

Religious, moral, gen'rous, and humane

He was, but self-conceited, rude, and vain;

Ill-bred, and overbearing in dispute,

A scholar and a Christian, yet a brute;

Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,

His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy,

Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,

Will tell you how he wrote, and talk'd, and spit.

JOB'S COMFORTERS.

The world abounds with a description of persons who may be designated by the title of

croakers; mortals endowed with optics so unhappily formed in their views of the affairs of others, that they can contemplate nothing in the long perspective of a fellow-creature's life but one uninterrupted scene of gloom,—

“Shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.”

If you consult a person of this class on the subject of your affairs, there are no hopes which he will not deem unfounded, no expectations that are not too sanguine, no projects that are not futile and visionary. Young persons, in particular, he will have a most kind and special care of guarding against that buoyancy of spirits so natural at their time of life. In addition to the “hair-breadth ‘scapes” to which all are liable, and on which he will not fail to expatiate most emphatically, he will discover, in the peculiar character of each individual with whom he converses, something calculated to augment his distrust and enhance his dangers. Though most lavish, even to intrusiveness, of his opinions, he is far from prodigal of advice. In fact, you would vainly seek it of him; his *forte* is dissuasion. Whatever steps you propose to pursue, ask his sentiments upon the subject, and all that you are likely to learn is, that “here Scylla foams, and there Charybdis yawns.” He will leave no objection to any of your plans unstated; and availing himself of the noted maxim of antiquity, that the gods have placed all human good on the right hand and on the left, he will never leave his argument till he has, to the best of his ability, succeeded in convincing you, that, let the measures you intend to adopt be what they may, your object will prove equally unattainable. If he have sufficient influence over the person he addresses, he will, perhaps, be thus enabled to beget in him all the indolence of indecision, and all the torment of suspense. But, though the croaker may succeed in establishing the impropriety of every plan suggested by another, he will be careful not to commit himself, or assist you by proposing any substitute. It is in dissuasion, as I have before

observed, that he shines. Besides, he abounds in predictions, though invariably of an unfavourable description, and prides himself not a little on his gift in the way of prophecy. Indeed, it would be surprising if he had not much room for boasting in this line; for if he be of your acquaintance, scarcely any mishap of any description can befall you, of which you will not be able to say with truth,

"Sæpe sinistra cavâ prædixit ab illice cornix."

For the human croaker is no less an ill-omened boder of mischief in modern times, than the feathered one was esteemed to be among the ancients. And, as his prophecies respecting some one or other of his acquaintance include almost every circumstance in the dark catalogue of physical and moral evil; as his provident anticipations have marked out, for sundry of his fellow-creatures, nearly every article of deprecation which the Litany affords; it may be pretty confidently expected, in a world so replete with vice and misery as ours, that no small portion, among so rich a variety, will certainly be accomplished.

My acquaintance, Tim Dampier, may not unjustly be regarded as the unrivalled prince of the croaking fraternity. I was about to have called him my friend; but, really, whatever may be his intentions, as far as his conduct may decide, Tim is a friend to no man. Though my knowledge of his character ought, by this time, to have neutralized the effects of his conversation upon me, I seldom escape from his company without a fit of the vapours. Tim, is, in fact, a kind of moving upas tree, whose contagious influence, wherever it is diffused, blights all the joyous freshness and enlivening gaiety of life. If hope have been justly termed the taper whose glimmering light can, in some measure, cheer the most gloomy scenes of existence, Tim may not unaptly be denominated the extinguisher. The habitual expression of his physiognomy is either the gravity of mournful anticipation, or the withering smile of contempt. The former is employed while dis-

cussing the projects of his friends, and the latter when he derides the hopes of indifferent persons. His voice is chilling, and his aspect accurs; and he is unfortunately gifted with an intuitive perception of the most ready means of overclouding the sunny scenes of pleasure, or of making the darkness of trouble "deeper and deeper still." In vain would you exclaim to Tim, in the midst of his career, *"male ominatis parcite verbis,"* they appear to be his natural dialect, and we might almost suspect that he lisped in them, as Pope did in numbers, from his very infancy. To a lady who had recently lost her only child, Tim kindly remarked, that the distemper was evidently hereditary decline, and that it was common to her husband's family, all of whom had died very young. His saturnine temperament can even contrive to extract prospective misfortune out of present felicity. If a young tradesman has made a successful beginning, Tim will observe, how much better it in general ultimately proves to take the rough of life before the smooth; that "fair and softly goes far in a day;" and that the usual consequences of early success in trade is to turn a young person's brain, and to render him extravagant and negligent of his business. Being in company with the sister of a gentleman in the bank, who is fond of fashionable amusements, he made various comments on the strong temptations under which persons in that department, particularly if of gay habits, must labour to be guilty of embezzlement, if not of forgery. Tim is never without a newspaper in his pocket, which he renders admirably subservient to his purpose. If he meets with any person who has friends at sea, he never fails to read, with great deliberation, the accounts of the damages done by heavy gales; and, as a commentator on the Bankrupt List, he is a very Bentley. The other day he was edifying a widow lady, whose son is at Smyrna, with some very amplified accounts of the present contest between the Greeks and the Turks; and yesterday evening, taking a turn towards Westminster, I detected him in the act of endeavouring to con-

vice a country gentleman, who has a share in one of the temporary erections for the accommodation of spectators at the approaching coronation, that, in consequence of the pending debates on the Queen's claim, that event must inevitably take place at a very distant period, if at all.

I would fain endeavour to persuade myself, that characters such as Mr. Damper are actuated merely by a restless disposition, and a wish of displaying their self-importance, did not a certain pleasure, which they cannot avoid betraying, when their predictions are verified, and still more, their evident mortification where the reverse is the case, appear to justify the suspicion that their motives are of a more malevolent description. "Facile credunt quod volunt." I can hardly conceive that a man who is constantly inebriating ill to others has their good very much at heart. The humorous Swift appears to have pretty much of this opinion. After mentioning the affected apprehensions of persons of this description for his declining state of health, he sums up his own estimate of their benevolence—

"Thus, dealing in rhetoric tropes,
They, by their fears, express their hopes.
They'd rather far that I should die
Than their predictions prove a lie!"

MIDAS'S SECOND MISTAKE.

Now, an old country squareroes, to fopp'ry a foe,
And disgusted alike at a crop and a bean,
Being churchwarden made, was in office so strict,
That there scarce was a coat, but a hole in't he'd
pick;
Encroachments, encroachments, and trespasses
scouting,
And from straddling the tomb-stones the boys
daily routing;
That, made a justice, corruption to purge,
His worship became both a nuisance and scourge.
To a poor needy neighbour, who kept a milch
cow,
Which he often turn'd into the church yard for

And with long ears and tail o'er the graves did he
stray,

While perchance, now and then, at bystanders
he'd bray.

And once, when old Midas was passing along,
He set up his pipes at his brother, ding dong.

At which, his puff'd pride was so stung to the
quick,

That he glar'd at his browser as stern as old Nick;
And when he got home, for the sexton he sent,

Who, with his doughty threat, to the ass-keeper
went,

That again should his beast the churchwarden
assail, [tail;

Or be seen in the church-yard—he'd cut off his
When the owner replied—"Sure his worship but
jeers;

But should he dock my donkey—I'll cut off his
ears."

When no sooner the answer was brought to him
back,

But he summon'd before him the clown in a crack,
And he said—"Thou vile varlet, how comes it to
pass,

That thou dar'st for to threaten to crop a just-ass?
Then cut off my ears?—Make his mittimus, clerk;

I'll make an example of this precious spark;
But first reach me down the black act—he shall
see

That the next Lent assizes, he'll swing on a tree."
"I swing on a tree,—and for what?" replies
Hob,

"How the dickens came such a strange freak in
your knob?

I woanly but zaid, if my ass met your sheers,
And you cut off his tail, that I'd cut off his ears;
Vor as you hate long tails, as the mark of a fop,
I'd ha' don't cause I knaugh you don't like a
crop."

At this subtle rejoinder, his worship struck dumb,
Found his proud overhearing was quite over-
come;

So the ass sav'd his tail by a quibble so clever,
And the justice's ears are now longer than ever.

EPITAPH.

Here old John Randall lies, who, telling of his
tale,
Lived threescore years and ten, such virtue was in
Ale was his meat, Ale was his drink, Ale did his
heart revive, [been alive.
And if he could have drunk his Ale, he still had

NAPOLEON AND FOUCHE.

Napoleon sent for Fouché, and in a great rage told him he was a fool, and not fit to be at the head of the police; that he was quite ignorant of what was passing. Pardon me, sire, said Fouché, interrupting him, I know that your majesty has my dismissal ready signed in your pocket. This was the case; it need not be added, that Napoleon instantly changed his mind, and kept his minister.

BUFFON'S SON.

The son of Buffon was a very dolt. Rivarol said of him, he is the worst chapter of his father's Natural History.

RIVAROL.

A person, in repeating one of Rivarol's witticisms, destroyed the point. How could it be otherwise, said Rivarol; if a fool understood wit he would be no longer a fool.

PETTY LARCENY.

A grenadier in Marshal Saxe's army having been taken in the act of plundering, was sentenced to be hanged. What he had stolen was only of the value of five shillings; on which the marshal said to him, "you must be a pitiful fellow, to risk your life for five shillings."—"I beg your pardon, general, I risk it every day for two-pence-halfpenny." The marshal smiled, and pardoned him.

MY NAME IS NOT A SIN.

A lady having made a very ample confession at a distant church, the priest pressed her to tell her name; "Father," said she, "my name is not a sin, and I am not obliged to confess it."

EAN MEDICINALE.

This dangerous medicine for the gout was one day vaunted by a lady, who advised a gouty man to take it, adding, "I know many who praise it to the skies."—"No doubt, madam," said he, "for it has sent many to the skies to praise it."

EIGHTEEN REASONS FOR ABSENCE.

The Prince of Condé passing through Beaune, the public authorities went to meet him at the gates of the town; after many high-flown compliments, the mayor added "To display our joy we wished to receive you with the reports of a numerous artillery, but we have not been able to fire the cannons for eighteen reasons; in the first place we have none, secondly"—"My good friend," said the Prince, "the first reason is so good I will excuse the other seventeen."

LOUIS XIV.

The same city of Beaune received Louis XIV. and offered him a taste of their wine, which his majesty praised: "Oh! sire," said the mayor, "it is not to be compared with what we have in our cellars."—"Which you keep, no doubt, for a better occasion," replied the king.

MIRABEAU.

Mirabeau, said Rivarol, is capable of any thing for money, even a good action.

TEDIOUS CONFESSION.

The populace of Paris resolved to burn the Abbé Maury in effigy. Accordingly, a figure was made of wood and straw, clothed in a clerical dress. Just as they were about to set fire to it, a priest passed, and the populace thought it would be good fun to make him confess the Abbé Maury. Finding there were no means of escaping, the priest expressed his willingness to do it. "I will recollect, my friends," said he, "the Abbé will have such a long confession to make to me, that you will not be able to burn him to night." This was an all-powerful reason, and determined them on letting the priest go, and burning the Abbé without confession.

PIRON AND THE THISTLE.

Piron, the satiric poet, having quarrelled with the good people of Beaune, set about cutting down all the thistles in the neighbourhood. On being asked the reason, he said, "I am at war with the Beaunese, and am cutting off their provisions."

DEAD ALIVE.

A Swiss captain, after a battle, ordered the dead and dying to be buried pell-mell. Being told that some of those buried were alive and might be saved, "Oh," said he, "if you pay attention to what they say, there is not one of them that would allow himself to be dead."

KINGS AND CALIPHS.

Don Sancho, second son of Alphonso, King of Castile, being at Rome, was proclaimed King of Egypt by the Pope. The air was instantly rent with applause, and Sancho, not knowing the language, asked what it meant of his interpreter. "Sir," said he, "the Pope has created you King of Egypt."—"Has he so?" replied Don Sancho, "well, I do not like to be ungrateful, and proclaim the holy father Caliph of Bagdad."

SAGACITY OF A MAD DOG.

A member of the French jacobin club said to his colleagues, "I have been very lucky this morning; a mad dog passed between my legs without biting me."—"That is not surprising," replied a member, "it was because he knew who you were."

THE ABBÉ MAURY.

The mob once got hold of the Abbé Maury and resolved on putting him to death. "To the lantern with him," was the universal cry. The Abbé, with much sang froid, said to those who were dragging him along, "Well, if you do hang me at the lantern will you see any the clearer for it?" This created a general laugh, and saved the Abbé.

THE ONLY SON.

During the French Revolution, every one was called *brother*. A jacobin, entering a coffee-room, and seeing a man reading the paper, said, "brother, when you have done with that, I'll thank you for it." No reply.—He repeated, "brother, when you have read the paper I'll thank you for it." Still no reply; indignant at the circumstance, he went and slapped the party on the shoulder, repeating his demand a third time. "I beg your pardon," said the young man, "I did not think you were speaking to me, for I am an *only son*."

NOT AT HOME.

An Irish servant being asked if his master was within, replied, "No."—"When will he return?"—"Oh, when master gives orders to say he is not at home we never know when he will come in."

A PURE WINE-BIBBER.

A Swiss was drinking with two French soldiers in the garden of a public-house. It came on rain, but they paid no attention to it, except that when the Swiss's glass was filling, he held his hat over it, to prevent any water falling in.

MADAME DE MONTESPAN.

Madame de Montespan succeeded Madame de la Vallière, as mistress to Louis XIV. She called one day on a lady who was not at home, and she begged the Swiss porter to mind and say she had called, adding, "You know me, don't you?"—"Oh, yes, madame, you are the lady who bought Madame de la Vallière's place at Court."

WHICH IS THE LADY?

At a church not an hundred miles from London, a real Corinthian dandy went to church to be married. The clergyman, who was of the school of Dr. Parr, looked at the thing from head to foot, and then coolly turned round to the gentleman who acted as father, and said, "Pray, Sir, which is the lady?"

SPARTAN DEVICE.

A Lacedæmonian was quizzed for having a fly painted on his buckler, and his comrades told him he was afraid of being known. "Quite the reverse," replied he, "I shall come to such close quarters with the enemy, that he will have no difficulty in seeing the fly."

THE LAME SOLDIER.

A lame man, who enlisted in the infantry, being asked why he did not choose the cavalry on account of his infirmity, answered, "I do not go into battle to run away."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RUMP-STEAKS AND BEEF-STEAKS.

Two Frenchmen, who had been in London, comparing notes, one of them was loud in praise of English *bif takes*, (beef-steaks,) "Yes," said the other, "they are very good, but *rum takes* are much better."—"What are *rum takes*?" "Why, my friend, they are always *bif takes*, but they call them *rum takes*, because they put *de rum in de sauce*."

NICE SIX FEET HIGH, WITH ANTLERS.

Monsieur Charles Malo, an *ambulant* French translator, being employed on an American work, came to the words *moose deer*; he flew to his dictionary, but could not find *moose*, but finding *mouse*, he concluded *moose* to be a misprint, and he accordingly translated *moose deer*, *de grands souris, qui ont six pieds de hauteur, avec des bois*. "Great mice, six feet high, with antlers."

RETALIATION.

When Duke John, of Anjou, was approaching Naples, at the head of a large army, to take possession of that city, he had inscribed upon his standards, this passage of the gospel of St. John. "He was sent whose name was John." Alphonso, of Aragon, who defended the city, answered him by another passage of scripture, which he, in like manner, inscribed upon his standards, "He came and they received him not."

THE DOUBLE TRANSLATION.

A Welsh curate preached sermons in English, far beyond what was expected of him. One of his friends finding nothing analogous to them in his other writings, told him he thought he must be inspired when he composed his sermons, "Ah, my dear friend! that is a secret which I will tell you. I have got, you do know, the good and great archbishop Tillotson's works, and I do take one of his sermons, and I do translate it into Welsh, and then I do translate back again into English, after which the devil himself would not know it again for his own."

THE BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

The see of Llandaff is the poorest in the kingdom, it indeed resembles a bishopric *in partibus*. The episcopal palace, and the cathedral, are both in ruins; hence many of the good people of Llandaff do not know what sort of thing a bishop is. Dr. Watson resolved, however, on visiting it; his arrival was announced for a certain day, which happened to be the fair; all were on the tiptoe of expectation, when a woman ran and called her neighbours together, "come, come directly, and see the bishop."—"Where is it?"—"In the church-yard, the queerest thing you ever saw." They ran in crowds, "Lud, lud! what a queer thing it is," they all cried, save one old woman, who had been to Bristol once in her life, and consequently could relate what she had seen on her travels, and was a kind of oracle amongst them. "That the bishop! why it is only a dancing bear."—"Are you sure?"—"To be sure I am, I saw one at Bristol fair."—"La! then it is not the bishop after all," said they, "what a pity."

DIGNIFIED MENDICITY.

A beggar of the environs of Madrid implored alms. "Are you not ashamed?" said a passenger to him, "to carry on such an infamous trade when you can work?"—"Sir," replied the beggar, "I asked for money, and not advice," turning his back with true Castilian dignity.

THE ENGLISH DECIDES.

The French missionaries in India, to inspire the natives with a horror of the English, constantly taught, that Jerusalem was London, and that it was the English who crucified our Saviour.

FORTUNATE OBSTACLE.

A Spanish friar, preaching on the temptation, when he came to the part where the devil shewed Christ all the kingdoms of the world, and said, all these will I give thee, observed, "he did not see Spain, for the Pyrenees were in the way; if he had seen it, our Saviour must have fallen."

THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF NATURE.

Captain Greer and a party coming from the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth, one of the party said, "Greer, if you don't make a bull till we get to Portsmouth, we'll frank you for a week; if you don't, we'll pay a dinner to the party."—"Done," answered Greer, "I'll win that, for by J—s I will open my lips till we get ashore." Every attempt to make him talk was ineffectual, till the ship passed under the stern of the Queen Charlotte man-of-war, when Greer, struck with admiration, raised his hands, and exclaimed, "how wonderful are the works of nature!" It need not be added that he lost the dinner.

WHO TOLD YOU?

"Lady Racher is put to bed," said Sir Boyle to a friend. "What has she got?"—"Guess."—"A boy?"—"No, guess again."—"A girl?"—"Who told you."

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

After the death of the Duke de Berry, a law was presented to restrain the liberty of the press, which made every one hasten to profit by it, before the law was passed. A pickpocket being caught on the fact of picking a pocket in a crowd, or, as the French call it, a *presse*, he was taken before the commissary of police, who asked him if poverty had driven him to it, he replied, "I only wished to profit by the liberty of the press."

DEATH MADE TO WAIT.

An old Gascon was at the point of death, his son alarmed ran to the house of the priest to confess him, and give him extreme unction; it being very late at night, he knocked very gently at the door, and was three hours before he was heard. The curé being awaked, asked him why he did not knock louder, "I was afraid of disturbing you, sir."—"Well, what is the matter?"—"I left my father at the last gasp, sir, and I want you to confess him."—"Why, if he was at the last gasp three hours since, he must be dead by this time."—"Oh, no, sir, my neighbour Pierrot promised to amuse him until I brought you to him."

PEASANT'S CHILDREN.

A French count said to one of his farmers, "Why, man, what fine fresh rosy children you have got; it does one good to see them. We noblemen have all children that are puny sickly things; how do you peasants manage it better than we?"—"Why, sir, I hope no offence, but we always make them ourselves."

FARINELLI.

The King of Spain having given Farinelli the order of Calatrava, he was armed as a knight with the usual formalities, at which the English ambassador was present. The Spanish minister asked him his opinion of it. "Why, as your excellency asks it, I will tell you: In England we spur cocks, at Madrid you spur capons."

PLURALITIES.

An archbishop, who enjoyed several benefices, disputing with the Pope's legate, asserted the superiority of the council over the pope. The legate replied, "Either give up all your benefices, save one, or believe in the authority of the pope."

COTTON, THE JESUIT.

The Jesuit Cotton had a great ascendancy over Henry IV. of France, on which Piron remarked, we have a good and excellent prince, and he loves the truth, but it is a great pity that he has Cotton in his ears.

THE BEATITUDES.

A stupid ignorant Italian priest preached one day a long and tiresome sermon on the Beatitudes. The next day he asked a lady what she thought of it. "You forgot one."—"No, madam, there are only...."—"You forgot one, I tell you, and that is, *Blessed are they who did not hear your sermon.*"

GEORGE THE THIRD'S FATHER.

One of Sir Boyle Roche's children asked him one day, "papa, who was the father of George the Third?"—"My darling," he answered, "it was Frederick, Prince of Wales, who would have been George the Third if he had lived."

AN AMBIGUITY.

An Irish attorney, not proverbial for his probity, was robbed one night in going from Wicklow to Dublin. His father, next day, meeting Baron O'Grady, said, "My lord, have you heard of my son's robbery?"—"No," replied the baron, "whom did he rob?"

GUARDING AGAINST A LEAP.

A prince, whose sallies never succeeded, because they contained more bitterness than wit, standing one day in a balcony, with a foreign minister, whom he wished to humiliate, said to him, "It was from this balcony that one of my ancestors once made an ambassador leap."—"It would appear, then," replied the minister drily, "that ambassadors did not in those times wear swords."

MINUTE TOPOGRAPHY.

An Italian prince, who took the title of king of the two sovereignties, in which he had not an inch of ground, being desirous of mortifying a foreign ambassador at his court, who bore the title of marquis, asked him in public, where the marquise, from which he derived his title, was situated? "Between your two kingdoms, my lord," coolly answered the ambassador.

CHANGE OF CONDUCT.

A nobleman of the court of France, on taking leave of Louis XIV., who was sending him in the quality of his ambassador to the court of another sovereign, "The principal instruction which I have to give you," said the king to him, "is to pursue a conduct diametrically opposite to that of your predecessor."—"Sire," replied the new ambassador, "*I will act in such a manner that your majesty will not have to give similar instructions to him who will succeed me.*"

SELF-RESPECT.

An ambassador of Charles V. at the court of Soliman, emperor of the Turks, was called to an audience of that prince. As he perceived, on entering into the hall of audience, that there was no seat for him, and that it did not arise from forgetfulness, but pride, that he was left to remain standing, he took off his cloak, and seated himself upon it, with as much freedom as if this was a custom which had been long established. He declared the object of his mission with a confidence and presence of mind which Soliman himself could not help admiring. When the audience was ended the ambassador went out without taking his cloak. It was thought, at first, that this was owing to forgetfulness, and he was therefore apprized of. He answered, with equal gravity and mildness, "The ambassadors of the king, my master, are not in the habit of carrying their seats with them."

CONSISTENCY.

The Marshal Villeroy was wont to say, "When a man is appointed minister, were he made of straw, he would be my friend; but, if it happens that he be disgraced, I am then ready to throw the nameless utensil at his head."

NEAR THIRTY.

A lady complained how rapidly time stole away and said, "Alas, I am near thirty." Scarcely who was present, and knew her age, said, "Do not fret at it, madam, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

LUNATIC ASYLUM.

A Turkish ambassador asked Lorenzo de Medici, why there were not so many mad men to be seen at Florence as at Grand Cairo? "Behold the place," said Lorenzo, pointing to a monastery, "where we inclose them."

FRATERNAL LOVE.

During the period of the persecution of the Protestants in France, an English ambassador demanded of Louis XIV., the liberty of those who had been sent to the galleys for the cause of religion. The monarch replied to him, "What would the King of England say, if I demanded of him the prisoners of Newgate?"—"Sire," answered the ambassador, "the king, my master, would grant you your majesty, if your majesty claimed them for his."—"Sire," answered the monarch.

ANAGRAM.

One of the happiest anagrams known, is that which forms an answer to the question which Pindar put to Christ. "*Quid est veritas?*" These words are rendered letter for letter by the anagram "*Veritas est vir qui adest.*"

PRODIGALITY.

A petty journalist was boasting in company, that he was a dispenser of fame to those on whom he wrote. "Yes, sir," replied an individual present, "you dispense it so liberally, that you leave none for yourself."

PRUDENT RESERVE.

In the presence of a sarcastic woman, an individual was praising the wit of a man who had very limited intellect. "Oh, yes," said the lady, "he must possess a rich fund of it, for he never spends any."

POWER OF HABIT.

A merchant, who was ordered to sign the baptismal register of one of his children, subscribed "Peter and Company," so great was the force of habit. He only perceived his mistake by the general laugh which was excited.

GREEK ALPHABET.

A great scholar having just married a young lady, in whose virtue he had the most implicit reliance, "How does it happen," said a wag, "that a man who is so well acquainted with Greek, has taken an *omega* for an *omicron*?"

NEEDLESS PRECAUTION.

A man had been so often robbed in the streets of Paris, that he declared he dared not go out for fear of being robbed. "Why do not you carry pistols?" said a friend; "What use would that be, they would be sure to steal them from me."

MORTAL DISEASES.

The Paris fishwomen met the abbé Maury one day as he was going to the assembly. "You talk like an angel, abbé," said one of them, "but, in spite of all that, you are a fool."—"As for that, ladies," replied the abbé, "you know very well that is not a mortal disorder." One day the abbé met a man in the street, crying about the death of Maury, the abbé gave him a tremendous box on the ear, "take that," said he, "if I am dead, you will at least believe in ghosts."

OCULISTS AND POLITICIANS.

The present Sir William Adams one day observing to a gentleman, that he sometimes treated on political subjects, and that it would perhaps be thought odd that an eye-doctor should be a politician, "Pardon me, Sir William," said his friend, "I think the very reverse; for you must naturally be expected to see more clearly than other men."

EARLY PROFLIGACY.

Sir Boyle Roche, the blunderer, rose one day in the Irish House of Commons, and said, with a more serious and grave air than usual, "Mr. Speaker, the profligacy of the times is such, Mr. Speaker, that little children, who can neither walk nor talk, may be seen running about the streets cursing their maker."

AT ST. BENNET'S, PAUL'S WHARF, LONDON.

Here lies one More, and no More than he;
One More and no *More*; how can that be?
 Why *one More* and no *More* may well lie here
 alone,
 But here lies *one More*, and that's *More* than one.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown
 place,
 Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in
 the face;
 Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis
 well known,
 Are so dear and so bad, they are best let alone.
 Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and
 lonely,
 Hir'd lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
 But Will was so fat, he appeared like a ton,
 Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.
 He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
 But, all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;
 And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat
 sheep,
 He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.
 Next night 'twas the same!—and the next—and
 the next;
 He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous and
 vex'd:
 Week pass'd after week, till by weekly succession,
 His weakly condition was past all expression.
 In six months his acquaintance began much to
 doubt him;
 For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung
 about him:
 He sent for a doctor, and cry'd, like a ninny,
 "I have lost many pounds—make me well—
 there's a guinea."
 The doctor look'd wise.—"A slow fever," he
 said;
 Prescrib'd sudorifics, and going to bed;

"Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, "are hum
 bugs!
 I've enough of them there, without paying for
 drugs."

Will kick'd out the doctor; but, when ill indeed
 E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed
 So, calling his host, he said, "sir, do you know
 I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago?"

"Look'e, landlord. I think," argued Will with
 grin,
 "That with honest intentions you first took me in
 But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
 I have been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I can't
 cold."

Quoth the landlord—"Till now I ne'er had
 dispute;
 I've let lodgings ten years—I'm a baker's
 boot:

In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven,
 And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

"The oven!!!" says Will.—Says the host, "what
 this passion?"

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion
 Why so crusty, good sir?"—"Zounds?" cried
 Will, in a taking,

"Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year
 baking!"

Will paid for his room—Cried the host with
 sneer,

"Well, I see you've been going away half
 year."

"Friend, we can't well agree—yet no quarrel,
 Will said;

"I see one may die where another *makes bread*."

NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

The assemblies this year have gained a great ac-
 cession of beauty. Several brilliant stars have
 arisen from the east and from the north, to brighten
 the firmament of fashion; among the number
 have discovered *another planet*, which rivals even
 Venus in lustre, and I claim equal honour with

hatched for my discovery. I shall take some opportunity to describe this planet, and the numerous satellites which revolve around it.

At the last assembly the company began to show about eight, but the most formidable delayed their appearance until about nine being the number of the muses, and before the best possible hour for beginning to exhibit the graces.

Poor Will Honeycomb, whose memory I hold in special consideration, even with his half century of experience, would have been puzzled to point out the humours of a lady by her prevailing colour; for the "rival queens" of fashion, Mrs. de la and Madame Bouchard, appeared to have multiplied their wonderful inventions in the disposition, variation, and combination of these shades. The philosopher who maintained that black was white, and that, of course, there was no such colour as white, might have given colour to his theory on this occasion, by the example of poor forsaken white muslin. I was, however, much pleased to see that red maintains its ground against all other colours, because red was the colour of Mr. Jefferson's * * * *, Tom's nose, and my slippers.*

At the grumbling smellfungi of this world, who have no taste among books, cobwebs, and spiders, and the extravagance of the age; for my part, I was delighted with the magic of the scene, and the ladies tripped through the mazes of the floor, sparkling, and glowing, and dazzling, I, the honest Chinese, thanked them heartily for the jewels and finery with which they loaded themselves, merely for the entertainment of bystanders, and blessed my stars that I was a bachelor.

In this instance, as well as on several other occasions, a little innocent pleasantry is indulged at Mr. Jefferson's expense. The allusion made to the red velvet small-clothes with which the President, in defiance of good taste, used to clothe himself on levee-days and other public occasions.

The gentlemen were considerably numerous, and being, as usual, equipt in their appropriate black uniforms, constituted a sable regiment, which contributed not a little to the brilliant gaiety of the ball-room. I must confess I am indebted for this remark to our friend, the cockney, Mr. 'Sbidlikensflash, or 'Sbidlikens, as he is called for shortness. He is a fellow of infinite verbosity—stands in high favour—with himself—and, like Caleb Quotem, is "up to every thing." I remember when a comfortable plump-looking citizen led into the room a fair damsel, who looked for all the world like the personification of a rainbow, 'Sbidlikens observed, that it reminded him of a fable, which he had read somewhere, of the marriage of an honest painstaking snail—who had once walked six feet in an hour, for a wager, to a butterfly whom he used to gallant by the elbow, with the aid of much puffing and exertion. On being called upon to tell where he had come across this story, 'Sbidlikens absolutely refused to answer.

It would but be repeating an old story to say, that the ladies of New York dance well; and well may they, since they learn it scientifically, and begin their lessons before they have quitted their swaddling-clothes. The immortal Duport has usurped despotic sway over all the female heads and heels in this city; hornbooks, primers, and pianos, are neglected to attend to his positions, and poor Chilton, with his pots and kettles and chemical crockery, finds him a more potent enemy than the whole collective force of the North river Society. 'Sbidlikens insists that this dancing mania will inevitably continue as long as a dancing-master will charge the fashionable price of five-and-twenty dollars a quarter, and all the other accomplishments are so vulgar as to be attainable at "half the money;"—but I put no faith in 'Sbidlikens' capdour in this particular. Among his infinitude of endowments he is but a poor proficient in dancing; and though he often flounders through a cotillion, yet he never cuts a pigeon-wing in his life.

In my mind there's no position more positive and unexceptionable than that most Frenchmen, dead or alive, are born dancers. I came pounce upon this discovery at the assembly, and I immediately noted it down in my register of indisputable facts—The public shall know all about it. As I never dance cotillions, holding them to be monstrous distorters of the human frame, and tantamount in their operations to being broken and dislocated on the wheel, I generally take occasion, while they are going on, to make my remarks on the company. In the course of these observations I was struck with the energy and eloquence of sundry limbs, which seemed to be flourishing about without appertaining to any body. After much investigation and difficulty, I, at length, traced them to their respective owners, whom I found to be all Frenchmen to a man. Art may have meddled somewhat in these affairs, but nature certainly did more. I have since been considerably employed in calculations on this subject; and, by the most accurate computation I have determined, that a Frenchman passes at least three-fifths of his time between the heavens and the earth, and partakes eminently of the nature of a gossamer or soap-bubble. One of these jack-o-lantern heroes, in taking a figure, which neither Euclid nor Pythagoras himself could demonstrate, unfortunately wound himself—I mean his foot—his better part—into a lady's cobweb muslin robe; but perceiving it at the instant, he set himself spinning the other way, like a top, unravelled his step, without omitting one angle or curve, and extricated himself without breaking a thread of the lady's dress! he then sprung up, like a sturgeon, crossed his feet four times, and finished this wonderful evolution by quivering his left leg, as a cat does her paw when she has accidentally dipped it in water. No man "of woman born," who was not a Frenchman, or a mountebank, could have done the like.

Among the new faces, I remarked a blooming nymph, who has brought a fresh supply of roses from the country to adorn the wreath of beauty,

where lilies too much predominate. As I wish well to every sweet face under heaven, I sincerely hope her roses may survive the frosts and dislocations of winter, and lose nothing by a comparison with the loveliest offerings of the spring. 'Sbidlikens, to whom I made similar remarks, assured me that they were very just, and very prettily expressed; and that the lady in question was a prodigious fine piece of flesh and blond. Now could I find it in my heart to baste these cockneys with their own roast-beef—they can make no distinction between a fine woman and a fine horse.

I would praise the sylph-like grace with which another young lady acquitted herself in the dance; but that she excels in far more valuable accomplishments. Who praises the rose for its beauty, even though it is most beautiful?

The company retired at the customary hour to the supper-room, where the tables were laid with their usual splendour and profusion. My friend, 'Sbidlikens, with the native forethought of a cockney, had carefully stowed his pocket with cheese and crackers, that he might not be tempted again to venture his limbs in the crowd of handsomely fair ones who throng the supper-room door: no precaution was unnecessary, for the company entered the room with surprising order and decorum. No gowns were torn—no ladies fainted—no accident—nor was there any need of the interference of either managers or peace-officers.

SCOTCH NATIONALITY.

Dialogue between an American and a Scotchman.

American.—Thou seem'st of Scotland, copper hair!

Say, is it as thy locks declare?

Art thou descended from Mac Prog,

Whose ancestor was fam'd Mac Log?

Mac Whisky.—I am allied to names as great.

A.—But, fallen from thy high estate;

An exile from thy home and clan,

Thou travel'st, like a gentleman,

Though—

M.—'Honest men, howe'er ill-fed,
In God's best works,' our bard hath said,
Sammy, or Pope, I know not which;)
But, sir, I am a Thane, and rich.

A.—Was Pope a Scot?

M.—He had the itch,
The symptom national: which I
Learn the true cause and reason why
We ne'er stand still, or stay at home,
But scratch and boo, and sidge and roam.

A.—Scotland, indeed, though poor and cold,
Is fam'd for brimstone.

M.—And for gold.

A.—Then, is it true that Scotchmen eat
No dust on holidays, and treat
Their guests with bracken broth?

M.—'Tis true that I have tasted both.

A.—But, living in a frugal way,
Which not dainties every-day.

M.—We have inform'd us, you regale
On buttermilk and whey turn'd stale,
Content on being rather merry;
And gude Kail-wash with yeast, if very.
At Burns beat hemp and flax, 'tis said;
And did not Allan shave for bread?

A.—Our bards are lords and knights, keep
Mustard.

M.—We meat o' Sundays, sometimes custard,
And will, till time's long race is run,
Be squires and gentlemen at least:
See Byron's hand, who roams abroad,
And rhymes at ease upon the road?

M.—While in chaste wit he beats, I ween,
Our Swift, Saint Andrew's gentle dean.

A.—Was Swift a Scot?

M.—I am his brother.

A.—Was Locke a Scot?

M.—He was the other:

Ye ken, mon, we were breethren three.

A.—And Locke was bottle-nos'd like thee.

M.—Was Shakespeare, who wrote plays by dozens,
A sawney?

M.—We were second cousins.

A.—But Milton never saw Tam-Tallan.

M.—No, but he stole his thoughts fra' Allan.

A.—And Newton was an Englishman.

M.—What! ken ye no' Mac Newton's clan?
Beside, all Scotland kens 'tis true,
Black taught him more—

A.—Than both e'er knew.

Did your bespaniel'd land give birth
To any other men of worth?

M.—The noblest men that glory knows
Were true-born Scots, all history shews
In proof, I need but name Buchanan,
But th' Mantuan bard was born in Annan.
And, as it was in ancient days,
Still Scotland's soil brings crops of praise.
My nephew, Chantrey, bath na peer
In sculpture: as an engineer,

Watt bath no rival, no, not any;
In time past, present, or to come,

What architect approaches Rennie?
Who built St. Peter's church at Rome.

A.—Land of the never-wearied boo!
Sweet Scotland, weel I sniff thee noo.
Bless'd clime of purity i' the mire!
What back of southern breed can tire
A Scotchman's tongue, or Scotch Review,
When Sawney gars old thoughts look new;
And in thy learned praise exhale
Boil'd kail-runts chopp'd, the fresh and stale?
In gude Scotch songs, Scotch tracts, Scotch news,
Scotch plays, Scotch novels, Scotch reviews,
What do thy mickle-cheek'd fellows,
Thy prudent, booing sages tell us?
That bracken grows i' th' North Countree,
That Scotch streams run into the sea,
That Scotch worth all worth presupposes,
But not that Scotchmen wipe their noses,
A.—And was not Walter born in Scotland,
Though landless, Scott in England got land?
And who like Byron soars and sings?
Ev'n Jeffrey takes his ears for wings;
For him the poet, with a feather
So thrash'd, that Jeffrey knows not whether
The goosequill, which abused him so,
Were stolen from Raphael's wing, or no;

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

And while he lauds the "big mon's verse,
Swears it out-Ossians Homer's verse.
But who, of all thy sons, hath told
That true Scotch itch is rubb'd with gold?
That there were once in Scotland mair
Thistles than vines? and that there are
Twa disbelonts, little worse for wear,
Three stockings, twa three pair o' breeks,
Mair feet than shoon, mair jews than leeks,
Just twenty lords in twenty slaves,
And thirty saints in fifteen knaves,
And sixteen fools in that famed land
Where brass i' th' face is bread i' th' hand,
And were, save siller, nought will pass
For genius, learning, wit, but brass?

M.—The greatest heroes known to fame,
Are Scotchmen—Wellington and Grahame?
The greatest bard is Cunninghame.
The king of critics and of men;
We've Jeffrey, in himself a host.

A.—Jeffrey, the seer, whose prophecy
We read by th' rule o' contraries;
Impartial Jeffrey, fam'd for giving
Scotch praise to all Scotch scribblers living;
M.—We have.

A.—And for what noble ends?

M.—We yearly meet, all Scots and friends.

A.—To praise skim-whang o'er cheese of Still-
ton?

M. To light our pipes wi' drowsy Milton.
Proud of our land of godlike men,
And if of her, still more of them,—
Smith, Spenser, Tasso, Arkwright, Pen,
Seth, Deuteronomy, and Shem,
Sir! Cæsar told the Earl o' Mar
He learn'd of Bruce the art of war.
There was one Mars, too, a brave fellow,
And he had hair of a reddish yellow.
Sir, Venus was a Highland dowdie;
England invented beef fra' crowdie;
Mean envy of Scotch bracken-wine
Gave France the hint to plant her vine.

A.—Where is the tomb o' th' famed Scotch bard
Called Homer?

M.—In Dumfries church-yard;
His widow lives at Inverness,
Where his son, Iliad, married Bea.

A.—There was one Dante, a strange person.

M.—Of Leith—he had the second sight,
And fear'd na' ghosts; but died of fright
Scar'd out o' life by J——y's phiz.

A.—Is England like a barren waste,
Compar'd with Scotland?

M.—A mere bog.

A.—What are the English like?

M.—The hog,

The rat, the spaniel, and the frog.
Wallowing through life in sordid mire,
Still each dull son excels his sire.
We sell *boos*, but to get them given,
Then kick all beggars, and are even;

The English pray,

And toil, and pay,

Slaves, without brains, that *boo* unbought,
We also *boo*, but not for nought.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE FROM THE SE- SIDE.

A partner in a banking-house, who lives
enough to the abode of a facetious alderman,
nose his worship's kitchen whenever turtle is
order of the day, was very lately at a
watering-place on the coast of Essex. Being
the country, he determined to partake of
sports; and, for the first time in his life, to have
day's shooting. "When we are at Rome,"
the cit, "we must do as they do at Rome."
vulgar sportsman, such as a country squire, or
rustic nobleman, sets off on foot, or at best on
shooting pony, in pursuit of his game. A
Cræsus disdains such simplicity. Accordingly
banker, with a merchant for his companion,
into his phaeton, took the pointers he had
rowed in the carriage, and ordered his servant
livery to follow him. The dogs, who had not
been used to such a fashionable style of travelling,
soon began to shew symptoms of uneasiness,
even of an inclination to desert. They were
tained, however, in part by carcases, and part

by force, till they had very nearly reached the
 time of action; when, by a violent and unani-
 mous effort, they all jumped out, and ran home,
 except one, who was persuaded to follow by the
 servants behind. But even *he* might as well have
 gone with the rest; for hardly had they hunted
 the fields over, when the obstinate brute stopped
 of a sudden, to the great surprise and chagrin
 of the city sportsmen. They hallooed him on;
 they whistled to him; but nothing could make
 him move. It was provoking, they said, they
 never saw a dog so restive in their lives. So,
 taking a whip from a domestic, they belaboured
 the refractory Carlo, who darted into the covey,
 and away went the birds. Before the banker
 could recover from the alarm occasioned by the
 flying of their wings, take up his gun and cock
 the partridges were out of sight. These were
 the last he saw that day; nor could he sufficiently
 blame the bad behaviour of the dog. "If he had
 stopped," said the banker, "I should have
 been in the thick of the *brood*, and killed one
 of them." His companion made no doubt
 he should have killed the rest. On his return-
 ing to his carriage, the *man of money* determined
 to try his skill at some sparrows on a dung-hill.
 As he opened his eyes; and before he could open them
 to count the dead sparrows, a pig, which
 lay under the straw, and which he had shot
 at, came running out, and laid itself at
 his feet, squeaking most horribly in the agonies
 of death. And out came the farmer's men with
 their hand pitchforks; and out came the farmer's
 dog, and seized him by the coat; and out came
 the farmer himself, and seized him by the collar.
 Finding himself thus beset, the banker offered
 a considerable composition; but when he found
 he was to lose a sum than three guineas was de-
 manded, he demurred, and said, that a pig of
 this kind might be purchased for less money in
 the country. His companion, however, observing
 that pigs were more plentiful in Leadenhall-
 street than in the country, the money was pro-
 posed; and the banker, and the farmer's men, and
 the farmer's dog, retired to their respect-

nels. It is the quality of a great mind not to be
 easily discouraged. The banker therefore re-
 loaded his piece; and ere he had proceeded far,
 hearing a rustling in the hedge, he let fly at a
 venture. The report of the gun was immediately
 followed by cries of—"Good luck! I am shot!
 as God shall have me, I'm shot!" It was a Jew,
 who had been making a sacrifice, which was not
 that of the Paschal lamb, and who, at the close
 of it, while employed in plucking up grass, "and
 shrubs of broader leaf and more commodious,"
 received a large portion of the charge in that
 part where, according to Butler,

"——— A kick hurts honour more,
 Than deepest wounds received before."

As the banker had never seen a magpie in the
 city that did not speak, he supposed that the
 whole species was naturally loquacious, and made
 no doubt but he had killed one of those talkative
 birds. "I have shot a magpie," said he to his
 companion, and off he ran to pick up his game;
 when, in the passage of the hedge, he was met
 face to face by the furious Israelite. Seeing him
 in the nakedness of a *sans culotte*, and bleeding
 from flank to flank, the banker started back in
 speechless horror. The "circumcised dog" pur-
 sued and took him by the throat, swearing, by
 the God of Moses that he would have blood for
 blood. The dreadful threat he enforced by the
 most sanguinary arguments *a posteriori*, and pro-
 bably would have realized it, if the banker's
 friends had not offered him "egregious ransom."
 At the first mention of money, the bleeding mem-
 ber of the half tribe of Manasseh relaxed his gripe,
 examined the paper that was tendered to him by
 the banker, and retired well satisfied, when he
 found that it was a check upon Messrs. ————
 and ————

PRIOR'S EPIGRAPH.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
 Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior;
 The son of Adam and of Eve;
 Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.

DIRECTIONS TO LADIES ON THE SUBJECT OF DRESS.

If the weather be very cold, a thin muslin gown, or frock, is most advisable—because it agrees with the season, being perfectly cool. The neck, arms, and particularly the elbows bare, in order that they may be agreeably painted and mottled by Mr. John Frost, nose-painter general of the colour of Castile soap. Shoes of kid, the thinnest that can possibly be procured—as they tend to promote colds and make a lady look interesting—(i. e. *grizzly*.) Picnic silk stockings, with lace clocks—flesh-coloured are most fashionable, as they have the appearance of bare legs—*nudity* being all the rage. The stockings carelessly bespattered with mud, to agree with the gown, which should be bordered about three inches deep with the most fashionably coloured mud that can be found; the ladies permitted to hold up their trains, after they have swept two or three streets, in order to show the clocks of their stockings. The shawl scarlet, crimson, flame, orange, salmon, or any other combustible or brimstone colour, thrown over one shoulder, like an Indian blanket, with one end dragging on the ground.

N. B.—If the ladies have not a red shawl at hand, a red petticoat turned topsy-turvy, over the shoulders, would do just as well. This is called being dressed *a-la-drabble*.

When the ladies do not go abroad of a morning, the usual chimney-corner dress is a dotted, spotted, striped, or cross-barred gown—a yellowish, whitish, smokish, dirty-coloured shawl, and the hair curiously ornamented with little bits of newspapers, or pieces of a letter from a dear friend. This is called the “Cinderella dress.”

The recipe for a full-dress is as follows:—Take of spider-net, crape, satin, gymp, cat-gut, gauze, whale-bone, lace, bobbin, ribands, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village church; to these add as many spangles, beads, and gew-gaws, as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka

Sound. Let Mrs. Toole, or Madame Boncha patch all these articles together, one upon another, dash them plentifully over with stars, bugles, tinsel, and they will altogether form a dress which, hung upon a ladies back, cannot fail supplying the place of beauty, youth, and grace, and of reminding the spectator of that celebrated region of finery, called *Rag Fair*.

IRISH LEARNING.

The rector of Fintona, when examining his parishioners in the church, came up to a woman and asked her how many commandments there were. She answered, seven. The rector informed her there were ten, and inquired which was the first. This was too hard for her, and when she was stammering about it, one John Patterson, a tailor behind her, whispered to her, “Thou shalt have no other gods but me.”—“Do you hear, sister?” quoth she, “what Johnny Patterson, a tailor behind here says to me? he says, I shall have no other gods but him; Deel in hell take such gods.”

LEO X. AND HIS BUFFOON.

Querno, a kind of poetical buffoon, much in favour with Leo X. had been crowned arch-poet by the gay young men of fashion at the court of Rome. The Pope, fond of his burlesque tales, sent him choice dishes from his own table, expecting always some distich in return. Querno, like other bon-vivants, was tortured by the gout, and at one of its most powerful moments, he was obliged to write, in gratitude for a dainty, the following:

“Archipoeta facit versus pro mille poetis.”
To which the good-humoured Leo added,

“Et pro mille aliis archipoeta bibit.”
Then Querno, resolving to show himself superior to his sufferings, wrote,

“Porridge, quod faciat mihi carmina de
Falerum.”

But the Pope as smartly replied,

“Hoc vinum enervat debilitatque pedes”

The sarcastic intercourse may be thus translated :

Quero. For millions of poets, the arch-poet composes.

Leo. By millions of bumpers, bepimped his nose is.

Quero. A bowl of Falernian, t'enliven my strain,

Leo. You'll loose in your fest, what in measure you gain.

DIVINES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

When Selden was a member of the famous assembly of divines at Westminster, who were appointed to new-model religion, he used to delight inverting them with curious quibbles. In these debates, these venerable sages were purely employed in determining the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho; and one of the brethren, to prove that it could be but a short distance, observed, that "fish was carried in one place to the other." On which Selden said, "Perhaps it was salt fish." This remark put the determination again into an uncertainty.

THE VILLAGE POLITICIAN.

As we approached the Inn, we heard some one speak with great volubility, and distinguished ambiguous words, "taxes,"—"poor's rates,"—"agricultural distress." It proved to be a loquacious fellow, who had penned the land-lap in one corner of the porch, with his hands in his pockets as usual, listening with an air of most vacant acquiescence.

The sight seemed to have a curious effect on Master Simon, as he squeezed my arm, and altered his course, sheered wide of the porch, as if he had not had any idea of entering. This evasion induced me to notice the orator more particularly. He was meagre, but active in make, with a long, pale, bilious face; a black beard, so ill-shaven as to bloody his shirt, a feverish eye, and a hat sharpened up at

the sides, into a most, pragmatical shape. He had a newspaper in his hand, and seemed to be commenting on its contents, to the thorough conviction of mine host.

At sight of Master Simon the landlord was evidently a little flurried, and began to rub his hands, edge away from his corner, and make several profound publican bows; while the orator took no other notice of my companion than to talk rather louder than before, and with, as I thought, something of an air of defiance. Master Simon, however, as I have before said, sheered off from the porch, and passed on, pressing my arm within his, and whispering as we got by, in a tone of awe and horror, "That's a radical! he reads Cobbett!"

I endeavoured to get a more particular account of him from my companion, but he seemed unwilling even to talk about him, answering only in general terms, that he was "a cursed busy-fellow, that had a confounded trick of talking, and was apt to bother one about the national debt, and such nonsense; from which I suspected that Master Simon had been rendered wary of him by some accidental encounter on the field of argument; for these radicals are continually roving about in quest of wordy warfare, and never so happy as when they can tilt a gentleman logician out of his saddle.

On subsequent inquiry my suspicions have been confirmed. I find the radical has but recently found his way into the village, where he threatens to commit fearful devastations with his doctrines. He has already made two or three complete converts, or new lights; has shaken the faith of several others; and has grievously puzzled the brains of many of the oldest villagers, who had never thought about politics, or scarce any thing else, during their whole lives.

He is lean and meagre from the constant restlessness of mind and body; worrying about with newspapers and pamphlets in his pockets, which he is ready to pull out on all occasions. He has shocked several of the staunchest villagers by talk-

ing lightly of the squire and his family; and hinting that it would be better the park should be cut up and made into small farms and kitchen-gardens, or feed good mutton instead of worthless deer.

He is a great thorn in the side of the squire, who is sadly afraid that he will introduce politics into the village, and turn it into an unhappy, thinking community. He is a still greater grievance to Master Simon, who has hitherto been able to sway the political opinions of the place, without much cost of learning or logic; but has been very much puzzled of late to weed out the doubts and heresies already sown by this champion of reform. Indeed, the latter has taken complete command at the tap-room of the tavern, not so much because he has convinced, as because he has out-talked all the old-established oracles. The apothecary, with all his philosophy, was as naught before him. He has convinced and converted the landlord at least a dozen times; who, however, is liable to be convinced and converted the other way by the next person with whom he talks. It is true the radical has a violent antagonist in the landlady, who is vehemently loyal, and thoroughly devoted to the king, Master Simon, and the squire. She now and then comes out on the reformer with all the fierceness of a cat-o'-mountain, and does not spare her own soft-headed husband, for listening to what she terms such "low-lived politics." What makes the good woman the more violent, is the perfect coolness with which the radical listens to her attacks, drawing his face up into a provoking, supercilious smile; and when she has talked herself out of breath, quietly asking her for a taste of her home-brewed.

The only person that is in any way a match for this redoubtable politician, is Ready-money Jack Tibbets; who maintains his stand in the tap-room, in defiance of the radical and all his works. Jack is one of the most loyal men in the country, without being able to reason about the matter. He has that admirable quality for a tough arguer,

also, that he never knows when he is beat. He has half a dozen old maxims, which he advances on all occasions, and though his antagonist may overturn them never so often, yet he always brings them anew to the field. He is like the robber in Ariosto, who, though his head might be cut off half a hundred times, yet whipped it on his shoulders again in a twinkling, and returned as sound a man as ever to the charge.

Whatever does not square with Jack's simple and obvious creed, he sets down for "French politics;" for, notwithstanding the peace, he cannot be persuaded that the French are not still laying plots to ruin the nation, and to get hold of the Bank of England. The radical attempted to overwhelm him one day by a long passage from a newspaper; but Jack neither reads nor believes in newspapers. In reply he gave him one of the stanzas which he has by heart from his favourite, and indeed only author, old Tusser, and which he calls his Golden Rules:

Leave princes' affairs undescanted on,
And tend to such doings as stand thee upon;
Fear God, and offend not the king nor his laws,
And keep thyself out of the magistrate's claws.

When Tibbets had pronounced this with great emphasis, he pulled out a well-filled leather purse, took out a handful of gold and silver, paid his score at the bar with great punctuality, returned his money, piece by piece, into his purse, his purse into his pocket, which he buttoned up; and then, giving his cudgel a stout thump upon the floor, and bidding the radical "good morning, sir!" with the tone of a man who conceives he has completely done for his antagonist, he walked with lion-like gravity out of the house. Two or three of Jack's admirers who were present, and had been afraid to take the field themselves, looked upon this as a perfect triumph, and winked at each other when the radical's back was turned. "Ay, ay!" said mine host, as soon as the radical was out of hearing, "let old Jack alone; I'll warrant he'll give him his own!"

FAMILY EPITAPH,

At Nettbed, in Oxfordshire.

Here lies father and mother, and sister and I;
 We all died within the short space of one year:
 They are all buried at Wimble, except I,
 And I be buried here.

THE YOUTH OF PROMISE.

As old Cockloft was determined his son should be both a scholar and a gentleman, he took great pains with his education, which was completed at our university, where he became exceedingly expert in quizzing his teachers and playing billiards. No student made better squibs and crackers to blow up the chemical professor—no one chalked more ludicrous caricatures on the walls of the college—and none were more adroit in shaving pigs and climbing lightning rods. He moreover learned all the letters of the Greek alphabet; could demonstrate that water never “of its own accord” rose above the level of its source, and that air was certainly the principle of life, for he had been entertained with the humane experiment of a cat worried to death in an air-pump. He once shook down the ash-house, by an artificial earthquake; and nearly blew his sister Barbara, and her cat, out of the window with detonating powder. He likewise boasts exceedingly of being thoroughly acquainted with the composition of Lacedemonian black broth; and once made a pot of it, which had well-nigh poisoned the whole family, and actually threw the cook-maid into convulsions. But, above all, he values himself upon his logic, ‘has the old college conundrum of the cat with three tails at his fingers’ ends, and often hampers his father with his syllogisms, to the great delight of the old gentleman; who considers the major, minor, and conclusion, as almost equal in argument to the pulley, the wedge, and the lever, in mechanics.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

Behold the woes of matrimonial life,
 And hear with reverence an experienc’d wife;

To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
 And think for once a woman tells you true.
 In all these trials I have borne a part;
 I was myself the scourge that caus’d the smart;
 For since fifteen in triumph have I led
 Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
 And saw but one, ’tis thought, in all his days;
 Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
 No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me if they can,
 The words address’d to the Samaritan;
 Five times in lawful wedlock she was join’d;
 And sure the certain stint was ne’er defin’d.

“Increase and multiply” was Heav’n’s command,

And that’s a text I clearly understand;
 This too, “Let men their sires and mothers leave,
 And to their dearer wives for ever cleave.”
 More wives than one by Solomon were tried,
 Or else the wisest of mankind’s helied.
 I’ve had myself full many a merry fit,
 And trust in Heav’n I may have many yet;
 For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
 Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
 I’ll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
 Declar’d ’twas better far to wed than burn.
 There’s danger in assembling fire and tow;
 I grant them that, and what it means you know.
 The same apostle, too, has elsewhere own’d,
 No precept for virginity he found;
 ’Tis but a counsel—and we women still
 Take which we like, the counsel or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity:
 Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
 I for a few slight spots am not so nice.
 Heav’n calls us different ways; on these bestows
 One proper gift, another grants to those,
 Not every man’s oblig’d to sell his store,
 And give up all his substance to the poor;
 Such as are perfect may I can’t deny;
 But by your leaves, divines, so am not I.

Full many a saint since first the world began,
 Liv'd an unspotted maid in spite of man;
 Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
 And let us honest wives eat barley-bread.
 For me I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n,
 And use the copious talent it has giv'n:
 Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
 And keep an equal reckoning every night;
 His proper body is not his, but mine;
 For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

Know then of those five husbands I have had,
 Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
 The three were old, but rich, and fond beside,
 And toil'd most piteously to please their bride;
 But since their wealth (the best they had) was
 mine,

The rest without much loss I could resign;
 Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
 Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace, with showers of gold
 They made their court, like Jupiter of old;
 If I but smil'd a sudden youth they found,
 And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sovereign wives! give ear, and understand,
 Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command;
 For never was it given to mortal man
 To lie so boldly as we women can;
 Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
 And call your maids to witness how he lies.

"Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
 Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
 Treated, caress'd where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
 I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
 Art thou so amorous? and is she so fair?
 If I but see a cousin or a friend,
 Lord! how you swell and rage like any fiend!
 But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
 Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
 Cry wives are false, and every woman evil,
 And give up all that's female to the devil.

"If poor (you say,) she drains her husband's
 purse;
 If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;

If highly born, intolerably vain,
 Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain;
 Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,
 Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick:
 If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
 By pressing youth attack'd on every side;
 If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
 Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
 Or she dances with becoming grace,
 Or shape excuses the defects of face.

There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,
 She finds some honest gander for her mate.

"Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
 And ring suspected vessels ere they buy;
 But wives, a random choice, they still must take;
 They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;
 Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away.
 And all the woman glares in open day.

"You tell me, to preserve your wife's good
 grace,

Your eyes must always languish on my face.
 Your tongue with constant flatteries feed my ear,
 And tag each sentence with "My life! my dear!"
 If by strange chance a modest blush be rais'd,
 Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
 My garments always must be new and gay,
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day;
 Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and favourite maid;
 And endless treats and endless visits paid
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies:
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

"On Jenkins, too, you cast a squinting eye:
 What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
 And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair;
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow
 I'd scorn your 'prentice should you die to-morrow.

"Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what
 design?

Are not thy worldly goods and treasures mine?
 Sir, I'm no fool, nor shall you, by St. John,
 Have goods and body to yourself alone.
 One you shall quit in spite of both your eyes—
 I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spikes.

If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,
 My spouse! I credit not the tales they tell;
 Take all the freedoms of a married life;
 I know thee for a virtuous faithful wife."
 "Lord! when you have enough what need you
 care
 How merrily soever others fare?
 Though all the day I give and take delight,
 Doubt not sufficient will be left at night.
 'Tis but a just and rational desire
 To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
 "There's danger too you think in rich array,
 And none can long be modest that are gay.
 The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
 The chimney keeps and sits content within;
 But once grown sleek will from her corner run,
 Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;
 She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad
 To show her fur, and to be caterwan'd."
 Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
 Three three right ancient venerable sires.
 I told 'em, Thus you say and thus you do;
 I told 'em false, but Jenkins swore 'twas true.
 I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
 And first complain'd where'er the guilt was mine.
 I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
 When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of
 doors;
 And swore the rambles that I took by night
 Were all to spy what damsels they bedight;
 That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
 For all this wit is given us from our birth.
 Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
 By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
 By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem and force
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the right;
 Or certain-lectures made a restless night.
 If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
 "What! so familiar with your spouse?" I cried.
 I levied first a tax upon his meed;
 Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed;
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
 Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.

With empty hands no tassets you can lure,
 But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
 For gold we love the impotent and old,
 And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
 Yet with embraces curses oft I mixt,
 Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
 Well, I may make my will in peace and die,
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.
 To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
 Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table;
 But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
 "Billy, my dear! how sheepishly you look!
 Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;
 Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek.
 Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
 Well should you practice who so well can teach.
 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
 But I, my dearest! will instruct you how.
 Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
 Who puts a period to domestic strife.
 One of us two must rule, and one obey;
 And since in man right reason bears the sway,
 Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way,
 The wives of all my family have rul'd.
 Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
 Fye! 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
 What! would you have me to yourself alone?
 Why, take me, love! take all and every part!
 Here's your revenge, you love it at your heart.
 Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
 You little think what custom I could have.
 But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!
 What means my dear?—indeed—you are to
 blame."

Thus with my three first lords I pass'd my life,
 A very woman and a very wife.
 What sums from these old spouses I could raise
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
 Though past my bloom not yet decay'd was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
 In country dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
 Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl,

Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to seats of love;
For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,
A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail;
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.

But oh, good gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
'The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
Is ev'n to make my market of the brain.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two;
But all that score I paid.—As how? you'll say.
Not with my body in a filthy way;
But so I dress'd, and dress'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
How sore I gall'd him only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe;
He died when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips from Jerusalem;
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood;
A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where enshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
'The pit fill'd up with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul! I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest!)
'I'll hearty was his love, and I can shew
'The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
'Yet with a knack my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.

How quaint an appetite in woman reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs no pains;
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Alison;
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish-priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall;
Had but my husband lean'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all; what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went;
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Aise,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to every church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy masquerade;
The stations duly and the vigils kept,
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At sermons, too, I shone in scarlet gay;
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it every day.

'Twas when fresh May her early blossom
yields,

This clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed
I still have shifts against a time of need.
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul. [hfm]

I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew
And durst be sworn he had bewitched me to him

Ne'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
 And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown,
 All this I said, but dreams, sirs. I had none;
 I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
 Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my sponse at last.
 I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
 And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
 Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
 To hide the floods of tears I did—not shed.

The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
 Around the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn,
 But as he march'd, good gods! he show'd a pair
 Of legs and feet so clean, so strong, so fair!

Of twenty winters' age he seem'd to be;
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
 But vigorous still, a lively buxom dame,
 And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.

A conjuror once, that deeply could divine,
 And'd me Mars in Taurus was my sign.

As the stars order'd, such my life has been,
 Alas, alas! that ever love was sin!

Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace,
 And Mars assurance and a dauntless face.

By virtue of this powerful constellation
 I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale.—A month scarce pass'd away,
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.

All I possess'd I gave to his command,
 My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:

But oft repented, and repent it still;

He prov'd a rebel to my sovereign will;

One day, by Heav'n! he struck me on the face,
 Near but the fact, and judge yourselves the

case.

Stubborn as any lioness was I,
 And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
 As true a rambler as I was before, I

And would be so in spite of all he swore,

He against this right sagely would advise,

And old examples set before my eyes;

Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,

Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife:

And close the sermon, as becom'd his wit,
 With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
 Oft would he say—Who builds his house on sands,
 Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
 Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
 Deserves a fool's cap and long ears at home.
 All this avail'd not; for whoever he be
 That tells my faults, I hate him mortally;
 And so do numbers more, I'd boldly say,
 Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning
 bred)

A certain treatise oft at evening read,
 Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
 For all their lies) were in one volume bound;
 Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part;
 Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art.
 Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's Loves,
 And many more than sure the Church approves.
 More legends were there here of wicked wives,
 Than good in all the Bible and Saints' Lives.
 Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man;
 But could we women write as scholars can,
 Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness

Than all the sons of Adam could redress.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
 And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.

Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
 And use that weapon which they have—their pen,
 When old, and past the relish of delight,
 Then down they sit, and in their dotage write
 That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow,
 (This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband on a winter's night,
 Read in this book aloud with strange delight,
 How the first female (as the scriptures show)
 Brought her own spouse, and all his race to woe;
 How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
 Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire;
 How curs'd Eriphyle her lord betray'd,
 And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid;
 But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame
 And husband-bull, oh, monstrous! fye for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
 Xantippe made her good man undergo ;
 How oft she scolded in a day he knew,
 How many jordens on the sage she threw,
 Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head,
 " Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.

He read how Arius to his friend complain'd
 A fatal tree was growing in his land,
 On which three wives successively had twin'd
 A sliding poose, and waver'd in the wind.

" Where grows this plant," replied the friend,
 " oh ! where ?

For better fruit did never orchard bear ;
 Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
 And in my garden planted it shall be."

Then how two wives their lords' destruction
 - prove,

Through hatred one, and one through too much
 love,

That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,
 And this for lust an amorons philtre bought ;
 The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
 Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have
 slain,

And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly
 potion ;

All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd,
 and frown'd ;

But when no end of these vile tales I found,
 When still he read, and laugh'd and read again,
 And half the night was thus consum'd in vain,
 Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
 And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.

With that my husband in a fury rose,
 And down he settled me with hearty blows.

I groan'd, and lay extended on my side ;

" Oh ! thou hast slain me for my wealth, (I cried)
 Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—"

He wept, kind soul ! and stoop'd to kiss my face,
 I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,

Then sigh'd and cried, " Adieu, my dear, adieu !"

But after many a hearty struggle past,
 I condescended to be pleas'd at last.

Soon as he said, " My mistress and my wife !
 Do what you list the term of all your life ;"

I took to heart the merits of the cause,
 And stood content to rule by wholesome laws ;
 Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
 With all the government of house and land,
 And empire o'er his tongue and o'er his hand
 As for the volume that revil'd the dames,

'Twas torn to fragments and condemn'd to flames.

Now Heav'n on all my husband's gone bestow
 Pleasures above, for tortures felt below :
 That rest they wish'd for grant them in the
 grave,

And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save !

THE WORLD.

What is the world ? a term that men have got,
 To signify,—not one in ten knows what ;
 A term with which no more precision passes,
 To point out herds of men, than herds of asses.
 In common use, no more it means we find,
 Than many fools in one opinion join'd.

WIFE'S AFFECTION.

O cruel Death, why wert thou so unkind
 To take my husband, and leave me behind ?
 Thou shouldst have taken both of us, if either,
 Which would have been more grateful to the
 survivor.

LIVING IN STYLE.

In no instance have I seen grasping after style
 more whimsically exhibited than in the family of
 my old acquaintance Timothy Gible. I recollect
 old Gible when I was a boy, and he was the most
 surly curmudgeon I ever knew. He was a perfect
 scarecrow to the small-fry of the day, and inherited
 the hatred of all these unlucky little shavers ; for
 never could we assemble about his door of an even-
 ing to play, and make a little hubbub, but out he
 sallied from his nest like a spider, flourished his
 formidable horsewhip, and dispersed the whole
 crew in the twinkling of a lamp. I perfectly re-

number a bill he sent in to my father for a pane of glass I had accidentally broken, which came well nigh getting me a sound flogging; and I remember, perfectly, that the next night I revenged myself by breaking half-a-dozen. Giblets was as arrant a grub-worm as ever crawled; and the only rules of right and wrong he cared a button for were the rules of multiplication and addition; which he practised much more successfully than he did any of the rules of religion or morality. He used to declare they were the true golden rules: and he took special care to put Cocker's arithmetic in the hands of his children, before they had read ten pages in the bible or the prayer-book. The practice of these favourite maxims was at length crowned with the harvest of success; and after a life of incessant self-denial, and starvation, and after enduring all the pounds, shillings, and pence miseries of a miser, he had the satisfaction of seeing himself with a plum, and of dying just as he had determined to enjoy the remainder of his days in contemplating his great wealth and accumulating mortgages.

His children inherited his money; but they varied the disposition, and every other memorial of their father in his grave. Fired with a noble thirst for style, they instantly emerged from the retired lane in which themselves and their accomplishments had hitherto been buried; and they blazed, and they whizzed, and they cracked about town, like a nest of squibs and devils in a fire-work.

Having once started, the Giblets were determined that nothing should stop them in their career, until they had run their full course and arrived at the very tip-top of style. Every tailor, every shoemaker, every coachmaker, every milliner, every mantua-maker, every paper-hanger, every piano-teacher, and every dancing-master in the city, were enlisted in their service; and the willing wights most courteously answered their call, and fell to work to build up the fame of the Giblets, as they had done that of many an aspiring family before them. In a little time the

young ladies could dance the waltz, thunder Lodoiska, murder French, kill time, and commit violence on the face of nature in a landscape in water-colours, equal to the best lady in the land; and the young gentlemen were seen lounging at corners of streets, and driving tandem; heard talking loud at the theatre, and laughing in church, with as much ease and grace, and modesty, as if they had been gentlemen all the days of their lives.

And the Giblets arrayed themselves in scarlet, and in fine linen, and seated themselves in high places; but nobody noticed them except to honour them with a little contempt. The Giblets made a prodigious splash in their own opinion; but nobody extolled them except the tailors, and the milliners, who had been employed in manufacturing their paraphernalia. The Giblets thereupon being, like Caleb Quotem, determined to have "a place at the review," fell to work more fiercely than ever;—they gave dinners, and they gave balls; they hired cooks, they hired confectioners, and they would have kept a newspaper in pay, had they not been all bought up at that time for the election. They invited the dancing men, and the dancing women, and the gormandizers, and the epicures of the city, to come and make merry at their expense; and the dancing men, and the dancing women, and the epicures, and the gormandizers, did come; and they did make merry at their expense; and they eat, and they drank, and they capered, and they danced, and they—laughed at their entertainers.

Then commenced the hurry and the bustle, and the mighty nothingness of fashionable life;—such rattling in coaches! such flaunting in the streets! such slamming of box-doors at the theatre! such a tempest of bustle and unmeaning noise wherever they appeared! The Giblets were seen here and there and every where;—they visited every body they knew, and every body they did not know; and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded. By dint of dinners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblets family worked themselves into notice, and

enjoyed the ineffable pleasure of being for ever pestered by visitors, who cared nothing about them; of being squeezed, and smothered, and paraded at nightly balls, and evening tea-parties; they were allowed the privilege of forgetting the very few old friends they once possessed; they turned their noses up in the wind at every thing that was not genteel; and their superb manners and sublime affectation at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in the style.

THE BACKBITER.

No, Varus hates a thing that's base,—
I own, indeed, he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

Upon a black board, besprinkled with white
teas, and hung up in a public-house, in England,
is the following inscription:—"This monument is
erected to the memory of *Trust*, who was some
time ago cruelly put to death by *Credit*; a fellow
who is prowling about the country plotting the
ruin of all publicans."

MRS. DOBBS AT HOME.

"The common chat of gossips when they meet."
DRYDEN.

He who knows Hackney, needs must know
That spot enchanting—Prospect-Row,
So called, because a view it shows
Of Shoreditch Road, and when there blows
No dust, the folks may one and all get
A peep—almost to Norton Folgate.
Here Mrs. Dobbs, at Number Three,
Invited all her friends to tea.
The Row had never heard before
Such double knocks at any door;
And heads were popp'd from every casement,
Counting the comers with amazement.

Some magnified them to eleven,
While others swore there were but seven;

A point that's keenly mooted still,
But certain 'tis that Mrs. Gill
Told Mrs. Grub she reckoned ten:—
Fat Mrs. Hobbs came second—then
Came Mesdames Jenkins, Dump, and Spriggins,
Tapps, Jacks, Briggs, Hoggins, Crump, and
Wiggins.

Dizen'd in all her best array,
Our melting hostess said her say,
As the souchong repast proceeded,
And curtsying and bobbing press'd
By turns each gormandizing guest,
To stuff as heartily as she did.
Dear Mrs. Hoggins, what!—your cup
Turn'd in your saucer, bottom up!—
Dear me, how soon you've had your fill,
Let me persuade you—one more sup,
'Twill do you good, indeed it will;—
Psha now, you're only making game,
Or else you *tea'd* afore you came.

Stop Mrs. Jenkins, let me stir it,
Before I pour out any more.—
No, ma'am, that's just as I prefer it.—
O then I'll make it as before.

Lank! Mrs. Dump, that toast seems dry,
Do take and eat this middle bit;
The butter's fresh you may rely,
And a fine price I paid for it.—
No doubt, ma'm—what a shame it is,
And Cambridge too again has *riz*!
You don't deal now with Mrs. Kents?
No, she's a bad one—ma'am she cheats.
Hush! Mrs. Crump's her aunt—Good lack!
How lucky she has just turn'd her back.
Don't spare the toast, ma'am, don't say no,
I've got another round below;
I give folks plenty when I ax e'm,
For cut and come again's my maxim.
Nor should I deem it a misfort'n,
If you demolish'd the whole quart'n;
Though bread is now a shameful price,—
Why did they 'bolish the *unize*!

A charming garden, Mrs. Dobbs,
For drying,—An't it, Mrs. Hobbs?
But though our water-tub runs o'er,
A heavy wash is such a bore!
Our smalls is all that we hang out—
Well, that's a luxury no doubt.

Let Mrs. Tapps, do only look,
These grouts can never be mistook;
Well, such a cup! it can't be worse,
See, here's six horses and a hearse;
And there's the church and burying-place,
Plain as the nose upon your face;—
Next dish may dissipate your doubts,
And give you less unlucky grouts;—
One more—you must—the pot has stood,
I warrant me it's strong and good.

There's Mrs. Spriggin's in the garden;
What a fine gown!—but begging pardon,
It seems to me amazing dingy—
D'you think her shawl, ma'am, 's really *Injy*?
Lord love you! no;—well, give me clothes
That's plain and good ma'am, not like those.
Though not so tawdry, Mrs. Jacks,
We do put clean things 'pon our backs.

Housekeeping is dear,—perhaps
So deal, ma'am, still with William Tapps.—
But I:—we know who's got to pay,
Then butchers drive their one-horse chay;
Well, I pay nine for rumps.—At most
I pay but eight for boil'd and roast,
And get our rumps from Leadenhall
Seven, taking shins and all,
And meat is monstrous dear all round;
And drippings bring a groat a pound.

As on swift wing the moments flew,
Till it was time to say adieu;
Then each prepared to waddle back,
Arm'd with a sip of Cogniac,
Which was with Mrs. Dobbs a law,
Before'er the night was cold or raw.
Umbrellas, pattens, lanterns, clogs,
Were sought—away the party jogs;

And silent solitude again
O'er Prospect-Row resumed its reign,
Just as the watchman crawl'd in sight,
To cry—"Past ten—a cloudy night."

ROYAL TASTE.

The person of one of the mistresses of the second George, Madam Kilmansegge (afterwards Countess of Darlington)—is thus described by Horace Walpole; "Lady Darlington, whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample as the Duchess of Kendal—(another of the royal mistresses)—was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large and rolling, beneath two lofty arched eyebrows, two acres of cheeks spread with crimson, an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not distinguished from the lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays,—no wonder that a child dreaded such an ogress, and that the mob of London were highly diverted at the importation of so uncommon a seraglio!—One of the German ladies being abused by the mob, was said to have put her head out of the coach, and cried in bad English, "Good people, why you abuse us? We came for all your goods."—"Yes, damn ye!" answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels too."

THE END OF THE WORLD.

One day, the rocks from top to toe shall quiver,
The mountains melt and all in sunder shiver;
The heav'ns shall rent for fear; the lowly fields,
Puff'd up, shall swell to huge and mighty hills.
Rivers shall dry; or, if in any flood
Rest any liquor, it shall all be blood.
The sea shall all be fire, and on the shore
The thirsty whales with horrid noise shall roar:
The sun no more of light shall grant his boon,
But make it midnight when it should be noon:
With rusty mask the heavens shall hide their face,
The stars shall fall, and all away shall pass:
Disorder, dread, horror, and death shall come,
Noise, storms, and darkness, shall usurp the realm.

And then the CHIEF CHIEF-JUSTICE, venging
wrath

(Which he already often threaten'd hath),
Shall make a bon-fire of this mighty bull,
As once he made it a vast ocean all.

SWIFT UPON BURNET.

In the Lansdown library, there is a copy of "Burnet's History of his Own Times," filled with remarks on the margin in the hand-writing of Swift. Burnet, it is well known, was no favourite with the Dean. We select a few specimens:—

Preface, p. 3. Burnet. "Indeed, the peevishness, the ill-nature, and the ambition of many clergymen, have sharpened my spirits perhaps too much against them; so I warn my readers to take all that I say on those heads with some grains of allowance."—Swift. "I will take his warning."

P. 28. Burnet. "The Earl of Argyle was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices."—Swift. "As a man is free of a corporation, he means."

P. 49. Burnet. "I will not enter farther into the military part; for I remember an advice of Marshal Schomberg, never to meddle in military matters. His observation was, 'Some affected to relate those affairs in all the terms of war, in which they committed great errors, that exposed them to the scorn of all commanders, who must despise relations that pretend to exactness, when there were blunders in every part of them.'"—Swift. "Very foolish advice, for soldiers cannot write."

P. 5. Burnet. "Upon the King's death, the Scots proclaimed his son King, and sent over Sir George Wincan, *that married my great aunt*, to treat with him while he was in the Isle of Jersey."—Swift. "Was *that* the reason why he was sent?"

P. 63. Burnet. (Speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil wars.) "The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches or the reach of their voices."—Swift. "And the preaching beyond the capacity of the

crowd. I believe the church has as much capacity as the minister."

P. 163. Burnet. (Speaking of *Paradise Lost*.) "It was esteemed the *beautifulst* and *perfectest* poem that ever was writ, at least in our language."—Swift. "A mistake! for it is in *English*."

P. 169. Burnet. "Patrick was esteemed a great preacher, ** but a little too severe against those who differed from him.—* He became afterwards more moderate."—Swift. "Yes, for he turned a rank whig."

P. 263. Burnet. "And yet, after all, he (King Charles II.) never treated her (Neill Gwyn) with the *decencies* of a mistress."—Swift. "Pray what *decencies* are those?"

P. 327. Burnet. "It seems the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns."—Swift. "What! ten shillings a-piece! By much too dear for a Dutchman."

P. 483. Burnet. "I laid open the cruelties of the church of Rome in Queen Mary's time, which were not then known; and I *aggravated*, though *very truly*, the danger of falling under the power of that religion."—Swift. "A Bull."

P. 525. Burnet. "Home was convicted on the credit of *one* evidence. Applications, *untrue*, were made to the Duke of York for saving his life; but he was not born under a *pardonning planet*."—Swift. "Silly fop."

P. 586. Burnet. "Baillie suffered several hardships and fines, for being supposed to be in the Rye-house plot; yet during this he seemed *composed*, and even so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the revival of the spirit of the noblest Greeks and Romans."—Swift. "Take notice, he was *our* cousin."

Vol. II. p. 669. Burnet. (Speaking of the progress of his own life.) "The pleasures of sense I did soon *nauseate*."—Swift. "Not so soon with the wine of some elections."

P. 727. Burnet. "I come now to the year 1688, which proved memorable, and produced an extraordinary and *unheard of* revolution."—Swift.

"The unheard-of! Sure all Europe heard of it."

P. 799. Burnet. "When I heard of the account of King James's flight, I was affected with this dismal reverse of fortune in a great Prince, more than I think fit to express."—Swift. "Or than I will believe."

P. 816. Burnet. "It was proposed that the birth of the pretended Prince might be inquired into, and he was ordered to gather together all the presumptive proofs that were formerly mentioned; it is true these did not amount to a full and legal proof; yet they seemed to be such violent presumptions, that when they were all laid together, they were more convincing than plain and downright evidence, for that was liable to the suspicion of subornation, whereas the others seemed to carry in them very convincing characters of truth and conformity."—Swift: "Well said, Bishop."

PRINTING.—A SONG.

When learning and science were both sunk in night,
And genius and freedom were banish'd outright,
The invention of Printing soon brought all to light:

Then carol the praises of Printing,
And sing in the noble art's praise.

Then all who profess this great heaven-taught art,
And have liberty, virtue, and knowledge at heart,
Come join in these verses, and now bear a part,
To carol, &c.

No' every composer a galley must have,
Let judge not from that a composer's a slave,
For printing has often dug tyranny's grave.
Then carol, &c.

For correction he needs, all mankind does the same,
When he quadrates his matter, he is not to blame,
For to justification he lays a strong claim.
Then carol, &c.

Tho' he daily imposes, 'tis not to do wrong,
Like Nimrod he follows the chase all day long,
And always to him a good slice does belong.
Then carol, &c.

Tho' friendly to peace, yet French cannon he loves,

Expert in his great and long primer he proves;
And with skill and address all his furniture moves.
Then carol, &c.

Tho' no antiquary, he deals much in coins,
And freedom with loyalty closely combines,
And to aid the republic of letters he joins.
Then carol, &c.

Extremes he avoids, and in medium invites,
Tho' no blockhead, he often in foolscap delights,
And handles his shooting-stick tho' he ne'er fights.
Then carol, &c.

But the art to complete, the stout pressmen must come,
And make use of their balls, their frisket, and [drum,
And to strike the impression the plattin pull home.
Then carol, &c.

But, as the old proverb declares very clear,
We're the farthest from God when the church we are near,
So in all printing chapels do devils appear.
Then carol, &c.

On the press, truth, religion, and learning depend,
Whilst that remains free, slav'ry ne'er gains its end,
Then my bodkin in him who is not Printing's friend,
And carol the praises of Printing,
And sing in that noble art's praise.

THE JUDGE BURIED IN HIS OWN CELLAR.

One of the judges in King Charles II.'s reign, being in the long vacation, at his country-house, in Holsworth, Suffolk, happened to fall into a deep fit of the hypochondria; insomuch that he fancied himself to be dead; and was so very obstinate under the influence of his whimsical distemper, that he would not be persuaded to stir hand or foot, or receive any sustenance, but by force, till he had brought his body into a very low condition. In this stubborn frenzy he lay upon his back, stretched out at his full length, like a corpse, and motionless; neither his physician nor

his family knowing what to do with him. A famous High German doctor coming into the town, attended with fools and rope-dancers, to pick the country people's pockets of a little money, hearing of so eminent a person under this unaccountable indisposition, took an occasion, the first time that he mounted his public theatre, to mention this matter to his country chubs, telling them their country physicians were all fools, and that the judge was only troubled with the mulligrubs; and that if his lady would send for him he would undertake to bring him to his speech, set him upon his legs, make him walk, talk, eat, drink, or do any thing in four and twenty hours time, or else he would desire nothing for his trouble. This large promise of the mountebank was soon communicated to the judge's lady, who sent immediately for the Dutch tooth-drawer, to consult him about the matter; who told her positively he could soon cure him if she would promise a hundred guineas reward, provided he had leave, without interruption, to do as he should see fit. Both parties being agreed, the doctor sent his man for a joiner and a coffin. When every thing was in order, the doctor and the lady entered the room where the body lay. No sooner had the doctor cast an eye upon his sullen patient, than he cried out to the lady, "Lord, madam, what makes you send for a physician to a dead man; for shame, keep him not above ground any longer. Upon my word, madam, he has been dead so long that if you do not bury him quickly, the scent of his corpse will breed a plague."—"I have had a coffin in the house for some time, (replied the lady,) but was loth to have him buried too soon."—"By all means, (said the doctor,) let it be brought in, and order him to be nailed up immediately."—"Pray, doctor, (said the lady,) do you stay a little in the room, for fear the rats should disfigure the corpse, and I will step and order some of my servants to bring in the coffin presently." The patient heard all this, but was still too much amused to break silence; the lady came accordingly, and the servants with the coffin, who set it down by the bed-

side, and having wrapt their master in warm blankets, laid him into the coffin, put on the lid, and pretended to nail him up. They now ordered the great bell of the church to be tolled, that he might think they were bearing him to his grave; instead of which, they carried him into his own wine-cellar, where they set a person to watch him till a good supper was prepared; in the interim the doctor ordered his lady and her servants to disguise themselves in winding-sheets, to represent ghosts or spirits, the doctor making one of the party. When they were thus equipped, the doctor led the van of these hobgoblins, and went into the cellar, where they altered their voices, and fell into a merry, extravagant chat, concerning the affairs of the upper world, rattling the bottles and the glasses, extolling their happiness after death, and drinking to the remembrance of their friends they had left behind. In a short time supper was laid, and they fell to with seeming jollity, as they were thus merrily eating and carousing. "What's the matter, (says the doctor,) with this melancholy ghost, that he does not rise out of his coffin? He has been amongst us this fortnight, and has not yet given us any of his company; surely he is sadly tired of his journey out of the other world, for he has a long sleep after it: prithee wake him, and ask him to eat with us." One of the most frightful of the spectres, with a taper in his hand, now opened the lid of the coffin, and bawled in his ears, "Mag-Dagnum, Huggle-Duggle, deputy-governor of the lower regions, desires your company to supper with him." Upon which he raised his head to the edge of the coffin, and beholding so many hideous figures feeding heartily, "Pray, (said he,) do dead men eat?"—"Aye, and drink too, (said the doctor,) or how should they live?"—"Then, (said the judge,) if eating be the custom of this country, I will make my resurrection, and pick a bit with you." They now conducted him to a seat at the table. "Truly, (said he,) I am very glad to find that dead men live so merrily."—"Well may we live so merrily, (said the doctor,) for we

be better here without money than a man in the
other world can for 1000*l.* a-year; for, in short,
to have every thing, and that for nothing."

When supper was over they drank a cheerful
glass to the memory of their particular friends
over their heads, till at last the patient (being
much weakened with his long fasting) grew very
tipsy; they accordingly turned him again into his
wooden territories, where he soon fell into a
sound sleep, during which time they carried him
up into his own room, and put him again into his
bed, where he slept with his lady till the next
morning about day-light, when waking, he began
to look about him, strangely surprised, which the
lady perceiving, cried, "Prithee, my dear, what's
the matter with thee?"—"Lord, love, (said he,)
where am I here? Where are we?"—"In our own
bed, (replied the lady,) in our own chamber, in
your own house. Where do you think we should
be?"—"Then, (said the judge,) I have had one
of the most unaccountable dreams that ever was
heard of." From that time he was recovered of
his melancholy; the mountebank had his reward,
and the judge sat upon the bench for several years
after.

THE TEA-TABLE.

When the party commences, all starch'd and all
glum,
They talk of the weather, their corns, or sit mum;
They will tell you of cambric, of ribands, of lace,
How cheap they are sold—and will name you the
plate.
They discourse of their colds, and they hem and
they cough,
And complain of their servants to pass their time
off;
Or list to the tale of some doating mamma;
How her ten weeks old baby will laugh and say
taa!

But tea, that enlivener of wit and of soul—
How loquacious by far than the draughts of the
bowl,

Soon unloosens the tongue, and enlivens the mind,
And enlightens their eyes to the faults of mankind.

In harmless chit-chat an acquaintance they roast,
And serve up a friend, as they serve up a toast;
Some gentle *faux pas*, or some female mistake,
Is like sweetmeats delicious, or relished as cake;
A bit of broad scandal is like a dry crust,
It would stick in the throat, so they butter it first
With a little affected good-nature, and cry
"Nobody regrets the thing deeper than I."
Our young ladies nibble a good name in play,
As for pastime they nibble a biscuit away
While with shrugs and surmises the toothless old
dame,
As she mumbles a crust, she will mumble a name.

The wives of our cities of inferior degree
Will soak up repute in a little bohea;
The potion is vulgar, and vulgar the slang
With which on their neighbours' defects they ha-
rangue;
But the scandal improves, a refinement in wrong!
As our matrons are richer, and rise to souchong.
With hyson—a beverage that's still more refined,
Our ladies of fashion enliven their mind;
And by nods, inuendoes, and hints, and what not,
Reputations and tea send together to pot.
While madam, in cambrics and laces array'd,
With her plate and her liveries in splendid parade,
Will drink in imperial a friend at a sup,
Or in gunpowder blow them by dozens all up.
Ah me! how I groan, when with full swelling sail
Wafted stately along by the favouring gale,
A China ship proudly arrives in our bay,
Displaying her streamers and blazing away.
Oh! more fell to our port is the cargo she bears
Than grenadoes, torpedoes, or warlike affairs;
Each chest is a bombshell thrown into our town,
To shatter repute and bring character down.

If I, in the remnant that's left me of life,
Am to suffer the torments of slanderous strife,
Let me fall, I implore, in the slang-whanger's claw,
Where the evil is open, and subject to law;

Not nibbled, and mumbled, and put to the rack
By the sly underminings of tea-party clack ;
Condemn me, ye gods, to a newspaper roasting,
But spare me ! O spare me, a tea-table toasting !

A CONFERENCE

Between George Duke of Buckingham and Father Fitzgerald.

Priest. May it please your grace, I come from his Majesty, who sent me on purpose to wait on you.

Duke. I am exceedingly beholden to his Majesty for all his favours. I thought I had long ago been out of his remembrance ; pray, sir, take a chair. And what may your errand be !

P. His majesty being informed of your grace's illness, and as it becomes a prince who has a true regard for his subjects, compassionating the dangerous circumstances you are in at present, commanded me to use my best endeavours to reclaim your grace from that heretical communion 'tis now your unhappiness to embrace, and reconcile you to the catholic church, out of which there is no salvation.

D. I perceive, sir, you're a priest ; Sam, bring up a bottle of wine, and clean glasses.—Do you smoke, sir ?

P. An't please your grace, I did not come to drink, but —

D. Well, well, a glass now and then won't spoil conversation. But do you say, sir, there's no salvation to be had out of the pale of the catholic church ?

P. Well then I submit ; his majesty's (drinks off his glass) health, and your grace's commands must never be disputed.

D. But all this while, father, you take no (playing with the cork) notice of my fine gelding here. Do but observe his exquisite shape : what

fine turned neck is there ? His eyes, how lively and full ? His pace, how majestic and noble ? I'll lay a hundred guineas there's nothing in New-market can compare with him.

P. An't please your grace, I see no horse.

D. Why don't you see me play with his mane, stroke him under the belly, clap his buttocks, and manage him as I please ?

P. Either your grace is merrily disposed, or else your illness has had a very unlucky effect upon your grace's imagination. Upon my sincerity I see nothing but a cork in your hands.

D. How, my horse dwindled into a foolish piece of cork ? Come, father, this is very unkindly done of you, to turn the finest gelding in Europe, whose sire was a true Arab, and had a better genealogy to show than the best gentleman in Wales or Scotland can pretend to, into a cork.

P. Not to flatter then this melancholy humour of your grace, which may but serve to confirm and rivet it the more in you, I must roundly and fairly tell your grace, that 'tis a cork, and nothing but a cork.

D. 'Tis hard that a person of my quality, whose word won't be taken in such a matter, who has not the least prospect of getting a farther advantage by imposing upon you. But, father, how do you make good your assertion ? I say still 'tis a horse, you tell me 'tis a cork ; how shall this difference be made up between us ?

P. Very easily ; for instance, I first examine (taking the cork from the duke) it by my smell, and that tells me 'tis cork. I next consult my sight, and that affirms the same ; then I judge by my taste, and still 'tis cork.

D. Hark you, father, before you proceed a step farther ; thou art plausibly mistaken, if thou thinkest to make the Trinity a stepping stone to transubstantiation.

P. Be it so then ; and since your grace has mentioned transubstantiation, we'll enter into the merits of that controversy. I need not remind your grace, that no article of our holy religion is so expressly laid down in scripture as that ; and what can be plainer than *hoc est corpus meum*.

D. I see, father, I must refresh your memory with this piece of cork, which I positively affirm once more to be a horse : just now you would

governed by the senses, in those matters that properly belong to their tribunal; but now you disturb the jurisdiction of the court, which is not honestly done.

P. My lord duke, you must humble your reason to reconcile yourself to this holy mystery, which even the angels themselves don't comprehend.

D. Well, father, since we have fallen, I don't know how, upon the chapter of miracles, I will take care to entertain you with one that happened but last winter in Northumberland, and comes confirmed from so many hands, both catholic and protestant, that he must be a rank infidel indeed, who dares dispute the credibility of it. But as I have one of the most treacherous memories in the world, I won't pretend to relate it to you myself, but one of my servants shall do it—Here, (to one of his gentlemen coming into the room,) go and tell Long John to come to me immediately.

P. Your grace may save yourself that trouble, if you please, for I am as well satisfied as if I had heard it.

D. Nay, you are no priest for my money if you refuse to hear a miracle, and what is more, a catholic miracle. (Long John enters,) Come John, you must oblige this worthy gentleman here, who is come upon no less errand than the salvation of your master's soul, with the relation of that famous miracle that happened last winter in Northumberland.

John. Your grace has always a right to command me. Why then, sir, you are to understand, that within two miles of my Lord Widrington's house, in the above-mentioned county, there was a small village which wholly belongs to his Lordship; by the same token most of the inhabitants, in complaisance, I suppose, to their landlord, are Roman catholics.

D. Very well, proceed.

J. An ancient woman of this village was accidentally sitting at her door, about three in the afternoon, when my lord's priest happened to walk by her. She immediately ran after him,

and told him, dear father, you must never think of going to his lordship to-night, the ways are slippery and full of sloughs; the days are short, and you'll certainly be benighted before you can have got half the way thither; I tremble to think what would become of you, should you lose the road, or fall into a ditch; therefore, let me persuade you to accept of a sorry supper and lodging at my house; I am sure my lord will not be offended with you, and to-morrow you'll have the whole day before you.

D. And what reply made the priest to this?

J. After a little humming and hawing upon the matter, he considered it would be his wisest way to take up his quarters that night at the old woman's, so he followed her to her house; she led him into a pretty snug warm parlour, made him a fire nose high, then going into the yard, slew a barn-door fowl with her own hands, clapt it on the spit, and when it was ready, neatly dished up with egg-sauce, and who so cheerful as she and the priest over their supper?

D. 'Twas well done.

J. Resolving to give so worthy a guest the best entertainment her house afforded, after supper she presented him with a dish of nuts of her own gathering, and then thwacked his guts with apples and ale, and was very liberal of her nutmeg and sugar. Thus they passed away the hours merrily: at last bed-time approached, our good old landlady showed the father the chamber he was to lie in, wished him a happy night and departed; but being a curious woman, as most of the sex are possessed with the spirit of curiosity, she peeped through the key-hole, to see how the priest managed matters by himself.

P. Honest friend, you may drop your miracle here, if you please, I'll hear no more on't.

D. Father, your zeal has got the heels of your discretion. Upon my word here's no trap laid for a jest, but what her majesty and maids of honour may hear.

J. To her infinite surprise and admiration, she saw him jump stark naked as ever he was born,

not into the sheets, though they smelt most deliciously of lavender and roses, but into the blankets. Down stairs she hurries, full of grief and confusion, which would not let her wink all night; and Lord, cries she, what a wicked age is this we live in, how cold, and uncharitable, when a person of such merit and learning, who has resided too so long in the family, has not a shirt to put on his back? I could never have thought my Lord so niggardly. These afflicting thoughts, wholly occasioned by her zeal for religion, and the professors of it, made that impression upon her, that she did not enjoy a minute's repose that night. Early she gets up the next morning, and measured out six ells of the finest flaxen linen she had, which was of her own spinning. Presently down comes the father into her parlour; she enquires of him how he past the night, and was ravished with joy to hear he had slept so well. After this, comes in a thundring toast, with a full tankard of humming stale beer. The priest and she soon ended it between them, and now she had courage enough to tell him what she had observed the night before. Father, says she, I beg your pardon for being so impudent as to peep through your key-hole last night; and truly I was grieved to the heart to see that a gentleman of your education and great parts should be without a shirt. Come, never blush for the matter, I know it is so; but here are six ells of my best linen, which will make you two very good shirts, and I humbly desire you to accept of them.

D. Why, father, here is the quintessence of true christianity for you.

J. Well, daughter, replies he, I accept of your present in good part (for priests and lawyers are seldom guilty of refunding) not that I shall have any occasion of making use of it myself, for you must understand, I belong to an order which obliges us to wear woollen next our skin, but it may serve to make towels for the altar, and the like, and therefore I will take it with me. Then ordering the good woman to kneel, he gave her his benediction, and prayed, that whatever she

began to do after he was gone, she might continue a doing till sun-setting. Our landlady, little imagining that a miracle was entailed upon the father's blessing, very innocently went to measure the small remainder of linen she had left, when, to her great astonishment, and that of her family, she continued in this posture till the sun was set, and got such a prodigious quantity of linen by the means, that next week she was able to buy out her lease, and is now the topping dame of the parish.

D. What think you now, father, of Lord John's story?

J. This miracle in a moment run through the four northern counties; every village and hamlet rung of it; nay, it crossed the Tweed, and filled the ears of the unbelieving Scots. The priest wherever he came, was worshipped and respected like a little Divinity, and the woman was magnified by all as a true pattern of primitive simplicity, and charity, since heaven had been at pains to reward her in so extraordinary a manner.

P. Honest friend, let me desire you to be as concise as you can, for in plain truth I am weary of your story already.

J. At the lower end of this village (where the above-mentioned miraculous scene happened) lived another old woman, a catholic by persuasion who, hoping to gain as much by her godliness as her neighbour had done before her, looked out sharply for the father as a Yorkshire attorney does for a purse-proud litigious client. At last to her mighty satisfaction, she sees him go by the door; immediately she trots after him, tells him of the depth of the ways, and the great danger of being lost, desires him to consult his own safety, and not expose himself to those casualties which he might so reasonably expect from the badness of the ways and the darkness of the nights. With these plausible insinuations she wheedles the priest into her house, and to secure him entirely to her interest, treats him with a shoulder of mutton, and a couple of capons for supper.

D. She took the right course to gain her point, I must needs own; for ever while you live, father, tickle a priest by the belly, if you intend to make him yours.

J. When the table-cloth was taken away, our cunning hypocrite, who was resolved to out-do her neighbour's entertainment in her provisions, accordingly brings in a double bottle of Metheglin, fills a bumper, and begins prosperity to the catholic religion. She tells the father, that a judicious person lately told her, that a cardinal was coming from Rome, who was to make his public appearance in Cheapside, in cloth of beaten silver and gold, marry was he, and that he was to convert the whole nation, and then, father (says she) we shall see happy times. The honest priest was taken up with his pot and pipe, that he neither expected nor seemed to approve her discourse. In the manner they drank and prattled, until the liquor found such a way into their pericraniums they could hardly see one another. The priest, unable to hold up his head any longer, desired to be conducted to the room where he was to lie that night; the old woman, with much ado, gets him up stairs, leads him to his bed, wishes him a thousand good nights, and so leaves him with a trusty flag of ale by his bed-side, that if he waked in the night he might have something to refresh his conscience and thirst at once.

D. Well said, John.

J. By that time the priest had rigged himself and was come down into the parlour, our ancient matron had tossed up a nice breakfast, out of the remainder of the capons, which, being highly seasoned, proved a very effectually shoeing-horn for the other bumper. And now, with tears in her eyes, she began the same story as her neighbour had done, lamenting the horrid ingratitude of the times, that so learned and devout a man as he should want a shirt; to prevent which, for the future, as far as it lay within her small capacity, she made bold to make him a small present of a dozen ells of her best linen cloth.

P. You'll never have done I'm afraid.

J. The priest, not being conjuror enough to dive into the bottom of her heart, to know whether she was guided by any mercenary by-ends, or whether her intentions were real, heartily thanked her for the noble present she had made him, and folded it up under his great-coat; bid her kneel down, and laying his sacerdotal fist upon her head, he gave her a blessing, and prayed, that whatever this good woman began to do after he was gone, she might continue a doing till sun-setting.

D. And what fell out upon this?

J. The father was no sooner got over the threshold, but our matron, who had laid all her tackle in readiness, was going to measure the remainder of her linen; but then considering, upon second thoughts, what a large morning's draught she had taken with the priest, and being a wise prudent woman into the bargain, she thought it would be convenient to make a little water before she fell to work. She did so, and continued in mingent circumstances from the morning till night, evacuating so plentiful a stream that she in a manner occasioned a second deluge. In short, all the low lands in Northumberland suffered by it; twenty-four mills, upon strict examination, were found to be overwhelmed by this sudden inundation, besides cottages and hay-ricks numberless. This old woman, conscious of her own deceit and hypocrisy, has not dared to show her head among her neighbours since this fatal accident. All true catholics rejoice at the just dispensation of heaven's favours, and so my story concludes.

D. Come, John, there's something to make you amends for the pains you have taken. (John bows and quits the room.) Well, father, what's your opinion now of this miracle?

P. Out of respect to your grace, I was content to sit out the whole story; though I guessed at first whereabouts it would end. But since your grace is pleased to demand my opinion, all I can

say to the matter is, that it was contrived on purpose to make us poor suffering catholics ridiculous to the people.

After a few compliments his grace and Fitzgerald parted.

RECREATION ON THE VERB TO TWIST.

When a twister a twisting, will twist him a twist,
With the twisting his twist, he three twines doth
entwist;

But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist,
Untwisting the twine that entwisteth between,
He twists with his twister, the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined, in twain.
The twain, that in twining before in the twine,
As twins were entwisted, he now doth entwine;
'Twist the twain, intertwisting a twine more be-
tween,

The twirling his twister makes a twist of the twine.

THE BIRMINGHAM MAN IN AMERICA.

Straddle had just arrived in an importation of hardware, fresh from the city of Birmingham, or rather, as the most learned English would call it, *Brummagem*, so famous for its manufactories of gimblets, pen-knives, and pepper-boxes, and where they make buttons and beaux enough to inundate our whole country. He was a young man of considerable standing in the manufactory at Birmingham; sometimes had the honour to hand his master's daughter into a tim-whiskey, was the oracle of the tavern he frequented on Sundays, and could beat all his associates, if you would take his word for it, in boxing, beer-drinking, jumping over chairs, and imitating cats in a gutter and opera-singers. Straddle was, moreover, a member of a catch-club, and was a great hand at ringing bob-majors; he was, of course, a complete connoisseur in music, and entitled to assume that character at all performances in the art. He was likewise a member of a spouting-club; had seen a company of strolling actors perform in a

baro, and had even, like Abel Dragger, "enacted" the part of Major Sturgeon with considerable applause; he was consequently a profound critic, and fully authorised to turn up his nose at any American performances. He had twice partaken of annual dinners, given to the head manufacturers of Birmingham, where he had the good fortune to get a taste of turtle and turbot, and a smack of champaign and burgundy; and he had heard a vast deal of the roast beef of Old England;—he was therefore epicure sufficient to do—every dish and every glass of wine he tasted in America; though, at the same time, he was as voracious an animal as ever crossed the Atlantic. Straddle had been splashed half a dozen times by the carriages of nobility, and had once the superlative felicity of being kicked out of doors by the footman of a noble duke; he could, therefore, talk of nobility, and despise the untitled plebeians of America. In short, Straddle was one of those dapper, bustling, florid, round, self-important "gemmen," who bounce as half-beau, half-bottom-maker; undertake to give the true polish of the *bon-ton*.

He swaggered about parlours and drawing-rooms with the same unceremonious confidence he used to display in the taverns at Birmingham. He accosted a lady as he would a bar-maid; and this was pronounced a certain proof that he had been used to better company in Birmingham. He became the great man of all the taverns between New-York and Haerlem; and no one stood a chance of being accommodated until Straddle and his horses were perfectly satisfied. He did the landlords and waiters with the best air in the world, and accosted them with true gentlemanly familiarity. He staggered from the dinner-table to the play, entered the box like a tempest, and staid long enough to be bored to death, and to bore all those who had the misfortune to be near him. From thence he dashed off to a ball, time enough to flounder through a cotillion, tear half a dozen gowns, commit a number of other depredations, and make the whole company sensible of

white condescension in coming amongst them. The people of Gotham thought him a prodigious fellow; the young bucks cultivated his acquaintance with the most persevering assiduity, and his retainers were sometimes complimented with a seat in his curricule, or a ride on one of his horses. The belles were delighted with the notions of such a fashionable gentleman, and look with astonishment at his learned distinctions. He had wrought scissors and those of cast-steel; and with his profound dissertations on buttons of horse-flesh. The rich merchants courted his acquaintance because he was an Englishman, and his wives treated him with great deference because he had come from beyond seas. I cannot here observe that your salt-water is a marvellous great sharpener of men's wits, and I intend to recommend it to some of my acquaintance in a particular essay.

Straddle continued his brilliant career for only a short time. His prosperous journey over the spike of fashion was checked by some of those stumbling-blocks in the way of aspiring youth and creditors—or duns;—a race of people who, as a celebrated writer observes, “are hated by gods and men.” Consignments slackened, whispers of distant suspicion floated in the dark, and the pests of society, the tailors and shoe-makers, in rebellion against Straddle. In vain were his remonstrances; in vain did he prove to them, that though he had given them no money, he had given them more custom, and as many smiles, as any young man in the city. They were inflexible; and the signal of danger being given, a host of other persecutors pounced upon him. Straddle saw there was but one way left; he determined to do the thing genteelly, to smash like a hero, and dashed into the limits of high style; being the fifteenth gentleman I have known to drive tandem to the—*ne plus ultra*—the

ARTEMISIA.

Though Artemisia talks by fits
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;

Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in some things methinks she fails;
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness and so much pride
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside;
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpye hight,
Majestically stalk;
A stately worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk,

THE PYRAMID OF DRINK.

The operation of drink, in its various degrees, may be represented by a pyramid thus;

Tipsy

Very fresh, ** Very tipsy

Fresh. **** Drunk.

Lively. ***** Very Drunk.

Comfortable. ***** Stupidly Drunk.

Sober. ***** Dead Drunk.

Sobriety.—The sober moments which immediately succeed to dinner are the most miserable in existence. The langour, the sense of utter inefficacy, mental and bodily, are dreadful. After a few glasses you ascend the first step of the pyramid, and become comfortable. In this state you

are not much disposed to talk. There is a tranquil luxury in your feelings, and a reverie comes on, which, if you drink no more, is likely to terminate in sleep. A philosopher seldom passes this point except in company.

Drink on, and you step up to *lively*. Now you begin to talk, and your remarks are smart and pertinent. You have the reasoning power in high perfection, but aided withal by a happy fertility of illustration. This may be considered as a mental aurora, announcing that the sun of fancy is about to rise from the "purple wave."

Fresh.—There is more fire and colour in your ideas now, for the sun has risen. You grow then eloquent and less logical. Your jokes are capital—in your own estimation. Your perceptions are still tolerably clear, beyond yourself.

Very Fresh.—Your conversation is more and more highly coloured. Your eloquence is impassioned, and you overwhelm your companions with a flood of talk. You begin to suit the action to the word. Ideas not quite coherent, but language still tolerably distinct and correct.

Tipsy.—Now on the top of the pyramid you begin to grow giddy. Gestures very vehement, and epithets much exaggerated. Argumentative, but not rational. Words considerably abridged, and ideas lamentably obscured.

Very Tipsy.—You find out that you have a turn for vocal music, and regale your friends with a song. Speechify in incoherent language, and evince a most decided tendency to mischief and locomotion. Proud as a peacock, stout as a lion, and amorous as a dove.

Drunk.—Perversely quarrelsome, and stupidly good-natured. Dealing much in shake hands, and knock downs. Tongue stammering and feet unsteady.

Very Drunk.—Abortive efforts to appear sober. See every thing double. Balance totally lost, you drift about like a ship in a hard gale. Vocabulary reduced to a few interjections.

Stupidly Drunk.—Head and stomach topsy-turvy. Eyes fixed and glaring. Utter incapacity of speech

and locomotion, accompanied with an indistinct horrid consciousness of your situation.

Dead Drunk.—An apoplectic sleep, and confused dreams of the devil, or your creditors.

FEMALE APPAREL.

What though their garments, light as woven air,
Disclose each hidden charm that decks the fair,
Why so censorious, friend, what is't to you,
If Paradise is open'd to your view?
Like mother Eve, our maids may stray unblam'd,
For they are naked, and are not ashamed!

HORNE TOOKE AND WILKES.

Horne Tooke wrote a challenge to Wilkes, who was then *high sheriff* for the county of Middlesex. Wilkes had signalized himself in a most determined affair with Martin, on account of No. 45 of the North Briton, and he wrote Horne Tooke the following laconic reply to the challenge. "Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life; but as I am at present *High Sheriff* for the city of London, it may happen that I may shortly have an opportunity of attending *you* in my *official capacity*, in which case I will answer for it, that you shall *have no ground* to complain of my endeavours to serve you." Probably it was about this time that Horne Tooke, being asked by a foreigner of distinction, how much treason an Englishman might venture to write, without being hanged, replied, that he could not inform him just yet, but that he was trying.

LOVE'S BATH.

Love, like the cold bath, is never negative, it seldom leaves us where it finds us; if once we plunge into it, it will either heighten our virtues, or inflame our vices.

PHYSIOGNOMISTS.

Pickpockets and beggars are the best practical physiognomists, without having read a line of Lavater, who, it is notorious, mistook a highwayman for a philosopher, and a philosopher for a highwayman.

THE COLLEGE FEAST.

Hark ! heard ye not yon footsteps dread,
That shook the hall with thund'ring tread ?

With eager haste

The fellows pass'd ;

Each, intent on direful work,

High lifts his mighty blade, and points his deadly fork.

But hark ! the portal's sound, and pacing forth,

With steps, alas, too slow,

The college gyps of high illustrious worth,

With all the dishes, in long order, go :

In the midst a form divine,

Appears the fam'd sir-loin ;

And soon with plums and glory crown'd,

Almighty pudding sheds its sweets around.

Heard ye the din of dinner bray ?

Knife to fork, and fork to knife ;

Unnumber'd heroes, in the glorious strife,

Fish, flesh, pies, and puddings, cut their destin'd way.

See, beneath the mighty blade,

Gor'd with many a ghastly wound,

Low the fam'd sir-loin is laid,

And sinks in many a gulf profound.

Arise, arise, ye sons of glory,

Pies and puddings stand before ye ;

See the ghost of hungry bellies

Points at yonder stand of jellies ;

While such dainties are beside ye,

Snatch the goods the gods provide ye ;

Mighty rulers of this state,

Snatch before it is too late ;

Or, swift as thought, the puddings, jellies, pies,

Contract their giant bulks, and shrink to pigmy size.

From the table now retreating,

All around the fire they meet,

And, with wine, the sons of eating,

Crown at length their mighty treat :

Triumphant plenty's rosy graces

Sparkle in their jolly faces ;

And mirth and cheerfulness are seen

In each countenance serene.

Fill high the sparkling glass,

And drink th' accustom'd toast ;

Drink deep, ye mighty host,

And let the bottle pass.

Begin, begin the jovial strain ;

Fill, fill the mystic bowl,

And drink, and drink, and drink again ;

For drinking fires the soul.

But soon, too soon, with one accord, they reel,

Each on his seat begins to nod ;

All conquering Bacchus' pow'r they feel,

And pour libations to the jolly god.

At length with dinner, and with wine, oppress'd,

Down in the chairs they sink, and give themselves to rest.

HUNTINGTON'S S. S.

Huntington, the celebrated preacher, gives the following definition of his assumed S. S.

You know we clergy are very fond of titles of honour ; some are called lords spiritual, though we have no such lords but in the persons of the ever-blessed Trinity ; others are named doctors of divinity, and prebends, though God gives no such titles ; therefore I cannot conscientiously add D. D. to my function though some hundreds have been spiritually healed under my ministry ; nor have I fourteen pounds to spare to buy the dissenting title of D. D. Being thus circumstanced, I cannot call myself a Lord Spiritual, because Peter, the pope's enemy, condemns it : nor can I call myself Lord High Primate, because supremacy, in the scriptures, is applied only to kings, and never to ministers of the gospel. As I cannot get at D. D. for the want of cash, neither can I get at M. A. for the want of learning ; therefore I am compelled to fly for refuge to S. S. by which I mean Sinner Saved.

Own Life.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

A School for Scandal !—Tell me, I beseech you, Needs there a school this modish art to teach you ? No need of lessons now—the knowing think We might as well be taught to eat and drink.

Caus'd by a dearth of scandal; should the vapours
Distress out fair-ones, let them read the papers;
Their pow'rful mixtures such disorders hit,
Crave what they will, there's *quantum sufficit*.

"Lord!" cries my lady Wormwood (who loves
tattle,

And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle)
Just ris'n at noon, all night at cards when threshing,
Strong tea and scandal—bless me, how refreshing!

"Give me the papers, Lisp—how bold and free (*sips*).
Last night lord L. (*sips*) was caught with lady D.

For aching heads, what charming *sal volatile*!—(*sips*)
If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,

We hope she'll draw, or we'll undraw the curtain.
Fine satire, poz! in public all abuse it!

But, by ourselves, (*sips*) our praise we can't refuse it;
Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash and star—"

"Yes, Ma'am—A certain Lord had best beware,
Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor-square.

For should he lady W. find willing—
Wormwood is bitter."—"Oh! that's me—the vil-

lain!

Throw it behind the fire, and never more
Let that vile paper come within my door."

Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.

Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?

Knows he the world so little, and its trade?—
Alas! the devil's sooner rais'd than laid.

So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging;
Cut Scandal's head off—still the tongue is wagging,

Proud of your smiles, once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;

To show his gratitude, he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in its den;

From his fell grip the frightened fair to save—
Tho' he should fall, th' attempt must please the

brave.

For your applause, all perils he would through,
He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,
Till ev'ry drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you.

GARRICK.

HONEST HORSE.

An Irish jockey once selling a nag to a gentleman frequently observed, with emphatic earnestness, that he was an *honest* horse. After the purchase the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. "Why, sir," replied the seller, "whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me, and he certainly never deceived me."

HOW TO PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS.

Go to India—stay there twenty years—work hard—get money—save it—come home—bring with you a store of wealth, and a diseased liver—visit your friends—make a will—provide for them all—then die:—what a prudent, good, generous, kind hearted soul you would be!

IRISH BILL FOR A PAIR OF SHOES.

The following bill for a pair of shoes, was sent to a shoemaker to his attorney who had solicited the matter of right for the shoemaker, but had done nothing effectually for him.

Timothy Termfee, Esq. to Samuel Snob, Dr.
1812. £. s.

Nov. 1. Attending you at your chambers, consulting and advising on your intended pair of shoes	-	-	0	6
3. Attending you again, when your honour did not come to any determination what sort of shoes I should make for you	-	0	6	
6. The like attendance	-	0	6	
9. Attendance again at your chambers, when I found you were gone to the Lord Mayor's show	-	0	6	
12. Attending your honour, when you determined to wear nothing for the future but best black grain, and taking your measure accordingly	-	0	13	
13. Attending you again, when you informed me that as there were no proper crossings in the new pavement, for foot passengers, you had determined to have strong wax leather, instead of black grain, and taking your instructions accordingly	0	13		

I Borrowing your honour's last to make them by	-	-	-	0	3	4
I Attending you four different times, consulting and advising on the last, &c.	0	13	4			
I Cutting out the shoes	-	-	-	0	3	4
To me and my foreman's attendance for three days, making inquiry for a good craft, when we found one with great difficulty, the rest having gone to the Plantations	-	-	-	1	10	0
To three several attendances to fit them on, when your honour was not at home	1	0	0			
I Attending twice this day to try them on, but they did not fit	-	-	-	0	13	4
Drawing out this bill and fair copy	-	0	2	2		
				<hr/>		
				£6	12	0

Mr. Termfee, this is my bill, and I have had it
 paid by the master of our company.

I am, yours,
SAMUEL SNOB.

A BORE.

Whatever is odious and disagreeable, however
and right, constitutes a *bore*—a great *bore*—
uncommon *bore*—a horrid *bore*—an intolerable
—ish *bore*. To *bore*; to tease incessantly
to torment—to weary or *worry*. Thus your “mere
“*emetician*,” whom Sir Thomas Overbury, in his
“*Characters*,” defines, “an intelligible *Ass*!” will
tear you over a bottle with Newton’s Principia.
The most *boring* of all animals is what is called
a *bore*, one who will stick closer than a brother. It
has been proved by quotation from Shakspeare, that
the word *bore*, in the above sense, is not peculiar
to the moderns. In the historical play of Henry the
Sixth, the Duke of Buckingham says to Norfolk,
“I will *bore* you to Cardinal Wolsey,”

I read in his looks
Matters against me, and his eye revil'd
Me, as his object : at this instant
He ~~loves me~~ with some trick.

N 2

HUNTINGTON AND PRIESTLEY.

Timothy Priestley was one of Huntington's bitterest antagonists. He and the S. S. had met in private life, and, as it seems, upon amicable, if not fraternal terms. Timothy, however, gave offence by opposing Antinomianism in a treatise called "The Christian's Looking Glass, or the Timorous Soul's Guide; being a description of the work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart: intended for the relief of the Disconsolate." The reply to this was sent forth under a title in the genuine old fashion of puritanical polemics—"The Barber; or Timothy Priestley shaved, as reflected from his own Looking Glass. The Operator, William Huntington, S. S." The texts also, which were affixed as mottos, were selected in the same temper: "Thou son of man, take thee a sharp knife, take thee a barber's razor." Ezekiel, v. 1. "And the Lord shall shave with a razor the head, and the hair of the feet, and it shall consume the beard." The reply itself was in the Martin Marprelate style which such a title indicates. The Coalheaver had treated Rowland Hill with some degree of deference, but in engaging with Timothy Priestley, he laid aside all encumbrances of courtesy or decorum, and closed with him at once for a rough-and-tumble. All wise persons were at a loss, he said, whether to call his productions the effects of insanity, or intoxication: but for his own part, if he might be allowed "to give his judgment, as one that had obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful," he believed they were a composition of both. "This Timothy," said he, "is a snake in the grass; he is rotten at bottom and empty throughout; but by the help of God I will uncase him, and expose his secret treasures of darkness. Blessed be God, we are not ignorant of Satan's devices; for there is no more imitation or comparison between the regenerating work of God in the soul, and the account of it in this book by Timothy Priestley, than between light and darkness, Christ and Belial. Satan is no more hid under the gown and wig of Timothy Priestley, than he was under the petticoat of the witch of Endor. The devil is the devil still, whether he comes in long clothing, a rough

Wak'd from their dream oft join the gen'ral roar,
 With bravo, bravo—bravissimo, et dam'me, encore.
 Or skipping that, behold another row,
 Supplied by citizens, or smiling beau;
 Addressing miss, whose cardinal protection,
 Keeps her quite safe from ranc'rous detraction,
 Whose lively eyes beneath a down drawn hat,
 Gives hint she loves a little—you know what.
 Ye bucks above who range like gods at large,
 Nay, pray don't grin, but listen to your charge,
 You who design to change this scene of raillery,
 And out-talk players in the upper gallery:
 Oh, there's a youth, and one o' th' sprightly sort,
 I don't mean you—dam'me, you've no features for't:
 Who sily skulks to hidden station,
 While players follow their vocation,
 Whistle, off, off, off! Nosee, Roast Beef—there's
 education.
 Now I've explor'd this mimic world quite thro',
 And set each country's little faults to view;
 In the right sense receive the well-meant jest,
 And keep the moral still within thy breast;
 Convinc'd I'd not in heart or tongue offend,
 Your hands acquit me, and I've gain'd my end.

A TRUE SPORTSMAN.

Sheridan, a few years before his death, paid a visit to an old sportsman in the sister kingdom, at the commencement of the shooting season, and, in order to avoid the imputation of being an *ignoramus*, he was under the necessity of taking a gun, and at the dawn of day, setting forth in pursuit of game. Unwilling to expose his want of skill, he took an opposite course to that of his friend, and was accompanied by a game-keeper, provided with a bag to receive the birds which might fall victims to his attacks, and a pair of excellent pointers. The game-keeper was a true Irishman, and possessed of all those arts which are known to belong to his countrymen: and thinking it imperative on him to be particularly attentive to his master's friend, he lost no opportunity in praising his powers. The first covey (and the birds

were abundant) rose within a few yards of the statesman's nose, but the noise they made was so unexpected, that he waited till they were "out of harm's way" before he fired. Pat, who was on the look-out, expressed his surprise, and immediately observed, "Faith, sir, I see you know what a gun is; it's well you was'nt nearer, or them chaps would be sorry you ever came into the country." Sheridan re-loaded, and went on, but his second shot was not more successful. "Oh!" cried Pat, "what an escape. I'll be bound you rumbled some of their feathers." The gun was loaded again, and on went our senator; but the third shot was as little effective as the two former. "Hah!" exclaimed Pat, although astonished at so palpable a miss, "I'll lay a thirteen you don't come near to us to-day again. Master was too near you to be pleasant." So he went on shot after shot, and always had something to say to console poor Sheridan, who was not a little amused with his ingenuity. At last, on their return home, without a bird in the bag, Sheridan perceived a covey quietly feeding on the other side of a hedge, and unwilling to give them a chance of flight, he resolved to have a slap at them on the ground. He did so; but to his mortification, they all flew away untouched. Pat, whose excuses were now almost exhausted, still had something to say, and he joyfully exclaimed, looking at Sheridan very significantly, "By J—s you made them *lave that*, any way!" and with this compliment to his sportsmanlike qualities, Sheridan closed his morning's amusement, laughing heartily at his companion, and rewarding him with half-a-crown for his patience and encouragement.—

ENGLISH UNIVERSALITY.

The Spaniard loves his ancient slop,
 The Lombard his Venetian,
 And some like breechless women go,
 The Russ, Turk, Jew, and Grecian.
 The thrifty Frenchman wears small waist,
 The Dutch his belly boasteth,
 The Englishman is for them all,
 And for each fashion coasteth,

The Turk in linen wraps his head,
 The Persian his in lawn too,
 The Russ with sables furs his cap,
 And change will not be drawn to :
 The Spaniard's constant to his block,
 The French inconstant ever,
 But of all felts that can be felt,
 Give me the English beaver.

The German loves his coney-wool,
 The Irishman his shag too,
 The Welsh his Monmouth loves to wear,
 And of the same will brag too.
 Some love the rough, and some the smooth.
 Some great, and others small things.
 But the free-hearted Englishman,
 He loves to deal in all things.

The Russ drinks quass ; Dutch, Lubeck beer,
 And that is strong and mighty,
 The Briton he metheglin quaffs,
 The Irish aqua vita.
 The French affects the Orleans grape,
 The Spaniard tastes his sherry,
 The English none of these lets slip,
 But with them all makes merry.

The Italian in her high chopine,
 Scotch lass and lovely frow too,
 The Spanish Donna, French Madame,
 He will not fear to go to,
 Nothing so full of hazard dread,
 Nought lives above the centre,
 No fashion, health, no wine, nor wench,
 On which he will not venture.

CAMBRIDGE BEDMAKERS.

This office is not confined to *sex*. In justice to the *women*, they have not only been reckoned adepts at making a bed, *secundum artem*, as the phrase is—but, when they have had a mind to it, have shown themselves very alert in helping to *un-make* the bed they have made, *secundum naturam* ! Indeed, these their *natural* parts and endowments were at one time so notorious, or generally known, that, by a most mer-

ciless and *womanly* decree of the senate, the whole sex was *rusticated* !

" It is enacted, that no woman, of whatever age or condition, be permitted in any college to *make* any one's bed, or to go to the hall, kitchen, or buttery to carry the provision to any one's chamber, unless she be sent for as a nurse ; which nurse must be of mature age, good fame, and either wife or widow but upon no account *young maids* be permitted to attend the students' chambers." This statute was made in 1625. O tempora ! O MULIERES ! There is no *scruple* in the present *Saturnian* age, respecting the admission of "*young maids*" into "the student chambers."

GAZETTED AND IN THE GAZETTE.

These terms imply very different things. The *title* of a nobleman is *gazetted*, as a cornet in a regiment and all his friends rejoice. John Thomson is *in the Gazette*, and all his friends lament.

BENEFITS OF MARRIAGE.

Jacobus de Voragine, in twelve arguments, pathetic, succinct, and elegant, has described the benefits of marriage, as follows :

1. Hast thou means ? Thou hast one to keep and increase it.
2. Hast none ? Thou hast one to help to get some.
3. Art thou in prosperity ? She doubles it.
4. Art in adversity ? She'll comfort, assist, be part.
5. Art thou at home ? She'll drive away melancholy.
6. Art thou abroad ? She prays for thee, wishes thee at home, welcomes thee with joy.
7. Nothing is delightful alone. No society equal to marriage.
8. The bond of conjugal love is adamant.
9. Kindred is increased, parents doubled, brothers, sisters, families, nephews.
10. Thou art a father by a legal and happy issue.
11. Barren matrimony is cursed by Moses. He much more a single life !

12. If nature escape not punishment, thy will shall not avoid it, as he sung it, that, without marriage,

"Earth, air, sea, land, eftsoun will come to nought,
The world itself would be to ruin brought."

LYNES WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW OF AN IRISH INN.

When I have cash, I mount a gig,
When I have none I hop the twig.
When I have cash its hurly-burly,
When I have none, I'm dull and surly.
When I have cash, why then I roof it,
When I have none, I'm glad to hoof it.

HOW TO BREAK ILL-NEWS.

Mr. G.—Ha! Jervas, how are you, my old boy?
How do things go on at home?

Steward.—Bad enough, your honour. The mag-
ister dead.

Mr. G.—Poor mag! so he is gone, How came
he to die?

Steward.—Over-ate himself, sir.

Mr. G.—Did he, faith! a greedy dog! Why, what
did he get that he liked so well?

Steward.—Horse-flesh, sir; he died of eating horse-
flesh!

Mr. G.—How came he to get so much horse-flesh?

Steward.—All your father's horses, sir.

Mr. G.—What! are they dead too?

Steward.—Aye, sir, they died of over-work.

Mr. G.—And why were they over-worked, pray?

Steward.—To carry water, sir.

Mr. G.—To carry water! and what were they
carrying water for?

Steward.—Sure sir, to put out the fire.

Mr. G.—Fire! what fire?

Steward.—Oh, sir! your father's house is burnt
down to the ground.

Mr. G.—My father's house burnt down! and how
came it set on fire?

Steward.—I think, sir, it must have been the
torches—

Mr. G.—Torches! what torches?

Steward.—At your mother's funeral.

Mr. G.—My mother dead.

Steward.—Ah! poor lady! she never looked up
after it.

Mr. G.—After what?

Steward.—The loss of your father.

Mr. G.—My father gone, too!

Steward.—Yes, poor gentleman! he took to his
bed as soon as he heard of it.

Mr. G.—Heard of what!

Steward.—The bad news, sir, an' please your
honour.

Mr. G.—What! more miseries?—more bad news?

Steward.—Yes, sir, your bank has failed, your
credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the
world; I made bold, sir, to come to wait on you to
tell you about it, for I thought you would like to hear
the news.

BISHOP.

In Cambridge, this title is not confined to the dig-
nities of the church; but *port* wine, made *copiously*
potable by being mulled and burnt, with the *addenda*
of roasted lemons all bristling like angry hedge-hogs
(studded with cloves,) is dignified with the appella-
tion of *Bishop*.

Beneath some old oak, come and rest thee, my
hearty;

Our foreheads with roses, oh! let us entwine!

And, inviting young Bacchus to be of the party,

We'll drown all our troubles in oceans of wine!

And, perfumed with *Macassar* or *Otto* of roses,

We'll pass round the bishop, the spice-breathing
cup,

And take of that medicine such wit-breeding doses,

We'll knock down the god, or he shall knock us
up.

HUNTINGTON'S LEATHER BREECHES.

The remarkable circumstance which occurred con-
cerning a certain part of Huntington's dress, has
made the S. S. known beyond the little sphere of his
own followers.

"A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Go through the world, my brave boys ;"

but the latter qualification is better for going through the world on foot than on horseback ; so uncle Toby found it, and so did Huntington, who must be his own historian : no language but his own can do justice to such a story ; and it is in itself so pithy, that to use the words of Fuller the Worthy, all *compendium* would be *dispendium* thereof.

"Having now had my horse for some time, and riding a great deal every week, I soon wore my breeches out, as they were not fit to ride in. I hope the reader will excuse my mentioning the word breeches, which I should have avoided, had not this passage of scripture obtruded into my mind, just as I had resolved in my own thoughts not to mention this kind providence of God. "And thou shalt make them linen breeches to cover their nakedness ; from the loins even unto the thighs shall they reach. And they shall be upon Aaron and upon his sons when they come into the tabernacle of the congregation, or when they come near unto the altar to minister in the holy place ; that they bear not iniquity and die. It shall be a statute for ever unto him and his seed after him," Exod. xxviii. 42, 43. By which, and three others, namely, Ezek. xlv. 18 ; Lev. vi. 10 ; and Lev. xvi. 4 ; I saw that it was no crime to mention the word breeches, nor the way in which God sent them to me ; Aaron and his sons being clothed entirely by Providence ; and as God himself condescended to give orders what they should be made of, and how they should be cut. And I believe the same God ordered mine, as I trust it will appear in the following history.

"The scripture tells us to call no man master, for one is our master, even Christ. I therefore told my most bountiful and ever-adored Master what I wanted ; and he, who stripped Adam and Eve of their fig-leaved aprons and made coats of skins and clothed them ; and who clothes the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven ; must clothe us, or we shall soon go naked ; so Israel found it, when God took away his wool and his flax,

which he gave to cover their nakedness, and which they prepared for Baal ; for which iniquity were their skirts discovered, and their heels made bare, Jer. xiii. 22.

"I often made very free in my prayers with my invaluable Master for this favour ; but he still kept me so amazingly poor that I could not get them at any rate. At last I was determined to go to a friend of mine at Kingston, who is of that branch of business, to bespeak a pair ; and to get him to trust me until my Master sent me money to pay him. I was that day going to London, fully determined to bespeak them, as I rode through the town. However, when I passed the shop I forgot it ; but when I came to London I called on Mr. Croucher, a shoemaker in Shepherd's Market, who told me a parcel was left there for me, but what it was he knew not. I opened it, and behold there was a pair of leather breeches, with a note in them ! the substance of which was, to the best of my remembrance, as follows :

"Sir,—I have sent you a pair of breeches, and hope they will fit. I beg your acceptance of them ; and, if they want any alteration, leave in a note what the alteration is, and I will call in a few days and alter them. "J. S."

"I tried them on, and they fitted as well as if had been measured for them ; at which I was amazed having never been measured by any leather breeches maker in London. I wrote an answer to the note to this effect :

"Sir,—I received your present, and thank you for it. I was going to order a pair of leather breeches to be made, because I did not know till now that my Master had bespoke them of you. They fit very well which fully convinces me that the same God who moved thy heart to give, guided thy hand to cut because he perfectly knows my size, having clothed me in a miraculous manner for near five years. When you are in trouble, sir, I hope you will tell my Master of this, and what you have done for me, and he will repay you with honour."

"This is as near as I am able to relate it, and added,

"I cannot make out I. S. unless I put I. for Israelite indeed, and S. for Sincerity; because you did not sound a trumpet before you, as the hypocrites do."

HOW TO OBTAIN THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS IN CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

The aspiring student who may be ignorant of the course of study he is to pursue at the University, will find ample information in the pages of the *Cambridge Calendar*; but as he cannot be expected to devote every hour of his undergraduateship to reading, he must find out amusements for his leisure moments, and a few agreeable friends to be the companions of his mirth, and his exercises, as well as his studies. To obtain companions, he must be inducted, and to pass his leisure time in conviviality and mirth, he must give or be invited to entertainments. At these entertainments he will meet with other promising young men of various descriptions, and he will naturally be inducted to, and make acquaintances amongst, a portion of these young men. Now it is undeniable that a young man for his improvement, mental as well as corporeal, must see society; and he will naturally copy the manners of his college acquaintances, in order that he might not seem a different being amongst them. He will enter into their pursuits, do the same as they do, and, in short, proceed to the degree of B. A. in the regular *varmint* manner.

Now the *varmint* way to proceed to B. A. degree is this—Cut lectures, go to chapel as little as possible, dine in hall seldom more than once a week, give *Gaudies* and *Spreads*, keep a horse or two, go to Newmarket, attend the six-mile bottom, drive a drag, wear *varmint* clothes and well-built coats, be up to smoke a rum one at Barnwell,* a regular go at New Zealand,* a staunch admirer of the bottle, and care a damn for no man. "At lucre or renown let others aim," for a *varmint*-man spurns a scholarship, would consider it a degradation to be a fellow, and as for taking an *honour*, it would be about the very last idea that could enter his head. What cares he

for tutors or proctors, for masters or vice-chancellors, since his whole aim is pleasure and amusement, since a day's hard reading would drive him half mad or give him the blue devils; since subordination is a word of the meaning of which he professes to be ignorant; and since rows and sprees are the delight of his soul. He is never seen in academics till hall time, or towards evening, and then only puts them on for "*dacency's sake*," or because it is a custom throughout the "*varsity*." But in the day, he is seen in a *Jarvey* tile, or a low-crowned-broad-brim, a pair of white swell tops, *varmint* inexpressibles, a regular flash waistcoat, and his coat of a nameless cut; his "*cloth*" of the most uncommon pattern, tied after his own way, and a short crook-stick or bit o' plant in his hand; and thus he goes out riding: or he may dress differently, and lounge through the streets, always in company with a friend or two, visiting saddlers, milliners, barbers, bootmakers, and tailors; or looking in at a friend's rooms, and to arrange matters for the day: or, if fine, he may make up a water-party, if in the summer term, and go down the *Camus* in a six-oar, dine at Clay-hive, or Ditton, or take a snack at Chesterton, and return in the evening; or he may walk out to Chesterton to play at billiards, and return *plus* or *minus* the sum he started with; or he may drive out in a buggy; or do fifty other things, and enter into fifty other schemes, all productive of amusement. In the evening he dines at his own rooms, or at those of a friend, and afterwards blows a cloud, puffs at a segar, and drinks copiously. He then sings a song, tells a story, comments on the events of the day, talks of horses, gives his opinion on the ensuing race between Highflyer and Emilius, or makes bets on the late fight between *Spring* and *Langan*. After this the whole party sit down to unlimited loo, and half-guinea, or guinea points, and here again he comes off *plus* or *minus* 40*l.* or 50*l.* If he has lost, he is no way concerned at it, for he is sure of winning as much the succeeding night; he therefore takes his glass or sits down to supper, and gets to bed about two or three in the morning. Determined to *sleep a few*, after having cast off his

* Celebrated as the residences of the Cyprian tribes.

habiliments, he hops into bed, and snores—*somno sinogue gravatus*, till about six in the evening, and then gets up more sleepy than ever. He dresses; but having no appetite, eats nothing, drinks a glass of soda-water, and walks to a friend's rooms, where he relates his adventures and excites the risibility of his auditors. He then resolves on a ride, and without togging for the occasion, just puts on his tile and mounts his prad. Determining to be very steady and sober for the future, i. e. for the next twelve hours, he urges his steed along the Trumpington Road, goes out by the Shelford Common, and returns home between eight and nine. He then feels as if he could eat something, and accordingly he does, by way of supper, and retires to his rooms, with an intention of being quiet, and in order to go early to bed. But lo! he is told by his *gyp* that the master or dean has sent a message desiring to see him the next morning. Well knowing what this is for, he *goeth* to bed and cons over in his own mind what to say in extenuation of his irregularities, and he so *falleth* to sleep. Next day, he calls at the appointed time, when the M. C. with a countenance not to be surpassed in gravity, informs him for the last week he has been very irregular, and requires an account of the circumstances which occasioned the said irregularity. For the *gate-bill* thus standeth: Monday night, out till three o'clock; Tuesday half past four; Wednesday half past two; Thursday half past three; Friday half past four; Saturday—*all night*. His excuses are that he has been at different parties, where he was detained late, and where he has found the society so agreeable, and the time fly so imperceptibly fast, that morning has broke in upon him ere he imagined it was an hour past midnight. This draws down a very heavy invective against parties altogether, and a still longer and more tedious lecture on the dangerous tendency of such conduct, so directly opposite to the laws and discipline of the University; and a conclusive paragraph containing (amongst other things) a pardon for past offences, but with an assurance that a repetition of similar conduct cannot but meet with a concomitant cheque in proportion to its enormity, in either

rustication or expulsion. Thus dismissed the august presence, he recounts this jobation to his friends, and enters into a discourse on masters, deans, tutors, and proctors, and votes chapel a bore, and *gates* a complete nuisance. But is this all? no. He has resolved to treat *the dons* with contempt, and go on more gaily than ever. Accordingly he cuts chapel, and issues forth at night *sine* cap and gown, with a segar in his mouth. He is determined to have a lark with two or three more, and away they go. While they are pulling the girls about in the street, up comes the proctor: "Pray, sir, may I ask if you are a member of the University?"—"Yes, sir, I am."—"Your name and college, sir, if you please." It is given without the least hesitation. The next morning a *bull-dog* calls on Mr. Varmint to deliver a message from the proctor, viz:—That he is fined 6s. 8d. for being in the streets without his cap and gown, and that he would be glad to see him at twelve o'clock that day. Now he has to call on the proctor, and in he goes with a very surly countenance. The proctor puts on one of his most severe phizzes, and informs him that his conduct in the streets last night was most ungentleman-like and improper, against every rule of order and propriety, and in open opposition to the Academic discipline, and contempt of him and his office. That such conduct deserved much severer chastisement than he was willing to inflict, but that he should be neglecting the duty he owed to his office and the University if he overlooked it. He therefore desires him to get three hundred verses of Homer's *Iliad*, Book second, by heart, and requests he will by *no* means leave the University until it is said. After a great deal of opposition, excuses, and protestations, he finds himself not a bit better off, for the proctor will not mitigate a syllable, and he is obliged to stomach the *impos.* and retire. For the first hour or two afterwards he makes-himself very uneasy about this, but he at length resolves not to learn it, whatever should be the consequence. He therefore goes out to a party, makes himself very merry, and cares not a fig about the matter. Next morning he happens, unlucky wig^h to meet with the dean, who

accuses him, "Pray, Mr. Varmint, why have you not been to chapel lately? I have very seriously to complain of your non-attendance. You have not attended for nearly a fortnight, excepting Sundays, and you cannot expect that I, or any man, in the capacity I hold, can overlook such gross irregularity. However, you may think what you like, but I am determined to do my duty towards the college, and to see that you attend regularly. But as that has by no means been the case, and as you have so disrespectfully absented yourself, I really must take notice of it in a severe way. I am very sorry for it, nobody more so, but it is an imperative duty I must fulfil. You will get by heart 500 lines of Virgil, the 7th *Æneid*, and I expect it will be said with alacrity and promptitude. Good morning, sir." So here is Mr. Varmint with two impositions *in hand* which must be very *seen in head*: one, if not said, will beget rustication; and the other, if neglected, will cause the dean to tell him to take his name off the boards of the college. He debates in his own mind as to whether it is better to get them or not; but at length determines to see proctors, deans, and in short the whole University at Old Nick, rather than look at a word; and

"— to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them."

Alas! how soon do mortals change their firmest and most fixed resolutions! How many circumstances occur to induce them to act contrary to their resolves. Mr. Varmint, by drinking too much wine for the last two days, rather prematurely finds himself very much the worse from his late Cyprian adventures, and in fact is compelled to send for a surgeon. In short, Varmint is obliged to get an *ægrotat*, to confine himself to his rooms, and lie still on the sofa. On his table are draughts, powders, and lozenges; the surgeon visits him daily. What is he to do all day by himself on the sofa? His friends are with him a great deal to drive away melancholy; but still he has an immensity of leisure time on his hands. He must read; but what? Walter Scott? No, he hates novels, and all that kind of trash. Lord Byron? He has read him fifty times, and he wants something

new. He thought of every thing; but at last resolved to spend his time in learning the three hundred lines of Greek, and the five hundred lines of Virgil, for the proctor and Mr. Dean. In the mean time the term divides; and his companions, or the majority of them, leave the University for their several homes. He, of course, wishes to leave likewise; but he is ill, and cannot depart before he is better, which the surgeon does not choose should be the case for some time; and even if he were well, he could not go before the dean signed his "*creat*," which he would not do before the imposition was said; so he is hemmed in on all sides, and has the blue devils, besides a prospect of growing hippish. He, therefore, spends the time he would have passed in pleasure at home, in the shady court of a college, and stuffs himself with Greek and Latin hexameters, and lives entirely on barley-water and medicine, for the space of three weeks. At the end of this time, we will suppose him getting again convalescent, and recovering his wonted spirits. He satisfies the proctor and the dean by saying a part of each *impos.*, and after bitterly cursing the place, leaves it for the country. This is the way that many men spend their three years at the University. But, Mr. Freshman, whoever you may be, I write this for your especial benefit, and leave it to yourself to copy or avoid such conduct, as you may think proper.

After the long vacation, Mr. Varmint comes up again to reside. His sprees of his first year, and their consequences, have gained him experience, and he knows how to manage in a scientific way. To avoid gate-bills, he will be out at night as late as he pleases, and will defy any one to discover his absence; for he will climb over the college walls, and fee his gyp well, when he is out all night. To avoid impositions from the dean, he will attend more regularly at chapel; which, though a great bore, must yet be endured: and to get clear from the clutches of the proctors, he will scud when there is need; and if followed, will floor the *bull-dogs*, and bolt. He now is twice as gay as before, rides, courses, hunts, shoots, fishes, drives, drinks, fights, swears, rows, and gam-

bles, more than ever. He dresses still more like an eccentric fancy man, and acts yet more unlike what he ought to do, and thus he passes his terms. But now comes the time when he is to be examined for the *Little-go*; and about three weeks before the examination he begins to read. He finds himself unequal to the task, without *cramming*. He in consequence engages a common tutor, and buys all the *cram-books* published for the occasion. After reading himself ill, he goes in; and by the greatest luck in the world happens to pass. This puts him in high spirits again, and he gives a large *Spread*, and gets drunk on the strength of it. He continues to have a private tutor for the remainder of his residence, and reads with him about one day in a term, until the last term in his third year, when he is obliged to read for his degree of *Bachelor of Arts*. Accustomed to mirth and gaiety, and to all kinds of sporting pursuits, never having opened a single mathematical book since his residence, knowing Euclid only by name, and Algebra still less, if possible; not being a dab at Latin or Greek; in short, never having professed to be a reading man, Mr. Varmint begins to encounter all the difficulties attending on such a career, when near its termination in severe study. He has now recourse to his private tutor, who finds him miserably deficient; and to work they both go, the one cramming, and the other unable to swallow a mouthful. He falls ill by reading hard, being so unused to it, and gives it up for a week, then sets to again, and so goes on till the day of examination, when he may perhaps muster up resolution enough to go into the *Senate-house*. If he does go in, and is well enough crammed, he gets a station amongst the apostles; if not, he may perchance be plucked. But if he does not think he shall be able to go through, he reads on a little longer, and goes out at a *by-term*. This is his career at college; what it may be in after-life, is quite another affair. When he has got his degree in either of these ways, with the rest of his companions, he sits down with all of them, about forty or fifty, to a most *glorious spread*, ordered from the college cook, to be served up in the most swell style possible. They are about two hours

and a half at dinner; and afterwards set to, and get most awfully drunk, each man having floored upwards of three bottles of port, independent of champagne and madeira at dinner, or burgundy and claret. Thus they conclude the last feast they shall ever have together at college, and another fortnight sees them all, perhaps, wasted far from the University, some of them for ever.

“Farewell to the towers! farewell to the bowers!
Where the sage wizard Art all his charms hath display'd;
And sweet science cowers, amongst blooming flowers,
In gay robes of glory majestic array'd.
Farewell, banks of Camus! ye fair scenes of blisses,
The Muse, Loves', and Graces' invincible seat!
Your silver soft stream, like the tide of Illyssus,
Aye, fresher than airs of Hygeia's retreat.
Ye cloisters low bending, and proudly extending,
To cherish young Genius and Taste in your gloom;
The spirit befriending, as softly descending,
It mounts in pure incense to Heav'n's vaulted dome.
From you I must sever; then farewell for ever
Each heart-honour'd object that swell my last theme;

The world is a field I must enter, but never
Can ought charm my soul like your shade *Academe*!
This is *one way* of proceeding to the degree of B. A. The “reading man” goes to work in quite another style. He attends lectures regularly, never misses chapel, dines nearly always in hall, takes moderate exercise, is rarely out of college after the gates are shut, reads twelve hours a day, strives hard to get prizes and medals, always obtains a scholarship, seldom gets “a little the worse for liquor,” gives no swell parties, runs very little into debt, takes his cup of bitch at night, and goes quietly to bed, and thus he passes his time in a way a Varmint man would despise. These are the men who run off with all the prizes and obtain wranglers' degrees, who get made fellows and tutors, and who become eventually the principal men in the University. But these are by no means the most gifted men, the men of the

most brilliant talent, or greatest genius. But they are the *steady* men, who owe all their knowledge to hard reading, and desperate perseverance in study. Of course there are many—very many exceptions; but what I state is for the most part the case. I conclude this account by stating, that many things in it are extenuated, but “nought set down in malice;” and the observant student of a twelvemonth’s standing in the University, if his acquaintance is at all extensive, will find the truth of my assertions.

THE MISER’S DEATH-BED.

An old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. “I leave my second son, Andrew,” said the expiring miser, “my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal.” Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. “I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds.” “Ah, father,” cried Simon, (in great affliction to be sure) “may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself.” At last, turning to poor Dick, “As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you’ll never come to good; you’ll never be rich; I’ll leave you a shilling to buy a halter.” “Ah, father,” cried Dick, without any emotion, “may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself.”

GOLDSMITH.

EXERCISE FOR YOUNG LOGICIANS.

No cat has *two* tails,
A cat has *one* tail *more* than no cat,
Ergo. A cat has *three* tails.

EPIGRAM ON A CANTAB WHO WAS PLUCK’D FOR ORDERS.

Ned cut off his queue, and was powder’d with care,
Yet sadly mistaken was Ned,
For tho’ he had taken such pains with his *hair*,
The bishop found fault with his *head*.

A GREAT BOOK A GREAT EVIL.

The late Duke of Cumberland, when Gibbon triumphantly presented the last volume of his Roman

Empire to his Royal Highness, exclaimed, to the no small mortification of the historian, “What another d—d big book, Mr. Gibbon? hey?”

KNOWING A MAN.

To *know*, is a word which is very liable to misconstruction. “Do you *know* such a one?” i. e. Are you upon terms of great intimacy?—and, Do you wish to *acknowledge* him as your friend? Though a *buck* and a *quiz*, or *raff*, were to dine together at the same table every day—to meet together, continually, at wine parties—nay, *keep* together in the same staircase;—yet, if the former were asked,—Whether he *knew* either of the latter? he would answer with all imaginable coolness and composure, in the *negative*! “There is such a man, but I don’t *know* him.”

ADVICE TO A POOR GENTLEMAN.

To ward off the gripe of poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of peas-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe, that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed pease-broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark, that stuffs are very much worn at Paris; or, if there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say; that neither you nor Sampson Gideon were ever very fond of dress. If you be a philosopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the tailors you choose to employ; assure the company that man ought to be content with a bare covering, since what now is so much his pride, was formerly his shame. In short, however caught, never give out; but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise: pride in the great is hateful. in the wise, it is ridiculous; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity, which I have been taught to applaud and excuse.

GOLDSMITH.

ART OF CUTTING.

To cut, is to look an old friend in the face, and affect not to know him; which is the *cut direct*!

To look any where but at him—which is the *cut-modest* or *cut-indirect*!

To “forget names with a good grace”—as, instead of Tom, Dick, or Harry, to address an old friend, “Sir,” or, “Mister,—*What’s your name?*” This is the *cut-courteous*.

“Good den Sir Richard.”—“God-a-mercy fellow!” And if his name be George, I’ll call him Peter; For new made honour doth forget men’s names.

Shakspeare’s King John.

To be intentionally engaged on the *phenomena* of the heavenly bodies, when an old friend passes, is the *cut-celestial*.

Lastly, to *dart* up an alley, *dash* across a street, *whip* into a shop, or do any thing to avoid the trouble and mortification of nodding the head to some one, whom, perhaps, you have as much reason to dislike, as the man in the epigram—

Non amo te—*nec possum dicere quare*—This is the *cut-circumbendibus*!

The art of *cutting* an acquaintance is of very considerable antiquity. In a comedy which was publicly acted by the students of St. John’s College, Cambridge, in 1606, the following dialogue occurs, which is very *smart* and *cutting*!

Acad.—God save you, sir.

Amor. [*Aside.*] By the mass, I fear me I saw this *genus et species* in Cambridge, before now. *I’ll take no notice of him.* By the faith of a gentleman, this is pretty elegy. Of what age is the day, fellow?—Sirrah, boy, hath the groom saddled my hunting-hobby? Can Robin Hunter tell where a hare sits?

Acad. See a poor old friend of yours of S— College, in Cambridge.

Amor. Good faith, sir, you must pardon me. *I have forgotten you.*

Acad. My name is *Academico*, sir; one that made an oration for you once on the Queen’s day, and a show that you got some credit by.

Amor. It may be so; it may be so; but *I have*

forgotten it. Marry, yet I remember there was such a fellow that I was very beneficial unto in my time. But, however, Sir, I have the courtesy of the town for you. I am sorry you did not take me at my father’s house; but now I am in exceeding great haste; for I have vowed the death of a hare that was found this morning musing on her meaze.

Acad. Sir, I am emboldened by that great acquaintance that heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you heretofore—

Amor. Look, Sirrah, if you see my hobby come hitherwards, as yet, &c. &c.

CAMBRIDGE DECLAMATION.

The youth, perhaps may declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.

But lo! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope;
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th’ *Athenian’s* glowing style, or Tully’s fire.

A manner clear and warm, is useless, since
We do not try by speaking to convince;

Be other orators of pleasing proud,
We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd:

Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan;
No borrowed grace of action must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the dean;
Whilst every staring graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes to obtain the promised cup,
Must in one posture stand, and ne’er look up,
Nor stop, but rattle over every word,

No matter what so it cannot be heard;
Thus let him hurry on nor think to rest,
Who speak the fastest sure to speak the best;
Who utters most within the shortest space
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

RULES FOR BEHAVIOUR, DRAWN UP BY THE INDIGENT PHILOSOPHER.

If you be a rich man, you may enter the room with three loud hems, march deliberately up to the chimney, and turn your back to the fire. If you be a

poor man, I would advise you to shrink into the room as fast as you can, and place yourself, as usual, upon the corner of a chair in a remote corner.

When you are desired to sing in company, I would advise you to refuse; for it is a thousand to one but that you torment us with affectation, or a bad voice.

If you be young, and live with an old man, I would advise you not to like gravy; I was disinherited myself for liking gravy.

Don't laugh much in public; the spectators that are not as merry as you, will hate you, either because they envy your happiness, or fancy themselves the subject of your mirth.

GOLDSMITH.

COLLEGE SONG.

Come, ye good College lads, and attend to my lays,
I'll show you the folly of poring o'er books;
In all ye get by it is mere empty praise,
Or a poor meagre fellowship, and sallow looks.

Chorus.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never repine;
And cram not your attics
With dry mathematics,
But moisten your clay with a bumper of wine.
The first of mechanics was old Archimedes,
Who play'd with Rome's ships, as he'd play cup
and ball;
To play the same game, I can't see where the need
is—

Or why we should fag mathematics at all?

Chorus.—Then lay by your books, lads, &c.

Great Newton found out the Binomial law,
To raise $x + y$ to the power of b ;
Found the distance of planets that he never saw,
And which we most probably never shall see.

Chorus.—Then lay by your books, lads, &c.

Let Whiston and Ditton star-gazing enjoy,
And taste all the sweets mathematics can give;
Let us for our time find out better employ,
And knowing life's sweets, let us learn how to live.

Chorus.—Then lay by your books, lads, &c.

These men *ex absurdo* conclusions may draw;

Perpetual motion they never could find:

Not one of the set, lads, could balance a straw—

And longitude-seeking is hunting the wind.

Chorus.—Then, lay by your books, lads, &c.

If we study at all, let us study the means

To make ourselves friends, and to keep them when
made;

Learn to value the blessings kind Heaven ordains—

To make other men happy, let that be our trade.

Chorus.

Let each day be better than each day before;

Without pain or sorrow,

To-day, or to-morrow,

May we live, my good lads, to see many days more.

RULES FOR RAISING THE DEVIL.

The person who desires to raise the devil, is to sacrifice a dog, a cat, and a hen, all of his own property, to Beelzebub. He is to swear an eternal obedience, and then to receive a mark in some unseen place, either under the eye-lid or in the roof of the mouth, inflicted by the devil himself. Upon this he has power given him over three spirits; one for earth, another for air, and a third for the sea. Upon certain times the devil holds an assembly of magicians, in which each is to give an account of what evil he has done, and what he wishes to do. At this assembly he appears in the shape of an old man, or often like a goat with large horns. They, upon this occasion, renew their vows of obedience; and then form a grand dance in honour of their false deity. The devil instructs them in every method of injuring mankind, in gathering poisons, and of riding upon occasion through the air. He shows them the whole method, upon examination, of giving evasive answers; his spirits have power to assume the form of angels of light, and there is but one method of detecting them; viz. to ask them, in proper form, What method is the most certain to propagate the faith over all the world? To this they are not permitted by the Superior Power to make a false reply, nor are they willing to

give the true one, wherefore they continue silent, and are thus detected.

GOLDSMITH.

LAUGHTER.

Democritus, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years; Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty. Laughing then is best; and to laugh at one another is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us.

THE OATH OF LOVE.

"Do you," said Fanny, t'other day,
 "In earnest love me as you say?
 "Or are these tender words applied
 "Alike to fifty girls beside?"
 "Dear, cruel," said I, "forbear—
 "For by those cherry lips I swear"—
 She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
 And said, "You've sworn—so kiss the book."

LEGAL DIFFICULTY.

Judge Garrow, in the cross-examination of a prevaricating *old female* witness, by which it was essential to prove that a *tender* of money had been made, had a scrap of paper thrown to him from a counsel on the other side, on which was written,

Garrow,—submit;—that tough old jade,
 Can never prove—a *tender maid*!

GRIMALDI'S LAMENT ON HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE, ADDRESSED TO HIS SON

Adieu to Mother Goose!—adieu—adieu
 To spangles, tufted heads, and dancing limbs,
 Adieu to Pantomime—to all—that drew
 O'er Christmas' shoulders a rich robe of whims!
 Never shall old BOLOGNA—old, alack!—
 Once he was young and diamonded all o'er,
 Take his particular Joseph on his back
 And dance the matchless fling, so loved of yore.
 Ne'er shall I build the wondrous verdant man,
 Tall, turnip-headed,—carrot-finger'd,—lean;—
 Ne'er shall I, on the very newest plan,
 Cabbage a body;—old *Joe Frankenstein*.

Nor make a fire, nor eke compose a coach,
 Of saucepans, trumpets, cheese, and such sweet
 fare;

"Sorrow hath ta'en my number;"—I encroach
 No more upon the chariot;—but the chair,
 Gone is the stride, four steps, across the stage!
 Gone is the light vault o'er a turnpike gate!
 Sloth puts my legs into this tiresome cage,
 And stops me for a toll,—I find, too late!
 How WARE would quiver his mad bow about
 His rosin'd tight ropes—when I flapp'd a dance
 How would I twitch the *Pantaloon's* good gout
 And help his fall—and all his fears enchanse!
 How children shriek'd to see me eat!—How I
 Stole the broad laugh from aged sober folk!
 Boys pick'd their plums out of my Christmas pie,—
 And people took my vices for a joke.
 Be wise,—(that's foolish)—troublesome! be rich—
 And oh, J. S. to every fancy stoop!
 Carry a ponderous pocket at thy breech,
 And roll thine eyes, as thou wouldst roll a hoop.
 Hand *Columbine* about with nimble hand,
 Covet thy neighbour's riches as thy own:
 Dance on the water, swim upon the land,
 Let thy legs prove themselves bone of my bone.
 Cuff *Pantaloon*, be sure—forget not this:
 As thou beats him, thou'rt poor, J. S. or funny!
 And wear a deal of paint upon thy phiz,
 It doth boys good, and draws in gallery money.
 Lastly, be jolly! be alive! be light!
 Twitch, flirt, and caper, tumble, fall, and throw!
 Grow up right ugly in thy father's sight!
 And be an "absolute JOSEPH," like old JOE!

THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN, IN EASTCHEAP.

Here by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by prince Henry, and sometime polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again; but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the

old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: the oak floor, the gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time: the watchman had gone twelve: my companions had all stolen off, and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wished to know the history of a tavern that had such a long succession of customers: I could not help thinking that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast of the manners of different ages; but my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do; and, though he said nothing, yet was never silent: one good joke followed another good joke; and the best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I had at last, however, his wine and his conversation separate by degrees: he insensibly began to alter his appearance. His cravat seemed quilled into a ruff, and his breeches swell out into a fardingale. I now fancied him changing sexes: and, as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, sleep made but few changes in my situation: the tavern, the apartment and the table, continued as before; nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman, whom I knew to be dame Quickly, mistress of this tavern in the days of Sir John; and the liquor we were drinking seemed converted into sack and sugar.

"My dear Mrs. Quickly," cried I, (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight) "I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below stairs? Brave and hearty, I hope?" "In good sooth," replied she, "he did deserve to live for ever; but he maketh foul work on't where he hath fittet. Queen Proserpine and he have quarrelled for his attempting a rape upon her divinity; and were it not that she still had bowels of compassion, it more than seems probable he might have been now sprawling in Tartarus."

"I now found that spirits still preserve the frailties of the flesh; and that, according to the laws of criticism and dreaming, ghosts have been known to be guilty of even more than platonic affection: wherefore as I found her too much moved on such a topic to proceed, I was resolved to change the subject; and desiring she would pledge me in a bumper, observed, with a sigh, that our sack was nothing now to what it was in former days. Ah, Mrs. Quickly, those were merry times when you drew sack for prince Henry: men were twice as strong, and twice as wise, and much braver, and ten thousand times more charitable than now. Those were the times! The battle of Agincourt was a victory indeed! ever since that we have only been degenerating; and I have lived to see the day when drinking is no longer fashionable. When men wear clean shirts, and women show their necks and arms, all are degenerated, Mrs. Quickly; and we shall probably, in another century, be flittered away into beaus or monkeys. Had you been on earth to see what I have seen, it would congeal all the blood in your body (your soul, I mean.) Why, our very nobility now have the intolerable arrogance, in spite of what is every day remonstrated from the press; our very nobility, I say, have the assurance to frequent assemblies, and presume to be as merry as the vulgar. See, my very friends have scarce manhood enough to sit to it till eleven; and I only am left to make a night on't. Pr'ythee do me the favour to console me a little for their absence by the story of your own adventure, or the history of the tavern where we are now sitting; I fancy the narrative may have something singular."

"Observe this apartment," interrupted my companion; of neat device and excellent workmanship—In this room I have lived, child, woman and ghost, more than three hundred years: I am ordered by Pluto to keep an annual register of every transaction that passeth here; and I have wilhom compiled three hundred tomes, which estsoon may be submitted to thy regards," "None of your wilhoms or estsoons's, Mrs. Quickly, if you please," I replied: "I know you can talk every whit as well as I can; for, as you

have lived here so long, it is but natural to suppose you should learn the conversation of the company. Believe me, dame, at best, you have neither too much sense, nor too much language, to spare ; so give me both as well as you can ; but, first, my service to you : old women should water their clay a little now and then ; and now to your story."

"The story of my own adventures," replied the vision, "is but short and unsatisfactory ; for, believe me, Mr. Rigmarole, believe me, a woman with a butt of sack at her elbow, is never long-lived. Sir John's death afflicted me to such a degree, that I sincerely believe, to drown sorrow, I drank more liquor myself than I drew for my customers : my grief was sincere, and the sack was excellent. The prior of a neighbouring convent (for our priors then had as much power as the Middlesex justice now) he, I say, it was who gave me a licence for keeping a disorderly house ; upon condition, that I should never make hard bargains with the clergy, that he should have a bottle of sack every morning, and the liberty of confessing which of my girls he thought proper in private every night. I had continued, for several years to pay this tribute ; and he, it must be confessed, continued as rigorously to exact it. I grew old insensibly ; my customers continued, however, to compliment my looks while I was by, but I could hear them say I was wearing when my back was turned. The prior, however, still was constant, and so were half his convent : but one fatal morning he missed the usual beverage ; for I had incautiously drank over night the last bottle myself. What will you have on't ?—The very next day Doll Tearsheet and I were sent to the house of correction, and accused of keeping a low bawdy-house. In short, we were so well purified there with stripes, mortification and penance, that we were afterwards utterly unfit for worldly conversation : though sack would have killed me, had I stuck to it, yet I soon died for want of a drop of something comfortable, and fairly left my body to the care of the beadle.

"Such is my own history ; but that of the tavern, where I have ever since been stationed, affords greater variety. In the history of this, which is one

of the oldest in London, you may view the different manners, pleasures, and follies, of man at different periods. You will find mankind neither better nor worse now than formerly : the vices of an uncivilized people are generally more detestable, though not so frequent, as those in polite society. It is the same luxury which formerly stuffed your alderman with plum-porridge, and now crams him with turtle. It is the same low ambition that formerly induced a courtier to give up his religion to please his king, and now persuades him to give up his conscience to please his minister. It is the same vanity that formerly stained our ladies cheeks and necks with wood and now paints them with carmine. Your ancient Briton formerly powdered his hair with red earth, like brick-dust, in order to appear frightful : your modern Briton cuts his hair on the crown, and plasters it with hog's-lard and flour ; and this to make him look killing. It is the same vanity, the same folly, and the same vice, only appearing different, as viewed through the glass of fashion. In a word, all mankind are a—

"Sure the woman is dreaming," interrupted I. "None of your reflections, Mrs. Quickly, if you love me ; they only give me the spleen. Tell me your history at once. I love stories, but hate reasoning."

"If you please then, sir," returned my companion, "I'll read you an abstract, which I made of the three hundred volumes I mentioned just now."

"My body was no sooner laid in the dust, than the prior and several of his convent came to purify the tavern from the pollutions with which they said I had filled it. Masses were said in every room, relics were exposed upon every piece of furniture, and the whole house washed with a deluge of holy-water. My habitation was soon converted into a monastery ; instead of customers now applying for sack and sugar, my rooms were crowded with images, relics, saints, whores, and friars. Instead of being a scene of occasional debauchery, it was now filled with continual lewdness. The prior led the fashion, and the whole convent imitated his pious example. Matrons came hither to confess their sins, and to

summit new. Virgins came hither who seldom went virgins away. Nor was this a convent peculiarly wicked; every convent at that period was equally fond of pleasure, and gave a boundless loose to appetite. The laws allowed it; each priest had a right to a favourite companion, and a power of discharging her as often as he pleased. The laity grumbled, quarrelled with their wives and daughters, hated their confessors; and maintained them in opulence and ease. These, these were happy times, Mr. Rigmarole; these were times of piety, bravery, and simplicity!" "Not so very happy, neither, good madam; pretty much like the present; those that labour starve; and those that do nothing, wear fine clothes and live in luxury."

"In this manner the fathers lived, for some years, without molestation; they transgressed, confessed themselves to each other, and were forgiven. One evening, however, our prior keeping a lady of distinction somewhat too long at confession, her husband unexpectedly came in upon them, and testified all the indignation which was natural upon such an occasion. The prior assured the gentleman that it was the devil who had put it into his heart; and the lady was very certain, that she was under the influence of magic, or she could never have behaved in so unfaithful a manner. The husband, however, was not to be put off by such evasions, but summoned both before the tribunal of justice. His proofs were flagrant, and he expected large damages. Such, indeed, he had a right to expect, were the tribunals of those days constituted in the same manner as they are now. The cause of the priest was to be tried before an assembly of priests; and a layman was to expect redress only from their impartiality and candour. What plea then do you think the prior made to obviate this accusation? He denied the fact, and challenged the plaintiff to try the merits of their cause by single combat. It was a little hard, you may be sure, upon the poor gentleman, not only to be made a cuckold, but to be obliged to fight a duel into the bargain; yet such was the justice of the times. The prior threw down his glove, and the injured husband

was obliged to take it up, in token of his accepting the challenge.

"Upon this, the priest supplied his champion; for it was not lawful for the clergy to fight; and the defendant and plaintiff, according to custom, were put in prison; both ordered to fast and pray, every method being previously used to induce both to a confession of truth. After a month's imprisonment, the hair of each was cut, the bodies anointed with oil, the field of battle appointed and guarded by soldiers, while his majesty presided over the whole in person. Both the champions were sworn not to seek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed and confessed upon their knees; and after these ceremonies, the rest was left to the courage and conduct of the combatants. As the champion whom the prior had pitched upon, had fought six or eight times upon similar occasions, it was no way extraordinary to find him victorious in the present combat. In short, the husband was discomfited; he was taken from the field of battle, stripped of his shirt, and after one of his legs was cut off, as justice ordained in such cases, he was hanged as a terror to future offenders. These, these were the times, Mr. Rigmarole! you see how much more just, and wise, and valiant, our ancestors were than us." "I rather fancy, madam, that the times then were pretty much like our own; where a multiplicity of laws give a judge as much power as a want of law; since he is ever sure to find among the number some to countenance his partiality."

"Our convent, victorious over their enemies, now gave a loose to every demonstration of joy. The lady became a nun, the prior was made bishop, and three Wickliffites were burned in the illuminations and fire-works that were made on the present occasion. Our convent now began to enjoy a very high degree of reputation. There was not one in London that had the character of hating heretics so much as ours. Ladies of the first distinction chose from our convent their confessors; in short, it flourished, and might have flourished to this hour, but for a fatal accident which terminated in its over-

throw. The lady whom the prior had placed in a nunnery, and whom he continued to visit for some time with great punctuality, began at last to perceive that she was quite forsaken. Secluded from conversation, as usual, she now entertained the visions of a devotee; found herself strangely disturbed; but hesitated in determining, whether she was possessed by an angel or a daemon. She was not long in suspense; for, upon vomiting a large quantity of crooked pins, and finding the palms of her hands turned outwards, she quickly concluded that she was possessed by the devil. She soon lost entirely the use of speech; and, when she seemed to speak, every body that was present perceived that her voice was not her own, but that of the devil within her. In short, she was bewitched; and all the difficulty lay in determining who it could be that bewitched her. The nuns and monks all demanded the magician's name, but the devil made no reply; for he knew they had no authority to ask questions. By the rules of witchcraft, when an evil spirit has taken possession, he may refuse to answer any questions asked him, unless they are put by a bishop, and to these he is obliged to reply. A bishop, therefore, was sent for, and now the whole secret came out: the devil reluctantly owned that he was a servant of the prior; that, by his command, he resided in his present habitation; and that, without his command, he was resolved to keep in possession. The bishop was an able exorcist; he drove the devil out by force of mystical arms; the prior was arraigned for witchcraft; the witnesses were strong and numerous against him, not less than fourteen persons being by, who had heard the devil talk Latin. There was no resisting such a cloud of witnesses; the prior was condemned; and he who had assisted at so many burnings, was burned himself in turn. These were times, Mr. Rigmarole; the people of those times were not infidels, as now, but sincere believers!" "Equally faulty with ourselves: they believed what the devil was pleased to tell them; and we seem resolved, at last, to believe neither God nor devil."

"After such a stain upon the convent, it was not

to be supposed it could subsist any longer; the fathers were ordered to decamp, and the house was once again converted into a tavern. The king conferred it on one of his cast mistresses; she was constituted landlady by royal authority; and as the tavern was in the neighbourhood of the court, and the mistress a very polite woman, it began to have more business than ever; and sometimes took not less than four shillings a day.

"Under the care of this lady, the tavern grew into great reputation; the courtiers had not yet learned to game, but they paid it off by drinking; drunkenness is ever the vice of a barbarous, and gaming of a luxurious age. They had not such frequent entertainments as the moderns have, but were more expensive and more luxurious in those they had. All their fooleries were more elaborate, and more admired by the great and the vulgar than now. A courtier has been known to spend his whole fortune at a single feast, a king to mortgage his dominions to furnish out the frippery of a tournament. There were certain days appointed for riot and debauchery, and to be sober at such times was reputed a crime. Kings themselves set the example; and I have seen monarchs in this room drunk before the entertainment was half concluded. These were the times, sir, when kings kept mistresses, and got drunk in public; they were too plain and simple in those happy times to hide their vices, and act the hypocrite, as now.

"Upon this lady's decease the tavern was successively occupied by adventurers, bullies, pimps and gamesters. Towards the conclusion of the reign of Henry VII. gaming was more universally practised in England than even now. Kings themselves have been known to play off, at Primero, not only all the money and jewels they could part with, but the very images in churches. The last Henry played away, in this very room, not only the four great bells of St. Paul's cathedral, but the fine image of St. Paul, which stood upon the top of the spire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the next day, and sold them by auction.

"The last hostess of note I find upon record was Jane Rouse. She was born among the lower ranks of the people; and by frugality and extreme compliance, contrived to acquire a moderate fortune: this she might have enjoyed for many years, had she not unfortunately quarrelled with one of her neighbours, a woman who was in high repute for sanctity through the whole parish. In the times of which I speak, two women seldom quarrelled, that one did not accuse the other of witchcraft, and she who first contrived to vomit crooked pins was sure to come off victorious. The scandal of a modern tea-table differs widely from the scandal of former times; the fascination of a lady's eyes at present, is regarded as a compliment; but if a lady, formerly, should be accused of having witchcraft in her eyes, it were much better both for her soul and body, that she had no eyes at all.

"In short, Jane Rouse was accused of witchcraft; although she made the best defence she could, it was all to no purpose; she was taken from her own bar to the bar of the Old Bailey, condemned and executed accordingly. These were times, indeed! when even women could not scold in safety.

"Since her time the tavern underwent several revolutions, according to the spirit of the times, or the disposition of the reigning monarch. It was this day a brothel, and the next a conventicle for enthusiasts. It was one year noted for harbouring whigs, and the next infamous for a retreat to tories. Some years ago it was in high vogue, but at present it seems declining. This only may be remarked in general, that, whenever taverns flourish most, the times are then most extravagant and luxurious."—"Lord! Mrs. Quickly," interrupted I, "you have really deceived me; I expected a romance, and here you have been this half hour giving me only a description of the spirit of the times; if you have nothing but tedious remarks to communicate, seek some other hearer; I am determined to hearken only to stories."

I had scarce concluded, when my eyes and ears seemed opened to my landlord, who had been all this while giving me an account of the repairs he had made

in the house, and was now got into the story of the cracked glass in the dining-room.

GOLDSMITH.

ARTICLES FOUND IN A KITCHEN DRAWER.

Written in the age of Shakspeare.

Three aprons, two dusters, the face of a pig,
A dirty jack towel, a dish-clout and wig;
A foot of a stocking, three caps and a frill,
A busk and six buttons, mouse-trap and a quill;
A comb and a thimble, with Madona bands,
A box of specific for chops in the hands;
Some mace and some cloves tied up in a rag,
An empty thread paper and blue in a bag;
Short pieces of ribbon, both greasy and black,
A grater and nutmeg, the key of the jack;
An inch of wax candle, a steel and a flint,
A bundle of matches, a parcel of mint;
A lump of old suet, a crimp for the paste,
A pair of red garters, a belt for the waist;
A rusty bent skewer, a broken brass cock,
Some onions and tinder, and the draw'r lock;
A bag for the pudding, a whetstone and string,
A penny cross-bun, and a new curtain ring;
A print for the butter, a dirty chemise,
Two pieces of soap, and a large slice of cheese;
Five teaspoons of tin, a large lump of rosin,
The feet of a hare, and corks by the dozen;
A card to tell fortunes, a sponge and a can,
A pen without ink, and a small patty-pan;
A rolling-pin pasted, and common prayer book,
Are the things which I found in the drawer of the
cook.

A LONG TASK.

The Rev. Mr. Milne, in a Report of the Missionary Society for China, says, "We want, sir, fifty millions of New Testaments for China; and after that about one-sixth of the population only would be supplied. I would ask no higher honour on earth, than to distribute the said number." Now, if Mr. Milne had commenced the distribution of the said number at the time the Ark rested on Mount Ararat, and had

continued to distribute forty-three Testaments per day, Sundays excepted, he would have on hand, April 4, 1817, seven hundred and thirteen thousand, seven hundred and forty-seven. Or, should he now begin his work, and distribute ten each hour during ten hours per day, he would end his labour on the 27th day of January, 3411, at one o'clock in the forenoon!!!

PARALLEL BETWEEN CHURCHILL, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, AND CHURCHILL, THE POET.

In Anna's wars immortal Churchill rose,
And, great in arms, subdued Britannia's foes;
A greater Churchill now commands our praise,
And the palm yields her empire to the bays;
Tho' John fought nobly at his army's head,
And slew his thousands with the balls of lead,
Yet must the hero to the bard submit,
Who hurls, unmatch'd, the thunderbolts of wit.

LOVE'S VERDICT.

A coroner's jury having sat on the body of a young lady in Baltimore, America, who had hung herself in a fit of *love frenzy*, brought in their verdict—*Died by the visitation of Cupid*. A reasonable novelty.

PETITION OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.

To the King's most excellent Majesty, the humble Petition of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, &c.

Sheweth,—That your petitioner, being rendered by deafness as useless and inefficient as most of his contemporaries are by nature, hopes in common with them, to share your majesty's royal favour and bounty, whereby he may be enabled to save or to spend, as he may think proper, a great deal more than he possibly can at present.

That your petitioner having had the honour to serve your majesty in several very lucrative employments, seems thereby entitled to a lucrative retreat from business, and to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, that is, *leisure and a large pension*.

Your petitioner humbly apprehends, that he has a justifiable claim to a considerable pension,

as he neither wants, nor deserves, but only desire (pardon, dread sir, an expression you are pretty much used to) and insists upon it.

Your petitioner is little apt, and always unwilling, to speak advantageously of himself; but as some degree of justice is due to one's self, as well as to others, he begs leave to represent, that his loyalty to your majesty has always been unshaken, even in the worst of times; that particularly in the late unnatural rebellion, when the young Pretender had advanced as far as Derby, at the head of an army of at least three thousand men, composed of the flower of the Scotch nobility and gentry, who had virtue enough to avow, and courage enough to venture their lives in support of, their real principles, your petitioner did not join him, as unquestionably he might have done, had he been so inclined; but, on the contrary, raised at the public expense, sixteen companies of one hundred men each, in defence of your majesty's undoubted right to the imperial crown of these realms, which service remains to this hour unrewarded.

Your petitioner is well aware that your majesty's civil list must necessarily be in a very weak and languid condition, after the various and profuse evacuations it has undergone; but at the same time he humbly hopes, that an argument which does not seem to have been urged against any other person whatsoever, will not in a singular manner be urged against him, especially as he has some reasons to believe that the deficiencies in the pension list will by no means be the last to be made good by parliament.

Your petitioner begs leave to observe that a small pension is disgraceful, as it intimates opprobrious indigence on the part of the receiver, and a degrading sort of dole or charity on the part of the giver; but, that a great one implies dignity and affluence on the one side; on the other, esteem and consideration; which doubtless your majesty must entertain in the highest degree for those great personages whose reputable names glare in capitals upon your Eleemosynary list. Your petitioner humbly flatters himself, that upon this principle less than three thousand

pounds a year will not be proposed to him, and if made gold, the more agreeable.

Your petitioner persuades himself that your majesty will not impute this his humble application to any mean interested motive, of which he has always had the utmost abhorrence.—No, sir! he confesses his weakness: honour alone is his object; honour is his passion; that honour which is sacred to him as a peer, and tender to him as a gentleman; that honour, in short, to which he has sacrificed all other considerations.—It is upon this single principle that your petitioner solicits an honour, which at present in so extraordinary a manner adorns the British Peerage; and which, in the most shining periods of ancient Greece, distinguished the greatest men, who were fed in the Prytaneum at the expense of the public.

Upon this honour, far dearer to your petitioner than his life, he begs leave, in the most solemn manner, to assure your majesty, that in case you shall be pleased to grant this his most modest request, he will honourably support and promote, to the utmost of his abilities, the very worst measures, that the very worst ministers can suggest; but, at the same time, should he unfortunately, and in a singular manner, be branded by a refusal, he thinks himself obliged in honour to declare, that he will, with the utmost acrimony, oppose the very best measures which your majesty yourself shall ever propose or promote.

And your petitioner, &c.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ODE TO SCANDAL.

Now, now indeed, I burn with sacred fires,
 'Tis Scandal's self that every thought inspires!
 I feel all potent Genius! now I feel
 Thy working magic through each artery steal;
 Each moment to my prying eyes
 Some fresh disfigur'd beauties rise;
 Each moment I perceive some flaw
 That e'en ill-nature never saw.
 But hush! some airy whisperer hints,
 In accents wisely faint,
 "Divine Cleora rather squints:
 "Maria uses paint!

"That though some fops of Celia prate,
 "Yet be not hers the praise;
 "For, if she should be passing straight,
 "Hem! she may thank her stays.
 "Each fool of Delia's figure talks,
 "And celebrates her fame,
 "But for my part, whene'er she walks,
 "I vow I think she's lame.
 "And see Ma'am Harriet toss her head,
 "Lawk, how the creature stares:
 "Well, well, thank heaven, it can't be said,
 "I give myself such airs!"

The Ode concludes with the following stanzas:

To woman every charm was given,
 Design'd by all indulgent heaven,
 To soften grief or care;
 For ye were form'd to bless mankind,
 To harmonize and soothe the mind:
 Indeed, indeed, ye were.
 But when from those sweet lips we hear
 Ill nature's whisper, Envy's sneer,
 Your power that moment dies:
 Each coxcomb makes your name his sport,
 And fools when angry will retort.
 What men of sense despise.
 Leave then such vain disputes as these,
 And take a nobler road to please.—
 Let Candour guide your way;
 So shall you daily conquests gain,
 And captives, happy in your chain,
 Be proud to own your sway.

SHERIDAN.

ECCENTRIC HOSPITALITY.

During the late American war, a soldier, who had been wounded and honourably discharged, (but, perhaps, not paid,) being destitute and benighted, knocked at the door of an Irish farmer, when the following dialogue ensued:

Patrick—And who the devil are you now?

Soldier—My name is John Wilson.

Patrick—And where the devil are you going from, John Wilson?

Soldier—From the American army at Erie, sir.

Patrick—And what in the devil do you want here?

Soldier—I want shelter to-night; will you permit me to spread my blanket on your floor and sleep to-night?

Patrick—Devil take me if I do, John Wilson, that's flat.

Soldier—On your kitchen floor, sir?

Patrick—Not I, by the Hill o'Howth—that's flat.

Soldier—In your stable then?

Patrick—I'm d—d if I do that either—that's flat.

Soldier—I am dying with hunger: give me but a bone and a crust; I ask no more.

Patrick—The devil blow me if I do, sir—that's flat.

Soldier—Give me some water to quench my thirst, I beg of you.

Patrick—Beg and be hanged, I'll do no such thing—that's flat.

Soldier—Sir, I have been fighting to secure the blessings you enjoy; I have assisted in contributing to the glory and welfare of the country which has hospitably received you, and can you so inhospitably reject me from your house?

Patrick—Reject you, who in the devil talked a word about rejecting you? May be I am not the scurvy spalpeen you take me to be, John Wilson. You asked me to let you lie on my floor, my kitchen floor, or in my stable; now, by the powers, d'ye think I'd let a perfect stranger do that, when I have half a dozen soft feather beds all empty? No, by the Hill o'Howth, John, that's flat. In the second place you told me you were dying with hunger, and wanted a bone and a crust to eat; now, honey, d'ye think I'll feed a hungry man on bones and crust, when my yard is full of fat pullets, and turkeys, and pigs? No, by the powers, not I—that's flat. In the third place, you asked me for some simple water to quench your thirst; now as my water is none of the best, I never give it to a poor traveller without mixing it with plenty of wine, brandy, whiskey, or something else wholesome and cooling. Come into my house, my honey; devil blow me, but you shall sleep in the

best feather bed I have; you shall have the best supper and breakfast that my farm can supply, which, thank the Lord, is none of the worst; you shall drink as much water as you choose, provided you mix it with plenty of good wine or spirits, and provided also you prefer it. Come in my hearty, come in, and feel yourself at home. It shall never be said, that Patrick O'Flaherty treated a man scurvily who has been fighting for the dear country which gave him protection—that's flat.

PROSE v. POETRY.

Mr. Gifford to Mr. Hazlitt.

What we read from your pen we remember no more.

Mr. Hazlitt to Mr. Gifford.

What we read from your pen we remember *before*.

THE TWO HERVEYS.

Two Herveys had a mutual wish
To please in separate stations;
The one invented "Sauce for Fish,"
The other "Meditations."
Each has his pungent powers applied,
To aid the dead and dying;
That relishes a "Soul," when fried,
'Tis saves the "Soul" from frying.

RIVAL LOVERS.

The following, said to be from the pen of the author of *Palestine*, was circulated in MS. some years since in the University of Oxford. It was occasioned by the elopement and marriage of a daughter of one of the Professors with her father's footman; the lady whose name was *Arabella*, choosing this step, rather than be constrained to receive the addresses of an elderly gentleman, who, from a peculiarity in his gait, was nicknamed Dr. *Toc*.

Twixt foot-man John and Dr. *Toc*,
A rivalry befell;
Which should prove the favour'd beau,
To bear away the *Belle*.
The foot-man won the lady's heart,
And who can blame her? no man;
The *whole* prevail'd against a *part*,
'Twas foot-man versus *Toc*-man.

NOVEL CRIM CON.

A young officer, a cornet in a regiment, being hospitably entertained by a neighbouring farmer, formed a deliberate plan to seduce his wife. The usual siege was laid, and such assiduity preserved, that it could not escape the eye of the farmer; but, depending on his wife's constancy, he did not forbid the military advances of his guest. In process of time, however, the lady, who despised the advances of the captain, took an opportunity of stating the whole case to her husband: in consequence of which a plan was laid, and the execution nearly proved fatal to the lover. The farmer one day invited all the officers of the regiment to dine with him, except the captain; and the captain was not a little rallied upon the neglect at the mess-room, where he had often said he should make the farmer's wife one of his regimental followers. However, the day previous to the dinner, the captain received a letter from the lady, intimating that if he would attend at the garden gate at half-past ten the same night, he should be conducted to a much more delicate entertainment than eating and drinking. All things were prepared—the officers dined with the farmer—and the captain, true to his appointment, met an Abigail, who conducted him to her mistress's bed-room. He was under the bed-clothes, and scarcely there before he received such a pressing hug as obliged him to call out for help; the alarm was given—the company came up stairs with lights, and found the captain fastened in the arms of a great she dancing bear. The proprietor of the beast holding the chain of his bear to the left-hand side of the bed: the first business was to release the poor lover from his hugging misfortune, which, with the assistance of the keeper, was soon effected, but at the expense of three broken ribs and a violent contusion on the temple: such was the ending up of his expected felicity.

THE UNDERTAKER'S BILL.

An undertaker waited on a gentleman with the bill for the burial of his wife, amounting to 67l. "That's a vast sum," said the widower, "for laying

a silent female horizontally! you must have made some mistake!"—"Not in the least," answered the coffin-monger, "handsome hearse—three couches and six—well-dressed mutes—handsome pall—nobody, your honour, could do it for less." The gentleman rejoined: "It is a large sum, but, as I am satisfied the poor woman would have given twice as much to bury me, I must not be behind her in an act of kindness; there is a check for the amount."

THE OPERA.

An Opera, like a pill'ry may be said,
To nail our Ears down, but expose our Head.

MUSICAL PERFECTION.

After one of the first musicians had been playing a solo, and shown a great many tricks upon his instrument, and was receiving applause for his great execution, a Lady observed to Dr. Johnson, how amazingly difficult the performance must be. "Madam," said the doctor, "I wish it had been impossible."

THE PEER AND THE PEDLAR.

A Member of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget:
The peer was in his car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.
But Sawney shall receive the praise
His Lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
The other's shoes are paid for.

POLITE FORBEARANCE.

A nobleman being seated with a party of ladies in a stage-box, a sprig of fashion came in booted and spurred. At the end of the act, the peer rose, and making the young man a low bow, said, "I beg leave, Sir, in the name of these ladies, and for myself, to offer you our thanks for your forbearance."—"I don't understand you; what do you mean?" said the stranger. "I mean," repeated the other, "as you have come with your boots and spurs, to thank you that you have not brought your horse."

SHOTS.

A Scotchman giving evidence at the bar of the House of Lords in the affair of Captain Porteus, and telling of the variety of shots which were fired upon that unhappy occasion, was asked by the Duke of Newcastle, what kind of shot it was? "Why," said the man, in his broad dialect, "such as they shoot *fools* (fowls) with, and the like." "What kind of fools?" says the duke, smiling at the word. "Why, my lord, *dukes*, (ducks) and sic kin' o' *fools*."

AURICULAR TELESCOPE.

A gentleman remarked one day to an Irish baronet, that the science of *optics* was now brought to the highest perfection; for that, by the aid of a telescope, which he had just purchased, he could discern objects at an incredible distance. "My dear fellow," replied the baronet, "I have one at my lodge that will be a match for it; it brought the church so near to my view, that I could hear the whole congregation singing Psalms."

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

Hodge held a farm, and smil'd content,
While one year paid another's rent;
But if he ran the least behind,
Vexation stung his anxious mind;
For not an hour would landlord stay,
But seize the very quarter day.
How cheap soe'er or scant the grain,
Though urg'd with truth, was urg'd in vain.
The same to him if false or true,
For rent must come when rent was due.
Yet that same landlord's cows and steeds
Broke Hodge's fence and cropt his meads
In hunting, that same landlord's hounds
See! how they spread his new-sown grounds!
Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoyed,
While half the rising crop's destroy'd,
Yet tamely was the loss sustain'd—
'Tis said, the sufferer once complain'd;
The Squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
And paid the bumpkin—with a joke.

But luckless still poor Hodge's fate—
His worship's bull has forc'd a gate,
And gor'd his cow, the last and best;
By sickness he had lost the rest.
Hodge felt at heart resentment strong:
The heart will feel that suffers long.
A thought that instant took his head,
And thus within himself he said.
"If Hodge, for once, don't sting the Squire,
May people post him for a liar."
He said—across his shoulder throws
His fork, and to his landlord goes.

"I come an't please you to unfold
What, soon or late, you must be told.
My bull (a creature tame till now),
My bull has gor'd your worship's cow.
'Tis known what shifts I make to live
Perhaps your honour may forgive."
"Forgive!" the Squire replied, and swore,
"Pray cant to me, forgive, no more.
The law my damage shall decide;
And know, that I'll be satisfied."
"Think, Sir, I'm poor, poor as a rat."
"Think, I'm a justice, think of that!"
Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his head,
And, recollecting, archly said,
"Sir, I'm so struck when here before ye,
I fear I've blunder'd in the story.
'Fore George! but I'll not blunder now,
Your's was the bull, Sir, mine the cow;"
His worship found his rage subside,
And with calm accent thus replied:
"I'll think upon your case to-night—
But I perceive 'tis alter'd quite!"
Hodge shrugg'd, and made another bow,
"An please ye, where's the Justice now?"

TRUMP CARDS.

George III. once noticed a Mr. Blanchard's house on Richmond Hill; and, being told it belonged to a card-maker, he observed, "What! what! what! a card-maker! all his cards must have turned trumps."

SERMON ON THE WORD MALT, PREACHED BY THE
REV. MR. DODD IN A HOLLOW TREE.

The Rev. Mr. Dodd, a very worthy minister, who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the Cantabs by frequently preaching against drunkenness. Several of these meeting him on a journey, they determined to make him preach in a hollow tree, which was near the roadside. Accordingly, addressing him with great apparent politeness, they asked him if he had not lately preached much against drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative, they insisted that he should now preach from a text of their choosing. In vain did he remonstrate on the unreasonableness of expecting him to give them a discourse without study, and in such a place: they were determined to take no denial, and the word MALT was given him by way of text, on which he immediately delivered himself as follows:—

"Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a short sermon, from a small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a small congregation. Beloved, my text is MALT: I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, it being but one; I must, therefore, of necessity divide it into letters, which I find to be these four, M, A, L, T.

"M, my beloved, is Moral; A, is allegorical; L, is Literal; T, is Theological. The Moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners; therefore, M, Masters; A, all of you; L, listen; T, to my text. The Allegorical is when one thing is spoken, and another thing is meant. The thing spoken of is Malt; the thing meant is the Juice of Malt; which you Cantabs make—M, your Master; A, your Apparel; L, your Liberty; and T, your Trust. The Literal is, according to the Letter—M, Much, A, Ale; L, Little; T, Trust. The Theological is according to the effects that it works; and these I find to be of two kinds: first in this world; secondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this world are, in some, M, Murder; in others, A, Adul-

tery; in all, L, Looseness of Life; and in some T, Treason. The effects that it works in the world to come, are—M, Misery; A, Anguish; L, Lamentation; and T, Torment, and so much for this time and text.

"I shall improve this, first by way of exhortation—M, Masters, A, All of you; L, Leave off; T, Tipling; or secondly, by way of excommunication—M, Masters; A, All of you; L, Look for; T, Torment. Thirdly, by way of caution take this. A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the alehouse benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbour's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man."

CHARITY AND GALLANTRY

The Bishop of Exeter having established a poor-house for twenty-five old women, asked Lord Mansfield for an inscription; upon which his Lordship wrote:

Under this roof the Lord Bishop of Exeter
keeps
Twenty-five women.

THE LATE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

This nobleman was so accustomed to promises, that no applicant whatever left his presence without an assurance of having what he solicited for. A major in the army once waited upon him on his return from abroad. "My dear major," said his grace, running up to him, and embracing him, "I am heartily glad to see you; I hope all things go well with you."—"I can't say they do, my lord duke," returned he; "I have had the misfortune to lose my ——"—"Say no more, my dear major," returned he, "say no more, I entreat you, I'll give you a better."—"Better, my lord," returned the major, "that cannot be!"—"How so, my dear friend? how so?" replied the duke. "Because," rejoined the major, "I have lost my leg."

GEORGE II.

At the first masquerade which George the Second honoured with his presence in England, a lady invited him to drink a glass of wine. With this he readily complied: and the lady, filling a bumper, said, "Here, mask, the Pretender's health;" then filling another glass, she presented it to the king, who, receiving it with a smile, replied, "I drink with all my heart to the health of unfortunate princes."

FOX'S PAY-DAY.

Mr. Fox, on one of his occasions for borrowing money, met with a good-natured Jew, who told him that he might take his own time for payment. "Then," said Charles, "we'll make it the day of judgment; or, as that will be rather a busy day, suppose we say the day after."

AN ERROR IN GRAIN

A woman having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The bye-standers said she could not have gone against the stream. The man answered, she was obstinate and contrary in her life, and he therefore supposed for certain, that she was the same at her death.

LOUIS XIV.

Killigrew, jester at the court of Charles II. being taken to see the Gallery at Versailles, was desired to observe particularly a picture of the crucifixion. He was then asked if he knew whom it represented. He said "No."—"Why," said Louis XIV., who was present, "it is our Saviour on the cross, and the picture on the right side is the pope's, and that on the left my own." Upon which Killigrew replied "I thank your majesty for your information; I have heard our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, but I did not know before who they were."

CURE FOR DISSIPATION.

A dissipated nobleman was one day reproved by his mother, who advised him to take example by a particular gentleman, whose constant food was vege-

tables, and his drink pure water. "Good heaven, madam," said his lordship, "do you wish me to imitate a man who *eats like a beast and drinks like a fish.*"

CHURCH-YARD ACCOUNT.

A poor labourer having been obliged to undergo the operation of having his leg cut off, was charged sixteen pence by the sexton for burying it. The poor fellow applied to the rector for redress, who told him, he could not relieve him at that time; but that he should certainly consider it in his fees, when the rest of his body came to be buried."

ELEGANT WIT

As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

EPITAPH ON A TALKATIVE OLD MAID.

Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talk'd till death
And ne'er before was out of breath
Whither she's gone we cannot tell;
For, if she talks not, she's in Hell.
If she's in Heav'n, she's there unblest;
Because she hates a place of rest.

A HOME ARGUMENT.

By one decisive argument
Giles gain'd his lovely Kate's consent
To fix the bridal day,
"Why in such haste, dear Giles, to wed?
I shall not change my mind," she said;
"But then," says he, "I may."

SPOKEN BY VENUS, ON SEEING HER STATUE DONE BY PRAXYTELES.

Anchysis, Paris, and Adonis too,
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view;
All these I freely own, without denying.
But where has this Praxyteles been paying,

JAMES II. AND MILTON.

James II., when Duke of York, one day asked Milton, the poet, if he did not think his loss of sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against his father, Charles I. The poet answered, "if his highness thought his loss of sight a judgment upon him, he wished to know what he thought of his father's losing his head."

NAUTICAL LEARNING.

Two sailors happening to join a crowd gathered round a preacher, just in time to hear him say, "I have just had exclaimed against the sins of his diocese, 'And I your pastor and teacher shall be called to bear witness against you at the day of judgment.'" "Hollo! Jack," cries one of them, "it is not just as it is at the Old Bailey: the worst rogue always turns king's evidence."

VOLTAIRE AND CHESTERFIELD.

Voltaire, when in London, being at a rout with Lord Chesterfield, a lady in company, very much painted, crossed his conversation. Chesterfield tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Take care you are not separated." "My Lord," replied Voltaire, "I am to be taken by an English bottom under such colours."

KEEPING ONE'S WORD.

He, with kind words, Sir Edward cheer'd his friend
Dear Dick, thou on my friendship may'st depend;
How thy fortune is but very scant,
I be assur'd I'll ne'er see Dick in want."
Dick soon confin'd, his friend, no doubt, would free
him;
But he kept his word—he would not see him!"

MAJESTY.

Take the externals (M—Y) from MAJESTY, and
what is it? A JEST.

CHOICE OF A FAULT

'Deem Swift having a shoulder of mutton too much

done brought up for his dinner, sent for the cook, and told her to take the mutton down and do it less. "Please your honour, I cannot do it less." "But," said the Dean, "if it had not been done enough you could have done it more, could you not?" "Oh, yes! very easily." "Why, then," said the Dean, "for the future, when you commit a fault, let it be such a one as can be amended."

CHANGING THE SUBJECT

Alcibiades finding his irregularities had become the general topic of conversation at Athens, took a very fine dog, for which he had given a large sum of money, he cut off his tail. His friends told him the whole city blamed him for so foolish an action, and talked of nothing else. "That is what I wished," said he. "I had rather they should talk of my dog's tail than of me."

QUICKSILVER.

Sir Thomas Moore examining a protestant on the charge of heresy, whose name was Silver, told him, in his jesting way, "that silver must be tried in the fire." "Ay!" said Silver, "but quicksilver will not abide it."

LOOSE THOUGHTS.

When Mrs. Macauley published her *Loose Thoughts*, Garrick, who was in company with Foote, said it was a very improper title for a lady to adopt: to which Foote replied, he was quite of a different opinion, for the sooner a woman got rid of her loose thoughts the better.

THE PERMANENT MASK.

At Ranelagh, when Lady Grace
Unmask'd to put my poor heart in a pother,
So very hideous was her face.
I was deceiv'd, and begg'd she'd pull off t'other.

A WOMAN'S SECRET.

A married couple, coming over in the packet from Dublin to England, a storm arose, when every one expected the vessel would be lost. The gentle-

man lamented with his wife the dreadful situation they were in, and begged her to answer him one question. She bade him name it. "Tell me, my dear," said he, "as perhaps we have not long to live, have you been always true to my bed?" "Sink or swim," she replied, "that is the only secret that shall go to the grave with me."

BISHOP WARBURTON.

When the first volume of the "Divine Legation," by Warburton, was shewn to Dr. Bentley, he looked it over, and then observed of the author, "This man has a monstrous appetite, with a very bad digestion."

RELATIONSHIP

A ludicrous mistake happened some time ago at a funeral in Mary-le-bone. The clergyman had gone on with the service, until he came to that part which says, "Our deceased *brother* or *sister*," without knowing whether the deceased was *male* or *female*. He turned to one of the mourners, and asked whether it was a brother or sister. The man very innocently replied, "No *relation at all*, Sir, only an *acquaintance*."

THE DYING CITIZEN.

A citizen dying greatly in debt, "Farewell," said one of his creditors, "there is so much of mine gone with him." "And he carried so much of mine," said another. A person hearing them make their several complaints, said, "Well, I see now, that though a man can carry *nothing of his own* out of the world, yet he may carry a *great deal of other men's*."

HANGING IN CHAINS

Two Irish labourers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one says to the other, "Arrah, Pat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains!" "No, honey!" replied he, "no great difference: only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs *all the days of his life*."

PASSION

The footman of a gentleman possessed of a most irritable temper, desired to be dismissed. "Why do you leave me?" said the master. "Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper." "To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off." "Yes," replied the servant, "but then it is no sooner off than it is on."

KILL AND CURE.

The following is the literal copy of a Farrier's bill sent to a gentleman:—

10824

"Maay Too qureing your honors Ors till I dide Vifteen Zillings."

THE BRAINLESS TOPER.

"Brother bucks your glasses drain."——
 'Tom, 'tis strong and sparkling red.'——
 "Never fear—'twont reach my brain:"
 "No—that's true—but 'twill your head."

PREACHING AND BREWING.

A country vicar, giving his text out of Hebrews pronounced it, *He brews*, 10 and 12, (meaning chapter and verse.) An old toper, who sat asleep under the pulpit, thinking he talked brewing so many bushels to the hogshead, said "By the Lord, and no such bad liquor neither."

A DEAR WIFE.

A gentleman just married told Foote he had that morning laid out three hundred pounds for his wife. "Faith, Sir," says Foote, "I see you are a hypocrite, for she is truly your dear wife."

THE LAST FOLLY.

A volatile young lord, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my lord," said the countess, "I hope you will mend." "Madam," says he, "you may depend on it, this is my last folly."

FRENCH VANITY

A French nobleman shewing Matthew Prior, the poet, the King's Palace at Versailles, and desiring him to observe the many trophies of Lewis the Fourteenth's victories, asked Prior if King William the Third, his master, had many such trophies in his palace. "No," said Prior, "the monuments of my master's victories are to be seen every where but in his own house."

ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR.

A learned doctor having printed two heavy volumes of Natural History, a friend remarked to him, that his publication was, in several particulars, extremely erroneous; and when the other defended his volumes, replied, "Pray, Dr. are you not a justice of the peace?" "I am, Sir," was the reply. "Why, then, Sir," added his critic, "I advise you to send your work to the same place you send your vagrants to, that is, to the house of correction."

AN IMPROMPTU.

A manager having played several nights to an almost empty barn, in a country town, neglected to perfect himself in the part of Lorenzo, in the Merchant of Venice. He however hustled through it tolerably well, till he got to the part where he should address Jessica on the subject of Leander's being drowned in crossing the Hellespont; where he made a monstrous boggle, which was so intolerable to the audience, that a general hiss from all parts expressed their disapprobation, and he retired, as he called it, in a blaze. As soon as silence was obtained by his exit, he returned on the stage, leading Jessica forward, with whom he addressed the audience thus:—

"O Jessica, in such a night as this we came to town,
And since that night have touched but half-a-crown;
Let you and I, then, bid these folks good night,
Lest we, by longer stay, are starv'd outright.

TO A GENTLEMAN ABOUT TO MARRY.

Bob says, his spouse that is to be
Has all the requisites to bless.
Has wit, I know, in repartee,
A taste for letters, play, and dress.
Yet were I, Bobby, (*entre nous*)
Bound to three such in marriage bands,
I'd bribe the Devil with thanks and two,
To take the other off my hands.

TWO DIFFERENT CASES.

Charg'd with writing obscenely this was E—ng's reply;
'Tis what *Dryden* and *Congreve* have done as well as I.
'Tis true—but they did it with this good pretence,
With an ounce of obscenity went a pound of good sense.
But thou hast proportion'd, in thy judgment profound,
Of good sense scarce an ounce, of obscenity a pound

SHINING HONESTY.

'Aye! Honesty's a jewel," Richard cry'd,
"That shines the clearer still, the more 'tis try'd."
'True Dick,' quoth *Jeremy*—'yourself may show it,
'Your Honesty's so clear—we all see through it.'

CHARLES II.

The Duke of Buckingham was one day entertaining Charles II., when the King said, "Buckingham, I think you are the greatest rogue in all my dominions;" upon which Buckingham immediately replied, "of a subject I believe I am."

WIT AND HONESTY.

The late King of Prussia used to say, that he preferred the company of a man who could amuse him, though ever so great a rascal, to that of a stupid honest fellow, who would suffer him to fall asleep

MOTTOS.

For an undertaker—" *Grave undertakings,*" or, "*I undertake grave subjects.*"

For a first-rate singer—" *I've cash'd my notes.*"

For a lamplighter—" *Exalted I shine;*" or, "*Brilliant exaltation.*"

For a news-crier—" *My fame makes a noise!*"

For a tobacconist—" *Smoke ascends;*" or, "*Substantial smoke.*"

For a watchmaker—" *Wound to the highest pitch;*" or, "*Take note of Time.*"

For a carpenter—" *Plain dealings,* or, "*Angur well.*"

For a resurrection man—" *Mors janua vitæ;*" or, "*Death is life to me.*"

For an auctioneer—" *Repeated knockings down set me on my legs.*"

"For a tailor—" *Suit your measures to all men;* or, "*My goose laid golden eggs.*"

Officers of Excise, &c.—"*Collections and self-recollections.*"

For a distiller—" *My spirits rise!*" or, "*Spirits at full proof.*"

For a cider merchant—" *How sweet is expression.*"

For a navy agent—" *Commissions, but no self-omissions.*"

For a lawyer—" *The suit that fits me best is a Chancery suit.*"

For a manufacturer of looking-glasses—" *The true mirror of fashion.*"

For a distributor of handbills—" *A literary character.*"

For a banker—" *Count Discount.*"

For the Master of the Hummums—" *Knight of the Bath.*"

For the keeper of Bedlam—" *Knight of the Crescent.*"

For a merchant—" *No change like exchange.*"

For a coachmaker—" *The Wheel of Fortune.*"

For a butcher—" *Killing brings me to life.*"

For a paper manufacturer—" *I've turned over a new leaf.*"

For a curate—" *A good living is a cure for all souls.*"

PRESENTS.

A Hamper I receiv'd of wine,

As good, Dick says, as e'er was tasted—

And Dick may be suppos'd to know,

For he contriv'd his matters so,

As every day with me to dine

Much longer than the liquor lasted :

If such are presents—while I live

Oh ! let me not receive, but give.

THE COMBAT.

A Chimney-sweep and baker went to fight ;

The baker beat the chimney-sweeper white :

The chimney-sweep, tho' laid upon his back.

Took wind, and quickly beat the baker black.

In came a brickdust-man, with porter fed

And beat both chimney-sweep and baker red.

Thus red, black, white, in clouds together lay,

And none could tell which party had the day.

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW,

As fiddlers and archers who cunningly know

The way to procure themselves merit

Will always provide them two strings to their bow

And manage their bus'ness with spirit.

So likewise the provident maiden should do,

Who would make the best use of her beauty ;

If her mark she would hit, or her lesson play through

Two lovers must still be on duty.

Thus arm'd against Chance, and secure of supply,

Thus far our revenge we may carry

One spark for our sport, we may jilt and set by ;

And t'other, poor soul, we may marry.

THE SECOND BRUTUS.

Brutus unmov'd heard how his Portia fell,

Should Jack's wife die, As would behave as well.

TESTS OF WIT.

In 1809, Sir Richard Phillips, the publisher, being about to print a new edition of the "Encyclopedia of Wit," resolved to test the whole by two separate minds, and gave to two very ingenious men a copy of the work, requesting each to erase the articles which did not strike him as piquant. They performed their tasks, and on returning their copies, the publisher found, to his utter astonishment, that, with few exceptions, each had erased what the other had retained, so that by their joint erasures, not a twentieth part of the original book remained. Confounded by the result, he now submitted the book to a third person, and he retained nearly every article which the others had erased, and struck out all that they had retained. He was now reminded of the fable of "The Man, his Son, and the Ass," and perceiving that it was vain to endeavour to please every one, he printed his book without alteration, leaving it to his several readers to seek pleasure from the mass, each according to his own fancy.

IRISH COURAGE.

In 1563, the Earl of Desmond, a fierce and powerful chieftain, made an inroad on the possession of Butlers, Earl of Ormond, when in the course of the war, the former was wounded and taken prisoner. As the Ormondians conveyed him from the field, stretched on a bier, his supporters exclaimed, with natural triumph, "Where now is the great lord of Desmond?" "Where," replied Desmond, "but in his proper place?—Still on the necks of the Butlers."

ETIQUETTE

A country squire asked a Judge, while he was delivering his charge, if he had seen the rhinoceros? Upon which the Judge paused. The esquire went on, "Not seen the rhinoceros, my lord!" To which his lordship replied, "that the etiquette was not yet settled between them, as they both had their trumpets, which should visit the first, whether he should wait upon the rhinoceros or the rhinoceros upon him."

DRYDEN'S WIFE.

This lady one day complained to her husband, that he was always reading, and took little notice of her, and finished by saying she wished that she was a book, and then she should enjoy his company. "Yes, my dear," says Dryden, "I wish you were a book,—but an *Almanack*; I mean, for then I should change you every year."

ON THE MARRIAGE OF AN OLD MAID.

Chloe, a coquet in her prime,
The vainest ficklest thing alive;
Behold the strange effects of time!
Marries and doats at forty-five.
Thus, weather-cocks, who for awhile
Have turn'd about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

ON MISS FURY, BY LORD CHESTERTIELD.

To look like an angel, the ladies believe,
Is the greatest of blessings that Heaven can give;
But on earth, believe me, fair nymphs, I assure ye,
The blessing's far greater to look like a Fury.

TASTE FOR WIT.

Foote was rattling one evening, in the green-room, when a nobleman, who seemed highly entertained, cried out, "well, Footie, you see I swallow all the good things." "Do you, my Lord Duke," says the other, "then I congratulate you on your digestion, for I believe you never threw up one of them in your life."

A RHAPSODY.

As I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me;
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.
Then I said to myself, and then answered myself:
With the self-same repartee;
Look to thyself, or look not to thyself,
'Tis the self-same thing to me,

ZEAL FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP

A few years ago the Isle of Sheppey being an inconsiderable parish, and the income not very large, their vicar came there but once a month. The parishioners being much displeased with this, desired their clerk to remind him of his duty. The clerk told the vicar the sense of the parishioners; and the reply was, "Well, well, tell them, if they will give me ten pounds a year more, I will come to them once a fortnight; and be sure, Jonathan, to let me know their answer the next time I come." The next time he did come, he accordingly asked, and Jonathan answered, "Sir, they say, if you will excuse them ten pounds a year in their tithes, they will dispense with your coming at all."

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A Fool and Knave, with different views
For Julia's hand apply;
The Knave to mend his fortune sues,
The Fool to please his eye.

Ask you how Julia will behave?
Depend on't for a rule,
If she's a Fool, she'll wed the Knave
If she's a Knave, the Fool.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

It was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the earl, "and you may add, perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be *laughed at*."

ON A WELSHMAN.

A Man of Wales, betwixt St. David's day and
Easter,
Ran in his hostess' score, for cheese great store
a tester:
His hostess chalks it up behind the door;
And says, for cheese, come, Sir, discharge this
score.
Cot sounds, quoth he, what meaneth these?
D'ye think, hur know not chalk from cheese?

TOO CIVIL BY HALF.

The Duke of Grafton was one day fox-hunting, near Newmarket, when a quaker, at some distance, upon an adjoining eminence, pulled off his hat and gave a loud halloo! The hounds immediately ran to him, and being drawn off the scent, were consequently at fault, which so enraged the duke, that galloping up to the offender, he asked, in an angry tone, "Are you a quaker?" "I am, friend," was the reply. "Well, then," rejoined his grace, "as you never pull off your hat to a Christian, I will thank you in future not to pay that compliment to a fox."

A GOOSE'S REASON

A Goose, my grannum one day said
Entering a barn pops down its head;
I begg'd her then the cause to show:
She told me she must waive the task,
For nothing but a goose would ask,
What nothing but a goose could know.

A DOCTOR'S REVENGE.

A physician being in a tavern one evening, a gentleman entered in great haste, exclaiming, "Doctor, my wife is at the point of death, make haste, come with me." "Not till I have finished my bottle however" replied the Doctor. The man happened to be a fine athletic fellow, and finding this entirely useless, snatched up the Doctor, hoisted him on his back, and carried him out of the tavern—the moment he set the Doctor upon his legs, he received from him the following threat: "Now, you rascal, I'll cure your wife in spite of you."

HIGH PLAY.

A gentleman once playing at cards, was guilty of an odd trick; on which the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a one pair of stairs room. The sufferer meeting a friend some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. "Do!" said the other, "why never play so high again."

NOBLE BOXING.

The late Lord Peterborough having been grossly insulted by a carman, deliberately stripped, and gave the fellow such a drubbing, that he could scarcely move a limb. A man seeing the transaction, came up at the conclusion of the affray, and asked the man if he knew the person with whom he had been boxing was a lord? "A lord!" says the fellow, "a lord!—they may call him what they please, and he may be what he will, but I am sure, from the weight of that leaden fist of his that his *father* must have been a *drayman*."

AGED GALLANTRY.

A gallant old gentleman of the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering place, presented it to her with the following words:—

"If from your *glove* you take the letter *G*
Your *glove* is *love*, which I devote to thee!"

To which the lady returned the following neat answer:—

"If from your *Page* you take the letter *P*,
Your *Page* is *age*, and that won't do for me."

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Father Petre endeavoured to convert the Duke of Buckingham. "Out of our Church," says the priest, "none can be saved."—"And all in it will be damned," said his grace. "You want charity," says the priest. "Quite as much as your reverence," replied the duke.

CHARON'S GRATITUDE.

A Quack told Charon would his penny pay—
The grateful ferryman was heard to say,
Return, Hell's friend! and live for ages more,
Or I must haul my useless boat ashore.

OVER POLITENESS.

The Earl of Rochester meeting Isaac Barrow in the park, told his companions that he would have some fun with the rusty old *put*. Accordingly, he went up with great gravity, and, taking off his hat,

made the Doctor a profound bow, saying, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe time." The Doctor, seeing his drift, immediately pulled off his beaver, and returned the bow, with, "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester followed up his salutation by a deeper bow, saying, "Dr. I am yours to the centre." Barrow, with a very lowly obeisance, replied, "My lord, I am yours to the Antipodes." His lordship, nearly gravelled, exclaimed, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of Hell."—"There, my lord," said Barrow, sarcastically, "I leave you," and walked off.

ORATOR HENLEY.

"I never," said a person, who knew little about the doctor, "saw Orator Henley but once, and that was at a Coffee house, where a gentleman he was acquainted with coming in, and seating himself in the same box, the following dialogue passed between them:

Henley. Pray what is become of our old friend Smith? I have not seen him for several years.

Gentleman. I really don't know. The last time I heard of him he was at Ceylon, or some of our settlements in the West Indies.

Henley (with some surprise). At Ceylon, or some of our settlements in the West Indies! My good Sir, in one sentence there are two mistakes. Ceylon is not one of our settlements, it belongs to the Dutch; and it is situated not in the West but the East Indies!

Gentleman (with some heat). That I deny.

Henley. More shame for you! I will engage to bring a boy of eight years of age who will confute you.

Gentleman (in a cooler tone of voice). Well, be it where it will, I thank God I know very little about these sort of things.

Henley. What, you thank God for your ignorance, do you?

Gentleman (in a violent rage). I do, Sir; what then?

Henley. Sir, you have a great deal to be thankful for.

THE HUNGRY DISPUTE.

A hungry-Frenchman one day went into a cook's shop, and there staid till his stomach was satisfied with the smell of the victuals. The cook insisted on his paying for a dinner, which the Frenchman refused to do; and the dispute growing high, it was agreed to refer the decision of it to the first man who passed that way. This happened to be a chimney sweeper, who, on hearing the case, determined that the Frenchman's money should be shaken between two empty dishes, and the cook be satisfied with the gingling of it, as the poor man was content with the smell of the cook's meat.

CEREMONY.

A lady once invited Dean Swift to dinner, and as she had heard he was not easily pleased, she had taken a month to provide for it: every delicacy was accordingly procured. The Dean was scarcely seated before the lady said she was sincerely sorry that she had not a more tolerable dinner, since she was apprehensive there was not any thing fit for him to eat. "The deuce take you," said the Dean, "why did you not provide a better, surely you had time enough; but since you say it is so bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a herring."

DOG LATIN

As Lady Mary Wortley Montague was walking through the gardens at Stow with a party, she was much teased by an impertinent young coxcomb, who was continually making some foolish observations to her. On coming to one of the temples, over which there was an inscription, she said, "be kind enough to explain that inscription to us."—"Madam," said the fop, "I really do not know what it means, for I see it is dog Latin."—"How very extraordinary it is," said Lady Mary, "that puppies do not understand their own language!"

THE MAN OF FASHION'S DIARY.

I laugh, joke, quarrel, fiddle, dance, game, drink,
Do all that mortal man can do—but think

GOLDEN GOOSE.

When an English lady was some years ago on the continent, she stopped at an inn in French Flanders, which was the sign of the Golden Goose; but, arriving late, she ordered but a slight repast for herself and suite, which consisted of only five servants. In the morning, when the landlord presented his bill, she was much surprised at one general item, of—"Expenses for the night, fourteen Louis D'ors." In vain did she remonstrate; the artful Fleming knew her generous character, and was positive. The money was accordingly paid. When she was preparing to depart, the landlord attended her to her carriage? and, expressing many thanks, hoped he should have the honour of her company on her return. "Why, possibly you may," said the lady, "but it must be on one condition—that you do not again mistake me for your sign."

TIT FOR TAT.

Old Time kills us all
Rich, poor, great and small,
And 'tis therefore we rack our inventions,
Throughout all our days,
In finding out ways,
To kill him, by way of prevention.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

An avaricious divine seeing a poor boy in a deplorable condition, called him to the door; and giving him a mouldy piece of bread, asked him if he could read, to which he answered in the negative; to the question, whether he could say the *Belief* and the *Lord's Prayer*, the answer was the same. "Well," said the divine, "I will teach you that, say after me: Our father," said the instructor. "Our father!" repeated the poor boy. "What your father as well as mine?" "Yes, certainly." "Then we are brethren!" "To be sure we are," was the reply. "Why then," replied the boy, pulling the crust from under his coat, "how could you give your poor brother this mouldy piece of bread?"

GRATITUDE.

A parson, well known in his neighbourhood as a man of great oddity, humour, and equally great extravagance, once wanting a new wig, his old one denying all farther assistance of art, he applied to a barber, young in the business, to make him one. The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honour of his new customer's company at his meal, to which the parson readily consented. After dinner a large bowl of punch was produced, and the happy guest, with equal readiness, joined in the demolition. When it was out the barber was proceeding to business, and began to handle his measure, when his guest desired him to desist, saying he should not make his wig. "Why not!" exclaimed the guest; "have I done any thing to offend you, Sir?" "Not in the least," replied the guest; "I find you are a very honest, good-natured fellow; so I will take somebody else in. Had you made it, you would never have been paid for it."

WHOLESOME DOCTRINE.

A Welch parson, after divine service, used to play at cudgels with his parishioners in the church-yard, which being told to the bishop of the diocese, he was severely reprimanded: in his defence the parson said, that he took pains to instil the word of God into them in the church, but as that would not do, he laboured to beat it into them in the church-yard.

THE MOUNTBANK AND THE DEVIL.

Mountbank once, it is said, at a fair, to make the wise gentry that crowded it stare, protested, in spite of the Church's decree, that whoever chose it the devil should see. So uncommon a sight who would think to forego? The devil seem'd in them, they all scrambled so! While, with mouth very wide, a cold purse, very long, was held out by this sorcerer, and shook to the throng—
"Good people," he holla'd, "your eyes now unfold,
And say if within any thing you behold?"

When one who stood next, straight replied, with some gall—

"What is there to see, where there's nothing at all?
"Ah! that is the Devil!" the wag said, "I swear;
To open one's purse, and to see—nothing there!"

SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

When the proud Duke of Somerset, a little time before his death, paid a visit to Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, she insisted on his drinking with her glass of tokay, which had been presented to her husband by the emperor. He assented, and she addressed him as follows: "My lord, I consider your grace drinking a glass of wine with me as a very high honour, and I will beg leave to propose two healths, the most unpopular imaginable, and which nobody in the three kingdoms, except ourselves, would drink: here is YOUR health and MINE."

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II.

Charles once said over his bottle, that he supposed some stupid peasant would write a nonsensical epitaph on him when he was gone,—“Now,” says his Majesty, “I should like to have something appropriate and witty,—Rochester, let's have a touch of your pen, on the subject.” His Lordship obeyed the command, and produced the following:—

“Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose promise none relied on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.”

DR. FRANKLIN'S GRACE.

The Doctor when a child found the long graces used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day after the winter's provision had been salted, “I think, Father,” said Benjamin, “if you were to say grace over the whole cask once for all, it would be a great saving of time.”

THREE FOOLS.

A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock in a new coat: the parson asked in a haughty tone, who gave him

that coat? "The same people," said the shepherd, "that clothe you, the parish." The parson, nettled a little, sent his man back to ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man went to the shepherd, and delivered his master's message. "Are you going away then?" said the shepherd. "No," answered the other. "Then you may tell your master," replied the shepherd, "his living wont maintain three of us."

CHARLES II. AND MR. PENN.

When Mr. Penn went to pay his respects to Charles II. that King observing that the Quaker did not remove his hat, took off his own hat, and stood uncovered before Penn; who said, "prithee, friend Charles, put on thy hat." "No," says the King, "friend Penn, it is usual for only one man to be covered here."

A PRAYER TOO QUICKLY GRANTED.

With folded hands, and lifted eyes,
 "Have mercy, Heaven!" the parson cries
 And on our sun-burnt, thirsty plains,
 Thy blessings send in genial rains!"
 The sermon ended and the prayers,
 The parson to be gone prepares;
 When with a look of brighten'd smiles—
 'Thank Heaven, it rains,' cries farmer Giles,—
 'Rains!' quoth the parson, 'Sure you joke!
 Rain! Heav'n forbid! I've got no cloak.'

THE FORGETFUL MAN.

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
 Of late he's grown brim full of pride and pelf:
 No wonder that he don't remember me;
 Why so? you see he has forgot himself.

TAKING AT A WORD.

A country rector one day gave his curate a list of the sick persons in the parish, in order that he might visit them. Soon after the rector inquiring about a poor woman, the curate replied that she was dead. The rector said that he had just then met her in the street; the curate, in his defence,

answered, that she told him the night before she could not live till the morning, and he supposed a woman going out of the world would not tell an untruth.

AN EMPTY HEAD.

James I. King of England, asking Lord Bacon what he thought of the French ambassador; he answered; that he was a tall, proper man. "Ay," replied the king, "what think you of his headpiece? Is he a proper man for an ambassador?" "Sir," said Bacon, "tall men are like high houses, wherein commonly the uppermost rooms are worst furnished."

LIVING TOO LONG

A person who had just two thousand a year, being unwilling to leave any thing to his heirs, resolved to spend, not only the annual income, but also the principal. He accordingly made a calculation, that he could not possibly live longer than fourscore years; but, happening to survive all, he found himself reduced to beggary during the last half-dozen years of his life; and actually begged charity door to door, whining out, "Pray give something to a poor man, who has lived longer than he expected."

ÆSOP IN SLAVERY

Æsop went with a number of slaves to be sold and being questioned as to their respective talents one said he could do this thing, another that, and third could do every thing. When it came to Æsop's turn, his master asked him what he could do, he answered "Nothing." "How can that possibly be," said his master. "Why," replied Æsop, "as the man before me says he will do every thing, there can be nothing left for me to do."

CONTRABAND INTELLECT.

A Scotch nobleman, chatting with an English lady, she asked, how it happened that the Scots in general made a much better figure from home than in Scotland. "Oh," said he, "nothing is so easily accounted for. For the honour of the nation, perambulators are stationed at every egress, to see that none leave

the country but men of abilities."—"Then," answered she, "I suspect your lordship was smuggled."

PAINTER, POTS AND ALL.

A painter was employed in painting a West India ship in the river, suspended on a stage under the ship's stern. The captain, who had just got into the boat alongside, for the purpose of going ashore, ordered the boy to let go the painter (the rope which makes fast the boat): the boy instantly went aft, and let go the rope by which the painter's stage was held. The captain surprised at the boy's delay, cried out, "You lazy dog, why don't you let go the painter?" The boy replied, "He's gone, sir, pots and all."

DEAN SWIFT'S DEAFNESS.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown,
No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

FISH AND FLESH.

Cardinal Wolsey, being one-day in company with his courtiers, the conversation fell on the institution of Lent, when the Cardinal said the reason it took place was, that the Apostles were fishermen and it promoted the fish trade.—One of the courtiers answered, "Well, Cardinal, when you are Pope you will certainly strike it out of the calendar, for you remember your father was a butcher."

PERSECUTION PREVENTED.

At the end of Queen Mary's reign, a commission was granted to one Dr. Cole, a bigoted papist, to go over to Ireland, and commence a fiery persecution against the Protestants of that kingdom. On coming to Chester, the doctor was waited upon by the mayor, to whom he shewed his commission with great triumph, saying, "Here is what shall lash the heretics of

Ireland." The landlady of the inn, hearing these words, when the doctor went down stairs with the mayor, hastened into the room, opened the box, took out the commission, and put a pack of cards in its place. When the doctor returned, he put his box into the portmanteau without suspicion, and the next morning sailed for Dublin. On his arrival he waited upon the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council, to whom he made a speech relating to his business, and then presented the box to his Lordship; but on opening it, there appeared *a pack of cards with the knave of clubs uppermost.* The doctor was petrified, and assured the company that he had a commission, but what was become of it he could not tell. The Lord Lieutenant answered, "Let us have another commission, we will shuffle the cards the meanwhile." Before, however, the doctor could get his commission renewed, the Queen died.

FLYING FROM CHURCH.

A famous aeronaut once applied to a certain dean to grant him leave to ascend in an air balloon from the top of his cathedral. The prelate answered, that he could not comply with his request, it being contrary to his profession; as the tenor of his discourse was to induce people to come to church, and not to encourage them to fly from it.

LIVING HIGH.

A physician ordered a patient to live higher (i. e. more freely): the poor man mistook the doctor, and removed to the garret, where, unfortunately, he expired before his next visit.

NEGRO WIT.

A West Indian, with a remarkably fiery nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro-boy, who was in waiting, observed a mosquito hovering round his face. Quashi eyed the insect very attentively; at last he saw him alight on his master's nose, and immediately fly off. "Ah, d—n your heart," exclaimed the negro, "me d—n glad to see you burn your foot."

SINCERITY VERSUS MANNERS

Mr. Fox, on his canvass, having solicited a tradesman for his vote, the blunt elector replied, "I cannot give you my support; I admire your abilities, but d—n your principles!" Mr. Fox instantly retorted, "My friend, I applaud your sincerity, but d—n your manners."

MODERN CRITICISM.

When Churchill's Prophecy of Famine made its appearance, the sale was rather dull. Meeting his publisher in the pit of one of the theatres, Churchill asked him if he heard how it sold. The other told him the sale was extensive since the Reviewers d—ned it. "Aye," says the poet, "that is fulfilling the Scripture, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings I have ordained strength.'"

CUTTING MISTAKE.

A Frenchman, on landing at Dover, went into a barber's shop to be shaved. The poor man's cheeks were so much collapsed, that the barber was under the necessity of thrusting his fingers into his customer's mouth to assist the operation. "O mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman, whilst the barber was dashing away, "me be damnably cut." "Confound your thin lantern jaws," replied Strop, "I have cut my fingers cursedly through your cheek."

THE TYTHE HEART.

A witty divine received an invitation to dinner written on the ten of hearts, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune; on which the gentleman thought he had now a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes: he wrote therefore, the following lines on the same card:—

"Your compliments, lady, I pray you forbear,
For old English service is much more sincere;
You've sent me ten hearts, but the tythe's only mine,
So give me one heart, and take back t'other nine."

CHRISTIAN FORGIVENESS.

A Cantab having been affronted by the mayor, who was a butcher, resolved to take an opportunity

of being even with him; accordingly, when it came to his turn to preach before the corporation, in the prayer before the sermon he made use of the following expressions: "And since, O Lord! thou hast commanded us to pray for our enemies, *hasten we beseech thee for the right worshipful the mayor: give him the strength of Sampson, and the courage of David; that he may knock down sin like an ox, and cut the throat of iniquity like a sucking-calf; and let his horn be exalted above his brethren.*"

FAMILY WIT.

The celebrated Lady Wallace, when a very young girl, was romping near a mill-dam, and had often very incautiously approached the brink of the water, when her mother called to her—"For God's sake, girl, be more cautious, or you will most certainly tumble into the water and be drowned."—"I'll be damn'd if I do, mamma," replied the young punster. "Oh child," remarked her mother, "that wit of yours will one day prove your ruin."—"I'm sure, then, it won't be *mother-wit*," retorted the minx.

DANGEROUS PRIZE

An Irishman purchased the sixteenth of a lottery ticket, for which he paid a guinea and a half. In a few days it came up a prize of twenty pounds, and on application at the lottery office, he received three-and-twenty shillings for his share. "Well," says Pat, "I'm glad it's no worse; as it was but a *twenty pound*, I have only lost *eight and sixpence*; but if it had been a *twenty thousand* I must have been ruined."

LAWYERS' WIGS.

A late attorney-general receiving a client, who was intimate with him, in his library, the gentleman expressed surprise at the number of wigs that were hanging up. "Yes, there are several," replies the lawyer; "*that*," pointing to a scratch, is my common business wig; *that* my chancery wig; *that* my house of lords wig; and *that* my court wig." "And pray, Sir, where is your *honest man's wig*?" "O," replied the lawyer, "that's not professional."

SCOTCH TENACITY.

When the affair of Lord Melville was brought forward in the House of Commons, a gentleman mentioned in company that his Lordship had quitted his place. "Did you ever," said a lady present, "hear of a Scotchman quitting his place?" "Yes, Madam," replied the gentleman, "his native place."

IRISH ECONOMY.

An Irish officer having lost a parcel of silk stockings, sent a bellman about to offer a reward for them, which was so small, that a friend observed he could not expect to recover them; "Ah! by J—," says Paddy, "I advertised them as worsted ones."

"THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS."

A doctor coming to see his patient, inquired if he had followed his prescription. "No, truly, Doctor," said the man, "If I had, I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of a two-pair of stairs window."

ROYAL PREROGATIVE.

George the First complained, on his arrival in England, that the people did not understand property. "This is a strange country," said his Majesty, "the first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out at the window, and saw a park with walks; a canal, &c. which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a brace of carp out of my canal; and I was told, I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp out of my own canal, in my own park!"

NOTE OF INTERROGATION.

Mr. Pope, sneering at the ignorance of a young man, asked him if he knew what an interrogation was? "Yes, Sir," said he, "tis a little crooked thing that asks questions."

ONE TOO MANY.

A Quaker, remarkable for his gallantry to the fair sex, was one day walking with a handsome young lady, who remarked to him, that the cat of the day

was oppressive; on which the Quaker recommended her to throw off a petticoat. The lady replied, "Between you and I, friend, I have but one on." "And between thee and me," replied Broad Brim, "even that is one too many."

AN EQUIVALENT.

When Quin was one day lamenting his growing old, a pert young fellow asked him what he would now give to be as young as he. "I would be content," replied Quin, "to be as foolish."

THE MISER'S DEATH-BED.

The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him.—"I leave my second son, Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds." "Ah! father," cried Simon, (in great affliction to be sure) "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter." "Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself."

GOLDSMITH

ONLY BELIEVE HALF A REPORT.

When Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, once met Lord Chesterfield in the rooms at Bath, they began to talk of the company present, and the lady was very communicative in her narrative of things said of Lady Caroline, Miss Langnisness, &c. &c. and concluded by remarking, "Yet much of this may be scandal; for, do you know, my lord, that since I was lately confined to my chamber by illness, they have spread an infamous report of my being brought to bed of twins." "O, my dear

lady. do not be uneasy," replied the peer, "for my part, I have long made up my mind only to believe half of what the town says."

LACONIC LETTER AND ANSWER.

Lord Bulkeley, on the morning subsequent to his marriage, communicated his happiness to his friend the Duke of Dorset in the following laconic epistle:

"Dear Dorset,

I am the happiest dog alive.

Yours, Bulkeley."

To which the answer was,

"Dear Bulkeley,

Every dog has his day.

Yours, Dorset."

AN EYE KNOCKED OUT.

Mr. Curran, the late celebrated Irish advocate, was walking one day with a friend, who was extremely punctilious in his conversation; hearing a person near him say curiosity for curiosity, he exclaimed, "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad," replied Curran, "he has only knocked an I out."

IRISH HAND BILL.

This is to certify, that I Daniel O'Flanagan, am not the person that was tarred and feathered by the Liberty Mob on Tuesday last; and that I am ready to give twenty guineas to any one that will bet me fifty that I am the other man who goes by my name. Witness my hand, this 30th July.

DANIEL O'FLANAGHAN

LONDON CLUBS, in 1760.

The first club I entered, upon coming to town, was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely suited to my taste; I was a lover of mirth, good-humour, and even sometimes of fun, from my childhood.

As no other passport was requisite but the payment of two shillings at the door, I introduced myself without farther ceremony to the members, who were already assembled, and had for some time begun upon business. The Grand, with a

mallet in his hand, presided at the head of the table. I could not avoid, upon my entrance, making use of all my skill in physiognomy, in order to discover that superiority of genius in men who had taken a title so superior to the rest of mankind. I expected to see the lines of every face marked with strong thinking; but though I had some skill in this science, I could for my life discover nothing but a pert simper, fat, or profound stupidity.

My speculations were soon interrupted by the Grand, who had knocked down Mr. Spriggins for a song. I was, upon this, whispered by one of the company who sat next me, that I should now see something touched off to a nicety, for Mr. Spriggins was going to give us Mad Tom in all its glory. Mr. Spriggins endeavoured to excuse himself; for, as he was to act a madman and a king, it was impossible to go through the part properly without a crown and chains. His excuses were over-ruled by a great majority, and with much vociferation. The president ordered up the jack-chain, and, instead of a crown, our performer covered his brow with an inverted jordan. After he had rattled the chain, and shook his head, to the great delight of the whole company, he began his song. As I have heard few young fellows offer to sing in company that did not expose themselves, it was no great disappointment to me to find Mr. Spriggins among the number; however, not to seem an odd fish, I rose from my seat in rapture, cried out, Bravo! Encore! and slapped the table as loud as any of the rest.

The gentleman who sat next me seemed highly pleased with my taste and the ardour of my approbation; and whispering told me that I had suffered an immense loss; for, had I come a few minutes sooner, I might have heard Gee-ho Dobbin sung in a tip-top manner by the pimple-nosed spirit at the president's right elbow; but he was craped before I came.

As I was expressing my uneasiness at this disappointment, I found the attention of the company employed upon a fat figure, who, with a voice more

rough than the Staffordshire giant's, was giving us "The Softly Sweet, in Lydian measure," of Alexander's Feast. After a short pause of admiration, to this succeeded a Welch dialogue, with the humours of Teague and Tuffy; after that came on Old Jack-in, with a story between every stanza; next was sung the Dast-cart, and then Solomon's song. The glass began now to circulate pretty freely; those who were silent when sober, would now be heard in their turn; every man had his song, and he saw no reason why he should not be heard as well as any of the rest: one begged to be heard while he gave Death and the Lady in high taste; another sung to a plate which he kept trundling on the edges; nothing was now heard but singing; voice rose above voice, and the whole became one universal shout, when the landlord came to acquaint the company that the reckoning was drunk out. Rabelais calls the moments in which a reckoning is mentioned the most melancholy of our lives. Never was so much noise so quickly quelled, as by this short but pathetic action of our landlord. Drunk out! was echoed in a tone of discontent round the table: drunk out already! that was very odd! that so much punch could be drunk out already! impossible! The landlord, however, seeming resolved not to retreat from his first assurances, the company were dissolved, and a president chosen for the night ensuing.

A friend of mine, to whom I was complaining some time after of the entertainment I have been describing, proposed to bring me to the club that he frequented, which, he fancied, would suit the gravity of my temper exactly. "We have at the Muzzy Club," says he, "no riotous mirth nor awkward rivalry; no confusion or hawling; all is conducted with wisdom and decency: besides, some of our members are worth forty thousand pounds; men of prudence and foresight every one of them: these are the proper acquaintance, and to such I will to-morrow introduce you." I was charmed at the proposal. To be acquainted with men worth forty thousand pounds, and to talk wisdom the whole night, were offers that threw me into rapture.

At seven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by my friend, not indeed to the company; for, though I made my best bow, they seemed insensible of my approach, but to the table at which they were sitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not avoid feeling a secret veneration from the solemnity of the scene before me; the members kept a profound silence, each with a pipe in his mouth and a pewter pot in his hand, and with faces that might easily be construed into absolute wisdom. Happy society! thought I to myself, where the members think before they speak, deliver nothing rashly, but convey their thoughts to each other pregnant with meaning, and matured by reflection.

In this pleasing speculation I continued a full half hour, expecting each moment that somebody would begin to open his mouth; every time the pipe was laid down I expected it was to speak; but it was only to spit. At length, resolving to break the charm myself, and overcome their extreme diffidence, (for to this I imputed their silence) I rubbed my hands, and, looking as wise as possible, observed that the nights began to grow a little coolish at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to none of the company in particular, none thought himself obliged to answer; wherefore I continued still to rub my hands and look wise. My next effort was addressed to a gentleman who sat next me, to whom I observed, that the beer was extremely good: my neighbour made no reply, but by a large puff of tobacco smoke.

I now began to be uneasy at this dumb society, till one of them a little relieved me by observing, that bread had not risen these three weeks. "Ay," says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth, "that puts me in mind of a pleasant story about that—hem—very well; you must know—but, before I begin—Sir, my service to you—where was I?"

My next club goes by the name of the Harmonical Society; probably from that love of order and friendship which every person commends in institutions of this nature. The landlord was himself founder. The money spent is four pence each; and they sometimes whip for a double reckoning. To

this club few recommendations are requisite, except the introductory four pence and my landlord's good word, which, as he gains by it, he never refuses.

We all here talked and belabored as every body else usually does on his club-night; we discussed the topic of the day, drank each others healths, snuffed the candles with our fingers, and filled our pipes from the same plate of tobacco. The company saluted each other in the common manner. Mr. Bellows-mender hoped Mr. Curry-comb-maker had not caught cold going home the last club-night; and he returned the compliment by hoping that young Master Bellows-mender had got well again of the chin-cough. Doctor Twist told us a story of a parliament-man with whom he was intimately acquainted; while a bug man, at the same time, was telling a pretty story of a noble lord, with whom he could do any thing. A gentleman in a black wig and leather breeches, at the other end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the Ghost in Cock-lane: he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to some that sat next him, who could not read. Near him Mr. Dibbins was disputing on the old subject of religion with a Jew pedlar over the table, while the president in vain knocked down Mr. Leathersides for a song. Besides the combinations of these voices, which I could hear altogether, and which formed an upper part to the concert, there were several others playing under-parts by themselves, and endeavouring to fasten on some luckless neighbour's ear, who was himself bent upon the same design against some other.

We have often heard of the speech of a corporation, and this induced me to transcribe a speech of this club, taken in short-hand, word for word, as it was spoken by every member of the company. It may be necessary to observe, that the man who told of the ghost had the loudest voice, and the longest story to tell, so that his continuing narrative filled every chasm in the conversation.

"So, Sir, d'ye perceive me, the ghost giving three loud raps at the bed-post—Says my lord to me, my dear Smokeum, you know there is no man upon the face of the yearth for whom I have so

high—A damnable false heretical opinion of all sound doctrine and good learning; for I'll tell it aloud, and spare not that—Silence for a song; Mr. Leathersides for a song—As I was a walking upon the highway, I met a young damsel—Thru what brings you here? says the parson to the ghost—Sanconiathon, Manetho, and Berosus—The whole way from Islington-turnpike to Doghouse-bar—Dam—As for Abel Dragger, Sir, he's dam'd low in it; my 'prentice boy has more of the gentleman than he—For murder will out one time or another; and none but a ghost, you know, gentlemen, can—Damme if I don't; for my friend, whom you know, gentlemen, and who is a parliament-man, a man of consequence, a dear honest creature, to be sure; we were laughing last night at—Death and damnation upon all his posterity by simply barely tasting—Sour grapes, as the fox said once, when he could not reach them; and I'll, I'll tell you a story about that, that will make you burst your sides with laughing: A fox once—Will no body listen to the song—As I was a walking upon the highway, I met a young damsel both buxom and gay—No ghost, gentlemen, can be murdered: nor did I ever hear but of one ghost killed in all my life, and that was stabbed in the belly with a—My blood and soul if I don't—Mr. Bellows-mender, I have the honour of drinking your very good health—Blame me if I do—dam—blood—bugs—fire—whizz—tit—rat—trip"—The rest all riot, nonsense, and rapid confusion.

The last club in which I was enrolled a member was a society of moral philosophers, as they called themselves, who assembled twice a week in order to shew the absurdity of the present mode of religion, and establish a new one in its stead.

I found the members very warmly disputing when I arrived; not indeed about religion or ethics, but about who had neglected to lay down his preliminary six-pence upon entering the room. The president swore that he had laid his own down, and so swore all the company.

During this contest, I had an opportunity of observing the laws and also the members of the

society. The president, who had been, as I was told, lately a bankrupt, was a tall, pale figure, with a long black wig; the next to him was dressed in a long white wig, and a black cravat; a third, by the whiteness of his complexion, seemed a native of America; and a fourth, by his hue, appeared to be a blacksmith. But their rules will give the most correct idea of their learning and principles.

I. We being a laudable society of moral philosophers, intends to dispute twice a week about religion and priestcraft. Leaving behind us old tales, and following good learning and sound sense; and if so be, that any other persons has a mind to be of the society, they shall be entitled so to do, upon paying the sum of three shillings, to be spent by the company in punch.

II. That no member get drunk before nine of the clock, upon pain of forfeiting three-pence, to be paid by the company in punch.

III. That, as members are sometimes apt to go away without paying, every person shall pay six-pence upon his entering the room; and all disputes shall be settled by a majority; and all fines shall be paid in punch.

IV. That six-pence shall be every night given to the president, in order to buy books of learning for the good of the society. The president has already expended himself to a good deal of expence in buying books, particularly the works of Tully, Socrates, and Cicero, which he will soon read to the society.

V. All them who brings a new argument against religion, and who, being a philosopher, and a man of learning, as the rest of us is, shall be admitted to the freedom of the society, upon paying six-pence, to be spent in punch.

VI. Whenever we are to have an extraordinary meeting, it shall be advertised by some outlandish name in the newspapers.

SAUNDERS MAC WILD, president.

ANTHONY BLEWIT, vice-president,
his † mark.

WILLIAM TURPIN, secretary

GOLDENROSE.

VALUABLE ACQUISITION.

A gentleman having a pead that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighbouring squire told him he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No," says the other, "I will not sell the little fellow, because I intend to marry again."

GENTLE ECONOMY.

A lady whose taste equalled her economy, was under the necessity of asking a friend to dinner; the following is an actual copy of the bill of fare, with the expence of each dish.

	£	s.	d.
Top.—Two herrings	0	0	2.
Middle.—1½ ounce butter melted	0	0	1½
Bottom.—3 mutton chops cut very thin	0	0	4½
One side.—1lb. of small potatoes	0	0	1
Opposite.—Pickled cabbage	0	0	0½
Fish removed.—2 larks roasted, plenty of crumbs	0	0	3
Mutton removed.—French roll boiled for pudding.	0	0	1
Parsley for garnish	0	0	0½
	<hr/>		
	0	1	2

The dinner was served up on China; looked tasty and pretty; the table small and well proportioned: it is worth knowing how to serve up seven dishes, consisting of fish, meat, fowls, pudding, vegetables, and sauce, for fourteen pence.

JUDGE BARNET.

Judge Barnet, son of the famous Bishop (when young,) is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humour, "What is the matter with you, Tom?" said the Bishop; "what are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your Lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Ay! what is that?" asked the father. "The reformation of myself, my Lord," replied the son.

GOOD EYES.

As the late old Lord Nugent was riding out in the coach of the Duchess of Kingston, whose family he well knew, and whose prudery he liked to expose, he put his head out of the window, on the Surrey side of the Thames, and after looking earnestly for some time, exclaimed, "Good God, that I should live to see this!" "Why, my lord! what is it that you see?" rejoined the duchess, casting her eyes the same way. "Why, my lady, a group of women bathing at broad noon day!" "Women," said she, looking more inquisitively; "Why, my lord, they are all men!" "Well," replied his lordship, "it may be so; for your grace's eyesight is much better than mine!"

INSCRIPTION FOR AN APOTHECARY

The following was, in consequence of an evening's frolic, inscribed by some wags of Oxford, over an apothecary's door:

*Hic venditur
Catharticum, Emeticum, Narcoticum,
Et omne quon exiit in um
Præter,
Remedium.*

GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE

Swift preached an assize sermon, and in the course of it was severe upon the lawyers for pleading against their consciences. After dinner a young counsel said some severe things upon the clergy, and did not doubt were the devil to die; a parson might be found to preach his funeral sermon. "Yes," said Swift: "I would, and would give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning."

ANTIPATHIES.

A gentleman, who for some misdemeanor had been expelled the House of Commons, one day meeting with Archbishop Tillotson, cried out, "I hate to see an atheist in the shape of a churchman!" "And I," replied the good bishop, "hate to see a knave in any shape."

THE TRAGIC BARBER.

A hair-dresser, in a considerable town, once made an unsuccessful attempt in tragedy. To silence an abundant hissing, he stepped forward with the following speech: "Ladies and gentlemen, yesterday I dressed you; to-night I address you; and to-morrow, if you please, I will redress you. While there is virtue in powder, pomatum, and horse-tail, I find it is easier to make an actor than to be one. *Vive la bugatelle!*"

PARISH RECORD.

In the church-books of Tewkesbury, which have been preserved for a long time back, are the following entries: "A. D. 1578. *Payd for players six sheep skins for Christ's garment.*" And in an inventory recorded in the same book, 1585, are the words: "*And order eight heads of hair for the aples, and ten beards, and a face or visor for the devil.*"

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK

A Miser traversing his house,
Espy'd, unusual there, a Mouse,
And thus his uninvited guest
Inquisitively he address:
"Tell me, Sir Mouse, to what cause is it,
"I owe this unexpected visit?"
The Mouse her host obliquely ey'd,
And, smiling, pleasantly reply'd,
"Fear not, Old Square Toss, for your house
"I came to lodge—and not to board!"

DR. JOHNSON AND MILLAR.

When Dr. Johnson had finished the copy of his Dictionary, which had wearied Millar, the bookseller exceedingly, the latter sent the following note to the doctor:—"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the sheet of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks for what he has done with him." The doctor sent the following brief reply: "Dr. Samuel Johnson sends his compliments to Andrew Millar; he has received the note, and is happy to find, that Andrew Millar is the grace to thank God for any thing."

LETTER FROM A "FIRST-FLOOR LODGER."

There are two lodged together.—SHAKESPEARE:

Nec hospes ab hospite tutus.—OVID.

"An Englishman's house is his castle"—I grant; but, for his lodging, a comparison remains to be had. An Englishman's house may be his castle; but that can only be where he consents to keep the key of it. Of all earthly alliances and partnerships into which mortal man is capable of being treasured, that which induces two interests to place themselves within four walls, is decidedly the most holy. It so happens that, throughout my life, I have had occasion only for half a house, and, from motives of economy, have been unwilling to pay rent for a whole one; but—there can be, on earth, I find, no resting-place for him who is so unhappy as to have only "half a house!" In the course of the eight years, I have occupied one hundred and thirty-three different lodgings, running the gauntlet through all London and Westminster, and better than I can remember, the "out-parishes" excepted! As two "removes are as bad as a fire, it follows that I have gone 71 times and a half through the horrors of conflagration! And, in every place where I have lived, it has been my fate to be domiciled in a monster! But my voice shall be heard, as a shout upon the house-top, crying out until I find rest. I have been ten days already in the abode where I now write from, so I can't, in reason, look to be more than three or four more. I hear people speak of "the grave" as a lodging (at worst) that a man is "sure of;" but, if there be one resurrection—alive when I die, as sure as quarter-day, I shall be taken up again.

The first trial I endured when I came to London, in making the tour of all the boarding-houses—being deluded, I believe, *seriatim*, by every persuasive form of "advertisements."

Next, I was tried, by the pretence modest—this appeared in *The Times* all the year round. "Desirable circle"—"Airy situation"—"Limited number of guests"—"Every attention"—and "no children."

Next, was the commanding—at the very "head and front" of *The Morning Post*. "Vicinity of the fashionable squares!"—"Two persons, to increase society"—"Family of condition"—and "Terms, at Mr. Sams's, the bookseller's."

Then came the irresistible. "Widow of an officer of rank"—"Unprotected early in life"—"Desirous to extend family circle"—"Flatters herself," &c.

Moonshine all together!

"Desirable circle"—A bank clerk, and five daughters who wanted husbands. Brandy and water after supper, and booby from Devonshire snapt up before my eyes. Little boy too in the family, that belonged to a sister who "had died." I hate scandal; but I never could find out where *that* sister had been buried.

"Fashionable square"—The fire, to the frying-pan! The worst item—(on consideration)—in all my experience. Dishes without meat, and beds without blankets. "Terms," "two hundred guineas a-year," and surcharges for night-candle. And, as for dinner! as I am a Yorkshireman, I never knew what it meant while I was in Manchester Square!

I have had two step-mothers, and I was six months at Mrs. Tickletoby's preparatory school, and I never saw a woman since I was born cut meat like Lady Catharine Skinflint! There was a transparency about her slice which (after a good luncheon) one could pause to look at. She would cover you a whole plate with fillet of veal and ham, and not increase the weight of it half an ounce.

And then the Misses Skinflints—for knowledge of anatomy—their cutting up a fowl!—In the puniest half-starved chicken that ever broke the heart of a brood hen to look at, they would find you side-bone, pinion, drumstick, liver, gizzard, rump, and merry-thought; and, even beyond this critical acquaintance with all admitted and apocryphal divisions and distinctions, I have caught the eldest of them actually inventing new joints, that, even in speculation, never before existed!

I now understand the meaning of the Persian salutation—"May your shadow never be less!" I lost mine entirely in about a fortnight that I staid at Lady Skinfint's.

Two more hosts took me "at livery" (besides the "widow" of the "officer of rank")—an apothecary, who made patients of his boarders, and an attorney, who looked for clients among them. I got away from the medical gentleman rather hastily, for I found that the pastry-cook who served the house was his brother; and the lawyer was so pressing about discounts, and "investments of property," that I never ventured to sign my name, even to a washing-bill, during the few days I was in his house: On the quitting which, I took courage, and resolved to become my own provider, and hired a "First Floor," accordingly ("unfurnished") in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury Square.

"Mutatio loci, non ingenii."

The premier coup of my new career amounted to an escape. I ordered a *carte blanche* outfit from an upholsterer of Piccadilly, determined to have my apartments unexceptionable before I entered them; and discovered, after a hundred pounds laid out in painting, decorating, and curtain fitting, that the "ground landlord" had certain claims which would be liquidated when my property "went in."

This miscarriage made me so cautious, that, before I could choose again, I was the sworn horror of every auctioneer and house-agent (so called) in London. I refused twenty offers, at least, because they had the appearance of being "great bargains." Eschewed all houses, as though they had the plague, in which I found that "single gentlemen were preferred." Was threatened with three actions of defamation for questioning the solvency of persons in business. And, at length, was so lucky as to hit upon a really desirable mansion! The "family" perfectly respectable; but had "more room" than was necessary for them. Demanded the "strictest references," and accepted no inmate for "less than a year." Into this most unexceptionable abode I

conveyed myself and my property. Sure I had stay for ever, and doubted whether I ought to secure it at once for ten years instead of one. As before I had been settled in the house three quarters of an hour, I found that the chimneys—every one of them! smoked from the top to the bottom. There was guilt in the landlord's eye, the moment the first puff drove me out of my drawing-room, I made an effort to say something like "damp day" but the "amen" stuck in his throat. He could not say "amen" when I did cry "God bless us!" The whole building, from the kitchen to the garret, was infected with the malady. I had noticed the dark complexions of the family, and had concluded they were from the West Indies,—they were smothered!

"Blow high, blow low!"

I suffered six weeks under excuses, knowing it to be humbug all the while. For a whole month was "the wind;" but I saw "the wind" twice round the compass, and found, blow which way it would, it still blew down my chimney. Then we came to "Cures." First, there were alterations at the top—new chimney-pots, cowls, hovers—and making the thing worse. Then we tried at the bottom—grates reset, and flues contracted—still no purpose. Then we came to burning charcoal; in four days I was in a decline. Then we kept doors and windows open; and in one day I got rid of the rheumatism. And in spite of doors or windows, blowers, registers, or Count Rumford—caution in putting on coals, or mathematical management of poker—down the chimney would come the very faces,—poof! poof!—as if in derision! I prayed Heaven that smoke had life and being, I might commit murder on it at once, and be hanged; and, at length, after throwing every noble I could command at the grate and the chimney by turns, and paying "no cure no pay" doctors dozens, who did nothing but make dirt and mischief, I sent for a respectable surveyor, paid him for his opinion beforehand, and heard that the fault lay

chimneys was "radical," and not to be remedied without pulling the house down!

I paid my twelvemonth's rent, and wished only that my landlord might live through his lease. I heard afterwards, that he had himself been imposed upon; and that the house, from the first fire ever kindled in it, had been a scandal to the neighbourhood. But whole volumes would not suffice to enumerate the variety of wretchedness—and smoky chimneys the very least of them!—which drove me a second time to change my plan of life; the numberless lodgings that I lived in; and the inconveniences, greater or lesser, attending each. In one place, my servants quarrelled with the servants of "the people of the house." In another, "the people of the house's" servants quarrelled with mine. Here, my housekeeper refused to stay, because "the place was damp." There, my footman begged I should "provide myself," as there were "rats in his closet." Then somebody fell over a pail of water, left upon "my stairs;" and "my maid" declared, it was "the other maid" had put it there. Then the cats fought; and I was assured that mine had given the first scratch. On the whole, the disasters were so manifold, and always ending to my discomfort,—for the lady of the mansion would scold me,—I never could get the gentleman to be satisfied, (and so concluded the controversy by striking him down stairs,)—that seeing one clear advantage maintained by the ground-possessor, viz. that I, when we squabbled, was obliged to vacate, and he remained where he was, I resolved, once for all, to turn the tables upon mankind at large, and become a "landlord," and a "housekeeper," in my immediate person.

"Sir, the grey goose hath laid an egg.—Sir, the barn doth need repair.—The cook sweareth, the fire doth burn at the fire.—John Thomas is in the dock; and every thing stays on your arrival."

I would not advise any single gentleman hastily to conclude that he is in distress. Bachelors are discontented, and take wives; footmen are ambitious, and take eating-houses. What does either party

gain by the change? "We know," the wise man has said, "what we are; but we know not what we may be."

In estimating the happiness of householders, I had imagined all tenants to be like myself—mild, forbearing, punctual, and contented; but I "kept house" three years, and was never out of hot water the whole time! I did manage, after some trouble, to get fairly into a creditable mansion—just missing one, by a stroke of fortune, which had a brazier's shop at the back of it, and was always shewn at hours when the workmen were gone to dinner—and sent a notice to the papers, that a bachelor of sober habits, having "a larger residence than he wanted," would dispose of half of it to a family of respectability. But the whole world seemed to be, and I think is, in a plot to drive me out of my senses. In the first ten days of my new dignity, I was visited by about twenty tax-gatherers, half of them with claims that I had never heard of, and the other half with claims exceeding my expectations. The householder seemed to be the minister's very milch cow—the positive scape-goat of the whole community! I was called on for house-tax, window-tax, land-tax, servant's-tax! Poor's-rate, sewers-rate! I had to pay for watering streets on which other people walked—for lighting lamps which other people saw by—for maintaining watchmen who slept all night—and for building churches that I never went into. And—I never knew that the country was taxed till that moment!—these were but a few of the "dues" to be sheared off from me. There was the clergyman of the parish, whom I never saw, sent to me at Easter for "an offering." There was the charity-school of the parish, solicited "the honour" of my "subscription and support." One scoundrel came to inform me that I was drawn for the militia; and offered to "get me off," on payment of a sum of money. Another rascal insisted that I was "chosen constable;" and actually brought the insignia of office to my door. Then I had petitions to read (in writing) from all the people who chose to be in distress—personal beggars, who pene-

trated into my parlour, to send to Bridewell, or otherwise get rid of. Windows were broken, and "nobody" had "done it." The key of the street-door was lost, and "nobody" had "had it." Then my cook stopped up the kitchen "sink;" and the bricklayers took a month to open it. Then my gutter ran over, and flooded my neighbour's garret; and I was served with notice of an action for dilapidation.

And, at Christmas!—Oh! it was no longer dealing with ones and twos!—The whole hundred, on the day after that festival, rose up, by concert, to devour me!

Dustmen, street-keepers, lamplighters, turncocks, —postmen, beadles, scavengers, chimney-sweeps—the whole *pecus* of parochial servitorship was at my gate before eleven at noon.

Then the "waits" came—two sets!—and fought which should have "my bounty." Rival patrols disputed whether I did or did not lie within their "beat." At one time there was a doubt as to which, of two parishes, I belonged to; and I fully expected that (to make sure) I should have been visited by the collectors from both! Meantime the knocker groaned, until very evening, under the dull, stunning, single thumps—each villain would have struck, although it had been upon the head of his own grandfather!—of bakers, butchers, tallowchandlers, grocers, fishmongers, poulterers, and oilmen! Every ruffian who made his livelihood by swindling me through the whole year, thought himself entitled to a peculiar benefaction (for his robberies) on this day. And "Host! Now by my life I scorn the name!"

All this was child's play—*bagatelle*, I protest, and "perfumed," to what I had to go through in the "letting off" of my dwelling! The swarm of crocodiles that assailed me, on every fine day—three-fourths of them, to avoid an impending shower, or to pass away a stupid morning—in the shape of stale dowagers, city coxcombs, "professional gentlemen," and "single ladies!" And all (except a few that

were swindlers) finding something wrong about my arrangements! Gil Blas' mule, which was nothing but faults, never had half so many faults as my house at Carlton Palace, if it were to be "let" to-morrow would be objected to by a tailor. One man found my rooms "too small;" another thought them rather "too large;" a third wished that they had been loftier; a fourth, that there had been more of them. One lady hinted a sort of doubt, "whether the neighbourhood was quite respectable;" another asked "If I had any children;" and, then, "whether I would bind myself not to have any during her stay." Two hundred, after detaining me an hour, had called only "for friends." Ten thousand went through the particulars, and would "call again to-morrow." At last there came a lady who gave the *coup de-grace* to my "house-keeping," she was a clergyman's widow, she said, from Somersetshire—if she had been an "officer's," I had suspected her; but, in an evening hour, I let her in; and—she had come for the express purpose of marrying me!

Every reader who has bowels, will yearn for my situation.

Nolo conjugari!

I exclaimed in agony; but what could serve again the ingenuity of woman? She seduced me—escape was hopeless—morning, noon, and night! She heard a mouse behind the wainscot, and I was called in to scare it. Her canary bird got loose—would I be so good as to catch it? I fell sick, but was soon glad to get well again; for she sent five times a day to ask if I was better; besides pouring in plates of *blanc-mange*, jellies, cordials, raspberry vinegar, fruits fresh from the country, and hasty-pudding made by her own hand. And at last, after I had resisted all the constant borrowing of books, the eternal interchange of newspapers, and the daily repair of crow-quills, the opinions upon wine, the correction of hackney coachmen, and the recommendation of a barber to the poodle dog;—at last—Oh! the devil take all wrinkled stair carpets, stray pattens, and bl

of orange-peel dropped upon the ground! Mrs. F—— sprained her ankle, and fell down at my very drawing-room door!

All the women in the house were bribed—there was not one of them in the way! My footman, my only safeguard—was sent off that minute for a doctor!—I was *not* married; for so much, let Providence be praised!

Animus meminisse horret.

I can't go through the affair! But, about six months after, I presented Mrs. F—— with my house, and every thing in it, and determined never again—as a man's only protection against female cupidity—to possess even a pair of small clothes that I could legally call my own.

Ultimum Supplicium.

This resolution compelled me to shelter myself in "furnished lodgings," where the most of accommodation, (sublunary!) after all, I believe is to be found. I had sad work, as you may imagine, to find my way at first. Once I ventured to inhabit (as there was no board in the case) with a surgeon. But, what between the patients and the resurrection men, the "night bell" was intolerable; and he ordered the watchman too, I found, to pull it privately, six or seven times a-week, in order to improve the neighbourhood with an opinion of his practice. From one place I was driven away by a music master, who gave concerts opposite to me; and, a second, after two days abiding, I found that a madman was confined on the second floor! Two times I left, because my hostesses made love to me. Three, because parrots were kept in the streets. Four, because a cock (who would crow all night) came to live in a yard at the back of me; and another, in which I had staid two months (and should perhaps have remained till now) because a boy of eight years old—there is to me no earthly pleasure so utterly intolerable as a boy of eight years old!—came home from school "to pass the holidays." I had thoughts, I don't care who knows it—of taking him off by poison; and bought two raspberry tarts, to give him arsenic in, as I met him on the stairs,

where he was, up and down, all day. As it is I have sent an order to Seven Dials, to have an "early delivery" of all the "Dying Speeches" for the next ten years. I did this, in order that I may know when he is hanged—a fact I wish particularly to ascertain, because his father and I had an altercation about it.

Experience, however, gives lights; and a "furnished lodging" is the best arrangement among the bad. I had seven transitions last month, but that was owing to accidents; a man who chooses well may commonly stay a fortnight in a place. Indeed, as I said in the beginning, I have been ten days where I am; and I don't, up to this moment, see clearly what point I shall go away upon. The mistress of the house entertains a pet monkey—failing all issue of her own; and I have got a new footman, who, I understand, plays upon the fiddle. The matter, I suspect, will lie between these two.

I am most nervous myself about the monkey. He broke loose the other day. I saw him escape over the next garden wall, and drop down by the side of a middle-aged gentleman, who was setting polyanthuses! The respectable man, as was prudent, took refuge in a summer-house; and then he pulled up all the polyanthuses; and then tried to get in at the summer-house window! I think that—

Eh!—Why, what the deuce is all this?—Why, the room is full of smoke!—Why, what the devil—Thomas [*I ring the bell violently*]. Thomas!—[*I call my new footman.*]—Tho-o-mas!—Why, some rascal has set the house on fire.

Enter THOMAS.

Indeed no, your honour—indeed—no—it's only the chimney

The chimney! you dog!—get away this moment and put it out.—Stay!—Thomas!—The villain's gone!—Come back, I say,—what chimney is it?

Thomas. Only the kitchen chimney, sir.

Only the kitchen chimney! you rascal, how did you do it?

Thomas. I was only tuning my fiddle, your honour; and Mary, housemaid, flung the rosin in the fire.

His fiddle!—The wretch, I knew it would happen.
—Where's the landlord, sirrah?

Thomas. He's not at home, sir?

Where's his wife?

Thomas. She's in fits, sir.

You scoundrel, you'll be hanged, to a certainty!
—There's a statute for you, cauld! there is.—Come, sir,—come—strip, and go up the chimney directly.—Strip! or I'll kill you with the toasting fork, and bury your body in the dust-hole.

[Enter the cat with a tail as thick as my arm, galloping round the room.]

Zounds and death, what's to be done?—My life's not insured!—I must get out of the house. [Rattling, of wheels, and cries of "Fire!" in the street.] Oh, the devil! here comes the parish engine, and as many thieves with it as might serve six parishes!—Shut the doors, below, I say. [Calling down stairs.] Don't let 'em in.—Thomas!—the house will be gutted from top to bottom!—Thomas!—Where is that rascally servant of mine!—Thomas! [Calling in all directions.]—I—I must see, myself.

[Scene changes to the kitchen. The housemaid in hysterics under the dresser.]

Pooh! what a smell of sulphur!—Thomas!—Thomas!—Thomas! I remember it was on a Friday I hired him!—Thomas!—[I find him in the jacket.]—Take a wet blanket, you rascal, and get through the garret window. Crawl up the tiles, you wretch, and muffle the chimney-pot!

Madam!—[The landlady clings round my neck.]—Madam!—for Heaven's sake!—There is no danger, I assure you.—[She clings tighter.]—Or, if there is, we had better embrace after it's over.—You'll "die by me?"—No, no; not for the world.—Throw some pails of water on the grate, for Heaven's sake!—Damn the monkey! how he gets between one's legs! Thomas! Thomas!—[The tumult increases.] Thomas!

Thomas.—[Down the chimney.]—Sir!

One more peep [I run up stairs] from the window.—Hark, how they knock without!—Rat-tat-tat!

As I live, here are a dozen engines, fifty firemen, and four thousand fools!—I must be off!—Thomas!—[He enters.]—I must escape.—Thomas! I'll sepulchre you—but not yet.—Shew me the back-door.

Thomas.—There is none, sir.—I've been trying to get out myself.

No back-door!

[Enter the Cook, with the monkey on her back. The knocking continues.]

Cook. Oh laws, sir! We shall all be destructed, sir!—Oh laws! where is your honour's double-barrelled gun?

My gun?—up stairs. What d'ye want with the gun?

Cook. Oh laws, sir! if it was to be shot off up the chimbley, it would surely put it out.

She's right. Run, Thomas! At the head of the bed. Away with you. Mind—it's loaded—take care what you are about.

There they go!—They have found it.—Now they are down stairs.—Why, zounds! the woman has got the gun!—Take it from her!—He don't hear me.—Thomas!—She's going to fire it, as I live!—Yes, she's sitting down in the grate!—Thomas!—With her body half way up the chimney!—Thomas! Death! the woman's a fool.—Bang! bang! [Report heard.] Ah! there she goes backwards!—its all up! Here comes the soot in cart-loads, all over her!—Thomas! you rascal!—She's killed!—No, egad! she's up and running.—Don't let her come near me.—Margery! Pshaw! What's her name?—She's running towards the street door!—Margery!—Why she's all on fire, and as black as a soot bag!—Why, stop her, I say.—Ah! she gets into the street.—Thomas!—Margery!—Every body! The woman will be burned to death! [Shouts without, and noise of water.] Ha!—[I run to the window.]—Huzzah!—The engines are playing upon her!!!

That infernal footman! he is my fate—and I thought it would be the monkey!

Enter Thomas.

Come in, you sneaking scoundrel,—Is the woman burnt?

Thomas. No, sir,—she's only singed.

Singed! you Beelzebub's bastard!—Curse the monkey—stop him—he's gone off with my gold spectacles!

If you have compassion, hear a man of five-and-forty's prayer! I can't stay here!—where am I to go to?—If you should think—Thomas!—I must get into a hackney coach!—If you should think—Call me a hackney coach, sirrah—and ask the man what he charges for it (d'ye hear) by the week.—If you should think, that there is any chance of my doing well in Edinburgh—I shouldn't like to be above the fifth story, (I understand most of their houses run tea.)—A line, by return would oblige. As I have no home at present, except my hackney coach that I've sent for, I can't say exactly in what place of suffering your letter will find me; but, by addressing to the coffee-house in Rathbone Place, it will somewhere or other come to the hands of

Your very humble servant,
WRINKLETON FIDGET.

THE WIG-BLOCK.

A barber was lately brought before a justice, on a charge of having stolen a wig-block. In his defence, he confessed to the magistrate, that he had no occasion to steal one, as his worship himself knew that the parish abounded with wig-blocks."

SIXES AND SEVENS.

"Be particular to observe that the name on the door is ———."

Morning Chronicle.

It is a point which has often been advanced and contested by the learned, that the world grows worse as it grows older; arguments have been advanced, and treatises written, in support of Horace's opinion.

*Ætas parentum peior avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem.*

The supporters of this idea rest their sentence upon various grounds; they mention the frequency of crim. con. cases, the increase of the poor-rate, the

licentiousness of the press, the celebrity of *rouge et noir*. There is, however, one circumstance corroborative of their judgment, to which we think the public opinion has not yet been sufficiently called. We mean the indisputable fact, that persons of all descriptions are growing ashamed of their own names. We remember that when we were dragged in our childhood to walk with our nurse, we were accustomed to beguile our sense of weariness and disgust by studying the names, which, in their neat brass plates, decorated the doors by which we passed. Now the case is altered! the tradesmen have removed their signs; it is equally true that the gentlemen have removed their names. The simple numerical distinction, which is now alone emblazoned upon the doors of our dwellings, but ill replaces that more gratifying custom, which, in a literal sense, held up great names for our emulation, and made the streets of the metropolis a muster-roll of examples for our conduct.

But a very serious inconvenience is also occasioned by this departure from ancient observances. How is the visitor from the country to discover the patron of his fortunes, the friend of his bosom, or the mistress of his heart, if, in lieu of the above-mentioned edifying brass plates, his eye glances upon the unsatisfactory information contained in 1, 2, or 3? In some cases even this assistance is denied to him, and he wanders upon his dark and comfortless voyage, like an ancient mariner deprived of the assistance of the stars.

Mr. Nichol Loaming, has written a long and eloquent dissertation upon this symptom of degeneracy; and certainly, if the advice "*experto crede*" be of any weight, Mr. Nichol's testimony ought to induce all persons to hang out, upon the exterior of their residences, some more convincing enunciation of their name and calling, than it is at present the fashion to produce.

Nichol came up to town with letters of introduction to several friends of his family, whom it was his duty and wish to discover. But his first adventure so dispirited him, that, after having spent two morn-

ings at a hotel, he set out upon his homeward voyage, and left the metropolis an unexplored region.

He purposed to make his first visit to Sir William Knowell, and having with some difficulty discovered the street to which he had been directed, he proceeded to investigate the doors, in order to find out the object of his search. The doors presented nothing but a blank! He made inquiries; was directed to a house; heard that Sir William was at home, was shown into an empty room, and waited for some time with patience.

The furniture of the house rather surprised him. It was handsomer than he had expected to find it; and on the table were the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Edinburgh Review*, although Sir William was a violent Tory. At length the door opened, and a gentleman made his appearance. Nichol asked, in a studied speech, whether he had the honour to address Sir William Knowell? The gentleman replied, that he believed there had been a little mistake, but that he was an intimate friend of Sir W. Knowell's, and expected him in the course of a few minutes. Nichol resumed his seat, although he did not quite perceive what mistake had taken place. He was unfortunately urged by his evil genius to attempt conversation.

He observed that Sir W. Knowell had a delightful house, and inquired whether the neighbourhood was pleasant. "His next neighbour," said the stranger, with a most incomprehensible smile, "is Sir William Morley." Nichol shook his head; "was surprised to hear Sir William kept such company,—had heard strange stories of Sir W. Morley,—hoped there was no foundation,—indeed had received no good report of the family!—The mother rather weak in the head,—to say the truth under confinement;—the sister a professed coquette,—went off to Gretna last week with a Scotch Officer,—Sir William himself a gambler by habit, a drunkard by inclination;—at present in the King's Bench, without the possibility of an adjustment—"

Here he was stopped by the entrance of an elderly lady leaning on the arm of an interesting girl

of sixteen or seventeen. Upon looking up, Nichol perceived the gentleman he had been addressing rather embarrassed; and "hoped that he had not said any thing which could give offence."—"Not in the least," replied the stranger, "I am more amused by an account of the foibles of Sir W. Morley than any one else can be; and of this I will immediately convince you. Sir William Knowell resides at No. Six—you have stepped by mistake into No. Seven.—Before you leave it, allow me to introduce you to Lady Morley—who is rather weak in the head, and to say the truth under confinement;—to Miss Eliza Morley, a professed coquette, who went off to Gretna last week with a half-pay Officer; finally," (with a very low bow) "to Sir William Morley himself, a gambler by habit, and a drunkard by inclination—who is at present in the King's Bench, without the possibility of an adjustment!"

PROVIDENCE.

The late Lord Holland was one morning condoling with Dr. Campbell on their mutual infirmities, and lamenting the inconveniences to which the want of health subjected mankind, when advanced in years. The door opened, and a contractor entered the room, florid and full of health. They congratulated him on his looks. "Yes," he said, "Providence has been very good to me, for I have never known a moment's sickness in my life." This declaration by no means softened the asperity of Lord Holland's countenance. The contractor saw all was not right, and took his leave. "There now, Campbell, there now," said the angry peer, pointing to the door, "You see what Providence has been about, taking care of that scoundrel's health, forsooth! and not minding what becomes of your dropsical belly, or of my ringworm."

WRITTEN ON A GLASS,

By a Gentleman who borrowed the Earl of Chesterfield's diamond pencil.

Accept a miracle, instead of wit;
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

CHARACTERS AT A COUNTY BALL.

I pity all whom Fate unites
 To vulgar Belles on Gala Nights
 But chiefly him who haply sees
 The day-star of his destinies—
 The Beauty of his fondest dreaming
 Sitting in solitude, and seeming
 To lift her dark capricious eye
 Beneath its fringe reproachingly.
 Alas! one luckless friend is tied
 To a fair Hoyden by his side,
 Who opens, without law or rule,
 The treasures of the boarding-school;
 And she is prating learnedly
 Of logic and of chemistry,
 Describing chart and definition
 With geographical precision,
 Culling her words, as bid by chance,
 From England, Italy, or France,
 Until, like many a clever dunce,
 She murders all the three at once.
 Sometimes she mixes by the ounce
 Discussion deep on frill and flounce,
 Points out the stains, that stick, like burrs,
 To ladies' gowns,—or characters;
 Talks of the fiddles, and the weather,
 Of Laura's wreath, and Fannia's feather
 All which obedient Edmund hears
 With passive look, and open ears,
 And understands about as much
 As if the Lady spoke in Dutch;
 Until, in indignation high,
 She finds the youth makes no reply,
 And thinks he's grown as deaf a stock
 As Dido,—or Marpesian rock.

Ellen,—the lady of his love,
 Is doom'd the like distress to prove,
 Chain'd to a Captain of the wars,
 Like Venus by the side of Mars.
 Hark! Valour talks of conquer'd towns,
 See! silent Beauty frets and frowns;

The man of fights is wondering now
 That Girls won't speak when Dandies bow;
 And Ellen finds, with much surprise,
 That Beaux will speak when Belles despise.
 "Ma'am," says the Captain, "I protest
 I come to ye a stranger guest,
 Fresh from the dismal dangerous land,
 Where men are blinded by the sand,
 Where undiscover'd things are hid
 In owl-frequented pyramid,
 And mummies with their silent looks
 Appear like memorandum-books,
 Giving a hint of death, for fear
 We men should be too happy here.
 But if upon my native land
 Fair ones as still as mummies stand,
 By Jove—I had as lieve be there!"
 (The lady looks—"I wish you were.")
 "I fear I'm very dull to-night"—
 (The lady looks—"You're very right.")
 "But if one smile—one cheering ray"—
 (The Lady looks another way.)
 "Alas! from some more happy man—"
 (The Lady stoops and bites her fan,)
 "Flattery, perhaps, is not a crime,"
 (The Lady dances out of time,)
 "Perhaps e'en now, within your heart,
 Cruel! you wish us leagues apart,
 And banish me from Beauty's presence!"
 The Lady bows in acquiescence,
 With steady brow, and studied face,
 As if she thought, in such a case,
 A contradiction to her Beau
 Neither polite—nor a-propos

Poor Reuben! o'er his infant head
 Her choicest bounties Nature shed:
 She gave him talent, humour, sense,
 A decent face, and competence,
 And then to mar the beauteous plan,
 She bade him be—an absent man.
 Ever offending, ever fretting,
 Ever explaining, and forgetting,

He blunders on from day to day,
 And drives his nearest friends away.
 Do Farces meet with flat damnation?
 He's ready with "congratulation!"
 Are friends in office not quite pure?
 He owns "he hates a sinecure."
 Was Major ——— in foreign strife
 Not over prodigal of life?—
 He talks about "the coward's grave:"
 And "who so base as be a slave?"
 Is some fair cousin made a wife
 In the full autumn of her life?—
 He's sure to shock the youthful bride
 With "forty years, come Whitsuntide."

FEMALE VANITY

George III. was asked one day by Lord North, when he had seen the old Duchess of Bedford, who was well known to use an uncommon quantity of paint, to which his majesty replied—"He had not seen her face, nor had any other person, he believed, for more than twenty years past."

HUMOURS OF A VILLAGE FAIR.

It was a Village Wake, or Fair, one of Nature's holidays; where she throws aside jerkin and spade to indulge in uncurbed festivity; or rather, where all the inhabitants of a village meet annually to feast, drink, play, make love, and break heads. Such was the scene I now entered upon, though not quite unexpectedly, as I had gained some notice of it before hand by several noisy groups of peasants hastening past me to this attracting point of all that is pre-eminent, beautiful, or interesting in the country circle. For this is the emporium of village fashion; the Hyde Park of the rustics; where the farmer doffs his leather buskins and nail-studded boots for decent worsted hose, set off by shoes ornamented with the same gleaming buckles that bespankled the legs of his forefathers. The huge shaggy coat, the faithful companion of his labours through all weathers, is ejected this one day for verdant green, or russet brown. In addition to this, the

rarely-used red waistcoat rises in roseate splendor across his muscular chest, leaving just room enough at the neck to permit the snow-white cravat to be seen; which his good Dame herself has adjusted with the utmost care. He is not less metamorphosed than his neighbours, who all start forth from their cottages on this anxiously expected day, arrayed in their best habiliments. The scene of these rural Saturnalia was a fine verdant lawn, extending like an amphitheatre towards a wood skirting the village. I was not long in finding an eminence from whence I might reconnoitre this motley scene, as well as the tumultuous hubbub of showmen and visitors would allow. I found, to my sorrow, that I had come too late for donkey-racing, and various other sports; and at present, the most conspicuous objects consisted of some youths breaking each other's heads with true English courage, and certain parties in swings, hanging between heaven and earth, at what appeared to me no very pleasant height. But, doubtless, they were as ambitious to soar as some of our superiors; and, I am afraid, as liable to fall to the dust. To those who were tired of their sports delicacies were not wanting, from the new-made gingerbread to the inviting plum; amongst the booths also were seen some few decorated most splendidly with toys, where the rustic gallant might purchase a thimble or pair of garters for his fair adorable. One or two showmen might be observed amongst the crowd, offering their cap for contributions to the by-standers; some of whom shrunk from it as if it contained a pestilence within its shattered carcase. At another time they made the skies re-echo as they shouted out the murdered names of the grandees, displayed through a glass hole to their visitors. The latter always appeared to retire with great satisfaction from having seen the mighty potentates of the world in embryo, and reduced from their thrones to a ricketty caravan. Alas! poor crowned heads, what scurvy tricks Fortune plays with you! what a pity it is you cannot exterminate rascally showmen at the edge of the bayonet, who hawk your High Mightinesses about like so many baboons in kingly robes! Turning a

moment from the sports of the Fair, I beheld, beneath the shade of some gigantic oaks, a band of venerable fathers that might remind us of the patriarchs of old. Too old to engage in more robust exercises, these contented elders reclined there to view the activity of their sons; and, as they applauded the skill of the present generation, waxed strong in tales of former times; previously clearing their throats with a jug of the best village ale. At some distance from these a circle of aged dames were seated round a polished deal table to indulge in a dish of the best green tea. Like their lords and masters, they were arrayed in their best gowns and bodices, that had lain in the neatly-composed drawer at home for many a day, and were now drawn forth in all their rustling splendor and profusion of pucker. There were some healthy fat-looking souls laughing at some good joke till the tears came in their eyes; while a few steadier matrons turned one eye to the tea-table, and, with the other, watched the motions of their daughters, who seized this opportunity to flirt with their lovers. Cupid, indeed, must have emptied his quiver; for the various love-presents I saw borne off in triumph, must have had a powerful effect on hearts hitherto impregnable. At this moment my eye was caught by some smoke that rose curling over the tops of the trees in another part of the wood, and throwing a dusky hue over the surrounding foliage; and, on a more curious inspection, I discovered a group of gypsies stationed there, like the tutelary deities of the forest, to utter their oracles from the native oak. These wanderers, equally with many others, had come to take advantage of the Fair, and were dealing out pottery-ware and fortunes by wholesale. They were bargaining pots and pans, killing some damsels and marrying others, in quick succession; and, urged by my innate spirit of curiosity, I approached to take a nearer view of them. In the midst sat two sibyls hanging over the fumes of a pot, containing their evening's repast, and feeding the tender fire from time to time with sticks they had gathered in the wood. Near them were playing two

or three bareheaded and barefooted urchins, that had perhaps known a better fate and better living. But the most conspicuous figures were two black-eyed lasses, with red cloaks flung over their shoulders, while their sun-burnt, though impressive and handsome features, were partly shrouded by a capacious hood and bonnet. They were apparently the prophetesses of the party, and doubtless no displeasing ones to their rustic customers. At this moment one of them, stretching out her long uncovered arm, was accurately inspecting the hand of an antiquated maiden, and promising her connubial felicity and a numerous offspring. It was amusing enough to see the one, who might be nearly called a dancè, chuckling at this promise, and secretly admiring her own obsolete charms, and already captivating the hearts of youth in her imagination; while the other assumed a pretended appearance of mystic gravity, as her laughing eye betrayed her inward ridicule of the object standing before her. Her sister prophetess was unrolling the page of his destiny to a half-witted countryman, who seemed fearful of trusting his hand within that of the gipsy, thinking perhaps she might carry him to the Devil in a high wind. His doubting idiotic look was powerfully contrasted by the half scornful fiery glance of the maiden, who seemed to regard him much in the same manner as a hawk eyes a trembling pigeon ere he pounces on it. Doubtless he considered her oracles infallible; but whether he returned to his farm-yard with a giggle of gladness, or a presentiment of approaching death, I stayed not to unravel, but I suspect the black-browed damsel was inclined to play some severe joke upon him. The other members of the gipsy settlement bore nothing very remarkable in their appearance; there were two or three men engaged in selling knives, &c., whose countenances seemed to have manfully endured and opposed every extremity of weather, and might perhaps, to a better physiognomist than myself, have borne a sinister cast of expression, indicative of a mind capable of foraging in the neighbouring hen-roosts. But leaving these,

the prophetess, and a tattered old man, apparently the ruler of the tribe, to their profitable avocations, I once more returned to the Fair itself. Here there were decisive marks of the approach of even, and of the finishing of this grand gala. The swings, relaxing in their rapid motion, moved heavily and slowly to and fro, like the pendulum of a huge family clock, that may be seen in the corner of some fragrant kitchen, gleaming in all its rich japannery, and, with one mighty well-known tick, informing the ruddy-faced perspiring scullion, that the potatoes have boiled enough. The lately stentorian voices of the showmen died away in their throats, with a gurgling murmur resembling the sound of distant waters. The venerable patriarchs were rising one by one, with slow gravity, from their verdant seats, and with one last look at the empty jug, each buttoned up his capacious flowing doublet, raised with a shrug the waistband of his breeches, shouldered his club stick, the trusty supporter of his steps, and wended on his way homeward. The tea-pot of the merry dames, drained to its lees, stood idly on the table, the cups and saucers ceased to rattle, and silence was reigning over that festive board, that had lately resounded with the laugh of pleasure and delight, as some well-fraught tale was ended, or some acute observation burst forth with a wink and a nod from the lips of the company. The bustling matrons themselves were reclining on the still stout arms of their spouses, or dragging away their giggling daughters, who on every possible opportunity turned their heads to catch one last glance of, or blow a kiss to, their affianced lovers. There might be seen too, some with an air of merriment, others with an expression which strove to be genteelly melancholy, wandering back to their humble cots, with thoughts divided between the hardship of to-morrow's ploughing, and the enumeration of how many pigs, how many fowls, and how much stock, they must possess, ere they can hope to have their ardent passion rewarded, and their liberty subjected to the bonds of Hymen. The cudgels lay shattered on the grass; their owners had retired to meditate on the broken head which they had given

or received. The birds were slumbering in the woods, the sheep-bells tinkled no more over the plain, and I was left alone unregarded under the shade of the forest-trees, that waved with a hollow, tremulous murmur, as if admonishing me to be gone, lest by loitering I should disturb the nocturnal gambols of Mab and her fairy train

NEW PICKPOCKET.

A gentleman, who saw Wilkes's coach drawn by men, the horses being taken off, told the lord mayor he had lost his handkerchief in the crowd. "Very possibly," said his lordship, "I fancy one of W.'s coach horses has picked your pocket."

POVERTY A VIRTUE.

A gentleman maintaining that poverty was a virtue. "That," said his friend, "is literally making a virtue of necessity."

THE PRINTING OFFICE.

Chorus of Devils.

"All's lost! All's lost!
Not a penn'orth o' copy is come per post!
Not a line in hand,
The Press at a stand!
And we're coming so close to the First of May
That the Number will never be out to its day
I'm certain and sure,
Though he looks so demure,
Mr. ——— a deuce of a cool one;
For, day after day,
He blarneys away,
And feeds up our hopes,
With his figures and tropes;
Promises making,
And promises breaking,
As if he delighted to fool one.
Sulphur and nitre! all's lost, all's lost!
Not a penn'orth o' copy is come per post!"

First Composer.

"Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?"

Good luck ! what can the matter be

Mr. P. is so late with his pen !

We can never go on ! why, he gets worse and worse !
He promis'd to send me a budget of Verse,
And a morsel of Prose, which he calls ' The Old
Nurse ;'

And see—ha'n't he chous'd us again !"

Second Compositor.

' Good Mr. C——, Sir, you see,
Has but a drowsy head ;

Why wasn't Mr. B——
The Editor instead ?

He writes so quick, so wondrous quick,
He'd fill a volume very thick,

While C—— nibs his pen ;

Ay ! sure as I expect to dine,

C—— can write but half a line

While B—— writes ten."

Chorus.

" Well, well, we needn't make a fuss,

We needn't now be bother'd thus,

For sure the Number's nought to us,

Whether its out or not ;

And so, instead of all this noise,

Suppose we hold our tongues, my Boys

And pass about the Pot !"

*(Enter the Editor, booted and spurred, with a long
face and a bundle ; Devils stare and put down the
Beer.—A pause.)*

EDITOR.

" What is't you do ?

All idling here,

And drinking of beer,

When our Number's so late,

And our hurry so great,

And our moments of leisure so few ?"

First Compositor.

" Oh Lord ! Mr. C——, I vow and profess

You're worse than a Turk or a Jew

For look ye, you wont give a line to the Press,

And you wont give the Devil his due."

Chorus.

(CROWDING ROUND.)

" And where are all the papers, Sir
You promis'd you would send,
For how can any Printer stir
When his copy's at an end ?"

*(Devils speak alternately, the Editor looking
miserable.)*

" And where's ' The Bachelor ?'—and where
Good Mr. Sterling's ' Thoughts on Prayer !'

" And ' Burton's Verses on the Stocks ?' —

" And ' Lozell's Prose on Weathercocks ?'

" And where is ' Martin on the Martyrs ?'

" And ' The Mistake ?' — and ' Changing Quar-
ters ?'

" ' Those Sonnets ?' and ' The Welcome Guest ?'

" ' On Calumny ?' ' On Interest ?'

" How all your vast professions fall

You speak us soft and fair ;

But when we ask, ' Where are they all ?'

And Echo answers—' Where. ' "

Editor.

" Abus'd and maltreated in this sort of fashion,
By his Majesty's crown I shall be in a passion :

Shall I work till my head

Has a marvellous ache ?

Shall I dine on dry bread

When I sigh for a steak ?

Shall I sport ' midnight tapers ?'

And fly from Quadrille ! Oh !

Betimes at my papers,

And late on my pillow ?

Shall I write till my eyes

Grow drowsy, and blink,

To be harassed with lies,

And bespatter'd with ink ?

Ay ! this is the way !

If a man is of use,

He has for his pay

Little else but abuse !

Why ! I've been writing like a Turk,
So, pray ye, set your types to work.

Here's copy in my sack !—

Nay, nay,—paws off, good Master Gruff !

I find Blue Devils quite enough,

—And may be spared the Black !”

Chorus.

“ Hurra !—Hurra !—

The Number is sure to be out to its day.

Mr. Peregrine C——— is come out of the west,

Through all the wide country his pens are the best ;

And he's brought a fresh stock of his puffing and
puns,

To be laugh'd at by all but the Vandals and Huns ;

Let us laugh and hurra ! put our heart in our voice—

With our Long Primer, Small Pica, Mignon, Bour-
geois !

Hurra !—Hurra !

The Number is sure to be out to its day !”

BEAU TIBBS.

Our pursuer now came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. “ My dear Charles,” cries he, shaking my friend's hand, “ where have you been hiding this half a century ? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony, and your estate in the country.” During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness ; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp ; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass ; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist ; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt ; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply ; in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. “ Pshaw, pshaw, Charles,” cried the figure, “ no more of that if you love me ; you know I hate flattery ; on my soul I do ; and yet to be sure an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of

venison will fatten ; and yet faith I despise the great as much as you do ; but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them ; and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other wants breeding. If they were all such as my lord Mudlar, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. ‘ Ned,’ says he to me, ‘ Ned,’ says he, ‘ I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night.’ ‘ Poaching, my lord,’ says I ; ‘ faith you have missed already ; for I staid at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way ; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey—stand still, and swoop they fall into my mouth.’ ”

“ Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow,” cried my companion with looks of infinite pity, “ I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company.” “ Improved ?” replied the other, “ you shall know,—but let it go no further,—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with.—My lord's word of honour for it.—His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tête-à-tête dinner in the country ; where we talked of nothing else.” “ I fancy you forgot, sir,” cried I, “ you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town !” “ Did I say so ?” replied he coolly. “ To be sure if I said so it was so.—Dined in town ? egad, now I do remember I did dine in town ; but I dined in the country too : for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that : we were a select party of us to dine at lady Grogam's, an affected piece, but let it go no farther ; a secret. Well, says I, I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that—But, dear Charles, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—But hark'ee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.”

My little beau yesterday overtook me again in

one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair; wore a dirtier shirt, and had on a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole mall, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at, as well as he, by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the Park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen." "No company!" interrupted I peevishly; "no company where there is such a crowd! Why, man, there is too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us, but company?" "Lord, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good humour, "you seem immensely chagrined; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My lord Trip, Bill Squash, the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave; and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with my wife to-day; I must insist on't; I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the countess of Shoreditch. A charming body of voice! But no more of that, she shall give us a song. You shall see my little girl too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature, I design her for my lord Dramstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no farther; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a

minuet, and plays on the guitar, immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and I intend to learn that language purposely to instruct her, but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which seemed ever to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase; when, as he mounted to shew me the way, he demanded, whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall shew you one of the most charming out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may come to see me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice, with a Scotch accent, from within, demanded "Wha's there?" My conductor answered, that it was he. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before, and now the door was opened by an old maid-servant with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked her where her lady was. "Good troth," replied she, in the northern dialect, "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer." "My

two shirts!" cries he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, "what does the idiot mean?" "I ken what I mean well enough," replied the other; "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because"—"Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations," cried he.—"Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, "to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of her's, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high-life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry, unframed pictures, which he observed were all of his own drawing: "What do you think, Sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Griosni? There's the true keeping in it; it is my own face; and, though there is no likeness, a countess offered me a hundred for its fellow: I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife, at last, made her appearance; at once a slattern and a coquet; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such an odious deshabelle, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper." "Poor, Jack," cries he, "a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope my dear, you have

given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us, something elegant and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a—" "Or what do you think, my dear," "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?"—"The very thing," replies he; "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat, that is country all over; extremely disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high-life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and, after having shewn my respect to the house, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I staid, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

GOLDSMITH.

ON TWO BAD WRITERS COMPLIMENTING EACH OTHER.

Carthy, you say writes well—suppose it true
You pawn your word for him—who'll vouch for you.
So, two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

LOVE AMONG THE LAW BOOKS.

Mrs. Culpepper's "uncle the Sergeant," has fallen in love! He felt a slight vertigo in Tavistock-square, of which he took little notice, and set off on the home circuit, but imprudently venturing out with the widow Jackson in a hop-field, at Maidstone, before he was well cured, the complaint struck inward, and a *mollities cordis* was the consequence. Mr. Sergeant Nethersole had arrived at the age of fifty-nine, heart-whole; his testamentary assets were therefore looked upon by Mrs. Culpepper as the unalienable property of her and hers. Speculations were often launched by Mr. and Mrs. Culpepper as to the quantum. It could not be less than thirty

thousand pounds; Bonus the broker had hinted as much to the old slopseller in the bow-window of Batson's, while they were eyeing "*the learned in the law*" in the act of crossing Cornhill to receive his dividends. Hence may be derived the annual turtle and turbot swallowed by "my uncle the Sergeant" in Savage-gardens: hence Mrs. Culpepper's high approbation of the preacher at the Temple Church: and hence her horse-laugh at the Sergeant's annually repeated jest about "Brother Van and Brother Bear." As far as appearances went, Plutus was certainly nearing point Culpepper: Nicholas Nethersole, Esq. Sergeant-at-law, was pretty regularly occupied in the Court of Common Pleas from tea to four. A hasty dinner swallowed at five at the Grecian, enabled him to return to Chambers at half-past six, where pleas, rejoinders, demurrors, cases, and consultations occupied him till ten. All this (not to mention the arrangement with the bar-maid at Nando's) seemed to ensure a walk through this vale of tears in a state of single blessedness. "I have no doubt he will cut up well," said Culpepper to his consort. "I have my eye upon a charming villa in the Clapham Road: when your uncle the Sergeant is tucked under a daisy quilt, we'll ruralize: it's a sweet spot: not a stone's throw from the Swan at Stockwell!" Such were the Alnascar anticipations of Mr. Jonathan Culpepper. But, alas! as Doctor Johnson said some forty years ago, and even then the observation was far from new, "What are the hopes of man!" Legacy-hunting, like hunting of another sort, is apt to prostrate its pursuers, and they who wait for dead men's shoes, now and then walk to the church-yard barefooted. Mr. Sergeant Nethersole grew fat and kicked: he took a house in Tavistock-square, and he launched an olive-coloured chariot with iron-grey horses. There is an office in Holborn where good matches are duly registered and assorted. Straightway, under the letter N. appears the following entry, "Nethersole, Nicholas, Sergeant-at-law, Tavistock-square, Bachelor, aged 59. Income 3500*l*. Equipage, olive-green chariot and iron-grey horses.—Temper, talents, morals,—blank!" That numerous herd of old maidens and widows

that feed upon the lean pastures of Guildford-street, Queen-square, and Alfred-place, Tottenham-court-road, was instantly in motion. Here was a jewel of the first water and magnitude, to be set in the crown of Hymen, and the crowd of candidates was commensurate. The Sergeant was at no loss for an evening rubber at whist, and the ratifia cakes which came in with the Madeira at half-past ten, introduced certain jokes about matrimony, evidently intended as earnest of future golden rings.

The poet Gay makes his two heroines in the Beggar's Opera, thus chaunt in duet:

A curse attends that woman's love
Who always would be pleasing?

And in all cases where the parties are under thirty, Polly and Lucy are unquestionably right. No young woman can retain her lovers long if she uses them well. She who would have her adorer as faithful as a dog, must treat him like one. But when middle-aged ladies have exceeded forty, and middle-aged gentlemen have travelled beyond fifty, the case assumes a different complexion. The softer sex is then allowed, and indeed necessitated to throw off a little of that cruelty which is so deucedly killing at eighteen. What says the Spanish poet?

Cease then, fair one, cease to shun me,
Here let all our difference cease;
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace.

Accordingly it may be observed that women make their advances as Time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim with an air of languid indifference, "Who is he?" At thirty, with a prudent look towards the ways and means, the question is, "What is he?" At forty, much anxiety manifests itself to make the Hymeneal selection, and the query changes itself into "Which is he?" But at the *ultima Thule* of fifty, the ravenous expectant prepares to spring upon any prey, and exclaims, "Where is he?" Be that as it may, the numerous candidates for a seat in Sergeant Nethersole's olive-green chariot gradually grew tired of the pursuit, and took wing to prey upon some newer benedict. Two only kept the field,

Frances Jennings, spinster, and Amelia Jackson, widow; both of whom hovered on the verge of forty. "It appears to me," said Miss Jennings to a particular friend in Bedford-place, "that Mrs. Jackson does not conduct herself with propriety: she is never out of Mr. Nethersole's house, and jangles that old harpsichord of his with her 'Love among the Roses,' till one's head actually turns giddy."—"I will mention it to you in confidence," said Mrs. Jackson, on the very same day, to another particular friend at the Bazaar in Soho-square, "I don't at all approve of Miss Jennings's going on in Tavistock-square: she actually takes her work there: I caught her in the act of screwing her pin-cushion to the edge of Sergeant Nethersole's mahogany table—what right has she to net him purses?" The contest of work-table *versus* harpsichord now grew warm: betting even: Miss Jennings threw in a crimson purse and the odds were in her favour: the widow Jackson sang, "By heaven and earth I love thee," and the crimson purse kicked the beam. The spinster now hemmed half-a-dozen muslin cravats, marked N. N. surmounted with a couple of red hearts: this was a tremendous body blow; but the widow, nothing daunted, drew from under the harpsichord a number of the Irish Melodies, and started off at score with "Fly not yet, 'tis now the hour." This settled the battle at the end of the first stanza; and I am glad it did, for really the widow was growing downright indecent.

About this time Love, tired of his aromatic station "among the roses," of all places in the world began to take up his abode among the dusty Law Books in the library of Mr. Sergeant Nethersole's chambers. Certain amatory worthies had long slept on the top shelf, affrighted at the black coifs and white wigs of the legal authors, who kept "watch and ward" below, in all the dignity of octavo, quarto, and folio. But now, encouraged thereto by the aforesaid Sergeant, they crept from their upper gallery, and mixed themselves with the decorous company in the pit and boxes. One Ovidius Naso, with his Art of Love in his pocket, presumed to shoulder Mr. Espinasse at Nisi Prius: Tibullus got

astride of Mr. Justice Blackstone: Propertius lolled indolently against Bacon's Abridgment, and "the industrious Giles Jacob could not keep his two quartos together from the assurance of one Waller, who had taken post between them. In short, the Sergeant was in love! Still, however, I am of opinion, that "youth and an excellent constitution," as the novelists have it, would have enabled the patient to struggle with the disease, if it had not been for the incident which I am about to relate.

The home circuit had now commenced, and Sergeant Nethersole had quitted London for Maidstone. Miss Jennings relied with confidence upon the occurrence of nothing particular till the assizes were over, and in that assurance had departed to spend a fortnight with a married sister at Kingston-upon-Thames. Poor innocent! she little knew what a widow is equal to. No sooner had the Sergeant departed in his olive-green chariot, drawn by a couple of post-horses, than the widow Jackson, aided by Alice Green, packed her portmanteau, sent for a hackney-coach, and bade the driver adjourn to the Golden cross, Charing-cross. There was one vacant seat in the Maidstone coach: the widow occupied it at twelve at noon, and between five and six o'clock in the afternoon was quietly dispatching a roasted fowl at the Star inn, with one eye fixed upon the egg-sauce, and the other upon the Assize Hall opposite. The pretext for this step was double: the first count alleged that her beloved brother lived at Town Malting, a mere step off, and the second averred an eager desire to hear the Sergeant plead. On the evening which followed that of the widow's arrival, the Sergeant happened not to have any consultation to attend; and, what is more remarkable, happened to be above the affectation of pretending that he had. He proposed a walk into the country: the lady consented: they moralised a few minutes upon the *hic jacet* in the church-yard, and thence strolled into the adjoining fields where certain labourers had piled the wooden props of the plant that feeds, or ought to feed, the brewer's vat, in conical (quere, conical) shapes, not unlike the spire of All Saints Church in Langham-place. The rain now began to

all: one of these sloping recipients stood invitingly open to shelter them from the storm: "Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanaus." Ah! those pyramidal hop-poles! The widow's brother from Town Malling was serving upon the Grand Jury: his sister's reputation was dear to him as his own: "he'd call him brother, or he'd call him out," and Nicholas Nethersole and Amelia Jackson were joined together in holy matrimony.

The widow Jackson, now Mrs. Nethersole, was a prudent woman, and wished, as the phrase is, to have every body's good word. It was her advice that her husband should write to his niece, Mrs. Culpepper, to acquaint her with what had happened. She had in fact drawn up a letter for his signature, in which she tendered several satisfactory apologies for the step, namely, that we are commanded to increase and multiply: that it is not good for a man to be alone: but chiefly that he had met with a woman possessed of every qualification to make the marriage state happy. "Why, no, my dear," answered the Sergeant, "with submission to you, (a phrase prophetic of the fact) it has been my rule through life, whenever I had done a wrong or a foolish deed (here the lady frowned), never to own it: never to suffer judgment to go by default, and thus remain 'in mercy,' but boldly to plead a justification. I have a manuscript note of a case in point, in which I was concerned. In my youth I mixed largely in the fashionable world, and regularly frequented the Hackney assemblies, carrying my pumps in my pocket. Jack Peters (he is now at Bombay) and myself, went thither, as usual, on a moonshining Monday, and slept at the Mermaid. The Hackney stage on the following morning was returned *non est inventus*, without giving us notice of set off; the Clapton coach was therefore engaged to hold our bodies in safe custody, and then safely deposit at the Flower pot in Bishopsgate-street. Hardly had we sated out our first cup of Souchong, when the Clapton coach stopped at the door. Here was a demurrer! Jack was for striking out the breakfast, and joining issue with the two other inside passengers. But I said no; finish the muffins: take an

order for half an hour's time; and then plead a justification! We did so, and then gave the coachman notice of set off, entering the vehicle with a hey-damme sort of aspect, plainly denoting to the two impatient insiders, that if there was any impertinence in their Bill, we would strike it out without a reference to the Master. The scheme took, and before we reached St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, egad! they were as supple as a couple of candidates for the India direction. Now that case, my dear, must govern this. Don't say a civil word to the Culpeppers about our marriage; if you do, there will be no end to their remonstrances: leave them to find it out in the Morning Chronicle."

"This is a very awkward affair, Mrs. Culpepper," said that lady's husband, with the Morning Chronicle in his hand. "Awkward?" echoed Mrs. Culpepper, "it's abominable: a nasty fellow; he ought to be ashamed of himself! And as for his wife, she is no better than she should be!"—"That may be," said the husband, "but we must give them a dinner notwithstanding."—"Dinner or no dinner," said the wife, "I'll not laugh any more at that stupid old story of his about Brother Van and Brother Bear."—"Then I will," resumed the husband, "for there may possibly be no issue of the marriage." Miss Jennings, the outwitted spinster, tired two pair of horses in telling all her friends from Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, to Cornwall-terrace, in the Regent's-Park, how shamefully Mrs. Jackson had behaved. She then drove to the Register-office above-mentioned, to transfer her affections to one Mr. Samuel Smithers, another old bachelor barrister, an inseparable crony of Nethersole's, whom, she opined, must now marry from lack of knowing what to do with himself. Alas! she was a day too late: he had that very morning married the vacant bar-maid at Nando's.

When the honey-moon of Mr. Serjeant Nethersole was on the wane,

My sprite,
Popp'd through the key-hole swift as light

of his chambers, in order to take a survey of his

library. All was once more as it should be. Ovid had quitted Mr. Espinasse, Tibullus and Mr. Justice Blackstone were two, Propertius and Lord Bacon did not speak, and, as for Giles Jacob, Waller desired none of his company. The amatory poets were re-fitted to their upper shelf, the honey-moon was over, and love no longer nestled in the Law Books.

ON JOHN DENNIS.

Should *D——s* print, how once you robb'd your
brother,
Traduc'd your monarch, and debauch'd your mo-
ther;

Say, what revenge on *D——s* can be had ;
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad ?
Of one so poor you cannot take the law ;
On one so old your sword you cannot draw.
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dullness, madness, want, and age

ALL HUMBUGS.

When Stephen Kemble was manager at New-castle, and the house was rather thin, no less a personage arrived in the town than prince Annamaboo, who offered his services for a very moderate consideration. Accordingly, the bills of the day announced, "that between the acts of the play, prince Annamaboo would give a lively representation of the scalping operation; he would likewise give the Indian war-whoop in all its various tones, the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet." The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these princely imitations. At the end of the third act his highness walked forward, with dignified step, flourishing his tomahawk, and cut the air, exclaiming, "ha ha—ho ho!" next entered a man with his face blackened, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum; the prince with a large carving knife, commenced the scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly imperial, holding up the skin in token of triumph—Next came the war-whoop, which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds: lastly, the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw beef-steaks; these

he made into rolls, as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a princely and dignified manner. Having completed his cannibal repast, he flourished his tomahawk, exclaiming, "ha ha—ho ho!" and made his exit. Next day, the manager, in the middle of the market-place; espied the most puissant prince of Annamaboo selling pen-knives, scissors, and quills, in the character of a Jew pedlar, "What!" said Kemble, "my prinee, is that you? are not you a pretty Jewish scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner?" Moses turned round, and with an arch look replied, "Prince be d——d, I vash no prince, I vash aeting like you—you vash kings, princes, emperor to-night, Stephen Kembles to-morrow; I vash humpugs, you vash humpugs, and all vash humpugs."

SERMON ON MAN.

Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards!—
Job, chap. v. verse 7

I shall divide the discourse into, and consider it under, the three following heads: first man's ingress into the world; secondly his progress through the world; third and lastly, his egress out of the world.—And first, man's ingress into the world is naked and bare: secondly, his progress through the world is trouble and care; thirdly and lastly, his egress out of the world is—nobody knows where.—To close.—If we do well here, we shall be well there, I can tell you no more, if I preach for a year.

NOSE AND EYES,

OR THE REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE, NOT
TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose —

The Spectacles set them unhappily wrong :
The point in dispute was as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause,
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of
learning,

While chief baron Ear, sat to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the Spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a
straddle,

As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose,
(Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again;)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would or who could wear Spectacles then?

On the whole it appears—and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the Spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then, shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how,)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but,
That, whenever the Nose put his Spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut!

COWPER.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

I was born in Shropshire, my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters, but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years.

I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when, happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—Well, what will you have out? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain, and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I know of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did not work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters,

I was obliged to work, among the negroes ; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang ; I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter ; and in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here ; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

When the peace came on I was discharged ; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landsman in the East India company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles ; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money ; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow ; he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, merely to be idle ; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me, without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating ; and the money I might have had to this day

but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail ; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand ; ' Jack,' says he to me, ' will you knock out the French sentry's brains ? ' ' I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, ' if I lend a hand. ' ' Then follow me,' says he, ' and I hope we shall do business. ' So up I got and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time ; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands ; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three ; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind ; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as were going to get the victory.

I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to Brest ; but by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places ; I lost four fingers of the left hand,

and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance; one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England, for ever, huzza!

GOLDSMITH.

SINGULAR DISTINCTION

A Scotch minister, preaching on the sin of taking God's name in vain; made this singular distinction: "O Sirs, this is a very great sin; for my own part I would sooner steal all the horned cattle in the parish, than once take God's name in vain."

ANTICIPATIONS IN LOW LIFE.

In the early part of the reign of George II., the footman of a lady of quality, under the infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life in two lottery tickets, which proving blanks, after a few days he put an end to his life. In his box was found the following plan of the manner in which he would spend the 5000l. prize, which his mistress reserved as a curiosity:—"As soon as I have received the money, I will marry Grace Towers; but as she has been cross and coy, I will use her as a servant. Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg, and sugar in it; and I will sleep till ten, after which I will have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on table by one, and never without a good pudding. I will have a stock of wine and brandy laid in. About five in the afternoon I will have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch, at ten a hot supper of two dishes. If I am in a good humour, and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me.—To bed about twelve."

NECESSITY.

A dull barrister once got the nickname of Necessity—because *Necessity has no law*.

QUID PRO QVO.

The Rev. Mr. Foote, brother to the actor of that name, being once in a coffee-house, swearing and drinking pretty freely, a Quaker near him said, "Friend, thou art a scandal to thy cloth." "No, Friend," replied Foote, "my cloth is a scandal to me"—raising his arm, and shewing a great hole or two in his coat.

TINKER AND GLAZIER

Two thirsty souls met on a sultry day,
One Glazier Dick, the other Tom the Tinker
Both with light purses, but with spirits gay,
And hard it were to name the sturdiest drinker.

Their ale they quaff'd;
And as they swigg'd the nappy
Tho' both agreed, 'tis said,
That trade was wondrous dead,
They jok'd, sung, laugh'd,
And were completely happy.

The landlord's eye, bright as his sparkling ale,
Glisten'd to see them the brown pitcher hug,
For every jest, and song, and merry tale
Had this blythe ending—
"Bring us t'other mug."

Now Dick the Glazier feels his bosom burn
To do his friend Tom Tinker, a good turn;
And where the heart to friendship feels inclin'd,
Occasion seldom loiters long behind.

The kettle singing gaily on the fire,
Gives Dick a hint just to his heart's desire;
And while to draw more ale the landlord goes,
Dick, in the ashes all the water throws,
Then puts the kettle on the fire again,
And at the Tinker winks,
As "trade's success!" he drinks,
Nor doubts the wish'd success Tom will obtain.

Our landlord ne'er could such a toast withstand:
So, giving each kind customer a hand,
His friendship too display'd,
And drank—"Success to trade!"

But O, how pleasure vanish'd from his eye,
 How long and rueful his round visage grew;
 Soon as he saw the kettle's bottom fly,
 Solder the only fluid he could view!
 He rav'd, he caper'd, and he swore,
 And curs'd the kettle's bottom o'er and o'er.

"Come, come!" says Dick, "fetch us, my friend,
 more ale;
 All trades, you know, must live:
 Let's drink—'May trade with none of us ne'er fail.
 The job to Tom then give;
 And, for the ale he drinks, our lad of mettle,
 Take my word for it, soon will mend your kettle.'
 The landlord yields, but hopes 'tis no offence,
 To curse the trade that thrives at his expence.
 Tom undertakes the job, to work he goes,
 And just concludes it with the evening's close.

Souls so congenial, had friends Tom and Dick,
 They might be fairly call'd brother and brother;
 Thought Tom, "to serve my friend I know a trick,
 And one good turn deserves another!"

Out now he slyly slips,
 But not a word he said;
 The plot was in his head,
 And off he nimbly trips.
 Swift to a neighbouring church, his way he takes;
 Nor, in the dark,
 Misses his mark,
 But every pane of glass he quickly breaks:
 Back as he goes,
 His bosom glows,
 To think how great will be his friend Dick's joy
 At getting so much excellent employ!

Return'd, he, beckoning, draws his friend aside,
 Importance in his face,
 And, to Dick's ear his mouth applied,
 Thus briefly states the case—
 "Dick? I may give you joy, you're a made man,
 I've done your business most complete, my friend
 I'm off! the devil catch me if he can,
 Each window in the church you've got to mend;

Ingratitude's worst curse on my head fall,
 If for your sake I have not broke them all!"

Tom, with surprise sees Dick turn pale,
 Who deeply sighs—"O, la!"
 Then drops his under jaw,
 And all his pow'rs of utterance fail;
 While horror in his ghastly face
 And bursting eyeballs, Tom can trace,
 Whose sympathetic muscles, just and true,
 Share with the heart,
 Dick's unknown smart,
 And two such phizzes ne'er met mortal view.

At length friend Dick his speech regain'd,
 And soon the mystery explain'd—
 "You have indeed my business done,
 And I, as well as you, must run;
 For, let me act the best I can,
 Tom! Tom! I am a ruin'd man
 Zounds! zounds! this friendship is a foolish act,
 You did not know with the parish I contract;
 Your wish to serve me, then, will cost me dear,
 I always mend those windows by the year."

THE ROYAL SHIPWRIGHT.

King Charles II. was reputed to be a great connoisseur in naval architecture. Being once at Chatham, to view a ship, just finished, on the stocks, he asked Killegrew, "if he did not think he should make an excellent shipwright?" Killegrew instantly replied, "he always thought his Majesty would have done better at any trade than his own."

TRUE WIT.

True wit is like the brilliant stone
 Dug from Golconda's mine;
 Which boasts two various powers in one,
 To cut as well as shine.
 Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
 With the same gifts abounds;
 Appears at once both keen and bright,
 And sparkles while it wounds.

GETTING INTO DEBT.

There are three ways of getting into debt; first, by pushing a face; as thus: "You, Mr. Lateststring, send me home six yards of that paduasoy, dammee; but, hearkye, don't think I ever intend to pay you for it, dammee." At this, the mercer laughs heartily; cuts off the paduasoy, and sends it home; nor is he till too late, surprised to find the gentleman had said nothing but truth, and kept his word.

The second method of running into debt is called *floeting*; which is getting goods made up in such a fashion as to be unfit for every other purchaser, and if the tradesman refuses to give them upon credit, then threaten to leave them upon his hands.

But the third and best method is called, "Being the good customer." The gentleman first buys some trifle, and pays for it in ready money: he comes a few days after with nothing but bank bills, and buys, we will suppose, a sixpenny tweezer case; the bills are too great to be changed, so he promises to return punctually the day after, and pays for what he has bought. In this promise he is punctual, and this is repeated for eight or ten times, till his face is well known, and he has got, at last, the character of a good customer. By this means he gets credit for something considerable, and then never pays for it.

GARRICK'S AVARICE.

Foote often rallied Garrick on his avarice. Garrick called upon him one day, and was surprised to see a bust of himself placed upon the bureau. "Is this intended as a compliment to me?" said Garrick. "Certainly," replied Foote. "And can you trust me so near your cash and your bank-notes?" "Yes, very well," said Foote, "for you are without hands."

CLERICAL PREFERMENT.

Among the daily inquiries after the health of an aged bishop of D***m, during his indisposition, no one was more sedulously punctual than the bishop of E***r, and the invalid seemed to think, that other motives than those of anxious kindness might contribute to this solicitude. One morning he ordered the messenger to be shown into his room, and thus addressed him: "Be so good as present my

compliments to my Lord Bishop, and tell him that I am better, much better; but that the Bishop or W——, has got a sore throat arising from a bad cold, if that will do."

KING'S BENCH PRACTICE.—CHAP. 10th.

OF JUSTIFYING BAIL.

Baldwin. Hewit, call Taylor's bail,—for I shall now proceed to justify.

Hewit. Where's Taylor's bail?

1st Bail. I can't get in.

Hewit. Make way.

Lord Mansfield. For Heaven's sake begin.

Hewit. But where's the other?

2d Bail. Here I stand.

Mingay. I must except to both,—command Silence;—and if your Lordships crave it, Austen shall read our affidavit.

Austen. Will Priddle, late of Fleet-street, gent. Makes oath and saith, That late he went To Duke's-place, as he was directed By notice, and he there expected To find both bail—but none could tell Where the first bail lived.—

Mingay. Very well.

Austen. And this deponent further says, That asking what the second was, He found he'd bankrupt been, and yet Had ne'er obtain'd certificate.

When to his house deponent went, He full four stories high was sent, And found a lodging almost bare; No furniture but half a chair, A table, bedstead, broken fiddle, And a bureau, (signed) William Priddle. Sworn at my chambers, Francis Buller.

Mingay. No affidavit can be fuller. Well, friend, you've heard this affidavit; What do you say?

2d Bail. Sir, by your leave, it Is all a lie.

Mingay. Sir, have a care What is your trade?

2d Bail. A scavenger.

Mingay And pray, Sir, were you never found a Bankrupt?

2d Bail. I'm worth a thousand pound.

Mingay. A thousand pound, friend? Boldly said ! In what consisting?

2d Bail. Stock in trade.

Mingay. And pray, friend, tell me, do you know What sum you're bail for?

2d Bail. Truly no.

Mingay. My Lords, you hear,—no oaths have check'd him.

I hope your Lordships will——

Willes. Reject him.

Mingay. Well, friend, now tell me where you dwell.

1st Bail. Sir, I have liv'd in Clerkenwell

These ten years.

Mingay. Half a guinea dead. (aside)

My Lords, if you've the notice read,

It says *Duke's-place*. So I desire

A little further time t'enquire.

Baldwin. Why, Mr. Mingay, all this vapour.

Willes. Take till to-morrow.

Lord Mansfield. Call the Paper.

JOHN BAYNES.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

A lady, in whose favor Sir Thomas More had made a decree in Chancery against a nobleman, having, as a token of her gratitude, presented him with a pair of gloves, and in them forty pounds in angels, as a new year's gift, More took the gloves, but pouring out the money, and returning it, said with a smile, "Since it would be contrary to good manners to refuse a new year's gift from a lady, I am content to take your gloves, but as for the lining, I utterly refuse it."

STRIKING A BARGAIN.

A Highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow, a few days since, to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it. "Two-pence," said the Highlander. "No, no," said the barber, "I'll give you a penny; if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again." The Highlander took it, and asked what he had got to

pay? "A penny," said strap. "I'll give you a baubee," said Duncan, "and if that dinna satisfy ye, ye may put on my beard again."

TRANSLATION BLUNDERS.

Du Fresnel translated Pope's *Essay on Man*; but upon this verse,

Then, looking up, from sire to sire, explored
One great first father, and that first adored—
unluckily mistook the term of great first father, and made it great grandfather! Voltaire rendered the words of Shakespeare, "Not a mouse is stirring," "not a mouse *trots*!"

PIOUS SHAVING.

A sturdy beggar, entered a French tonsor's shop the eve of Corpus Christi, besought him to take off his beard for God's sake.—"Willingly," replied the barber: "here, boy," says he, "whip off this man's beard gratis, in honour of the festival," crics, one of his apprentices, to another: "Hack that fellow's chin there." The patient made strange wry faces; when seeing a water spaniel come in, mangled in a miserable manner, for having plundered the kitchen, "Poor dog," says he, "I see by your air that you have been shaved for God's sake."

MURRAY AND THE BISHOP.

The publisher of the *Quarterly Review* one day received a letter, dated Chelsea, signed "Thomas Winton," proposing to him to publish a "Life of Pitt," which he had written in several volumes. He scornfully put it into his pocket, and in a few days mentioned it as a good joke to some literary persons at dinner, that some fellow of the name of Winton, had actually been wasting his time on such a work, and now had the modesty to propose to him to publish it. "Winton," exclaimed a Wykhamist, "whence did he date?" "Oh! from Chelsea," said the bookseller. The other suspecting an error of ignorance, desired to see the letter, and on its being produced, it was discovered to be from the Bishop of Winchester, written at the Palace at Chelsea. The bookseller overwhelmed with chagrin, flew to Chelsea, pleaded many excuses for neglect, and was put into possession of the MS. of a work which soon ran through several large and profitable editions.

SIMPLICITY.

A countryman giving evidence at court, was asked by the counsel if he was born in *Wedlock*? "No, sir," answered the man, "I was born in *Devonshire*!"

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A MISS BROWN TO A MR. FLINT.

Mary, I thought within your breast,
The gentle passions once did rest,
Humane and good I deem'd your heart,
Inclin'd to take th' unhappy's part;
I thought for others' woes you felt,
Could at a tale of misery melt,
And, had it been within your power,
Would on distress your bounty shower;
But, now what sudden news I hear!
(You're strangely chang'd, I greatly fear)
That after all your goodness past
Your heart can turn to *Flint* at last
Well—if the news should e'en prove true,
Some good from evil may ensue;
For if affection should increase
With downy hours domestic peace,
Before that many years are past,
You may perhaps strike out at last,
(Some lucky moment in the dark)
Between you both, a BRILLIANT SPARK.

WELSH GENTILITY.

When James I. was on the road near Chester, he was met by such numbers of the Welsh, who came out of curiosity to see him, that the weather being dry, and the roads dusty, he was nearly suffocated. He was completely at a loss in which manner to rid himself of them civilly; at last one of his attendants, putting his head out of the coach, said, "It is his majesty's pleasure that those who are the best gentlemen shall ride forwards."—Away scampered the Welsh, and but one solitary man was left behind. "And so, sir," says the king to him, "you are not a gentleman, then?" "O yes, and please your majesty, hur is as good a shentleman as the rest; but hur ceffyl, (horse,) God help hur, is not so good."

LYING.

I do confess in many a sigh
My lips have breath'd you many a lie,
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them for a lie or two?
Nay, look not thus with brow reproving,
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving.
If half we tell the girls were true;
If half we swear to think or do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion!
The world would be in strange confusion.

If ladies' eyes were every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies
To learn her lore from ladies' eyes.
Oh no; believe me! lovely girl,
When nature turns your *teeth* to *pearl*,
Your *neck* to *snow*, your *eyes* to *fire*,
Your *yellow locks* to *golden wire*,
Then, only then, can Heaven decree,
That you should live for only me—
Or I for you: as night and morn
We've swearing kiss'd and kissing sworn.
And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once I'll tell you truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false, and he believes you,
Long as you trust, and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures,
And while he lies, he's wholly yours.
But oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth.

MOORE.

VAN TROMP.

The Dutch admiral Van Tromp, who was a large heavy man, was once challenged by a thin active French officer. We are not upon equal terms with rapiers, said Van Tromp, but call upon me to-morrow morning, and we will adjust the affair better. When the Frenchman called, he found the Dutch admiral bestriding a barrel of gunpowder: There is room enough for you, said Van Tromp, at the other end of

the barrel; sit down, there is a match; and as you were the challenger, give fire. The Frenchman was thunderstruck at this terrible mode of fighting; but as the Dutch admiral told him he would fight no other way, terms of accommodation ensued.

ON THE LETTER H.

'Twas in *Heaven* pronounced, it was mutter'd in *Hell*,

And *echo* caught faintly the sound as it fell:
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confest.

'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis riven asunder:

'Tis seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.

'Twas allotted to man, with his earliest breath,

It assists at his birth, it attends him in death.

Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.

It begins every hope, every wish it must bound;

And tho' unaspiring, with monarchs is crown'd:

In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,

But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.

Without it the soldier, the seaman, may roam;

But woe to the wretch, who expels it from home.

In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.

'Twill not soften the heart, but tho' deaf to the ear

'Twill make it acutely and constantly hear.

But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower;

Oh! breathe on it softly—it *dies* in an hour.

BYRON.

DUCKS AND CHICKENS.

When Rowland Hill was erecting his chapel in Blackfriars Road, many of his congregation resorted to a Baptist's meeting-house in that neighbourhood: this the divine did not like; and one day when a number of his flock, who were passing to the house of *ablution*, stopped to look at the bricklayers employed in the building, some of the workmen, by asking them for money to drink, drove them away; but as they were going, Rowland cried to the carpenters, "Come lads, get on, get on; if you trifle in this way, all my

chickens will be turned into *ducks* before my copp is ready to receive them."

THE OXONIAN.—A CRAZY TALE.

A young Oxonian, not o'erstock'd with knowledge,
Like many others, who are sent to college,

Who, taken from their country schools

And dread inspiring birch,

Are put apprentices to Mrs. Church,

And learn—to make themselves consummate fools.

But to my tale;—this son of sable hues

Would oft, his leisure hours to amuse,

When unobserv'd, take copious draughts of wine,

(The luscious produce of the purple vine,)

And get his cranium in a pretty funk,

Or get (in plainer English) screeching drunk.

Moreover he was fond of cards and dice,

(In latter days too prevalent a vice:)

Could swear, and run in debt, and when, forsooth,

Some luckless tradesman would request this youth,

"To have the condescension to discharge

His bill, which now was growing rather large—"

He'd kick his breech, or pluck the caitiff's hairs,

And knock him down a dozen pair of stairs.

—This to be sure now, was not very civil,

But shows that cassocks sometimes clothe the devil.

These pretty tricks, the reader may rely,

Could not be long conceal'd

From dame Inspection's penetrating eye,

But to the President were soon reveal'd.

In vain did he his hapless fate bewail;

In vain for pardon did the youth implore

(Which oft had been obtain'd by bribes before:)

Then dropt a piteous tear,

Nor prayers nor tears will now avail—

He's summon'd to appear.

High on his chair the reverend father sat,

In all the dignity of pride and fat;

High on his head his wig portentous frown'd,

The youth with dread beheld his awful state—

Decider of his good or evil fate—

Whilst thus his words throughout the hall resound.

"Young man—

As life is but a span,

It ought to be our constant care

Whilst we are suffer'd to remain on earth,
To tread in virtue's paths, and thus prepare

Our souls to meet a future birth.

It is with sorrow I'm oblig'd to say

Your conduct the reverse of this does prove :

I'm told that you disdain fair virtue's sway,

That through the various scenes of vice you rove ;

That 'stead of minding Homer you are sporting,

Without a sigh, your honour'd father's fortune.

Desist, rash youth, no more his bosom sting,

Or, if you'd wish your father's life to save,

Reform your conduct, or you'll surely bring

His old grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

The youth, here smiling, rose, and rising cried—

"Excuse my interrupting your discourse,

To me a very painful source,

Though certainly too well applied :

But, Sir, I beg permission to remark,

That I am not afraid of what you mention,

Although," observes our hopeful spark,

"I thank you for your good intention :

You say, if I continue thus to sting

My father's bosom, I shall surely bring—

His grey hairs to the grave, with sorrow big—

On that score, reverend Sir, withhold your fears—

Lord, Sir—my father, for these thirty years,

Has worn a wig !"

MATRIMONIAL CREED.

Whoever will be married, before all things it is necessary, that he hold the conjugal faith in this. That there were two rational beings created, both equal, and yet one superior to the other, and the inferior shall bear rule over the superior ; which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall be scolded everlastingly.

The man is superior to the woman, and the woman is inferior to the man ; yet both are equal, and the woman shall govern the man.

The woman is commanded to obey the man, and the man ought to obey the woman ; and yet there are not two obedient, but one obedient.

For there is one dominion nominal of the husband, and another dominion real of the wife ; and yet there are not two dominions, but one dominion.

For, like as we are compelled by the Christian verity to acknowledge, that wives must submit themselves to their husbands, and be subject to them in all things ; so are we forbidden by the conjugal faith to say, that they should be at all influenced by their wills, or pay any regard to their commands.

The man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man ; yet the man shall be the slave of the woman, and the woman the tyrant of the man ; so that in all things, as is aforesaid, the subjection of the superior to the inferior is to be believed.

He, therefore, that will be married, must thus think of the woman and the man.

Furthermore, it is necessary to submissive matrimony, that he also believe rightly the infallibility of the wife :

For the right faith is, that we believe and confess, that the wife is fallible and infallible :

Perfectly fallible, and perfectly infallible ; of an erring soul, and an unerring mind, subsisting ; fallible as touching her human nature, and infallible as touching her female sex.

Who, although she be fallible, and infallible, yet she is not two, but one woman : who submitted to lawful marriage, to acquire unlawful dominion ; and promised religiously to obey, that she might rule in injustice and folly.

This is the conjugal faith ; which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot enter the state of matrimony.

THE MONK AND THE JEW ; OR, CATHOLIC CONVERT.

To make new converts truly bless'd,

A Recipe—*Probatum est.*

Stern winter, clad in frost and snow,

Had now forbade the streams to flow ;

And skaiting peasants swiftly glide,

Like swallows, o'er the slipp'ry tide ;

When Mordecai, upon whose face

The synagogue you plain might trace,

Fortune, with smiles deceitful, bore
 To a curs'd hole, but late skinn'd o'er;
 Down plumps the Jew; but, in a trice,
 Rising he caught the friendly ice.
 He grasp'd; he yell'd, a hideous cry:
 No friendly help, alas! was nigh;
 Save a poor monk—who quickly ran,
 To snatch from death the drowning man.
 But when the holy father saw
 A limb of the Mosaic law,
 His outstretch'd hand he quick withdrew—
 "For Heaven's sake, help?" exclaims the Jew.
 "Turn Christian first!" the father cries.
 "I'm froze to death," the Jew replies.
 "Froze!" quoth the monk; "too soon you'll
 know,
 There's fire enough for Jews below.
 Renounce your unbelieving crew,
 And help is near."—"I do, I do!"
 "Damn all your brethren, great and small."
 "With all my heart—O, damn 'em all!
 Now help me out."—"There's one thing more:
 Salute this cross, and Christ adore."
 "There, there! I Christ adore!"—"Tis well;
 Thus arm'd, defiance bid to Hell.
 And yet another thing remains,
 To guard against eternal pains:
 Do you our Papal Father hold
 Heav'n's vicar, and believe all told
 By holy church?"—"I do, by G—d!
 One moment more, I'm food for cod!
 Drag, drag me out; I freeze, I die!"
 "Your peace, my friend, is made on high.
 Full absolution here I give;
 Saint Peter will your soul receive.
 Wash'd clean from sin, and duly shriv'n,
 New converts always go to heav'n.
 No hour, for death, so fit as this:
 Thus, thus, I launch you into bliss."
 So said—the father, in a trice,
 His convert launch'd beneath the ice.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

If you see a man and woman, with little or no
 occasion, often finding fault, and correcting each other
 in company, you may be sure they are husband and
 wife.—If you see a lady and gentleman in the same
 coach in profound silence, the one looking out of one
 window, and the other at the opposite side, be as-
 sured they mean no harm to each other, but are
 husband and wife.—If you see a lady accidentally
 let fall a glove or a handkerchief, and a gentleman
 that is next to her tell her of it, that she may herself
 pick it up, set them down for husband and wife.—
 If you see a man and woman walk in the fields at
 twenty yards distance, in a direct line, and the man
 striding over a stile and still going on, *sans cérémo-*
nie, you may swear they are husband and wife.—If
 you see a lady whose beauty attracts the notice of
 every person present, except one man, and he speaks
 to her in a rough manner, and does not appear at all
 affected by her charms, depend upon it they are hus-
 band and wife.

AN ELEGY ON MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaize;
 Who never wanted a good word
 From those who spoke her praise.
 The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind;
 She freely lent to all the poor
 Who left a pledge behind.
 She strove the neighbourhood to please,
 With manners wond'rous winning;
 And never follow'd wicked ways,
 Unless when she was sinning,
 At church in silks and satins new,
 With hoops of monstrous size;
 She never slumber'd in her pew,
 But when she shut her eyes.
 Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more;
 The king himself has followed her
 When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all ;
 Her doctors found, when she was dead,
 Her last disorder mortal.
 Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
 For Kent-street well may say,
 That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,
 She had not died to-day. GOLDSMITH.

STELLA AND HER DOCTOR.

Swift's Stella being extremely ill, her physician said, "Madam, you are certainly near the bottom of the hill, but we shall endeavour to get you up again." She replied, "Doctor, I am afraid I shall be *out of breath* before I get to the top again."

IMPROMPTU ON A BANKRUPT, LATELY TURNED PREACHER.

No more by creditors perplex'd.
 Or ruin'd tradesmen's angry din ;
 He boldly preaches from the text,
 "A stranger, and *I took him in.*"

THE MIRACLE.

An honest tar, being at a quaker's meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth speak with great vehemence against the ill consequence of giving the lie in conversation ; and therefore advised that, when any man told a tale not consistent with truth or probability, the hearer should only cry "Twang !" which could not irritate people to passion like the lie. Afterwards he digressed into the story of the miracle of five thousand being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. he then told them that they were not such loaves as those used now-a-days, but were as big as mountains ; at which the tar uttered with a loud voice—"Twang."—"What," says the quaker, "dost thou think I lie, friend."—"No," says Jack, "but I am thinking how big the ovens were that baked them."

SPONGING.

I never dine at home, said Harry Skinner ;
 True ! when you dine not out, you get no dinner.

CONTRADICTION.

A young clergyman having buried three wives, a lady asked him how he happened to be so lucky. "Madam," replied he, "I knew they could not live without contradiction, so I let them all have their own way."

ON FINDING A PAIR OF SHOES ON A LADY'S BED.

Well may suspicion shake his head !
 Well may Clorinda's spouse be jealous !
 When the dear wanton takes to bed
 Her very shoes, because they're *fellows* !

NAUTICAL SERMON.

When Whitfield preached before the seamen at New York, he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon :—"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon ? Hark ! Don't you hear distant thunder ? Don't you see those flashes of lightning ? There is a storm gathering ! Every man to his duty ! How the waves rise, and dash against the ship ! The air is dark ! The air is dark ! The tempest rages ! Our masts are gone ! The ship is on her beam ends ! What next ?" The unsuspecting tars, suddenly arose and exclaimed, *Take to the long boat.*

THE POOR POET TO HIS CAT.

Tabby, methinks thou much resembl'st me,
 In musing posture, as beside the fire
 Thou sitt'st. And now pray let me question thee,
 What sorrows or what whims thy breast inspire ?
 Hast thou a kitten, querulous for food ;
 Or dwells thy thought upon some absent rover,
 Who spends the night, (O base ingratitude !)
 Regardless of thy charms, with some new lover ?
 Or does the nibbling of that hungry mouse,
 Behind the wainscot, draw thy deep attention,
 And art thou planning, guardian of the house !
 Sage methods for the prowler's apprehension ?
 Whate'er thy grievances, they're but ideal,
 Whilst mine, alas ! are palpable and real.

ADVANTAGES OF VOLINESS.

In the reign of Lewis XIV. a gentleman, who had suffered by the law's delay, was promised speedy justice by a nobleman, who brought the gentleman to Versailles, to present him to his majesty. The request being granted by the king, his majesty asked the peer what connection he had with the man whose interest he had so warmly espoused. "Not any," replied he; "indeed, so far from it, that I never saw him in my life till the other day." "What!" replied the king, "had you never seen him before? How, then, could you be under that obligation to him which you talk of?" "O, sire!" exclaimed the nobleman, "has not your majesty perceived that, till he was brought forward, I was supposed to have been the ugliest man in your dominions? The exception he has enabled me to make is surely a very great obligation."

THE DOCTOR AND CAPTAIN, A TALE FROM BATH.

In Bladud's city, place of vast renown,
Where, in the season, wealthy cits from town
Escort their wives and pretty daughters,
To make a dash,
To cut a splash,
To dance, to play at cards, and drink the waters—
A strife arose 'twixt men of high condition,
A captain *this*, and *that* a grave physician.
One morn, the hero of the *scarlet coat*,
Upon the doctor's gate, with pencil, wrote
"Scoundrel!" in letters clear and plain:
The doctor saw: amaz'd he stood,
He long'd to let the captain blood:
And, waxing wroth, he grasp'd his gold-topp'd cane,
Then sallied forth, and, after various dodgings,
At length he found the noble captain's lodgings;
There, in politeness to be conquer'd, scorning,
He told the servant, with an arch regard,
"Give to your master doctor Pestle's card,
For at *my gate* he left *HIS NAME* this morning."

ETYMOLOGY AND LAW.

Shortly after Lord Eldin, the Scotch judge, assumed his seat on the bench as a judge, a gentleman re-

marked to him, that his title would be very apt to be confounded with that of the Lord Chancellor. To this observation Lord Eldin answered, "The difference between his Lordship and me is all my *eye*."

A DREAM.

With bridal cake beneath her head,
As Jeuny prest her pillow,
She dreamt that lovers, thick as hops,
Hung pendent from the willow.
Around her spectres shook their chains,
And goblins kept their station;
They pull'd, they pinch'd her, till she swore
To spare the male creation.
Before her now the buck, the beau,
The 'squire, the captain trips;
The modest seiz'd her hand to kiss,
The forward seiz'd her lips.
For some she felt her bosom pant,
For some she felt it smart;
To all she gave enchanting smiles,
To one she gave her heart.
She dreamt—(for magic charms prevail'd,
And fancy play'd her farce on)
That, soft reclin'd in elbow chair,
She kiss'd a sleeping parson.
She dreamt—but O, rash muse! forbear,
Nor virgin's dreams pursue;
Yet blest above the gods is he,
Who proves such visions true.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Margate advertisement, by an ass-lender, whose donkies are alternately employed by ladies and smugglers:—

Asses here to be let; for all purposes right,
To bear *angels* by day, and *spirits* by night.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

There liv'd, as fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,

A pleasant wight, on town yclep'd Tom King;
 A fellow that was clever at a joke;
 Expert in all the arts to tease and *smoke*;
 In short, for strokes of humour quite *the thing*.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
 With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone:
 Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck and blood,
 Would crowd his stories and bon-mots to hear;
 And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
 His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight;
 A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
 Careless how prudence on the sport might frown:
 If e'er a pleasant mischief sprung to view,
 At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew;
 Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night our hero, rambling with a friend,
 Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
 Just by that spot the Seven Dials hight:
 'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast;
 The watch, as usual, dozing on his post;
 And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place there liv'd the num'rous clans
 Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,
 Known at that time by name of Refugees:
 The rod of persecution, from their home
 Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam;
 And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

Well! our two friends were saunt'ring through the
 street,
 In hopes some food for humour soon to meet;
 When, in a window near, a light they view,
 And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
 It seem'd the prologue to some merry play;
 So tow'rd's the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thund'ring knock—
 The time we may suppose near two o'clock.
 "I'll ask," says King, "if Thomson lodges here."
 "Thomson!" cries t'other, "who the devil's he?"
 "I know not," King replies; "but want to see
 What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time, a little Frenchman came—
 One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
 The other held a thing they call *culotte*;
 An old strip'd woollen nightcap grac'd his head,
 A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread—
 Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Tho' thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smil'd,
 And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,
 Bending his head politely to his knee—
 "Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late?
 I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you wait:
 Pray, tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me!"
 "Sir," replied King, "I merely thought to know,
 As by your house, I chanc'd to-night to go—
 But really I disturb'd your sleep, I fear!
 I say, I thought that you, perhaps, could tell,
 Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
 If there's a Mr. Thomson lodges here!"

The shiv'ring Frenchman, tho' not pleas'd to find
 The business of this unimportant kind,
 Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
 Shrugg'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should break;
 Then, with unalter'd courtesy he spake—

"No, Sare; no Monsieur Tonson lodges here."
 Our wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rd's home he sped,
 While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;
 But King resolv'd not thus to drop the jest:
 So, the next night, with more of whim than grace,
 Again he made a visit to the place,
 To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before;
 No footstep seem'd approaching to the door:
 Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound.
 King with the knocker thunder'd then again,
 Firm on his post determin'd to remain;
 And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
 Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep,
 The wag salutes him with a civil leer;
 Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprise,
 While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes—
 "Is there—a Mr. Thomson lodges here?"

The Frenchman falter'd with a kind of fright—
 “Vy Sare, I'm sure I tell you, Sare, last night!”

And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere—
 “No Monsieur Tonson in the varld I know;
 No Monsieur Tonson here—I told you so;
 Indeed, Sare, dere no Monsieur Tonson here!”

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes;
 And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.

The rogue next night pursu'd his old career:
 'Twas long, indeed, before the man came nigh;
 And then he utter'd in a piteous cry—

“Sare, 'pon my soul no Monsieur Tonson here!”

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid;
 And, the next night, came forth a prattling maid,
 Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went faster!
 Anxious she strove his errand to inquire;
 He said 'twas vain her pretty tongue to tire;
 He should not stir till he had seen her master.

The damsel then began in doleful state,
 The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
 And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day:
 King told her, she must fetch her master down;
 A chaise was ready—he was leaving town;
 But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call;
 And long, indeed, was she oblig'd to bawl,
 Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay:
 At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears;
 But, scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
 When King attacks him in the usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain,
 To this tormentor mildly to complain,
 And straight in rage began his crest to rear—
 “Sare, vat de devil make you treat me so?
 Sare, I inform you, Sare, tree nights ago:
 Got dam, I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here!”

True as the night King went and heard a strife
 Between the harass'd Frenchman and his wife,
 Which should descend to chase the fiend away:
 At length to join their forces they agree;
 And straight impetuously they turn the key,
 Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
 Collected to receive the mighty shock,
 Ut'ring the old inquiry, calmly stood.
 The name of Thomson rais'd the storm so high,
 He deem'd it, then, the safest plan to fly,
 With—“Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood.”

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
 Full many a night, to plague the Frenchman, went;
 So fond of mischief was the wicked wit!
 They throw out water, for the watch they call,
 But King, expecting, still escapes from all.

Monsieur, at last, was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
 On some fair prospect, sought the eastern clime:
 Six ling'ring years were, there, his tedious lot!
 At length, content, amid his ripening store,
 He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
 And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London with impatient hope he flies,
 And the same night as former freaks arise,
 He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace.
 “Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth,” he said:
 “My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead.
 Egad! I'll knock, and see who holds his place.”

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar;
 And while he, eager, eyes the op'ning door,
 Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
 Why e'en our Frenchman! Strange perhaps to say,
 He took his old abode that very day:—

Capricious turn of sportive fortune's wheel!
 Without one thought of the relentless foe!
 Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
 Just in his former trim he now appears:
 The waistcoat and the nightcap seemed the same;
 With rushlight, as before, he creeping came;
 And King's detested voice astonish'd hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
 His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright;
 His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore:
 Then, starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain—
 “Begar! here's Monsieur Tonson come again!”
 Away he ran; and ne'er was heard of more.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

A surveyor of taxes for the ward of Chester in the county of Durham, whose income is derivable from *surcharges*, requested a friend to furnish him with a motto for a seal. The latter recommended him to take the last words of Marmion, "*Charge, Chester, charge.*"

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And, in a curl'd white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.
Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than
gravel:
In short, their toes, so gentle to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes.
A nostrum famous in old Popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,
A sort of apostolic salt,
That Popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.
The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray,
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun,
The other limp'd as if he had been shot.
One saw the Virgin, soon *peccuni* cry'd—
Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever:
When home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way:
Hobbling with out-stretch'd bum and bending knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas:
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now!" the light-toed, whitewash'd, pilgrim broke,

"You lazy lubber!"

"Od's curse it!" cried the t'other, "'tis no joke—
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear;
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the dev'l my sinful soul must go,
For d—me if I ha'nt lost every toe.

But, brother sinner, do explain

How 'tis that you are not in pain;

What power hath work'd a wonder for your toes?
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

How is't that you can like a greyhound go,

As merry, as if nought had happen'd, burn ye!"

"Why," cry'd the other, grinning, "you must know,
That just before I ventur'd on my journey,

To walk a little more at ease,

I took the liberty to boil my peas." P. PINDAR.

A CHOICE.

An Irishman was once brought up before a magistrate, charged with marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain? Please your Worship, (says Paddy) *I was trying to get a good one.*

A COOL RETORT.

Henderson the actor was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford he was one day debating with a fellow-student, who, not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, "That, Sir, was a digression; now for the argument."

FRANK HAMAN.

Frank Haman, once a brother of the brush,

Had talents much distinguish'd in his day;

But for his art he hardly car'd a rush,

If some odd mischief stumbled in his way.

This wag was deem'd by all the social tribe
 A jovial, easy, careless, pleasant fellow,
 Fond of a frolic, ready at a gibe,
 And sometimes in his cups a little mellow.
 He, being tempted by a pleasant day,
 After a long contention with the gout,
 A foe that oft besieg'd him, sallied out,
 To breathe fresh air, and wile an hour away.
 It chanc'd as he was strolling, void of care,
 A drunken porter pass'd him with a hare.

The hare was o'er his shoulder flung,
 Dangling behind, in piteous plight,
 And as he crept in zig-zag style,
 Making the most of every mile,
 From side to side poor pussy swung,
 As if each moment taking flight.
 A dog, who saw the man's condition,
 A lean and hungry politician,
 On the look-out, was lurking close behind;
 A sly and subtle chap,
 Of most sagacious smell,
 Like politicians of a higher kind,
 Ready to snap
 At any thing that fell.

The porter stagger'd on, the dog kept near,
 Watching the lucky minute for a bite,
 Now made a spring, and then drew back with fear,
 While Haman follow'd, titt'ring at the sight.
 Great was the contrast 'twixt the man and dog;
 The one a negligent and stupid lout,
 That seem'd to know not what he was about;
 The other keen, observant, all agog.
 Nor need it wonderment excite, I ween,
 That Haman clos'd the train to mark the scene.
 Thro' many a street our tipsy porter reels,
 Then stops—as if to solemn thoughts inclin'd—
 The watchful dog was ready at his heels,
 And Haman hobbled on not far behind.
 Then rolling on again, the man survey'd
 One of those happy mansions, where
 A cordial drop imparts its cheering aid
 To all the thirsty sons of care.

The sight of this refreshing place,
 The scent that hails him from the door,
 Arrest at once his rambling pace—
 As they had often done before.

Mine host, with accents that were wond'rous kind,
 Invites him in, a jolly crew to join;
 The man the gen'rous courtesy declin'd,
 Merely, perhaps, for want of thirst—or coin.

Straight on a bench without, he stretched along,
 Regardless of the passing throng,
 And soon his weary eyelids close,
 While Somnus soothes him to repose.
 The hare now prostrate at his back,
 This was the time to get a snack.

The dog, unable longer to refrain,
 Gaz'd at the hare,
 Who caus'd his care,
 Jumpt and bit, jumpt and bit, jumpt and bit, and
 bit again.

At length, when he had clear'd away the rest,
 The sated spoiler finish'd on the breast.

Then having made a hearty meal,
 He carelessly turn'd on his heel,
 Nor thought of asking "What's to pay?"
 But scamper'd at his ease away;
 Perhaps to find some four-foot fair,
 And tell the story of the hare.

And here some sage, with moral spleen, may say,
 "This Haman should have driv'n the dog away,
 Th' effects of vice the blameless should not bear,
 And folks that are not drunkards lose their hare."
 All this we grant is very true—
 But in this giddy world how few
 To virtue's heights sublimely move,
 Relinquishing the things they love.
 Not so unfashionably good,
 Our waggish painter laughing stood,
 In hopes more sport to find
 Dispos'd to keep in view his game,
 And with th' ambitious Thane exclaim,
 "The greatest is behind."

Besides, he knew, whate'er the plan,
That tempts the fond pursuits of man,
Though pleasure may the course attend,
The wise are heedful of the end.

Hence, though of mirth a lucky store,
So aptly tumbled in his way,
Yet still he linger'd after more,
And thus he said, or seem'd to say:—
"How will the people fret and scold,
When they the bony wreck behold;
And how the drunken rogue will stare,
When first he sees what *was* the hare.

The *denouement* must needs be droll,
'Twere folly not to see the whole."
Presuming thus the future pleasure,
Haman kept post, to wait the sleeper's leisure.

At length our porter's slumbers o'er
He jogg'd on tott'ring as before;
Unconscious any body, kind,
Had eas'd him of his load behind.
Now on the houses turn'd his eye,
As if his journey's end was nigh,
Then read a paper in his hand,
And made a stand.

Haman drew near with eager mien,
To mark the closing of the scene,
Expecting straight a furious din,
His features ready for a grin.

And now we need but mention one thing more,
To show how well he must have lik'd the whim,
Tho' drunk, our porter hit at last the door,
And Haman found the hare was sent to him.

RATES OF CONSCIENCE.

A clergyman was so much averse to the Athanasian creed, that he never would read it. The archbishop having been informed of his recusancy sent the archdeacon to ask him the reason. "I do not believe it," said the priest. "But your metropolitan does," replied the archdeacon. "It may be so," rejoined the other, "and he can well afford it. He

believes at the rate of *seven thousand* a year, and I only at that of *fifty*."

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A man, in many a country town, we know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle,
Enters the field against the foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.
Yet some affirm no enemies they are;
But meet, just like prize-fighters in a fair:
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So (many a suff'ring patient saith)
Though the apothecary fights with death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this *Æsculapian* line,
Liv'd at Newcastle upon Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed:
Or give a glister.

Of occupations, these were *quantum suff.*,
Yet still he thought the list not long enough:
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanc'd things:—for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't,
His fame full six miles round the country ran:
In short, in reputation he was *solus*;
All the old women called him "a fine man!"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade,
(Which oftentimes will genius fetter);
Read works of fancy, it is said;
And cultivated the Belles Lettres.
And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus lov'd verse, and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolv'd to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass

Of writing the directions on his labels,
In dapper couplets—like Gay's Fables;
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason;
'Tis simply honest dealing;—not a crime;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town, it might be four,
To whom one evening Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical,
And, on the label of the stuff,

He wrote verse;
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:

"When taken,
To be well shaken."

Next morning, early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,

Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was indeed a very sorry hack;
But that's of course,

For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary upon his back?
Bolus arriv'd and gave a loudish tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are giv'n by gentlemen who teach to dance,
By fiddlers and by opera singers:
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful look'd and grim,
As if th' apothecary had physick'd him,
And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said:
John shook his head.

"Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!"

"He took the draught!" John gave a nod.

"Well, how?—what then? speak out you dunce."

"Why then," says John, "we shook him once."

"Shook him! how!" Bolus stammered out:

"We jolted him about."

"Zounds! shake a patient, man,—a shake won't do."

"No, Sir, and so we gave him two."

"Two shakes!—odds curse!"

"'Twould make the patient worse."

"It did so, Sir, and so a third we tried."

"Well, and what then?"—"Then, Sir, my master
died."

COLMAN.

HORSE AND ASS.

A jocky lord met his old college tutor at a great
horse fair. "Ah! doctor," exclaimed the peer,
"what brings you here among these high-bred cattle?
Do you think you can distinguish a *horse* from an
ass?"—"My lord," replied the tutor, "I soon per-
ceived *you* among these horses."

THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE RAZOR SELLER.

A fellow in a market town,
Most musical cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence;
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:—
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself in whisper said,
"This rascal stole the razors I suppose."

No matter if the fellow be a knave,
Provided that the razors shave,
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown with his good fortune went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze :

'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try'd—
All were impostors—"Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
"I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and
swore,

Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made
wry faces,

And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose it's ruff,
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds.

Hodge in a passion stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.

"Razors!—a vile, confounded dog—
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun,
"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives :

You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my rascal whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster-knives.

Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave."

"Friend," quoth the razor man, "I'm not a knave:
As for the razors you have bought,

Upon my soul, I never thought
That they would shave."

"Not think they'd shave?" quoth Hodge, with
wond'ring eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell,
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries:
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile—"to
sell."

P. PINDAR.

POWLS AND FOOLS.

A clergyman of Edinburgh dining with a friend, the
lady of the house desired the servant to take away the

dish containing the *fowls*, which she pronounced
FOOLS. "I presume, madam, you mean *fowls*,"
said Mr. R. very pompously:—"Very well, be it so,"
said the lady, "take away the *fowls*, but let the *fool*
remain!"

GARRULITY OF WOMEN.

Some philosophers maintain that speech is the
criterion of reason. Parrots and other birds speak;
are they then rational? Women we know are rational,
but *would they be less so if they spoke less?*

MY LANDLADY'S NOSE.

O'er the evils of life 'tis a folly to fret,
Despondence and grief never lessen'd them yet;
Then a fig for the world—let it come as it goes,
I'll sing to the praise of my landlady's nose.

My landlady's nose is in noble condition,
For longitude, latitude, shape, and position;
'Tis as round as a horn, and as red as a rose,
Success to the bulk of my landlady's nose!

To jeweller's shops let your ladies repair,
For trinkets and nicknacks to give them an air;
Here living carbuncles, a score of them glows
On the big massy sides of my landlady's nose.

Old Patrick M'Dougherty, when on the fuddle,
Pulls out a segar, and looks up to her noddle;
For Dougherty swears, when he swigs a good dose,
By Marjory's firebrand, my landlady's nose.

Ye wishy-wash butter-milk drinkers so cold,
Come here, and the virtues of brandy behold;
Here's red burning Etna—a mountain of snows
Would roar down in streams from my landlady's nose.

But, Gods! when this trunk with an uplifted arm,
She grasps in the dish-clout to blow an alarm;
Horns, trumpets, and conchs, are but screaming of
crows,

To the loud-thund'ring twang of my landlady's nose.

My landlady's nose unto me is a treasure,
A care-killing nostrum—a fountain of pleasure;
If I want for a laugh to discard all my woes,
I only look up to my landlady's nose.

WOMAN'S WISDOM.

One of the Cecil family, minister to Scotland from England, was speaking to Mary, queen of Scots, of the wisdom of his sovereign, queen Elizabeth. Mary stopped him short by saying, "Pray, Sir, don't talk to me of the wisdom of a woman; I think I know my own sex pretty well, and can assure you, that the wisest of us all is only a little less a fool than the others."

THE ROYAL LIBRARIAN.

George III., shortly after his accession to the throne, walking one morning into his library, found one of the under librarians asleep in a chair. He stepped up softly to him, and gave him a slight slap on the cheek; the sleeper clapt his hand on the place instantly, and, with his eyes still closed, taking the disturber of his nap for his fellow librarian, whose name was George, exclaimed, "Hang it, George, let me alone, you are always doing one foolish trick or another."

PROLOGUE, FOR A COMPANY OF COMEDIANS, WHO PERFORMED AT WINCHESTER OVER A BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

Whoe'er our stage examines, must excuse
The wondrous shifts of the dramatic Muse;
Then kindly listen, while the prologue rambles
From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the shambles;

Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The actor swaggers, and the butcher swears!
Quick the transition when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans, to mutton chops!
While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!
Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark;
Cleavers and scimitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below!
While magic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebellow to the roar the stagg'ring ox.

Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidneys and kings, mouthings and marrow-bones;
Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,

And form a tragi-comedy around.

With weeping lovers dying calves complain;
Confusion reigns—chaos is come again!
Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh
The pound of flesh Antonio's blood must pay!
Hither your knives, ye Christians clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the worthless Jew.

Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
Cast a sheep's-eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on sirloins, which, ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midst of beef, of mutton—starve!

But would ye to our house in crowds repair,
Ye gen'rous captains, and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near;
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor hungry queens for cutlets long in vain.

WARTON.

SPEAKING IN TIME.

A buffoon at the court of Francis I. complained to the king that a great lord threatened to murder him for uttering some jokes about him. "If he does," said Francis, "he shall be hanged in five minutes after." "I wish," replied the complainant, "your majesty would hang him five minutes before."

A LONG TEXT.

A clergyman was once going to preach upon the text of the Samaritan woman, and after reading it, he said, "Do not wonder, my beloved, that the text is so long, for it is a woman that speaks."

THE JEW BEGINNING THE WORLD AGAIN.

Two criminals, a Christian and a Jew,

Who'd been to honest feelings rather callous,
Were on a platform once expos'd to view;

Or come, as some folks call it, to the gallows;
Or, as of late a quainter phrase prevails,
To weigh their weight upon the city scales.

In dreadful form, the constables and shrieve,

The priest, and ordinary, and crowd attended,
Till fix'd the noose, and all had taken leave;

When the poor trembling Israelite, befriended,

Heard, by express, from officer of state,
 A gracious pardon quite reverse his fate.
 Unmov'd he seem'd, and to the spot close sticking,
 Ne'er offers, tho' he's bid, to quit the place,
 Till in the air the other fellow's kicking;
 The sheriff thought that some peculiar grace,
 Some Hebrew form of silent, deep devotion,
 Had for a while depriv'd him of his motion.
 But by the sheriff being ask'd aloud,
 Why not with proper officer he went?
 He answer'd thus, (surprising all the crowd,)
 With eyes upon the dying Christian bent,
*"I only wait awhile before I coos,
 Of Mister Catch to puy te tead man's clo'es."*

FASHIONABLE ROUTS.

"How strange it is," said a lady, "that fashionable parties should be called *routs*! Why rout formerly signified the defeat of an army, and when the soldiers were all put to flight or to the sword, they were said to be routed." "This title has some propriety too," said a clergyman, "for at these meetings whole families are frequently *routed out of house and home*."

AVOIDING A DUN.

A gentleman, who was examined as a witness by the late Mr. Dunning, being repeatedly asked by the counsellor if he did not lodge in the verge of the court, at length replied, "He did."—"And pray, sir, for what reason did you take up your residence in that place?"—"In the vain hope," replied the other, "of avoiding the rascally impertinence of *dunning*."

THE WATER-FRIENDS.

On a wild moor, all brown and bleak,
 Where broods the heath-frequenting grouse,
 There stood a tenement antique,
 Lord Hoppergollop's country house.
 Here silence reign'd, with lips of glue,
 And undisturb'd maintain'd her law;
 Save when the owl cried, "Whoo! whoo! whoo!"
 Or the hoarse crow croak'd, "Caw! caw! caw!"

Neglected mansion!—for 'tis said,
 Whene'er the snow came feath'ring down,
 Four barbed steeds, from the Bull's-head,
 Carried thy master up to town.
 Weep, Hoppergollop!—Lords may moan,
 Who stake, in London, their estate
 On two small rattling bits of bone,
 On *little figure*, or on *great*.
 Swift whirl the wheels—He's gone—A rose
 Remains behind, whose virgin look,
 Unseen, must blush in wintry snows,
 Sweet beauteous blossom!—'twas the cook.
 A bolder far than my weak note,
 Maid of the moor, thy charms demand;
 Eels might be proud to lose their coat,
 If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.
 Long had the fair one sat alone,
 Had none remain'd save only she;—
 She by herself had been—if one
 Had not been left, for company.
 'Twas a tall youth, whose cheek's clear hue
 Was ting'd with health and manly toil;
 Cabbage he sow'd; and, when it grew,
 He always cut it off, to boil.
 Oft would he cry, "Delve, delve the hole!
 And prune the tree, and trim the root!
 And stick the wig upon the pole,
 To scare the sparrows from the fruit."
 A small, mute favourite, by day
 Follow'd his step; where'er he wheels
 His barrow round the garden gay,
 A bob-tail cur is at his heels.
 Ah, man! the brute creation see!
 Thy constancy oft needs the spur!
 While lessons of fidelity
 Are found in ev'ry bob-tail cur.
 Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh and strong,
 While Bob-tail in his face would look,
 And mark his master troll the song—
 "Sweet Molly Dumpling! Oh, thou cook!"

For thus he sung; while Cupid smil'd—
 Pleas'd that the gard'ner own'd his dart,
 Which prun'd his passions running wild,
 And grafted true-love on his heart.

Maid of the moor! his love return!
 True love ne'er tints the cheek with shame:
 When gard'ners' hearts, like hot-beds, burn,
 A cook may surely feed the flame.

Ah! not averse from love was she,
 Though pure as heaven's own snowy flake;
 Both lov'd: and though a gard'ner he,
 He knew not what it was to *rake*.

Cold blows the blast—the night's obscure;
 The mansion's crazy wainscots crack;
 No star appear'd,—and all the moor,
 Like ev'ry other moor,—was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
 The lovely Molly Dumpling sat:
 Much did she fear, and much admire
 What Thomas Gard'ner could be at.

List'ning, her hand supports her chin;
 But, ah! no foot is heard to stir:
 He comes not, from the garden, in;
 Nor he, nor little bob-tail cur.

They cannot come, sweet maid, to thee;
 Flesh, both of cur and man, is grass!
 And what's impossible can't be;
 And never, never comes to pass!

She paces through the hall antique,
 To call her Thomas from his toil;
 Ope the huge door; the hinges creak—
 Because—the *hinges wanted oil*.

Thrice, on the threshold of the hall,
 She "Thomas!" cried, with many a sob;
 And thrice on Bob-tail did she call,
 Exclaiming sweetly "Bob! Bob! Bob!"

Vain maid! a gard'ner's corpse, 'tis said,
 In answers can but ill succeed;
 And dogs that hear when they are dead,
 Are very cunning dogs indeed!

Back through the hall she bent her way;
 All, all was solitude around!
 The candle shed a feeble ray,
 Though a large mould of four to th' pound.

Full closely to the fire she drew;
 Adown her cheek a salt tear stole;
 When, lo! a coffin out there flew,
 And in her apron burnt a hole!

Spiders their busy death-watch tick'd
 A certain sign that fate will frown;
 The clumsy kitchen clock, too, click'd,
 A certain sign it was not down.

More strong and strong her terrors rose:
 Her shadow did the maid appal;
 She trembled at her lovely nose,
 It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber damp and cold,
 She climb'd lord Hoppergollop's stair:
 Three stories high—long, dull, and old,
 As great lords' stories often are.

All nature now appear'd to pause;
 And "o'er one half the world seem'd dead;"
 No "curtain'd sleep" had she—because
 She had no curtains to her bed.

List'ning she lay;—with iron din
 The clock struck *twelve*; the door flew wide;
 When Thomas grimly glided in,
 With little Bob-tail by his side.

Tall, like the poplar, was his size;
 Green, green his waiscoat was, as leeks;
 Red, red as beet-root were his eyes;
 Pale, pale, as turnips were his cheeks!

Soon as the spectre she espied,
 The fear-struck damsel faintly said,
 "What would my Thomas?" he replied,
 "Oh! Molly Dumpling! I am dead.

"All in the flower of youth I fell,
 Cut off with health's full blossom crown'd;
 I was not ill—but in a well
 I tumbled backwards, and was drown'd.

"Four fathom deep thy love doth lie;
His faithful dog his fate doth share;
We're fiends—this is not he and I;
We are not *here*,—for we are *there*.

"Yes; two foul water-fiends are we;
Maid of the moor, attend us now!
Thy hour's at hand—we come for thee!"
The little fiend-cur said, "bow, wow!"

"To wind her in her cold, cold grave,
A Holland sheet a maiden likes;
A sheet of water thou shalt have;
Such sheets there are in Holland dykes."

The fiends approach; the maid did shrink;
Swift through the night's foul air they spin;
They took her to the green well's brink,
And, with a souse, they plump'd her in.

So true the fair, so true the youth,
Maids, to this day, their story tell:
And hence the proverb rose, that *Truth*
Lies in the bottom of a well.

COLMAN.

THE HOLY TAILOR AND DEAN SWIFT.

A tailor, grown tired of his shop-board, took a bold spring from his seat to the pulpit, and soon acquired great popularity. Elated with the success, he attempted the conversion of Dean Swift to the true faith. On being admitted to the dean, he thus announced his purpose: "I am come," said he, "by order of the Lord, to open your eyes, to enlighten your darkness, and to teach you the proper application of talents which you have so long abused." "Indeed, my good friend," replied the dean, who knew the tailor, "I am inclined to believe that you are commissioned by Heaven, as you come so critically to relieve the perplexed state of my mind at this very instant." The tailor already exulted in the certainty of success. "You are well acquainted, no doubt," continued Swift, "with that passage in the tenth chapter of the Revelation of St. John, where he describes a mighty angel coming down from heaven, with a rainbow on his head, a book open in his hand, and setting his right foot on the sea, and his left foot on the earth. I am quite at a loss how to

calculate the extent of such a stride; but I know it immediately lies in the line of your trade to tell me, how many yards of cloth would make a pair of breeches for that angel."

COPPER AND BRASS.

Counsellor Dunning thinking to embarrass a witness having a Bardolphian nose, began with, "Now you, Mr. with the copper nose, now you are sworn, what have you to say?"—"Why, by the oath I have sworn," replied he, "I would not exchange my *copper* nose for your *brass* face."

CROSS READINGS IN VERSE.

Every line in this piece is taken from standard poetical writers, and each read separately makes good sense; the humour lies in the combination.

The flow'ry May now from her green lap throws—
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair—

With Scythians expert in darts and bows—
A satire next, and then a bill of fare.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind—

The weary world lies sunk in soft repose—
And shuts the gates of mercy on mankind—
And sometimes gallops o'er a courtier's nose.

The sun himself with gloomy clouds oppress—
Renounces four legs, and starts up on two—
'Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest—
Who stays on shore, and toys with Sall and Sue.

Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay—
Transform'd to combs the speckled and the white—
Long as the night to her whose love's away—
On spacious wings with sundry colours dight.

Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies—
Satan himself will toll the parish bell—
Where in a box the whole creation lies—
By much too wise to walk into a well.

So have I seen on some bright summer's day—
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg—
Where rougher climes a nobler race display—
A dedication is—a wooden leg.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies—
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away—
 With waddling gait, and voice like London cries—
 Nor stops for one bad cork his butler's pay.
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen—
 For thunder mars small beer and weak discourse—
 And hurls the vengeance of the laws on gin—
 To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse.
 But now the clouds in airy tumult fly—
 Their teeth will be no whiter than before—
 While England lives, their fame can never die—
 For still new harlequins remain in store.
 Fortwith the huge portcullis high updrew—
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone—
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew—
 And boldly fought to save the British throne.
 Th' applause of list'ning senates to command—
 Let me extol a cat on oysters fed—
 His wig all powder, and all suuff his band—
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed.
 Now Night in vestments rob'd of deepest dye—
 With new-born Day had gladden'd mortal sight—
 To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye—
 With head advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for
 flight.
 Ah! think, thou favour'd of the powers divine—
 On the forefinger of an alderman—
 To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine—
 And pierce aloft in air the soaring swan.
 Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!—
 Arm'd with a pudding that might please a dean—
 Scours wild along, disdaining all controul—
 And murders sops by whom she ne'er was seen.
 So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane—
 From low St. James's up to high St. Paul—
 Those stars that grace the wide celestial plain—
 For very want can never build a wall.

ALL AT ONCE.

A Greek and a Venetian held a dispute on the advantages of their respective countries, during which

the Greek did not fail to quote the numerous sages which his country had produced of old. "True," answered the Venetian, "you formerly had so many, which accounts for your not having one left."

THE SLEEPY CHANCELLOR.

A wit at Cambridge, in the reign of James I., was ordered to preach at St. Mary's, before the vice-chancellor and the heads of the university. He formerly had observed the drowsiness of the vice-chancellor, and took this piece of scripture for his text, *What, cannot ye watch one hour?* At every division, he concluded with his text, which, as the vice-chancellor sat near the pulpit, often awaked him. This was the talk of the whole university, and so nettled the vice-chancellor, that he complained to the archbishop of Canterbury, who sent for this scholar to London to defend himself against the crime laid to his charge, when he gave so many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the archbishop enjoined him to preach before king James; after some excuses he condescended, and coming into the pulpit, began *James the First and the Sixth, waver not*—meaning the first king of England, and the sixth of Scotland—at first the king was somewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was so well pleased with the sermon, that he made him one of the chaplains in ordinary. After this advancement, the archbishop sent him down to Cambridge to make his recantation to the vice-chancellor, and to take leave of the university; which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verse of his former text, *Sleep on now, and take your rest.* Concluding his sermon, he made his apology to the vice-chancellor, saying, "whereas I said before (which gave offence) *what, cannot you watch one hour?* I say now, *Sleep on, and take your rest,* and so left the university.

CHOICE POETRY.

A very indifferent poet having read to a friend what he deemed the choice parts of a pretty long poem, inquired "Which were the passages he most approved?" "Those which you have not yet read," replied the other.

SINGING.

A man said he sung as well as most men in Europe, and thus proved it: *the most men in Europe do not sing well, therefore I sing as well as most men in Europe.*

THE CHANGED LAIS.

O Venus! whelm'd in sorrow o'er,
My broken glass I bring to thee;
For *what I was* it shows no more,
And *what I am* I dare not see.

THE STOCKS.

A wag passing through a country town, observed a fellow placed in the stocks. "My friend," said he, "I advise you by all means to sell out." "I should have no objection your honour," he replied drily, "but at present they seem much *too low*."

LUCKY FROLIC.

When Lord Chief Justice Holt presided in the Court of King's Bench, a poor decrepit old creature was brought before him, charged as a criminal, on whom the full severity of the law ought to be visited with exemplary effect. The charges were opened. "What is her crime?" asked his Lordship. "Witchcraft."—"How is it proved?"—"She has a powerful spell."—"Let me see it."—The spell was handed to the bench; it appeared a small ball of variously-coloured rags of silk, bound with threads of as many different hues; these were unwound and unfolded, until there appeared a scrap of parchment, on which were written certain characters now nearly illegible from much use. "Is this the spell?"—The prosecutor answered it was. The judge, after looking at this patent charm a few moments, addressed himself to the terrified prisoner. "Prisoner, how came you by this?"—"A young gentleman, my Lord, gave it to me, to cure my child's ague."—"How long since?"—"Thirty years, my Lord."—"And did it cure her?"—"Oh yes, and many others."—"I am glad of it." The judge paused a few moments, and then addressed himself to the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury, thirty years ago, I and some companions, as thoughtless as myself, went to this woman's dwelling, then a public house, and after enjoying ourselves

found we had no means to discharge the reckoning. I had recourse to a stratagem. Observing a child ill of an ague, I pretended I had a spell to cure her. I wrote the classic line you see on a scrap of parchment, and was discharged of the demand on me by the gratitude of the poor woman before us, for the supposed benefit."

EPITAPH ON A LAWYER.

Here lies a lawyer,—one whose mind—
(Like that of all the lawyer-kind)
Resembled, though so grave and stately,
The pupil of a cat's eye greatly,—
Which for the mousing deeds transacted
In holes and corners, is well fitted,
But which in sunshine, grows contracted,
As if 'twould,—rather not admit it,—
As if in short, a man would quite
Throw time away who tried to let in a
Decent portion of God's light
On lawyer's mind or pussy's retina.
Hence when he took to politics,
As a refreshing change of evil,
Unfit with grand affairs to mix,
His little nisi prius tricks,
Like imps at bo-peep, play'd the devil;
And proved that when a small law wit,
Of statesmanship attempts the trial,
'Tis like a player on the kit,
Put all at once to a bass viol.
Nay, even when honest, (which he could
Be, now and then,) still quibbling daily,
He served his country as he would
A client thief at the Old Bailey.
But,—do him justice,—short and rare
His wish through honest paths to roam;
Born with a taste for the unfair,
Where falsehood call'd he still was there,
And when least honest most at home.
Thus shuffling, bullying, lying, creeping,
He work'd his way up near the throne,
And long before he took the keeping
Of the king's conscience, lost his own.

MOORE.

MUNCHAUSEN OUTDONE.

Several gentlemen, of ingenious invention, or extraordinary credulity, having amused a company by a successive detail of wondrous events, a shipmaster observed, "Gentlemen, these narratives which you have given are doubtless strange and unaccountable, but I can tell you a circumstance which occurred to myself, not less true, and still more incredible. Last year, coming home from the West Indies, and being on the banks of Newfoundland, my people hooked an immense shark. The monster made such resistance as they were hauling him up, that I was afraid he might break the rope and escape. I ran down to the cabin and fetched my pistols, which, for security's sake, I always keep loaded. As they had got his head to the surface of the water, I levelled a pistol to fire at him; but, just as I was going to pull the trigger, in a too eager anxiety, the pistol dropped from my hand, and, about the same moment, the shark, making a violent effort, broke the line and escaped. Well, gentlemen, being nearly on the same spot on my last homeward voyage, the crew again hooked a shark, which after much exertion, they were fortunate enough to get on board, and as, after cutting off the tail, (which you know, gentlemen, is the most powerful part of this fish) they were ripping up the belly, I was surprised to hear what appeared like the report of a pistol; but, judge my astonishment, when I found that this was the identical shark hooked on my former voyage; that my pistol had fallen into its mouth, and, from its voracity, been swallowed into its stomach, that it had there remained dormant, till the operation of cutting it up had, probably by contact of the chopper and the flint, made the piece go off!"

A CAUTIOUS HINT.

Fontenelle lived to be nearly one hundred years old. A lady, of nearly equal age, said to him one day, in a large company, "Monsieur, you and I stay here so long that I have a notion Death has forgotten us!" "Speak as *softly* as you can Madam," replied Fontenelle, "lest you should remind him of us."

IMPROMPTU, ON SEEING AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH A SHABBY COAT.

I met a friend the other day
Whose coat was rather C. D.
When told, no wonder, you will say,
His pockets were quite M. T.

NARROW ESCAPE.

A distinguished gentleman of Pennsylvania, whose nose and chin were both very long, and who had lost his teeth, whereby the nose and chin were brought near together, was told, "I am afraid your nose and chin will fight before long; they approach each other very menacing." "I am afraid of it myself," replied the gentleman, "for a great many words have passed between them already."

A TENDER WISH.

A beggar in Dublin had been a long time benighted an old gouty, testy, limping gentleman, who had refused his mite with much irritability; upon which the mendicant said, "Ah, please your honour's honour, I wish God had made your *heart* as tender as your *toes*."

SHAVING AND VOTING.

A Barber in a borough-town, it seems, Had voted for Sir John, against Sir James. Sir James, in angry mood, took Suds aside—Don't you remember shaving me? he cry'd; Five pieces for five minutes work I gave; And does not one good turn another crave? Yea, quoth the barber, and his fingers smack'd, I grant the doctrine, and admit the fact: Sir John, on the same score, paid the same price; But took two shavings—and of course *paid twice*.

EXQUISITIVE SENSIBILITY

Two men of fashion meeting a beautiful lady in a narrow way in Glasgow, her ear was taken by the following observations—"I protest, Bobby, this passage is as narrow as Balaam's passage"—(a lane in Glasgow)—"Yes, (said his companion) and, like Balaam, I am stopped by an angel."—"And I (retorted the lady) by the ass."

THE ELDER BROTHER,

Centre in London noise, and London follies,
 Proud Covent-garden blooms in smoky glory;
 For chairmen, coffee-rooms, piazzas, dollies,
 Cabbages, and comedians, fam'd in story!
 On this gay spot (upon a sober plan)
 Dwelt a right regular, and staid, young man:
 Much did he early hours, and quiet, love;
 And was entitled, Mr. Isaac Shove.
 An orphan he: yet rich in expectations,
 Which nobody seem'd likely to supplant—
 From that prodigious bore of all relations,
 A fasty, canting, stiff-rump'd, maiden aunt;
 The wealthy Miss Lucretia Cloghorthy,
 Who had brought Isaac up, and own'd to forty!
 Shove, on this maiden's will relied securely;
 Who vow'd she ne'er would wed, to mar his riches;
 Full often would she say, of man, demurely—
 "I can't abide the filthy things in breeches!"
 He had apartments up two pair of stairs;
 On the first floor lodged Dr. Crow;
 The landlord was a torturer of hairs,
 And made a grand display of wigs, below,
 From the beau's Brutus, to the parson's frizzle—
 Over the door-way was his name; 'twas Twizzle.
 Now, you must know,
 This Dr. Crow
 Was not of law, nor music, nor divinity;
 He was obstetric; but, the fact is,
 He didn't in Lucina's turnpike practise;
 He took by-roads—reducing ladies' shapes,
 Who had secur'd themselves from "leading
 apes,"
 But kept the reputation of virginity.
 Crow had a roomy tenement of brick,
 Inclos'd with walls, one mile from Hyde Park
 Corner:
 For trees and yews were planted round it thick;
 No situation was *forlorn*!
 Yet notwithstanding folks might scout it,
 It suited qualmish spinsters, who fell sick,
 And did not wish the world to know about it.

Here many a single gentlewoman came,
 Pro tempore—full tender of her fame!
 Who, for a while, took leave of friends in town—
 "Business, forsooth, to Yorkshire call'd her down,
 Too weighty to be settled by attorney!"
 And, in a month or six weeks' time came back:
 When ev'ry body cried—"Good luck!
 How monstrous *this* you've grown, upon your jour-
 ney!"

The Doctor, knowing that a puff of scandal
 Would blow his private trade to tatters,
 Dreaded to give the smallest handle
 To those who dabble in their neighbours' matters:
 Therefore he wisely held it good,
 To hide his practice from the neighbourhood—
 And not appear there as a resident,
 But merely one who casually went
 To see the ladies in the large brick-house—
 To lounge and chat—not minding time a souse—
 Like one to whom all business was quite foreign:
 And thus, he visited his female sick;
 Who lay as thick,
 Within his tenement of brick,
 As rabbits in a warren.

He lodged in Covent Garden all the while:
 And, if they sent in haste for his assistance,
 He soon was with them—'twas no mighty distance—
 From the town's end, it was but bare a mile.

Now, Isaac Shove,
 Living above
 This Dr. Crow,
 And knowing barber Twizzle liv'd below,
 Thought it might be as well—
 Hearing so many knocks, single and double—
 To buy, at his own cost, a street door bell,
 And save confusion in the house, and trouble!
 Whereby his (Isaac's) visitors might know,
 Without long waiting in the dirt and drizzle,
 To ring for him at once, and not to knock for Crow, or
 Twizzle.

Besides, he now began to feel,
 The want of it was rather *ingenue*!

For he had often thought it a disgrace,
 To hear, while sitting in his room above,
 Twizzle's shrill maid, in the first landing place,
 Screaming—"A man below wants Mister Shove!"

The bell was bought: the wire was made to steal
 Round the dark staircase, like a tortur'd eel,
 Twisting and twining.

The jemy handle Twizzle's door-post grac'd:
 And, just beneath, a brazen plate was plac'd,
 Lacquer'd, and shining—

Graven whereon, in characters full clear,
 And legible, did "Mr. Shove" appear;
 And furthermore, which you might read right well,
 Was—"Please to ring the bell."

At half past ten, precisely, to a second,
 Shove, every night, his supper ended;
 And sipp'd his glass of negus till he reckon'd,
 By his stop-watch, exactly one more quarter:
 Then, as exactly, he untied one garter;
 A token 'twas, that he for bed intended.

Yet, having still a quarter good before him,
 He leisurely undress'd before the fire:
 Contriving, as the quarter did expire,
 To be as naked as his mother bore him—

Bating his shirt, and nightcap on his head.
 Then as the watchman bawl'd eleven,
 He had one foot in bed;
 More certainly than cuckolds go to heav'n.

Alas! what pity 'tis, that regularity,
 Like Isaac Shove's is such a rarity!
 But there are swilling wights in London town,
 Term'd Jolly Dogs—Choice Spirits—alias, Swine;
 Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
 Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasure thus outrun—
 Dozing with head-aches till the afternoon—
 Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
 By borrowing too largely of the moon.
 One of this kidney—Toby Tossplot hight—
 Was coming from the Bedford, late at night:

And being *Bacchi plenus*—full of wine—
 Altho' he had a tolerable notion,
 At aiming at progressive motion,
 'Twas not direct—twas serpentine.
 He work'd; with sinuosities, along,
 Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming through a cork:
 Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy—stiff Don
 Prong—
 A fork!

At length with near four bottles in his pate,
 He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate—
 When reading—"Please to ring the bell;"
 And being civil, beyond measure—
 "Ring it!" says Toby—"very well!
 I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
 Gave it a jerk—that almost jerk'd it down.
 He waited full two minutes, no one came:
 He waited full two minutes more; and then,
 Says Toby—"If he's deaf, I'm not to blame,
 I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac, in a fright;
 Who, quick as lightning popping up his head,
 Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed—
 Pale as a parsnip—bolt upright.
 At length, he wisely, to himself did say—
 Calming his fears—
 "Tush! 'tis some fool has rung, and ran away,"
 When peal the second rattled in his ears.

Shove jump'd into the middle of the floor,
 And trembling, at each breath of air that stirr'd,
 He grop'd down stairs, and open'd the street door,
 While Toby was performing peal the third?
 Isaac eyed Toby fearfully askant,
 And saw he was a strapper—stout and tall:
 Then put this question—"Pray, Sir, what do ye want?"
 Says Toby—"I want nothing, Sir, at all."
 "Want nothing, Sir?—you've pull'd my bell, I vow,
 As if you'd jerk it off the wire!"
 Quoth Toby—gravely making him a bow—
 "I pull'd it, Sir, at your desire."

"At mine!"—"Yes, yours:—I hope I've done it well!

High time for bed, Sir!—I was hast'ning to it;
But, if you write up—"Please to ring the bell,"
Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

Isaac, now waxing wroth apace,
Slamm'd the street door in Toby's face,
With all his might:
And Toby as he shut it, swore
He was a dirty son of—something more
Than delicacy suffers me to write—
And lifting up the knocker, gave a knock,
So long and loud, it might have rais'd the dead;
Twizzle declares his house sustain'd a shock,
Enough to shake his lodgers out of bed.
Toby, his rage thus vented in the rap,
Went serpentine home to take his nap.

'Tis now high time to let you know,
That the obstetric Dr. Crow
Awoke in the beginning of this matter,
By Toby's tintinnabulary clatter—
And knowing that the bell belong'd to Shove,
He listen'd in his bed, but did not move:

He only did apostrophize—
Sending to Hell,
Shove and his bell,
That wou'dn't let him close his eyes.

But when he heard a thund'ring knock, says he—
"That's certainly a messenger for me!
Somebody ill in the brick house, no doubt!"
Then mutter'd, hurrying on his dressing gown—
"I wish my ladies, out of town,
Chose more convenient times for crying out!"

Now, in the dark, now reach'd the staircase head,
Shove, in the dark, was coming up to bed.

A combination of ideas flocking
Upon the pericranium of Crow—
Occasion'd by the hasty knocking,
Succeeded by a foot he heard below—

He did, as many iolks are apt to do,
Who argue in the dark, and in confusion;
That is—from the hypothesis he drew
A false conclusion:

Concluding Shove to be the person sent,
With an express from the Brick Tenement;
Whom Barber Twizzle, torturer of hairs,
Had civilly let in and sent up stairs.

As Shove came up, tho' he had long time kept
His character for patience very laudably—
He couldn't help, at ev'ry step he stepp'd,
Grunting and grumbling in his gizzard, audibly!

For Isaac's mental feelings, you must know,
Not only were considerably hurt;
But his corporeal also—
Having no other clothing than a shirt;
A dress, beyond all doubt, most light and airy;
It being then a frost in January.

When Shove was deep down stairs the Doctor heard,
—Being much nearer the stair top
Just here and there a random word,
Of the soliloquy that Shove let drop.

But shortly by progression brought
To contact nearer,

The doctor, consequently, heard him clearer;
And then the fag-end of this sentence caught
Which Shove repeated warmly, tho' he shiver'd;
"D—n Twizzle's house! and d—n the bell;
And d—n the fool who rang it!—Well,
From all such plagues I'll quickly be deliver'd."

"What, quickly be deliver'd?" echoes Crow:
"Who is it?—Come; be sharp—reply, reply!
Who wants to be deliver'd? let me know?"

Recovering his surprise, Shove answer'd—"I?"

"You be *deliver'd*," says the Doctor—"Sblood!"
Hearing a man's gruff voice—"You lout, you lob!
You be deliver'd!—Come, that's very good;"
Says Shove—"I will, so help me Bob!"

"Fellow!" cried Crow, "you're drunk with filthy
beer:

A drunkard, fellow, is a brute's next neighbour!
But Miss Cloghorty's time was very near:
And, I suppose, Lucretia's now in labour."

"Zounds!" bellows Shove—with rage, and wonder
wild!

"Why then my maiden aunt is big with child."

Here was at-once a sad discovery made!

Lucretia's frolic now was past a joke—
Shove trembled for his fortune, Crow his trade:

Both, both, saw ruin—by one fatal stroke!—
But with his aunt, when Isaac did discuss,
She hush'd the matter up by speaking thus—
"Sweet Isaac!" said Lucretia, "spare my fame!

Tho' for my babe I feel as should a mother,
Your fortune will continue much the same;
For—keep the secret, you're his *Elder Brother!*"

COLMAN.

DEGREES OF DRUNKENNESS.

At the close of a tavern dinner, two of the company fell down stairs; the one tumbling to the first landing-place, the other rolling to the bottom.—Some one remarked, that the first seemed *dead drunk*. Yes (observed a wag) but he is not *so far gone* as the gentleman below!

AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

"Vile critic!" exclaim'd a poor author in pique,

"In reviewing my work, why abuse it?
You've injur'd my fame by your cursed critique,
For nobody now will pursue it."

Quoth the critic, "I'm glad to hear that; for my aim
Was to save, not destroy reputation;
And I could not more certainly ruin your fame,
Than by giving your work circulation!"

FORMAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. Schmidt, of the cathedral of Berlin, wrote to Frederick II. in the following terms:

"SIRE—I acquaint your Majesty, first, that there are wanting books of Psalms for the Royal Family; I acquaint your Majesty, second, that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your Majesty, third, that the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is ruinous.

"SCHMIDT, Sacrist of the Cathedral."

The King, much amused with the epistle, sent the following:

"I acquaint you, Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, first, that those who want to sing may buy books. Second, I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt that those who want to be warm may buy wood. Third, I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt that I shall no longer trust to the balus-

trade next the river. And I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, fourth, that I will not have any more correspondence with him. FREDERICK."

ADVANTAGES OF LOW PRICES.

A gentleman in one of the steam packets, asked the steward, when he came round to collect the passage money, (of 6d each, for the best cabin,) if there was not some danger of being blown up. The latter promptly replied, "No, sir, not the least; we can not afford to blow people up at these low prices."

A GRAVE REPROOF.

Horace Walpole's correspondent, William Cole, was remarkable for what is called a "comfortable assurance." Dining in a party at Cambridge, he took up from the table a gold snuff-box, belonging to a gentleman next to him, and bluntly remarked of its size, saying, "it was big enough to hold the freedom of a corporation." "Yes, Mr. Cole," replied the owner; "it would hold any freedom but yours."

THE LAWYER AND CLIENT.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as friendly as before.
"Zounds!" said the client, "I would fain know how
You can be friends, who were such foes just now!"
"Thou fool!" said one; "we lawyers, though so keen
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between."

RELIEF BY PERSPIRATION.

A candidate at Surgeon's Hall, after a variety of questions, was thus interrogated:—"In such a case, sir, how would you act?"—"Well, sir, if that did not operate?"—"But if *that* did not produce the desired effect, of causing perspiration?"—"Why, gentlemen," said the worried student, "if all these should fail, I would direct the patient to be brought here for examination!"

EPITAPH ON A SCOLD.

Here lies, thank God, a woman who
Quarrell'd and storm'd her whole life through;
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.

ROYAL MODESTY.

King Charles II. once asked Stillingfleet, why he always read his sermons before him, when he always preached without book elsewhere. He told the king, the sight of so great and wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself: with which answer the king was very well contented. "But pray," says Stillingfleet, "will your majesty give me leave to ask you a question too? Why do you read your speeches to the parliament, when you have none of the same reasons?"—"Why truly, doctor," said the king, "your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked them so often, and for so much, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

REQUISITES FOR AN EPIGRAM.

One day in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag,
"An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances shou'd
Be like a jelly bag."
"Your simile, I own, is new,
But how wilt make it out?" says Hugh:
Quoth Ralph, "I'll tell thee, friend;
Make it at top both wide and fit
To hold a budget full of wit,
And point it at the end."

MISTAKEN RESPECT.

A lord mayor, waiting upon King Charles the Second, while in the park feeding the ducks, with his hat in his hand, the mayor desired he might not speak till his majesty was covered:—"Phoo, phoo!" says the king; "you may go on very safely, 'tis to the ducks I pull my hat off."

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day man's drest in gold and silver bright,
'Wrapp'd in a shroud before to-morrow night
To-day he's feeding on delicious food,
To-morrow dead, unable to do good:
To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs
To-morrow he's himself a dish for worms:

K

To-day he's honour'd and in vast esteem,
To-morrow not a beggar values him:
To-day he rises from the velvet bed,
To-morrow lies on one that's made of lead:
To-day his house, tho' large, he thinks but small,
To-morrow no command, no house at all:
To-day has forty servants at his gate,
To-morrow scorn'd, not one of them will wait:
To-day perfum'd as sweet as any rose,
To-morrow stinks in ev'ry body's nose.
To-day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
Ghastful and pale before to-morrow night:
True, as the scripture says, "man's life's a span;"
The present moment is the life of man!

MISS FARREN.

The wife of the manager of a little strolling company, who was both old and ugly, had once a violent dispute with Lady Derby, then Miss Farren; the theatrical queen, being extremely irritated at some remark of Thalia's favourite, exclaimed in her passion, "You are a very pretty young lady indeed!"—"And you are neither one nor the other," replied her ladyship.

THE VICAR OF BRAY'S CREED.

I love with all my heart	The Tory party here
The Hanoverian part—	Most hateful doth appear,
And for their settlement	I ever have denied
My conscience gives consent,	To be on James's side,
Most righteous is the cause	To be for such a king
To fight for George's laws,	Will Britons ruin bring,
This is my mind and heart	In this opinion I
Tho' none should take my part.	Resolve to live and die.

A PHYSICIAN'S PRACTICE.

As a quack practitioner was standing at his door on Ludgate-Hill, a regular bred physician passed, who had learning and abilities, but not the success in his practice which he deserved. "How comes it," says he to the quack, "that you, without education, skill, or the least knowledge of the science, are enabled to live in the style you do? You keep your town-house, your carriage, and your country-house; whilst I, allowed to possess some knowledge, have neither, and can scarcely pick up a subsistence."—"Why, look you," said the quack, "how many people do you

think have passed us since you asked me the question?"—"Why," answered the doctor, "perhaps a hundred."—"And how many out of that hundred, think you, possess common sense?"—"Possibly one," answered the doctor. "Then," said Rock, "that one comes to you; and I take care to get the other ninety-nine."

LIFE.

Our life is nothing but a *winter's day*.
Some only break their *fast*, and so away,
Others stay *dinner*, and depart full fed;
The deepest age but *sups*, and goes to bed:
He's most in debt that lingers out the *day*;
Who dies betimes, has less and less to pay.

MISS POPE.

Miss Pope was rallied one evening in the green-room by a certain actress, more noted for her gallantries than professional talents, on the largeness of her shape; on which she observed, "I can only wish it, madam, as *slender* as your reputation."

THE COMMONS' PETITION TO CHARLES II.

In all humility we crave
Our sovereign may be our slave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally:
And if he please once to lay down,
His sceptre, dignity, and crown,
We'll make him, for the time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

ROCHESTER.

The King's Answer.

Charles at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Dr. Johnson being in company with a very talkative lady, of whom he appeared to take very little notice, she, in a pique, said to him, "Why, doctor, I believe you are not very fond of the company of ladies."—"You are mistaken, madam," replied he, "I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their *silence*."

TO PHILLIS.

Phillis, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle:
Come, give it me; why should you mase
So much ado about a trifle?

LOSS OF SIGHT AND SPEECH.

The captain of a trading vessel having some contraband goods on board, which he wished to land, said to an exciseman, whom he knew, "If I was to put a half-crown piece upon each of your eyes, could you see?" The answer was—"No: and if I had another upon my mouth, I could not speak."

FEMALE CHARMS.

(From the Latin of Buchanan.)

To gaze upon thy face is bliss,
To hear thy voice with rapture charms,
More than terrestrial joy thy kiss,
And heav'n itself within thy arms.

A WOMAN'S LEARNING.

"I should be glad to know," said a learned lady, angrily, "how knowledge is incompatible with a woman's situation in life. I should like to be told why chemistry, geography, algebra, languages, and the whole circle of arts and sciences, are not as becoming in her as in a man."—"I do not say," replied an ingenious author, "that they are entirely unbecoming; but I think, a very little of them will answer the purpose. In my opinion, now, a woman's knowledge of *chemistry* should extend no further than to the melting of butter; her *geography* to a thorough acquaintance with every hole and corner in the house; her *algebra* to keeping a correct account of the expenses of the family; and as for *languages*, Heaven knows, that one is enough in all conscience, and the less use she makes of that the better."

EPITAPH ON A WOODMAN,

At Ockham, in Surrey, 1736.

The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck
And so death lopp'd off me!

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER'S MODE OF TEACHING THE ALPHABET.

Father M'Tutor'em, of the parish of O'Prosody, in the county of Docemus, sits himself down the *monarch of a shed*, to teach the little puny whipsters the Christ-Cross-row, so as to make the most lasting impression. He has all the little fry for five miles round, whose fathers can afford to give five coppers a week for their education.

There was little Dermot, little Phelim, Terence M'Bluderoch, and Paddy O'Drogheda, &c. &c.

Father M'Tutor'em called in this manner upon the last new comer, who, be it known, knew as much of the alphabet as he did of the longitude.

"You little O'Shaughnessy, come hither with yourself. Bring your primer in your paw, and your coppers in your fist. Blow your nose, and hold up your head like a man. Arrah! don't be hunting after the flies across the ceiling; but cock your eye and look straight at your book, that you may shoot every letter flying.

"You see that letter that looks for all the world like the gable of your father's cabin, with a beam across the middle of it; that is called A—agusee A; and that letter, the next door neighbour, is namesake to the little gentleman that sucks the flowers, fills the honey pots, and carries a damned long sting in his tail; that is Mr. B. and B stands for Blubberlip. Arrah now, what makes you pout out your lip so? Tuck in the selvage of your mouth, blow your nose, and hold up your head like a man. The next is, for all the world, like the sign of the half-moon, where Judy Mac Gluthery sells whiskey; and that is called C, and stands for Cobbler, or Cobblers. And you see the next, that is for all the world like the broken handle of a pair of snuffers; and that is called D, and D stands for Daughter; agusee Cobbler's Daughter; agusee, Blubberlip Cobbler's Daughter. And that next is called E, which the English flats, bodderation to 'em, call E E, as if there were two of them. By my conscience, they might as well say *check* handkerchief, instead of *check* handkerchief, though it was only made for the nose—that's true! Blow

your nose once more. And that next you see, that's like a gibbet, with a little plug half way up, for the hangman to put his foot on. Heaven bless you, my dear, and keep your mother's child from the like of it, my jewel. That is called F; and F stands for five. Arrah, now, and what's the next to F?"

"I don't know."

"Arrah, now, why don't you know?"

"Because I can't tell."

"Now you do know and you can tell. Arrah! what does the carman say, when he wants his horses to go faster?"

"Gee."

"To be sure; and that's the letter G. And if any body should ask you which of your *hands* goes *bare-foot* for want of a glove, you may say H, which is the same as both; and H stands for horse, or horses, and I stands for jockies. Now, my little fellow, agusee Blubberlip Cobbler's daughter eat up five gingerbread horse-jockies, boots, spurs, whips, buckskin breeches and all. Mercy on us! what a devil of a twist!

"Now I've taught you one third of your lesson, and I'll teach you the other two halves when you have knocked that under the scull-cap. And then, my jewel, I'll tell you how to spell. Arrah, but spelling is reading itself, my dear honey; for instance now, in the word Constantinople, which, I believe, if my recollection don't fail me, is that great city, my dear, of which Turkey is the metropolis, where Grand Turks keep a whole regiment of *Janissaries*, who, mercy on us, are devils of fellows at a *March*. But you'll know more of these things by and by, when you read history, my little fellow. You'll find also, if the Turks have their *Januaries*, the Romans had their *Decembers*, and their *July Cæsars*. But now to spell the word Constantinople, my dear. C, O, N, *Con*,—that's the *Con*; S, T, A, N, *stan*,—that's the *stan*, and the *Constan*; T, I, *ti*,—that's the *ti*, and the *stanti*, and the *Constanti*; N, O, *no*—that's the *no*, and the *tino*, and the *stantino*, and the *Constantino*, P, L, E,—that's the *ple*, and *nople*, and the *tinople*, and the *stantinople*, and the *Constantinople*. Now run home with yourself,

ORTHOGRAPHY AND PUNCTUATION.

The husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the parson of the parish; but instead of spelling and pointing it properly, viz. "A person having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation," she spelled and pointed it as follows: "A person, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation." The parson read it accordingly.

SWISS JUSTICE.

A French traveller lodged at a very humble inn, in a little town near Lausanne, and made only a frugal meal; but when the moment arrived for payment, his host demanded twelve francs. "Twelve francs!" exclaimed the traveller.—"Is there no justice in this country?"—"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur, il y a de la justice," replied the innkeeper, with Swiss phlegm. "*Eh! bien, je cours chez le magistrat.*" The traveller set out for the commune, where he was obliged to wait a considerable time. At length he was introduced into the hall, but imagine his surprise, when he found his landlord was to be his judge! "You have some complaint to make, Sir, I believe?" said *l'aubergiste magistrat*. "Yes, Sir."—"Well, Sir, what have you to say?"—"Eh *parbleu!* you know best—take your bill and judge yourself."—"You are right said the burgomaster—" *je condamne l'aubergiste à ne recevoir que six francs; il faut que chacun fasse son état dans ce monde.*"

AUGUSTAN LIBERALITY.

A courtier having asked Augustus for a salary to a place he held, said it was not for the value of the thing, but for the sake of seeming to have deserved it at his hands. "Well," replied Augustus, "tell every body that you receive one, and I will not deny it."

MONK OUTWITTED.

A monk having introduced himself to the bedside of a dying nobleman, of considerable wealth, who was at the time in a state approaching to insensibility, said to him in an urgent tone, "My Lord, will you

make a grant of the *priory* to our monastery?" The sick man, unable to speak, nodded his head. The monk, turning round to the son, who was in the room, said, "You see, Sir, my Lord, your father, assents to my request." The son immediately exclaimed, with great gravity, "Father, is it your blessed will that I should *kick this monk down stairs!*" The same nod was given as before; upon which the youth said, "You see it is my father's good pleasure;" and with a few lusty kicks, he sent him down headlong.

LEGAL ADVICE.

"Sir" said a barber to an attorney who was passing his door, "will you tell me if this is a good seven-shilling piece." The lawyer pronouncing the piece good, deposited it in his pocket, adding, with great gravity, "If you'll send your lad to my office, I'll return the four-pence."

SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN

When Spencer had finished the *Fairy Queen*, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered the servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading further, he cried, in a rapture, "Carry that man another twenty pounds!" Proceeding still, he said, "Give him twenty pounds more." But at length he lost all patience, and said, "Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on I shall be ruined."

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

As the king was passing in review several regiments near Potsdam, he observed a soldier who had a large scar over his face—Finding he was a Frenchman, Frederic addressed him in his native language, saying, "In what alehouse did you get wounded?"—The soldier smartly replied, "In that where your Majesty paid the reckoning."

SLANDER.

A gentleman of a malevolent and waspish disposition, having died it was reported by some persons

of his acquaintance that he had poisoned himself, on which a lady observed, "Surely, he must have bitten his own tongue."

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

A poetical Epistle from a young Gentleman in the Country to his Brother in London.

Safe seated at uncle's, to promises true,
I send the good news, my dear brother to you ;
So cheerful the house of our worthy relation,
I never enjoy'd such a pleasant vacation ;
Good sporting, good neighbours, good living, good wine ;—

And the good of all goods—female beauty, divine !
For all our fair cousins (don't envy me, pray)
Are handsome, accomplish'd, enchanting, and gay ;
Though, in all the attractions with which they are blest,

The elegant Emily soars o'er the rest.
But 'tis time I descend from heroics, to tell
The wond'rous adventure which lately befell.
Arriv'd at our uncle's old mansion, I found
A numerous party assembled around,
The chambers all occupied (so said our host)
Save one that was plagu'd with—what think you ?—
a ghost !

I thought they were quizzing ; but all our fair cousins
Most gravely asserted that spirits by dozens
Were seen from this terrible chamber to come,
And nobody ventur'd to sleep in the room.
I laugh'd at the bugbear, and frankly declar'd
I'd sleep in the room, though the devil appear'd !
My courage was highly extoll'd, as you'll think,
And, applauded by beauty, pray how could I shrink ?
I vow'd that I'd cheer with *good spirits* my heart,
And that should keep all *evil spirits* apart.
The gloomy old chamber was air'd for my birth,
And the evening pass'd gaily with music and mirth.

'Twas midnight—we parted—and I, nothing daunted,
Repair'd to this room so mysteriously haunted ;
Here a fine blazing fire, with each comfort akin,
Warm'd my courage *without*, as good wine warm'd
within ;

So I stept into bed ; and (I speak without boast)
Felt no apprehension of little Miss Ghost ;
For I must inform you (as gossips had talk'd)
'Twas a lady whose sprite so appallingly walk'd.
Well, nothing appear'd, and my eyes 'gan to
close—

It struck three, just as I was beginning to doze,
When I fancied I heard the door gently unclose.
I started upright, and (conceive my affright)
I saw gliding in a tall female in white !
I own I felt queerish, and shiver'd ;—but hear—
I shiver'd with cold—zounds ! it could not be fear !
The figure was clothed in a robe all beruffled,
Her features were hidden, her face was so muffled ;
She stalk'd to my bed, and the curtain undrew,
Then lay herself down—as I live, it is true ;
But, though a kind girl is my greatest delight,
I had no inclination to lie with a sprite ;
So I mov'd farther off, till I lay on the post,
And left my warm bed to this comical ghost.
While I cower'd, in a tremor, the bed-clothes be-
neath,

I fancied I heard my strange bedfellow *breathe* !
I listen'd—the breathing I heard as before—
And louder it grew—till 'twas almost a *snore*
Thinks I, " For a phantom, 'tis funny enough—
It sure must be made of corporeal stuff ;"
So I softly extended my hand to the form,
And, touching it, found it substantial and warm !
And by her respiring so loudly and deep,
I judg'd 'twas some lady who walk'd in her sleep.
Thought I, " To so lovely a *ghost* I could cling,
When I felt on her delicate finger a ring ;
I rais'd her soft hand, and remov'd it with care,
For says I to myself, " *This* will tell who you are.
That instant my bedfellow threw off the clothes,
And, tho' fast asleep, started up on her toes ;
Then backwards and forwards she glided about,
And, as she came in, she at last glided out !
I laugh'd at the spectre that made all this riot,
And, after a yawn or two, rested in quiet.
This curious event so disturb'd my repose,
'Twas late in the morning before I arose :

When I enter'd the breakfast-room, smiling and hearty.

Assembled I found the whole family party:
Their inquiries at once were directed to me,
With, "How did you rest, Sir?" and, "what did you see?"

Said I, "Ere I speak of this wonderful thing,
I must learn who it is owns this emerald ring."
None claim'd the bright bauble, till Emily said,
"Good Heav'n! 'tis my ring!—and where was it mislaid?"

"Mislaid," said I, laughing, "where *Miss lay herself*;
For you are the ghost, my fair cousin, yourself;
And, strange as it seems, know, good people, I said,
Last night cousin Emily slept in my bed."

"You're joking," cried one, "'Tis too bad," cried another,

While Emily tried her confusion to smother.

"'Tis true," I exclaim'd, "and the truth must prevail,"

Then frankly related my whimsical tale.

All laugh'd, and declar'd I the secret must keep,
When a lady commits a *faux-pas* in her sleep;
While I thought all their mirth a confounded intrusion,
For I saw lovely Emily sink in confusion.

At length our good uncle observ'd, with a smile,
"*Faux-pas* in the sleep are *faux-pas* without guile;

And, since she has taken the place of a wife,
Suppose, my dear nephew, you take her for *life*.

With her ten thousand pounds you may prudently wed,
And you must take care, boy, to keep her in bed."

I lik'd, the proposal—to Emily turn'd,
Whose cheek with the pure blush of modesty burn'd

And ask'd, as a sign of consent, for a kiss:

Her lips falter'd *no*, but her eyes implied *yes*.

'Twas settled; fair Emily's mine, with her pelf,

And, henceforth, I'll keep the sweet ghost to myself.

The *somnambulist* shall not so favour ANOTHER,

So vows, my dear Tom,

Your affectionate brother.

SWEARING AND DRIVING.

A bishop being at his seat in the country where the

roads were uncommonly bad, went to pay a visit to a person of quality in the neighbourhood, when his coach was overturned in a slough, and the servants were unable to extricate the carriage. As it was far from any house, and the weather bad, the coachman freely told his master he believed they must stay there all night, "for," said he, "while your grace is present, I cannot make the horses move." Astonished at this strange reason, his lordship desired him to explain himself: "It is," said he, "because I dare not swear in your presence: and, if I don't, we shall never get clear." The bishop finding nothing could be done if the servant was not humoured, replied, "Well, then, swear a little, but not much." The coachman made use of his permission, and the horses, used to such a kind of dialect, soon set the coach at liberty.

THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand;

"Hark-ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this
About the crows!"—"I don't know what it is,"
Reply'd his friend—"No! I am surpris'd at that;
Where I come from it is the common chat;

But you shall hear; an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened, they are all agreed.
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up *three black crows*."

"Impossible!"—"Nay, but 'tis really true;
I have it from good hands, and so may you."

"From whose, I pray?"—So having named the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.

"Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair—

"Yes, Sir, I did; and if 'tis worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me,

But, by the by, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three*."

Resolv'd to trace so wondrous an event,

Whip to the third the virtuoso went.

"Sir,"—and so forth—"Why yes: the thing is fact,
Tho' in regard to number, not exact;

It was not *two* black crows, 'twas only *one*,
 The truth of *that* you may depend upon ;
 The gentleman himself told me the case—"
 "Where may I find him ?"—"Why, in such a place."
 Away goes he, and having found him out,
 "Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt"—
 Then to his last informant he referr'd,
 And begg'd to know if *true* what he had heard :
 "Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow ?"—"Not I"—
 "Bless me ! how people propagate a lie !
 Black crows have been thrown up, *three, two, and*
one :

And here I find all comes at last to *none* !
 Did you say *nothing* of a crow *at all* ?"
 "Crow—crow—perhaps I might ; now I recall
 The matter over."—"And, pray, Sir, what was't ?"—
 "Why I was *horrid* sick, and, at the last,
 I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
 Something that was—as *black*, Sir, as a crow."

DEGREES OF INEBRIETY.

As drunk as an owl, as drunk as a sow, as drunk
 as a beggar, as drunk as the devil, as drunk as a
 lord. These are the principal comparisons of drunk-
 enness, and the explanation is as follows : a man is
 as drunk as an owl, when he cannot see ; he is as
 drunk as a beggar, when he is very impudent ; he is
 as drunk as the devil, when he is inclined to mischief ;
 and as drunk as a lord, when he is every thing that
 is bad.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

In a church-yard, in Sussex, is the following epi-
 taph :

Here lie two children dear,
 One buried at Portsea, the other here.

This is only equalled by another in France : The
 mayor of a small provincial town having died on a
 visit to the capital, where he was buried, his admin-
 istrators put up a monument to him in his parish
 church, on which was engraved, "*Ci-gît Monsieur*
*B***, qui a été enterré à Paris.*" Here lies Monsieur
 B***, who was buried at Paris !

VOLTAIRE AND HIS BOOKSELLER.

At the rehearsal of one of Voltaire's tragedies, as
 Mr. Cramer, a bookseller at Geneva, was finishing
 his part, which was to end with some dying sentences,
 Voltaire cried out aloud—"Cramer, you lived like a
 prince in the four preceding acts, but in the fifth
 you die like a bookseller." A medical gentleman
 present, could not help interfering ; with, "Why,
 Mons. de Voltaire, can you expect gentlemen to be
 at the expense of dresses, and the fatigue of getting
 up such long parts, if you thus upbraid them ? On
 the contrary, I think they all deserve the greatest
 encouragement at your hands ; and as to my friend
 Cramer, I declare, that, as far as I am a judge, he
 dies with the same dignity as he lived." Voltaire,
 who detested advice or information, made this cool
 answer ; "Prithee, doctor, when you have got kings
 to kill, kill them in your own way ; but let me kill
 mine as I please."

AN UNLUCKY CONFESSION

A physician, who lived in London, attended a lady,
 who lived in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for
 some time, the lady expressed an apprehension that
 it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her
 account. "Oh, Madam !" replied the doctor, "I
 have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by
 that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one*
stone." "Doctor," replied the lady, "you are too
 good a shot for me," and dispensed with his further
 attendance.

EXTEMPORE

On a gentleman with very thin legs.

Sir, that you're brave you need not swear,
 The reason why I will disclose ;
 A coward heart would take more care,
 Than trust itself to legs like those.

EPITAPH ON A WOMAN WHO NEVER HAD CHILDREN.

Here lies the body of barren Peg,
 Who had no issue, but one in her leg ;
 But while she was living, she was so cunning,
 That when one stood still, the other was running.

CHARACTERS BY SAMUEL BUTLER,
Author of Hudibras.

A PLAY-WRITER

Of our times is like a Fanatic, that has no wit in ordinary easy things, and yet attempts the hardest task of brains in the whole world, only because, whether his play or work please or displease, he is certain to come off better than he deserves, and find some of his own latitude to applaud him, which he could never expect any other way; and is as sure to lose no reputation, because he has none to venture.

Like gaming rooks, that never stick
To play for hundreds upon tick;
'Cause, if they chance to lose at play,
Th'ave not one halfpenny to pay;
And, if they win a hundred pound,
Gain, if for sixpence they compound.

Nothing encourages him more in his undertaking than his ignorance, for he has not wit enough to understand so much as the difficulty of what he attempts; therefore he runs on boldly like a fool-hardy wit; and fortune, that favours fools and the bold, sometimes takes notice of him for his double capacity, and receives him into her good graces. He has one motive more, and that is the concurrent ignorant judgment of the present age, in which his sottish fopperies pass with applause, like Oliver Cromwell's oratory among fanatics of his own canting inclination. He finds it easier to write in rhyme than prose; for the world being overcharged with romances, he finds his plots, passions, and repartees, ready made to his hand; and if he can but turn them into rhyme, the thievery is disguised, and they pass for his own wit and invention without question; like a stolen cloak made into a coat, or dyed into another colour. Besides this he makes no conscience of stealing any thing that lights in his way, and borrows the advice of so many to correct, enlarge, and amend, what he has ill-favouredly patched together, that it becomes like a thing drawn by council, and none of his own performance, or the son that has no certain father. He has very great reason to prefer verse before prose in his compositions; for rhyme is like lace, that serves

excellently well to hide the piecing and coarseness of a bad stuff, contributes mightily to the bulk, and makes the less serve by the many impertinencies it commonly requires to make away for it; for very few are endowed with abilities to bring it in on its own account. This he finds to be good husbandry, and a kind of necessary thrift; for they that have but a little ought to make as much of it as they can. His prologue, which is commonly none of his own, is always better than his play; like a piece of cloth that's fine in the beginning, and coarse afterwards; though it has but one topic, and that's the same that is used by malefactors when they are to be tried, to except against as many of the jury as they can.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A NEWSMONGER.

A newsmonger is a retailer of rumour, that takes up upon trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a commodity, that will not keep: for if it be not fresh it lies upon his hands, and will yield nothing. True or false is all one to him; for novelty being the grace of both, a truth grows stale as soon as a lie: and as a slight suit will last as well as a better while the fashion holds, a lie serves as well as truth till new ones come up. He is little concerned whether it be good or bad, for that does not make it more or less news; and if there be any difference, he loves the bad best, because it is said to come soonest; for he would willingly bear his share in any public calamity to have the pleasure of hearing and telling it. He is deeply read in diurnals, and can give as good an account of Rowland Pepin, if need be, as another man. He tells news, as men do money, with his fingers; for he assures them it comes from very good hands. The whole business of his life is like that of a spaniel, to fetch and carry news; and when he does it well he is clapt on the back, and fed for it: for he does not take to it altogether like a gentleman, for his pleasure; but when he lights on a considerable parcel of news, he knows where to put it off for a dinner, and quarter himself upon it, until he has eaten it out; and by this means he drives a trade, by retrieving the first news to truck it for the first meat in season; and, like the old Roman luxury, ransacks all seas and lands to please his palate; for

he imports his narratives from all parts within the geography of a diurnal, and eats as well upon the Russ and Polander, as the English and Dutch. By this means his belly is provided for, and nothing lies upon his hands but his back, which takes other courses to maintain itself by west and stray silver spoons, straggling hoods and scarfs, pimping, and sets à l'ombre.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A TAILOR.

A taylor came in with the curse; and is younger brother to thorns, thistles, and death; for if Adam had not fallen, he had never sat cross-legged. Sin and he are partners; for as sin first brought him into employment, so he by cheating and contributing to pride and vanity, works to sin, and the old trade is still kept up between both. Our Saviour wore his coat without seam, rather than he would have any thing to do with him; and Elias, when he went to Heaven, left his mantle behind, because it had been polluted by his fingers. The Jews in all great calamities were wont to rend their garments, only to testify that they defied him and all his works. All men love and admire cloaths, but scorn and despise him that made them, as princes approve of treason, but hate traitors. He sits cross-legged to show that he was originally a Turk, and calls himself Merchant-Taylor upon no other account, but only as he descended from Mahomet, who was a merchant's apprentice himself in his youth. And his constant custom of making the calves of his legs a stool to sit upon, has rendered him so stiff in the hams, that he walks as if he was newly circumcised, to distinguish himself from a Christian. He lives much more by his faith than good works; for he gains more by trusting and believing in one that pays him at long running, than six that he works for upon an even account for ready-money. He never cuts his coat according to his cloth; but always the more he is allowed the less he puts in a garment: and he believes he has reason for it; for he is fain to take double pains in contriving how to dispose both what he steals, and what he was, to the best advantage, which costs him twice as much labour as that which he gets nothing by. He

never cuts a man's cloaths but he cuts his purse into the bargain; and when he makes a pocket, takes handsel of it, and picks it first himself. He calls stealing *damning*, by a figure in rhetoric called the effect for the efficient; and the place where he lodges all his thievèries *hell*, to put him in mind of his latter end: and what he steals by retail the broker takes off his hands by wholesale. He keeps his wife in taffety to save charges; for when her petticoats are worn out, they serve him to line vests with, as well as if they were new; and when he is unfurnished of these, old sattin and taffety-men supply him for ends of gold and silver. He gets more by the trimming and garniture of cloaths than all the rest; for he can swallow ribands like a juggler, and put whole pieces more in his bill than ever he made use of, and stretch lace, as a shoe-maker does leather, with his teeth, when he sets it on. The mercers are in fee with him to revive old rotten stuffs by giving them new fantastic names; and he brings them into the mode by swearing they are new come up: in consideration of which he is allowed to buy cheap and sell dear: for he is loath to undervalue his conscience, and put it off at a mean rate, as long as he sees his neighbours can make more of theirs—He scorns that.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A DEGENERATE NOBLE.

A degenerate noble, or one that is proud of his birth, is like a turnip; there is nothing good of him but that which is under-ground; or rhubarb, a contemptible shrub, that springs from a noble root. He has no more title to the worth and virtue of his ancestors, than the worms that were engendered in their dead bodies; and yet he believes he has enough to exempt himself and his posterity from all things of that nature for ever. This makes him glory in the antiquity of his family, as if his nobility were the better the farther off it is in time, as well as desert, from that of his predecessors. He believes the honour that was left him, as well as the estate, is sufficient to support his quality, without troubling himself to purchase any more of his own; and he meddles as little with the management of the one as the other,

but trusts both to the government of his servants, by whom he is equally cheated in both. He supposes the empty title of honour sufficient to serve his turn, though he has spent the substance and reality of it : like the fellow that sold his ass, but would not part with the shadow of it ; or Apicius, that sold his house, and kept only the balcony, to see and be seen in. And because he is privileged from being arrested for his debts, supposes he has the same freedom from all obligations he owes humanity and his country, because he is not punishable for his ignorance and want of honour, no more than poverty or unskillfulness is in other professions, which the law supposes to be punishment enough to itself. He is like a fanatic, that contents himself with the mere title of a saint, and makes that his privilege to act all manner of wickedness ; or the ruins of a noble structure, of which there is nothing left but the foundation, and that obscured and buried under the rubbish of the superstructure. The living honour of his ancestors is long ago departed, dead and gone ; and his is but the ghost and shadow of it, that haunts the house with horror and disquiet, where once it lived. His nobility is truly *descended* from the glory of his forefathers, and may be rightly said to *fall* to him ; for it will never rise again to the height it was in them by his means ; and he succeeds them as candles do the office of the sun. The confidence of nobility has rendered him ignoble, as the opinion of wealth makes some men poor ; and as those that are born to estates neglect industry, and have no business but to spend ; so he being born to honour, believes he is no farther concerned, than to consume and waste it. He is but a copy, and so ill done, that there is no line of the original in him, but the sin only.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A HUFFING COURTIER.

A huffing courtier has no value himself, but from the place he stands in. All his happiness consists in the opinion he believes others have of it. This is his faith ; but as it is heretical and erroneous, though he suffer much tribulation for it, he continues obstinate, and not to be convinced. He flutters up and down like a butterfly in a garden ; and while he is pruning

his peruke, takes occasion to contemplate his legs, and the symmetry of his breeches. He is part of the furniture of the rooms, and serves for a walking picture, a moving piece of arras. His business is only to be seen ; and he performs it with admirable industry, placing himself always in the best light, looking wonderfully politic, and cautious whom he mixes withal. His occupation is to show his cloaths ; and if they could but walk themselves, they would save him the labour, and do his work as well as himself. His immunity from varlets is his freehold, and he were a lost man without it. His cloathes are but his tailor's livery, which he gives him ; for it is ten to one he never pays for them. He is very careful to discover the lining of his coat, that you may not suspect any want of integrity or flaw in him from the skin outwards. His tailor is his creator, and makes him of nothing ; and though he lives by faith in him, he is perpetually committing iniquities against him. His soul dwells in the outside of him, like that of a hollow tree ; and if you do but peel the bark off him, he deceases immediately. His carriage of himself is the wearing of his cloaths ; and, like the cinnamon-tree, his bark is better than his body. His looking big is rather a tumour, than greatness. He is an idol, that has just so much value as other men give him that believe in him, but none of his own. He makes his ignorance pass for reserve ; and, like a hunting nag, leaps over what he cannot get through. He has just so much of politics, as ostlers in the university have Latin. He is as humble as a Jesuit to his superiors, but repays himself again in insolence over those that are below him ; and with a generous scorn despises those that can neither do him good nor hurt. He adores those that may do him good, though he knows they never will ; and despises those that would not hurt him if they could. The court is his church, and he believes as that believes, and cries up and down every thing as he finds it pass there. It is a great comfort to him to think that some who do not know him may perhaps take him for a lord ; and while that thought lasts, he looks bigger than usual, and forgets his acquaintance ; and that is the reason why he will sometimes know you and sometimes not.

Nothing but want of money or credit puts him in mind that he is mortal ; but then he trusts Providence that somebody will trust him ; and in expectation of that hopes for a better life, and that his debts will never rise up in judgment against him. To get in debt is to labour in his vocation, but to pay is to forfeit his protection ; for what's that worth to one that owes nothing ? His employment being only to wear his cloaths, the whole account of his life and actions is recorded in shopkeepers' books ; that are his faithful historiographers to their own posterity ; and he believes he loses so much reputation, as he pays off his debts ; and that no man wears his cloaths in fashion that payz for them, for nothing is farther from the mode. He believes that he that runs in debt is before-hand with those that trust him, and only those that pay are behind. His brains are turned giddy, like one that walks on the top of a house ; and that is the reason it is so troublesome to him to look downwards. He is a kind of spectrum, and his cloaths are the shape he takes to appear and walk in ; and when he puts them off he vanishes. He runs as busily out of one room into another, as a great practiser does in Westminster-hall from one court to another. When he accosts a lady, he puts both ends of his microcosm in motion, by making legs at one end, and combining his peruke at the other. His garniture is the sauce to his cloaths, and he walks in his port-cannons like one that stalks in long grass. Every motion of him cries *vanity of vanities, all is vanity*, quoth the preacher. He rides himself like a well-managed horse, reins-in his neck, and walks *terra terra*. He carries his elbows backward, as if he were pinioned like a trussed-up fowl, and moves as stiff as if he was upon the spit. His legs are stuck in his great voluminous breeches, like the whistles in a bagpipe ; those abundant breeches, in which his nether parts are not cloathed, but packed up. His hat has been long in a consumption of the fashion, and is now almost worn to nothing ; if it do not recover quickly, it will grow too little for a head of garlick. He wears garniture on the toes of his shoes, to justify his pretensions to the gout, or such other malady, that for

the time being is most in fashion or request. When he salutes a friend, he pulls off his hat as women do their vizor-masks. His ribands are of the true complexion of his mind, a kind of painted cloud or gaudy rainbow, that has no colour of itself, but what it borrows from reflection. He is as tender of his cloaths as a coward is of his flesh, and as loath to have them disordered. His bravery is all his happiness ; and, like Atlas, he carries his heaven on his back. He is like the golden fleece, a fine outside on a sheep's back. He is a monster, or an Indian creature, that is good for nothing in the world but to be seen. He puts himself up into a sedan, like a fiddle in a case, and is taken out again for the ladies to play upon ; who, when they have done with him, let down his treble string, till they are in the humour again. His cook and valet de chambre conspire to dress dinner and him so punctually together, that the one may not be ready before the other. As peacocks and ostriches have the gaudiest and finest feathers, yet cannot fly ; so all his bravery is to flutter only. The beggars call him ' My Lord,' and he takes them at their words, and pays them for it. If you praise him he is so true and faithful to the mode, that he never fails to make you a present of himself, and will not be refused, though you know not what to do with him, when you have him.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A CHEAT.

A cheat is a freeman of all trades, and all trades of his. Fraud and treachery are his calling, though his profession be integrity and truth. He spins nets, like a spider, out of his own entrails, to entrap the simple and unwary that light in his way, whom he devours and feeds upon. All the greater sort of cheats, being allowed by authority, have lost their names, (as judges, when they are called to the bench, are no more stiled lawyers) and left the title to the meaner only, and the unallowed. The common ignorance of mankind is his province, which he orders to the best advantage. He is but a tame highway-man, that does the same things by stratagem and design which the other does by force, makes men

deliver their understandings first, and after their purses. Oaths and lies are his tools that he works with, and he gets his living by the drudgery of his conscience. He endeavours to cheat the devil by mortgaging his soul so many times over and over to him, forgetting that he has damnations, as priests have absolutions, of all prices. He is a kind of a just judgment, sent into this world to punish the confidence and curiosity of ignorance, that out of a natural inclination to error will tempt its own punishment, and help to abuse itself. He can put on as many shapes as the devil that set him on work, is one that fishes in muddy understandings, and will tickle a trout in his own element, till he has him in his clutches, and after in his dish, or the market. He runs down none but those which he is certain are *feræ naturæ*, mere natural animals, that belong to him that can catch them. He can do no feats without the cooperating assistance of the chouse, whose credulity commonly meets the impostor half way, otherwise nothing is done; for all the craft is not in the catching, (as the proverb says) but the better half at least in being caught. He is one that, like a bond *without fraud, covin, and further delay, is void and of none effect, otherwise does stand and remain in full power, force, and virtue*. He trusts the credulous with what hopes they please at a very easy rate, upon their own security, until he has drawn them far enough in, and then makes them pay for all at once. The first thing he gets from him is a good opinion, and afterwards any thing he pleases; for after he has drawn him from his guards, he deals with him like a surgeon, and ties his arm before he lets him bleed.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A BANKRUPT.

A bankrupt is made by breaking, as a bird is hatched by breaking the shell; for he gains more by giving over his trade than ever he did by dealing in it. He drives a trade, as Oliver Cromwell did a coach, till it broke in pieces. He is very tender and careful in preserving his credit, and keeps it as methodically as a race-nag is dieted, that in the end he may run away with it: for he observes a punctual curiosity in performing

his word, until he has improved his credit as far as it can go: and then he has caught the fish, and throws away the net; as a butcher, when he has fed his beast as fat as it can grow, cuts the throat of it. When he has brought his design to perfection, and disposed of all his materials, he lays his train, like a powder-traitor, and gets out of the way, while he blows up all those that trusted him. After the blow is given, there is no manner of intelligence to be had of him for some months, until the rage and fury is somewhat digested, and all hopes vanished of ever recovering any thing of body, or goods, for revenge or restitution; and then propositions of treaty and accommodation appear like the sign of the hand and pen out of the clouds, with conditions more unreasonable than thieves are wont to demand for restitution of stolen goods. He shoots like a fowler at a whole flock of geese at once, and stalks with his horse to come as near as possibly he can without being perceived by any one, or giving the least suspicion of his design, until it is too late to prevent it; and then he flies from them, as they should have done before from him. His way is so commonly used in the city, that he robs in a road, like a highwayman, and yet they will never arrive at wit enough to avoid it; for it is done upon surprise: and as thieves are commonly better mounted than those they rob, he very easily makes his escape, and flies beyond pursuit, and there is no possibility of overtaking him.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A KNAVE.

A knave is like a tooth-drawer, that maintains his own teeth in constant eating by pulling out those of other men. He is an ill moral philosopher, of villainous principles, and as bad practice. His tenets are to hold what he can get, right or wrong. His tongue and his heart are always at variance, and fall out like rogues in the street, to pick somebody's pocket. They never agree but, like Herod and Pharo, to do mischief. His conscience never stands in his light, when the devil holds a candle to him; for he has stretched it so thin that it is transparent. He is an engineer of treachery, fraud, and perfidiousness; and knows how to manage matters of great weight with

very little force, by the advantage of his trepanning screws. He is very skilful in all the mechanics of cheat, the mathematical magic of imposture; and will outdo the expectations of the most credulous, to their own admiration and undoing. He is an excellent founder, and will melt down a leaden fool, and cast him into what form he pleases. He is like a pike in a pond, that lives by rapine, and will sometimes venture on one of his own kind, and devour a knave as big as himself; he will swallow a fool a great deal bigger than himself; and if he can but get his head within his jaws, will carry the rest of him hanging out at his mouth, until by degrees he has digested him all. He has a hundred tricks to slip his neck out of the pillory without leaving his ears behind. As for the gallows, he never ventures to show his tricks upon the high-rope, for fear of breaking his neck. He seldom commits any villainy, but in a legal way, and makes the law bear him out in that for which it hangs others. He always robs under the vizard of law, and picks pockets with tricks in equity. By his means the law makes more knaves than it hangs; and, like the inns of court, protects offenders against itself. He gets within the law and disarms it. His hardest labour is to wriggle himself into trust, which if he can but compass, his business is done; for fraud and treachery follow as easily as a thread does a needle. He grows rich by the ruin of his neighbours, like grass in the streets in a great sickness. He shelters himself under the covert of the law, like a thief in a hemp-plot, and makes that secure him which was intended for his destruction.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A STATE CONVERT.

A state convert is a thrifty penitent, that never left rebellion until it left him. He has always appeared faithful to his principles to the very last; for as he first engaged against the crown for no other reason but his own advantages, so he afterwards faced about, and declared for it for the very same consideration; and, when there was no more to be made of it, was thoroughly convinced, and renounced it from the bottom of his heart. He espoused the good old cause, like a gay woman that had money in her

purse, and styled herself an honest woman, but when all was spent and gone, turned out of doors to shift for herself, and declared herself to be no better than she should be. He was very much unsatisfied in his conscience with the government of the church, as long as presbytery bore the bag, and had money to receive for betraying Christ; but as soon as those saints were gulled and cheated of all, and the covenant began to be no better than a beggarly ceremony, his eyes were presently opened, and all his scruples vanished in a moment. He did his endeavour to keep out the king as long as he could possibly; but when there was no hope left to prevail any longer, he made a virtue of necessity, and appeared among the foremost of those that were most earnest to bring him in; and like Lipsius's dog,* resolved to have his share in that which he was able to defend no longer. What he gained by serving against the king, he laid out to purchase profitable employments in his service; for he is one that will neither obey nor rebel against him for nothing; and though he inclines naturally to the latter, yet he has so much of a saint left as to deny himself, when he cannot have his will, and denounce against self-seeking, until he is sure to find what he looks for. He pretends to be the only man in the world that brought in the king, which is in one sense very true; for if he had not driven him out first, it had been impossible ever to have brought him in. He endures his preferment patiently, (though he esteems it no better than a relapse) merely for the profit he receives by it; and prevails with himself to be satisfied with that and the hopes of seeing better times, and then resolves to appear himself again, and let the world see he is no changeling: and therefore he rejoices in his heart at any miscarriages of state-affairs, and endeavours to improve them to the utter-

* The story of Lipsius's Dog, who had been taught to carry meat in a basket, is thus related by Sir Kenelm Digby.—
"Other less dogs snatching, as he trotted along, part of what hung out of his basket, which he carried in his mouth, he set it down to worry one of them; whilst, in the mean time, the others fed at liberty and at ease upon the meat that lay there unguarded; till he, coming back to it, drove them away, and himself made an end of eating it up."

most, partly to vindicate his own former actions, and partly in hope to see the times come about again to him as he did to them.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A REBEL.

A rebel is a voluntary bandit, a civil renegado, that renounces his obedience to his prince, to raise himself upon the public ruin. He is of great antiquity, perhaps before the creation, at least a Præadamite; for Lucifer was the first of his family, and from him he derives himself in an indirect line. He finds fault with the government, that he may get it the easier into his own hands, as men use to undervalue what they have a desire to purchase. He is a butcher of politics, and a state-tinker, that makes flaws in the government only to mend them again. He goes for a public-spirited man, and his pretences are for the public good; that is, for the good of his own public spirit. He pretends to be a great lover of his country, as if it had given him love-powder; but it is merely out of natural affection to himself. He has a great itch to be handling of authority, though he cut his fingers with it; and is resolved to raise himself, though it be but upon the gallows. He is all for peace and truth, but not without lying and fighting. He plays a game with the hangman for the cloaths on his back; and when he throws out, he strips him to the skin. He dies in hempen sheets, and his body is hanged, like his ancestor Mahomet's, in the air. He might have lived longer, if the destinies had not spun his thread of life too strong. He is sure never to come to an untimely end, for by the course of law his glass was out long before. He calls rebellion and treason laying out of himself for the public; but being found to be false unlawful coin, he was seized upon, and cut in pieces, and hanged for falsifying himself. His espousing of quarrels proves as fatal to his country, as the Parisian wedding did to France. He is like a bell, that was made on purpose to be hanged. He is a diseased part of the body-politic, to which all the bad humours gather. He picks straws out of the government like a madman, and startles at them when he has done. He endeavours to raise himself, like a boy's kite, by being pulled

against the wind. After all his endeavours and designs, he is at last promoted to the gallows, which is performed with a cavalcade suitable to his dignity: and after much ceremony, he is installed by the hangman, with the general applause of all men, and dies singing, like a swan.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A TRANSLATOR.

A translator dyes an author, like an old stuff, into a new colour, but can never give it the lustre of the first tincture; as silks that are twice died lose their glosses, and never receive a fair colour. He is a small factor, that imports books of the growth of one language into another, but it seldom turns to account; for the commodity is perishable, and the finer it is, the worse it endures transportation; as the most delicate of Indian fruits are by no art to be brought over. Nevertheless he seldom fails in his purpose, which is to please himself and give the world notice that he understands one language more than it was aware of; and that done, he makes a saving return. He is a Truchman, that interprets between learned writers and gentle readers, and uses both how he pleases; for he commonly mistakes the one, and misinforms the other. If he does not perfectly understand the full meaning of his author as well as he did himself, he is but a copier, and therefore never comes near the mastery of the original; and his labours are like dishes of meat twice dressed, that become insipid, and lose the pleasant taste they had at first. He differs from an author as a fiddler does from a musician, that plays other men's compositions, but is not able to make any of his own. All his studies tend to the ruin of the interests of linguists; for by making those books common that were understood but by few in the original, he endeavours to make the rabble as wise as himself without taking pains, and prevents others from studying languages to understand that which they may know as well without them.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A PROUD MAN.

A proud man is a fool in fermentation, that swells and boils over like a porridge-pot. He set out his feathers like

an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a tumour and inflammation of self-conceit, that renders every part of him stiff and uneasy. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to dotage, and has transformed him into his own mistress. He is his own gallant, and makes most passionate addresses to his own dear perfections. He commits idolatry to himself, and worships his own image; though there is no soul living of his church but himself, yet he believes as the church believes, and maintains his faith with the obstinacy of a fanatic. He is his own favourite, and advances himself not only above his merit, but all mankind; is both Damon and Pythias to his own dear self, and values his crony above his soul. He gives place to no man but himself, and that with very great distance to all others, whom he esteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatsoever he receives a value in being his; as a horse in a nobleman's stable will bear a greater price than in a common market. He is so proud, that he is as hard to be acquainted with himself as with others; for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially; therefore he treats himself civilly as a stranger, with ceremony and compliment, but admits of no privacy. He strives to look bigger than himself, as well as others; and is no better than his own parasite and flatterer. A little flood will make a shallow torrent swell above its banks, and rage, and foam, and yield a roaring noise, while a deep sea-stream glides quietly on; so a vain-glorious, violent, proud man, swells with a little frail prosperity, grows big and loud, and overflows his bounds, and when he sinks, leaves mud and dirt behind him. His carriage is as glorious and haughty, as if he were advanced upon men's shoulders, or tumbled over their heads like Knipperdolling. He fancies himself a Colosse; and so he is, for his head holds no proportion to his body, and his foundation is lesser than his upper-stories. We can naturally take no view of ourselves, unless we look downwards, to teach us what humble admirers we ought to be of our own value. The slighter and less solid his materials are, the more room they take

up, and make him swell the bigger; as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more close and solid parts.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF AN OBSTINATE MAN.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, it is like the devil, only cast out with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to any thing it lays hold on. His scull is so thick, that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves: for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. If he takes to religion, he has faith enough to save a hundred wiser men than himself, if it were right; but it is too much to be good; and though he deny supererogation, and utterly disclaim any overplus of merits, yet he allows superabundant belief; and if the violence of faith will carry the kingdom of Heaven, he stands fair for it. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent, no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment; and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the least scruple of his freehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into a lighter colour. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which the French proverb says is tied faster before it is full than when it is; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart,

and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A CATHOLIC.

A catholic says his prayers often, but never prays, and worships the cross more than Christ. He prefers his church for the antiquity of it, and cares not how sound or rotten it be, so it be but old. He takes a liking to it as some do to old cheese, only for the blue rottenness of it. If he had lived in the primitive times, he had never been a Christian; for the antiquity of the Pagan and Jewish religion would have had the same power over him against the Christian, as the old Roman has against the modern reformation. The weaker vessel he is, the better and more zealous member he always proves of his church; for religion, like wine, is not so apt to leak in a leathern boraccio as a great cask, and is better preserved in a small bottle stopped with a light cork, than a vessel of greater capacity, where the spirits being more and stronger, are the more apt to fret. He allows of all holy cheats, and is content to be deluded in a true, orthodox, and infallible way. He believes the pope to be infallible, because he has deceived all the world, but was never deceived himself; which was grown so notorious, that nothing less than an article of faith in the church could make a plaster big enough for the sore. His faith is too big for his charity, and too unwieldy to work miracles; but is able to believe more than all the saints in Heaven ever made. He worships saints in effigy, as Dutchmen hang absent malefactors; and has so weak a memory, that he is apt to forget his patrons unless their pictures prevent him. He loves to see what he prays to, that he may not mistake one saint for another; and his beads and crucifix are the tools of his devotion, without which he can do nothing. Nothing staggers his faith of the pope's infallibility so much, as that he did not make away with the Scriptures when they were in his power, rather than those that believed in them, which he knows not how to understand to be no error. The less he understands of his religion, the more violent he is in it; which being the perpetual condition of all those that are deluded, is a great argument that

he is mistaken. His religion is of no force without ceremonies; like a loadstone, that draws a greater weight through a piece of iron than when it is naked of itself. His prayers are a kind of crumbe that used to kill schoolmasters; and he values them by number, not weight.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A QUAKER.

A quaker is a scoundrel saint, of an order, without sounder, vow, or rule; for he will not swear, nor be tied to any thing but his own humour. He is the link-boy of the sectaries; and talks much of his light, but puts it under a bushel, for nobody can see it but himself. His religion is but the cold fit of an ague, and his zeal of a contrary temper to that of all others yet produces the same effects; as cold iron in Greenland, they say, burns as well as hot; which makes him delight, like a salamander, to live in the fire of persecution. He works out his salvation, not with fear, but confidence, and trembling. His profession is but a kind of winter-religion; and the original is as uncertain as the hatching of woodcocks, for no man can tell from whence it came. He vapours much of the light within him, but no such thing appears, unless he means that he is light-headed. He believes he takes up the cross in being cross to mankind. He delights in persecution, likewise, and has no ambition but to go to Heaven in what he calls a fiery chariot; that is, a woodmonger's faggot cart. You may perceive he has a crack in the skull by the flat twang in his nose, and the great care he takes to keep his hat on, lest his sickly brains, if he have any, should take cold at it. He believes his doctrine to be heavenly, because it agrees perfectly with the *motus trepidationis*. All his hopes are of the Turks overrunning of Christendom, because he has heard they count fools and madmen saints; and doubts not to pass muster with them for great abilities that way. This makes him believe he can convert the Turk, though he could do no good on the pope, or the presbyterian. Nothing comes so near his quaking liturgy, as the papistical possession of the devil, with which it conforms in discipline exactly.

church, or rather chapel, is built upon a flat sand, without superior or inferior in it, and not upon a rock, which is never found without great inequalities. But demoniacs, he most resembles the reprobate, who are said to be condemned to weeping and gnashing of teeth. There was a butcher of their church who renounced his trade and turned preacher, because he held it superstitious to sit cross-legged. His demon is but a kind of spiritual palsy, that proceeds from a distemper in the brain, where the nerves are seated. They abhor the church of England, but conform exactly with those primitive fathers of their church, that heretofore gave answers at the devil's tables; in which they observed the very same ceremonies of quaking and gaping now practised by our modern enthusiasts at their exorcisms, rather than tokens of devotion. He sucks in the air like a pair of bellows, and blows his inward light with it, till it is a burning fire, as cattle do in Lincolnshire. The general ignorance of their whole party makes it appear that, whatsoever their zeal may be, it is not according to knowledge.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A RANTER.

A ranter is a fanatic Hector, that has found out, by a strange way of new light, how to transform all the world into angels of light; for he believes all religion consists in looseness, and that sin and vice are the whole duty of man. He puts off the old man, but puts him on again upon the new one, and makes his own vices serve to preserve his Christian virtues from coming out; for if he should use his piety and devotion always, they would hold out but a little while. He is loath that iniquity and vice should be thrown away, as long as there may be good use of them; for that which is wickedly gotten may be disposed to good uses, why should not wickedness itself as well? He believes himself shot-free against all the attempts of the devil, the world, and the flesh; and therefore is not afraid to attack them in their own quarters, and encounter them at their own weapons. For as strong bodies may freely venture to do and suffer that, without any hurt to themselves, which would destroy those that are feeble; so a saint, that is strong

in grace, may boldly engage himself in those great sins and iniquities that would easily damn a weak brother, and yet come off never the worse. He believes deeds of darkness to be only those sins that are committed in private, not those that are acted openly and owned. He is but an hypocrite turned the wrong side outward: for, as the one wears his vices within, and the other without, so when they are counter-changed, the ranter becomes an hypocrite, and the hypocrite an able ranter. His church is the devil's chapel; for it agrees exactly both in doctrine and discipline with the best reformed bawdy-houses. He is a monster produced by the madness of this latter age; but if it had been his fate to have been whelped in old Rome, he had passed for a prodigy, and been received among raining of stones and the speaking of bulls, and would have put a stop to all public affairs until he had been expiated. Nero clothed Christians in the skins of wild beasts, but he wraps wild beasts in the skins of Christians.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF AN ANABAPTIST.

An anabaptist is a water-saint, that, like a crocodile, sees clearly in the water, but dully on land. He only lives in two elements, like a goose, but two worlds at once; this, and one of the next. He is contrary to a fisher of men; for, instead of pulling them out of the water, he dips them in it. He keeps souls in minority, and will not admit them to inherit the kingdom of Heaven till they come to an age fit to be trusted with their own belief. He defies magistracy and ministry as the horns of antichrist; but would fain get them both into his own hands. His babes of grace are all pagan, and he breeds them up as they do young trees in a nursery; lets them grow up, and then transplants them into the new soil of his own church. He lets them run wild as they do young colts on a common, until they are old enough to be taken up and backed, and then he breaks and paces them with his own church-walkings. He is a lander of souls, and tries them, as men do witches, by water. He dips them all under water, but their hands, which he holds them up by—those do still continue pagan; and that is the reason why they make no conscience

of their works, when they can get power in their hands, but act the most barbarous inhumanities in the world. His dipping makes him more obstinate and stiff in his opinions, like a piece of hot iron, that grows hard by being quenched in cold water. He does not like the use of water in his baptism, as it falls from Heaven in drops, but as it runs out of the bowels of the earth, or stands putrefying in a dirty pond. He chooses the coldest time in the year to be dipped in, to show the heat of his zeal, and this renders him the more obstinate. Law and government are great grievances to him; and he believes men may live very well without them, if they would be ruled by him; and then he would have nothing of authority but his own revelations. He is a saint-errant; for he calls his religion walking, which he opposes to the pope's sitting, as the more orthodox and infallible. His church is a kind of round table without upper end, or lower end; for they observe no order, nor admit of degrees. It is like the serpent amphisbena, that has a head at either end of it: for such is their spiritual envy and ambition, that they can endure no superior; but high and low are tied together, like long and short sticks in a faggot.

He had a mind to dispose of his religion how he pleased, and so suffered a recovery, to cut it off from his right heirs, and settle it to such uses as he pleased. He broaches false doctrines out of his tub; he sees visions when he is fast asleep, and dreams dreams when he is broad awake. They stick to one another, like loaves of bread in the oven of persecution. He canonizes himself a saint in his own life-time as Domitian made himself a god; and enters his name in the rubric of his church by virtue of a pick-lock, which he has invented, and believes will serve his turn, as well as St. Peter's keys. He finds out sloughs and ditches, that are aptest for launching of an anabaptist; for he does not christen, but launch his vessel. He believes, because obedience is better than sacrifice, the less of it will serve. He uses Scripture in the same manner as false witnesses do, who never lay their hands on it but to give testimony against the truth.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A POPIISH PRIEST

A popish priest is one that takes the same course that the devil did in Paradise; he begins with the woman. He despises all other fanatics as upstarts, and values himself upon his antiquity. He is a man-midwife to the soul, and is always deluding it to the next world. Christ made St. Peter a fisher of men, but he believes it better to be a fisher of women, and so becomes a woman's apostle. His profession is to disguise himself, which he does in sheep's clothing; that is, a lay habit; but whether, as a wolf, a thief, or a shepherd, is a great question; only this is certain that he had rather have one sheep out of another man's fold, than two out of his own. He gathers the church as fanatics do, yet despises them for it, and keeps his flock always in hurdles, to be removed at his pleasure; and though their souls be rotten and scabby with hypocrisy, the fleece is sure to be sound and orthodox. He tars their consciences with confession and penance, but always keeps the wool, and he pulls from the sore, to himself. He never makes a proselyte, but he converts him to his very shirt, and turns his pockets into the bargain; for he does nothing unless his purse prove a good catholic. He never gets within a family, but he gets on the top of it, and governs all down to the bottom of the cellar; he will not tolerate the scullion unless he be orthodox, nor allow of the turning of the spit, but *in ordine spiritualia*. He is very cautious in venturing to attack any man by way of conversion, whose weakness he is not very well acquainted with; and, like a fox, weighs his goose before he will venture to catch him over a river. He fights with the devil at his own weapons, and strives to get ground on him with frauds and lies: these he converts to pious use. He makes his prayers (the proper business of the mind) a kind of manufacture, and vents them by tale rather than weight: and, while he is busied in numbering them, forgets their sense and meaning. He sets them up as men do their games at picquet, for fear he should be misreckoned; but never minding whether he plays fair or not. He sells indulgencies, like Lockyer's pills, with directions how they are to be

taken. He is but a copyholder of the Catholic church, that claims by custom. He believes the pope's chain is fastened to the gates of heaven, like king Harry's in the privy gallery.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A CLOWN.

A clown is a Centaur, man and beast, a crab engrafted on an apple. He was neither made by art or nature, but in spite of both, by evil custom. His perpetual conversation with beasts has rendered him one of them; and he is, among men, but a naturalized brute. He appears by his language, genius and behaviour, to be an alien to mankind, a foreigner to humanity, and of so opposite a genius, that it is easier to make a Spaniard a Frenchman, than to reduce him to civility. He disdains every man that he does not know; and only respects him who has done him hurt, or can do it. He is like Nebuchadnezzar after he had lain a month at grass; but will never return to be a king again as he did, if he might; for he despises all manner of lives but his own, unless it be his horse's, of whom he is but valet-de-chambre. He never shows himself humane or kind in any thing, but when he pimps to his cow, or makes a match for his son: in all things else he is surly and rugged; and does not love to be pleased himself, which makes him hate those that do him any good. He is a stoic to all passions but fear, envy, and malice; and hates to do any good, though it cost him nothing. He abhors a gentleman, because he is most unlike himself; and envies as much at his manner of living, as if he had detained him. He murmurs at him as the saints do at the wicked, as if he kept his right from him; for he makes his clownery a sect, and damns all that are not of his church. He manures the earth like a dunghill, but lets himself lie fallow, for no improvement will do good upon him. Cain was the first of his family; and he does his endeavour not to degenerate from the original churlishness of his ancestor. He that was fetched from the plough to be made a lord had not half his pride and insolence; nor the king's horse, that was made consul. All the great names that are given to men are borrowed

from him, as Villain, Deboyse, Peasant, &c. He wears his cloaths like a hide, and shifts them no oftener than a beast does his hair. He is a beast that Gesner never thought of.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A JUSTICE OF PEACE.

A justice of the peace has a patent for his wit, and understands by commission, in which his wife and his clerk are of the quorum. He is judge of the peace, but has nothing to do with it until it is broken; and then his business is to patch it up again. His occupation is to keep the peace, but he makes it keep him; and lives upon the scraps of it, as those he commits do on the common basket. The constable is his factor, and the gaoler the keeper of his warehouse; and rogues, bawds, and thieves, his goods. He calls taking of pigs and capons taking of bail; and they pass with him for substantial housekeepers. Of these he takes security that the delinquent shall answer it before the sessions, that is, before the court sits next, otherwise forfeiture of recognizance is sure to rise up in judgment. He binds men over, as highwaymen do, to untie their purses, and then leaves them to unbind themselves again; or rather as surgeons do, to let their purses bleed. He makes his commission a patent, that no man shall set up any sin without licence from him. He knows no virtue, but that of his commission; for all his business is with vice, in which he is so expert, that he can commit one sin instead of another, as bribery for bawdery, and perjury for breach of the peace. He uses great care and moderation in punishing those who offend regularly, by their calling, as residentiary bawds, and incumbent pimps, that pay parish-duties — shopkeepers that use constant false weights and measures, these he rather prunes, that they may grow the better, than disables; but is very severe to hawkers and interlopers, that commit iniquity on the bye. He interprets the statutes, as fanatics do the Scripture, by his own spirit; and is most expert in the cases of light-bread, highways, and getting of bastards. His whole authority is like a welsh-hook; for his warrant is a puller to her, and his mittimus a thrust-her from her. He examines lewd circumstances with singular attention, and files

them up for the entertainment of his friends, and improvement of the wit of the family. Whatsoever he is else, he is sure to be a squire, and bears arms the first day he bears office; and has a more indubitate and apparent title to worship, than any other person. If he be of the long robe, he is more busy and pragmatical on the bench than a secular justice; and, at the sessions, by his prerogative, gives the charge, which puts him to the expense of three Latin sentences, and as many texts of Scripture; the rest is all of course. He sells good behaviour; and makes those that never had any buy it of him at so much a dose, which they are bound to take off in six months, or longer, as their occasions require. He is apt to mistake the sense of the law, as when he sent a zealous botcher to prison for sewing sedition, and committed a mountebank for raising the market, because he set up his bank in it.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF AN ALDERMAN.

An alderman has taken his degree in cheating, and the highest of his faculty; or paid for refusing his mandamus. He is a peer of the city, and a member of their upper house; who, as soon as he arrives at so many thousand pounds, is bound by the charter to serve the public with so much understanding, what shift soever he make to raise it, and wear a chain about his neck like a rein-deer, or in default to commute, and make satisfaction in ready-money, the best reason of the place; for which he has the name only, like a titular prince, and is an Alderman-extraordinary. But if his wife can prevail with him to stand, he becomes one of the city supporters; and like the unicorn in the king's arms, wears a chain about his neck very right-worshipfully. He wears scarlet, as the whore of Babylon does; not for her honesty, but the rank and quality she is of among the wicked. When he sits as a judge in his court, he is absolute, and uses arbitrary power; for he is not bound to understand what he does, nor render an account why he gives judgment on one side rather than another; but his will is sufficient to stand for his reason, to all intents and purposes. He does no public business without eating and drinking; and

never meets about matters of importance, but the cramming his inside is the most weighty part of the work of the day. He despatches no public affair until he has thoroughly dined upon it, and is fully satisfied with quince-pye and custard: for men are wiser, the Italians say, after their bellies are full, than when they are fasting; and he is very cautious to omit no occasion of improving his parts that way. He is so careful of the interest of his belly, and manages it so industriously, that in a little space it grows great, and takes place of all the rest of his members, and becomes so powerful, that they will never be in a condition to rebel against it any more. He is clothed in scarlet, the livery of his sins, like the rich glutton, to put him in mind of what means he came to his wealth and preferment by. He makes a trade of his eating; and, like a cock, scraps when he feeds; for the public pays for all, and more which he and his brethren share among themselves for they never make a dry reckoning. When he comes to be lord-mayor, he does not keep a great house, but a very great house-warming for a while; for though he invites all the companies in the city, he does not treat them, but they club to entertain him, and pay the reckoning beforehand. A fur-gown makes him look a great deal bigger than he is, like the feathers of an owl; and when he pulls it off, he looks as if he were fallen away, or like a rabbit, had his skin pulled off.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A CHURCH-WARDEN.

A church-warden is a public officer intrusted to rob the church by virtue of his place, as long as he is in it. He has a great care to eat and drink well upon all public occasions that concern the parish: for a good conscience being a perpetual feast, he believes, the better he feeds, the more conscience he uses in the discharge of his trust; and as long as there is a dry-money-cheat used, all others are allowed according to the tradition and practice of the church in the purest times. When he lays a tax upon the parish he commonly raises it a fourth part above the account, to supply the default of houses that may be burnt, or stand empty; or men that may be

and run away : and if none of these happen, his fortune is the greater, and his hazard never the less ; and therefore he divides the overplus between himself and his colleagues, who were engaged to pay the whole, if all the parish had run away, or hanged themselves. He over-reckons the parish in his accounts, as the taverns do him, and keeps the odd money himself, instead of giving it to the drawers. He eats up the bell-ropes like the ass in the emblem, and converts the broken glass windows into whole beer-glasses of sack ; and before his year is out, if he be but as good a fellow as the drinking bishop was, pledges a whole pulpit-full. If the church happens to fall to decay in his time, it proves a demand to him ; for he is lord of the manor, and does not only make what he pleases of it, but has his name recorded on the walls among texts of Scripture and leathern buckets, with the year of his office, that the memory of the unjust, as well as the just, may last as long as so transitory a thing may. He interprets his oath, as Catholics do the Scripture, not according to the sense and meaning of the words, but the tradition and practice of his predecessors ; who have always been observed to swear what others please, and do what they please themselves.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A HERALD.

A herald calls himself a king because he has authority to hang, draw, and quarter arms ; for assuming a jurisdiction over the distributive justice of titles of honour, as far as words extend, he gives himself a great latitude that way, as other magistrates are wont to do, where they have authority, and would enlarge it as far as they can. It is true, he can make no lords nor knights of himself, but as many squires and gentlemen as he pleases, and adopt them into what family they have a mind. His dominions abound with all sorts of cattle, fish, and fowl, and all manner of manufactures, besides whole fields of gold and silver, which he magnificently bestows upon his followers or sells as cheap as lands in Jamaica. The language they use is barbarous, as being but a dialect of pedlar's French, or the Egyptian, though of a better sound, and in the propriety affecting brevity, as the other does verbosity. His business is like that

of all the schools, to make plain things hard with perplexed methods and insignificant terms, and then appear learned in making them plain again. He professes arms, not for use, but ornament only ; and yet makes the basest things in the world weapons of worshipful bearings. He is wiser than the fellow that sold his ass, but kept the shadow for his own use ; for he sells only the shadow, (that is the picture) and keeps the ass himself. He makes pedigrees as apothecaries do medicines, when they put in one ingredient for another that they have not by them : by this means he often makes incestuous matches, and causes the son to marry the mother. His chief province is at funerals, where he commands in chief, marshals the *tristitia irritamenta* ; and like a gentleman-sewer to the worms, serves up the feast with all punctual formality. He is a kind of a necromancer ; and can raise the dead out of their graves, to make them marry and beget those they never heard of in their life-time. His coat is like the king of Spain's dominions, all skirts, and hangs as loose about him ; and his neck is the waist, like the picture of Nobody with his breeches fastened to his collar. He will sell the head or the single joint of a beast or fowl as dear as the whole body, like a pig's head in Bartholomew-Fair, and after put off the rest to his customers at the same rate. His arms being utterly out of use in war, since guns came up, have been translated to dishes and cups, as the ancients used their precious stones, according to the poet—*Gemmas ad pocula transfert a gladiis*, &c.—and since are like to decay every day more and more ; for since he gave citizens coats of arms, gentlemen have made bold to take their letters of mark by way of reprisal. The hangman has a receipt to mar all his work in a moment ; for by nailing the wrong end of a scutcheon upwards upon a gibbet, all the honour and gentility extinguishes of itself, like a candle that is held with the flame downwards. Other arms are made for the spilling of blood ; but his only purify and cleanse it, like scurvy-grass ; for a small dose taken by his prescription will refine that which is as base and gross as bull's blood, (which the Athenians used to poison withal) to any degree of purity.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A PHILOSOPHER.

A philosopher seats himself as spectator and critic on the theatre of the world, and gives sentence on the plots, language, and action of whatsoever he sees represented, according to his own fancy. He will pretend to know what is done behind the scene; but so seldom is in the right, that he discovers nothing more than his own mistakes. When his profession was in credit in the world, and money was to be gotten by it, it divided itself into multitudes of sects, that maintained themselves and their opinions by fierce and hot contests with one another; but since the trade decayed and would not turn to account, they all fell of themselves; and now the world is so unconcerned in their controversies, that three reformato sects joined in one, like Epicuro-Gassendo-Charltoniana, will not serve to maintain one pedant. He makes his hypotheses himself, as a taylor does a doublet, without measure; no matter whether they fit nature, he can make nature fit them, and, whether they are too strait or wide, pinch or stuff out the body accordingly. He judges of the works of nature just as the rabble do of state-affairs: they see things done, and every man according to his capacity guesses at the reasons of them, but knowing nothing of the arcana or secret movements of either, they seldom or never are in the right; however they please themselves, and some others, with their fancies, and the farther they are off truth, the more confident they are they are near it; as those that are out of their way believe, the further they have gone, they are the nearer their journey's end when they are furthest of all from it. Heretofore his beard was the badge of his profession, and the length of that in all his polemics was ever accounted the length of his weapon; but when trade fell, that fell too. In Lucius's time they were commonly called beard-wearers; for all the strength of their wits lay in their beards, as Sampson's did in his locks: but since the world began to see the vanity of that hair-brained cheat, they left it off, to save their credit.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF AN EPIGRAMMATIST.

An epigrammatist is a poet of small wares, whose

muse is short-winded, and quickly out of breath. She flies like a goose, that is no sooner upon the wing, but down again. He was originally one of those authors that used to write upon white walls, from whence his works being collected and put together, pass in the world, like single money among those who deal in small matters. His wit is like fire in a flint, that is nothing while it is in, and nothing again as soon as it is out.

He is a kind of vagabond writer, that is never out of his way, for nothing is beside the purpose with him, that proposes none at all. His works are like a running banquet, that have much variety but little of a sort; for he deals in nothing but scraps and parcels, like a tailor's broker.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A JEALOUS MAN.

A jealous man is unsettled in his mind, and full of doubts, whether he should take his wife for better, or for worse. He knows not what to make of himself, but fears his wife does, and that she made him and his heir at a heat: his horns grow inward, and are very uneasy and painful to his brain. He breaks his sleep in watching opportunities to catch himself cuckold in the manner. He fancies himself regenerate in the body of his wife, and desires nothing more than, with Oardan and Gusman, to know all the particulars and circumstances of his own begetting. He beats his brains perpetually to try the hardness of his head, and find out how the callus improves from time to time. He breeds horns as children do teeth, with much pain and unquietness; and (as some husbands are said to be) is sick at the stomach and pukes when his wife breeds. Her pleasures become his pains, and, by an odd kind of sympathy, break out on his forehead, like a tobacco-pipe, that being knocked at one end breaks at the other.

WHOLESALE PRACTICE.

A physician to a metropolitan hospital, a few years ago, being in haste to leave his public for his private duties, was asked by the house-surgeon, what he should do with the right and left wards—"O," exclaimed the other, "what did you do with them yester-

day?"—"By your directions," said the surgeon, "I bled all the *right* ward, and purged all the *left*"—"Good," replied the other, "then to-day *purge* all the *right*, and *bleed* all the *left*,"—and then leapt into his carriage.

LACONICS.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

I forget whether advice be among the last things which Ariosto says are to be found in the moon; that and time ought to have been there.

Religion seems to have grown an infant with age, and requires miracles to nurse it, as it had in its infancy.

All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor; it is like spending this year part of the next year's revenue.

One argument to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held, that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

I am apt to think, that in the day of judgment there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, and to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: "Future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity:" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

Herodotus tells us, that in cold countries beasts very seldom have horns, but in hot they have very large ones. This might bear a pleasant application.

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly—that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

When a man observes the choice of ladies now-a-days in the dispensing of their favours, can he forbear paying some veneration to the memory of those mares mentioned by Xenophon; who, while their manes were on, (that is, while they were in their beauty,) would never admit the embraces of an ass.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

Physicians ought not to give their judgment of religion, for the same reason that butchers are not admitted to be jurors upon life and death.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning coaches.

Ill company is like a dog, who dirties those most whom he loves best.

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit; but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times: for it is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

When the world has once begun to use us ill, it afterwards continues the same treatment with less scruple or ceremony, as men do to a woman of pleasure.

Anthony Henly's farmer, dying of an asthma, said, "Well, if I can get this breath once out, I will take care it shall never get in again."

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one

set of words to clothe them in ; and these are always ready at the mouth ; as people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Kings are commonly said to have long hands ; I wish they had as long ears.

Princes, in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish ; strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings ! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue ; if they live, they are often prodigies, indeed, but of another sort.

Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus, is always carried by an ass, and has horns on his head. The moral is, that drunkards are led by fools, and have a great chance to be cuckolds.

Those who are against religion, must needs be fools ; and therefore we read that, of all animals, God refused the first-born of an ass.

A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

Apollo was held the god of physic, and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

Old men and comets have been revered for the same reason ; their long beards, and pretences to foretell events.

A person was asked at court, what he thought of an ambassador and his train, who were all embroidered and lace, full of bows, cringes, and gestures ; he said, it was Solomon's importation, gold and apes.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good liars in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

DEAN SWIFT.

PREDILECTIONS IN DRINKING.

Let musty old anchorites banish good wines,

And renounce in the bottle their parts ;

There is not a ray in the goblet that shines,

But amends while it lightens our hearts :

It cheers the dull scholar, the fool it makes wise,

And the *lover* may cease to complain,

When he toasts the bright glance of his mistress's eyes,

And his sorrows drown deep in *Champagne*.

But variety even in drinking we court,

And mankind still to differ consent ;

Thus the *sailor* forgets all his dangers in *Port*,

And the *soldier* delights in his *Ten* ;

Here's *Spruce* for the dandies, those fanciful elves,

Whose joy 's still to gaze in the glass ;

For the miller here's *Sack*,—and as bright as themselves,

Here's *Madeira* for each pretty lass !

With *Mountain* the traveller will joyfully meet,

To *Canary* good singers all flock ;

The *player* will *Punch* for his favourite greet

And *cynics* are blest in *old Hock*

Then let each fill his glass, till exhausted 's our store,

And a toast now to drink would you ask ;—

Here's health to the fair, and confusion to care,

And long life to the Sons of the Flask !

SPECIAL JURIES.

A gentleman of Islington was for the first time summoned, a few years ago, on a special jury in the Exchequer. He arrived too late, and found the jury impaneled. Alarmed at his delinquency, and expecting to be heavily fined, he took advice, and was referred to the solicitor of the Excise, who, happening to be much engaged, told him in a sharp way to come again to-morrow. On the morrow he went again and began his humble suit,—“So then you were not on the jury !”—“No,” replied the trembling juror, expecting his sentence to follow the confession. “Well” said the other, “do better another time, but take it,” and he threw him a guinea. The juror stared, and was beginning some observations, when the solicitor

interrupted him with warmth—"Now, Sir," said he, "can't you be content? you say you were not on the jury, and yet I have paid you, as though you had been—go about your business!" The juryman took him at his word, and departed, marvelling at the nature of the penalties inflicted on Exchequer Juries.

DR. RADCLIFFE AND THE PAVIER

A pavier to whom this physician was indebted, after many fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot, and demanded the payment of his bill. "What, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work!"—"Doctor, doctor," said the pavier, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides!"—"You dog," said the doctor, "you are a wit; you must be poor, come in," and he paid him his demand.

CURE FOR THE QUINSY.

Dr. Radcliffe was once sent for into the country to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsy; and the doctor soon perceived that no application, internal or external, would be of any service; upon which he desired the lady of the house to order the cook to make a large hasty pudding; and when it was done, to let his own servant bring it up. While the cook was about it, he took his man aside, and instructed him what he was to do. In a short time the man brought up the pudding in great order, and set it on the table, in full view of the patient. "Come, John," said he, "you love hasty pudding, eat some along with me, for I believe you came out without your breakfast." Both began with their spoons, but John's spoon going twice to his master's once, the doctor took occasion to quarrel with him, and dabbed a spoonful of hot pudding in his face; John replied, and threw another at his master. This put the doctor in a passion, and, quitting his spoon, he took the pudding up by handfuls, and threw it at his man, who battled him again in the same manner. The patient, who had a full view of the skirmish, was so tickled at the fancy, that he burst into a fit of

laughter; which broke the quinsy, and cured him; for which the doctor and his man were well rewarded.

WINE AND PHYSIC.

A gentleman, who was affected with a constant rheum in his eyes, waited on his physician for advice. The doctor desired him to leave off drinking wine. In a few weeks, the gentleman experienced the good effect of the prescription, and thought he could do no less than call on the doctor to return him thanks. He was not a little surprised to find him in a tavern, and very merry over a bottle of wine with a friend, notwithstanding his eyes were affected with the same disease he had just removed. "Well," said the gentleman, "I see you doctors don't follow your own prescriptions." The son of Æsculapius knew in an instant what he meant, and made this observation: "If you love your eyes better than wine, don't drink it; but as I love wine better than my eyes, I do drink it."

CHEAP CURSES.

The Puritans were more severe in the punishment of swearing than cursing; for when an Irishman was fined twelvepence for an oath, he asked what he should pay for a curse? They said sixpence. He threw down sixpence, and cursed the whole committee.

THE ELDEST SON, OR THE FISHERMAN PUZZLED.

How Pat Molley stared, when he heard that his mother,

Who'd been ten years a widow, had married another.
By turns he ran frantic, then again melancholy:
And often repeated his mother's base folly.

A friend chanc'd to call, very friendly to chat,
And to soothe, if he possibly could, his friend Pat.
"Oh!" says Pat, "what a monster my mother must
prove,

Very near fifty-three, and so dying in love!"

"Never mind," says his friend, "never heed it my
honey,

When they are both dead you'll get plenty of money:

The estate is all-yours, boy, as sure as a gun,
For it can't go away from the only dear son."

"Aye," says Pat, "that is right, but I'm thinking that
she,

Now she's married, may have a son *older* than me."

REASONS FOR SYMPATHY.

Why do men sooner give to poor people that
beg, than to scholars? The reason is, *because they
think they may sooner come to be poor, than to be
scholars.*

THREE ROYAL QUESTIONS.

King Henry the Eighth having a month's mind to
the abbot of Glastonbury's estate (who was one of
the richest abbots in England) sent for him to his
court, and told him, that unless he could resolve
him three questions, he should not escape with his
life. The abbot, willing to get out of his clutches,
promised his best endeavours. The king's questions
were these: first, *Of what compass the world was
about?* Secondly, *How deep the sea was?* And,
thirdly, *What the king thought?* The abbot de-
sired some few days' respite, which being granted,
he returned home, but with intent never to see the
king again, for he thought the questions impossible
to be resolved. His grief coming at last to the ears
of his cook, he undertook, upon forfeiture of his life,
to resolve these riddles, and to free his master from
danger. The abbot willingly consented. The cook
put on the abbot's clothes, and at the time ap-
pointed went to the court, and being like the abbot,
was taken by all the courtiers to be the same man.
When he came before the king, he thus resolved his
three questions. First, *Of what compass the world
was about?* He said, "*It was but twenty-four hours
journey, and if a man went as fast as the sun, he
might easily go it in that space.*" The second, *How
deep the sea was?* He answered, "*Only a stone's
cast; for throw a stone into the deepest place of it,
and in time it will come to the bottom.*" To the
third, "*which I conceive,*" saith he, "*your majesty
thinks the most difficult to resolve: but indeed it is
the easiest, that is, What your highness thinks?* I

answer, *That you think me to be the abbot of Glas-
tonbury, when as indeed I am but Jack his cook.*"

A SIMPLE REPLY.

In the court of King's Bench, a witness, named
Lincoln, was called to prove a hand-writing; and,
having looked at the paper some time without speak-
ing, Mr. Erskine exclaimed, "Well, Sir, what is
your belief? Don't let the devil overlook *Lincoln*,
but give us your belief of the hand-writing." The
witness, with great composure, turned round and
said, "I did not observe, Sir, that *you* were looking
over me; and as for the hand-writing, I can form no
judgment of it."

MR. SERGEANT BETTESWORTH AND DEAN SWIFT.

The following lines on Sergeant Bettesworth, which
Swift inserted in one of his poems, gave rise to a
violent resentment on the part of the barrister

—"So at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
Though half-a-crown o'er pays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law, nor text, nor margin,
Calls Singleton his brother sergeant."

The poem was sent to Bettesworth, at a time when
he was surrounded with his friends in a convivial
party. He read it, then flung it down with great
violence—took out his penknife, and, opening it,
vehemently swore, "With this very penknife will I
cut off his ears." He then went to the dean's house,
and desired the doctor might be sent for; and on
Swift entering, and asking what were his commands,
"Sir," said he, "I am Sergeant Bettesworth." "Of
what regiment, pray, Sir?" said Swift. "O Mr.
Dean, we know your powers of raillery, you know me
well enough; I am one of his majesty's sergeants at
law, and I am come to demand if you are author of
this poem, (producing it,) and these villainous lines
on me?" "Sir," said Swift, "when I was a young
man, I had the honour of being intimate with some
great legal characters, particularly lord Somers;
who, knowing my propensity to satire, advised me,
when I lampooned a knave or a fool, never to own it.
Conformably to that advice, I tell you that I am not
the author."

ODE TO AN OLD WIG.

Poor wig! not *patriot whig*! that title rare!
 Nor bun call'd wig—but wig of human hair,
 Thee I address beneath thy lowly shed;
 Though now neglected, time no doubt has been,
 When all thy flowing honours fair were seen,
 Scented and powder'd on some first-rate head.
 Thy sun-burnt hue and tatter'd caul, I ween,
 Tell many a change, and better days have seen,
 Of which thy bard in varied strains shall sing;
 For fancy sets his daring muse on fire,
 O may thy *rags* her *chequer'd* verse inspire,
 And lift her high on sympathetic wing.
 'Tis done, her bosom owns thy humble worth,
 And thus her tender ladyship breaks forth:

Ere those locks belong'd to thee,
 Once perhaps they wanton'd free,
 Airy, gay, and debonnaire,
 On Belinda's neck so fair;
 She for whom in Twit'nam's bowers,
 Pope call'd forth his magic powers,
 Gnomes and fairies heard the sound,
 And sylphs obsequious hover'd round,
 Lightly skimming o'er the glade,
 To wait upon the charming maid.
 Why may not the muse suppose?
 From those triple curls arose,
 The sister-lock without compare
 Ravish'd from its kindred hair;
 And in a moment after giv'n,
 (As proof of *politesse*) to heav'n;
 There still, as licens'd poets say,
 It brightens all the milky way,
 Distinguish'd by a stream of light,
 And visible each star-light night.

Or windled through time to a *scratch*,
 In the gradual succession of years;
 Perhaps, thou hast kept out the cold,
 Heaven bless us! from majesty's ears
 The wig which Judge Buller once own'd,
 Immortal'd in Walcot's blithe song,
 Might be thy identical self,
 Or thou might'st to great *Thurlow* belong.

Or if into times more remote,
 The muse has permission to ken,
 Who knows but thou once grac'd the head
 Of *Solomon*, wisest of men.

Perhaps, but my thread is worn out,
 Again to Parnassus I fly,
 The reader perhaps may be tir'd,
 And to tell you the truth, so am I.

So here's a pretty exit of the muse!
 Like unto Butler's bear and fiddle,
 Begins, 'tis true, but breaks in twain
 Ere she has reach'd the middle.

Then hear, O rev'rend covering for the head,
 Be mine the task to end the ode alone,
 And waft prophetic thy future fame
 To distant climes unknown:

"Though torn to pieces by the barber dire,
 Still shall some chosen locks remain,
 Worthy some nymph in chaste Diana's train,
 Who daily brings her clean attire;
 And hands the virgin to her spangled gig.
 These locks shall never pass away,
 But like the phoenix burst upon the day,
 And rise regenerate in an OLD MAID'S WIG!"

LACONIC GRACE.

Archbishop Laud was a man of short stature. Charles I. and the archbishop were one day about to sit down to dinner together, when it was agreed that Archer, the king's jester, should say grace for them, which he did as follows: "Great praise be given to God, but little *laud* to the devil."

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

The advanced guard of the French army did not reach the plains of Waterloo till the seventeenth of June, at six in the evening, a delay occasioned by unfortunate occurrences on the road, otherwise the forces would have been on the spot by three o'clock in the afternoon. This circumstance greatly disconcerted the emperor Napoleon, who, pointing to the sun, exclaimed, "*What would I not give to be this day possessed of the power of Joshua, to be able to retard thy march for two hours.*"

MEDITATION ON A BROOMSTICK

This single stick, which you now behold, ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew flourishing in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs! But, now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was—a tree turned upside down—the branches on the earth, and the root in the air! It is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself! At length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire! When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself, “Mortal MAN is a *broomstick*!” Nature sends him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of a reasoning vegetable, till the axe of intemperance has lopt off the green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a perriwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs all covered with powder, and that never grew on his head! But now, should this our *broomstick* pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, through the sweeping of the finest lady’s chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men’s defaults! But a broomstick, perhaps, you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and, pray, what is MAN but a *topsy-turvy* creature, his animal perpetually mounted on his rational faculties, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth; and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, as well as remover of grievances; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

SWIFT.

GAFFER GRAY.

Oh! Why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray;
And why does thy nose look so blue?
“’Tis the weather that’s cold,
’Tis I’m grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new
Well-a-day.”
Then line thy warm doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray,
And warm thy old heart with a glass;
“Nay, but credit I’ve none,
And my money’s all gone,
Then say how may that come to pass,
Well-a-day.”
Hie away to the house on the brow
Gaffer Gray
And knock at the jolly priest’s door—
“The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne’er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day.”
The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray,
Warmly fenc’d both in back and in front.
“He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he evermore find me in want,
Well-a-day.”
The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray,
And the season will welcome you there.
“His fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day.”
My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray,
What then? While it lasts, man, we’ll live.
“The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day.”

HOLCROFT.

POVERTY DESIRABLE.

Happy art thou, O man, who wast not born amidst the luxuries of life.

Lucky art thou who canst eat the simple fare ; whose nose turneth not up at a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, or bacon and eggs.

Health waketh thee at morn, and accompanieth the slumbers of night.

Art thou an alderman, and putteth pounds of turtle into thy paunch ; thou devourest an apoplexy. Swallowest thou hot sauces ? Thou gulpest rheumatism and gout.

Say not wickedly, "I will not repeat the Lord's Prayer, as it is beneath a gentleman to pray for bread."

Curse not sprats and flounders ; peradventure sprats and flounders might blush to enter the doors of thy gullet.

Deem thyself not undone, because thou possessest not more than thou oughtest in reason to use.

Fortunate are thousands in having never been favourites of fortune.

Content sigheth not for venison ; she lifteth not her eye for turbot.

She hateth not the sight of the sun at dinner-time, but preferreth his radiance to the greasy light of a candle.

P. PINDAR.

GAIN AND GLORY.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was a subaltern in the French army, a Russian officer, with much self-sufficiency, remarked, "That his country fought for glory, and the French for gain." "You are perfectly in the right," answered Napoleon, "for every one fights for that which he does not possess."

BUYING AND SELLING THE DEVIL.

Blount's Law Dictionary gives an instance of buying and selling the devil ; the story is extracted from the court rolls of the manor of Hatfield, near the isle of Axholme, York, of which the following is a translation : "Robert de Roderham appeared against John de Ithen, for that he had not kept the agreement made

between them : and therefore complains, that on a certain day and year, at Thorne, there was an agreement between the aforesaid Robert and John, whereby the said John sold to the said Robert, the *devil*, bound in a certain bond, for threepence farthing ; and thereupon, the said John, one farthing, as earnest money ; by which the property of the said devil rested in the person of the said Robert, to have livery of the said devil, on the fourth day next following, at which day the said Robert came to the forenamed John, and asked delivery of the said devil, according to the agreement between them made. But the said John refused to deliver the said devil, nor has he yet done it, &c. to the great damage of the said Robert, to the amount of sixty shillings ; and he has therefore brought his suite, &c. The said John came, and did not deny the said agreement ; and because it appeared to the court that such a suite ought not to subsist among Christians, the aforesaid parties are therefore adjourned to the infernal regions, there to hear their judgment ; and both parties were amerced, &c. by William de Scargell, Seneschal."

DAVID JONES, OR WINE AND WORSTED.

Hugh Morgan, cousin of that Hugh,
Whose cousin was, the Lord knows who
Was likewise, as the story runs,
Tenth cousin of one David Jones.
David, well stor'd with classic knowledge,
Was sent betimes to Jesus college ;
Paternal bounty left him clear
For life one hundred pounds a year ;
And Jones was deem'd another Croesus
Among the commoners of Jesus.
It boots not here to quote tradition,
In proof of David's erudition ;

He could unfold the mystery high,
Of Paulo post and verbs in *mi* ;
Scan Virgil, and in mathematics
Prove that straight lines were not quadratics.
All Oxford hail'd this youth's *ingressus*,
And wond'ring Welshmen cried, "Cot pless us !"
It happen'd that his cousin Hugh
From Oxford pass'd, to Cambria due,

And from his erudite relation,
 Receiv'd a written invitation.
 Hugh to the college gate repair'd,
 And ask'd for Jones ;—the porter star'd.
 "Jones ! Sir," quoth he, discriminate,
 "Of Mr. Joneses, there be eight."
 "Aye, but 'tis David Jones," quoth Hugh ;
 Quoth porter, "We've six Davids too."
 "Cot's flesh," cries Morgan, "cease your mockings,
 My David Jones wears worsted stockings !"
 Quoth porter, "Which it is, heav'n knows,
 For all the eight wear worsted hose."
 "My Cot," says Hugh, "I'm ask'd to dine,
 With cousin Jones, and quaff his wine."
 "That one word, 'wine,' is worth a dozen,"
 Quoth porter, "now I know your cousin ;
 The wine has stood you, Sir, in more stead
 Than David, or the hose of worsted ;
 You'll find your friend at number nine,
 We've but one Jones that quaffs his wine."

GENEROUS HIGHWAYMAN.

Boulter, the famous highwayman, one day met a young woman in great distress, who told him that a creditor had entered a house which she pointed out, and threatened to take her husband to prison for a debt of thirty guineas. Boulter gave her thirty guineas, telling her to go and pay the debt, and set her husband at liberty, and she ran off loading him with thanks. Boulter, in the mean time, waited on the road till he saw the creditor come out ; he then attacked him, and took back the thirty guineas, besides every thing else he had about him.

THE JEW AND CHRISTIAN.

A Jew, about two centuries ago, at Tewkesbury, fell into a filthy hole on Saturday, which, being the sabbath, he would not that day be drawn out for fear of breaking it. The earl of Gloucester hearing this news, forbade him to be taken out the next day, our Sunday ; for that neither (he said) should the Christian sabbath be broken by him ; whereupon the poor man lying there till Monday, miserably died. There is a whimsical Leonine epigram, written in the thirteenth century, on this circumstance.

Tende manus, Solomon.—Ego te de stercore tollam.
 Sabbath nostra colo, de stercore surgere nolo.
 Sabbath nostra quidem, Solomon, celebrabis ibidem.

Thus imitated

CHRISTIAN — What's here ! neighbour Solomon,
 stuck in a privy !
 Come, cheer up, old lad, catch this rope that I
 give ye.

JEW—Away with your infidel rope ! I disdain it ;
 This day is *my* sabbath, I will not profane it.

CHRISTIAN—Stay there then : but hark ye ! *my* sabbath
 is Sunday ;
 So you'll wait in your garden of sweets, Sir, till Monday.

UNLUCKY FRIENDSHIP.

During the reign of Frederick the Great, a Jew who had acquired great wealth wished to quit Berlin, but dared not attempt it without the king's permission ; accordingly he made several applications, assigning many reasons, the principal of which was for the benefit of his health. At length the king sent him the following reply :

"Dear Ephraim,

Nothing but death shall part us,

FREDERICK."

DIVIDING A BOOTY.

An Israelite, who knew the character of William Rufus, gave him a large sum of money to persuade his converted son to return to Jerusalem. Rufus did his endeavour, but in vain. "Well," said he to the father, "I have done what I could, but I have not succeeded. It is not my fault though, so we will divide the money between us."

ACCOUNT OF THE TWELVE JEWISH TRIBES BY THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

The tribe of Judah treacherously delivered up our Lord, and thirty of them die by treason every year.

The tribe of Reuben seized our Lord in the garden, and therefore the curse of barrenness is on all they

sow or plant, and no green thing can flourish over their graves.

The tribe of Gad put on the crown of thorns, and on every 25th of March their bodies are covered with blood from deep and painful wounds.

Those of Asher buffeted Jesus, and their right hand is always nearly a palm shorter than the left.

Those of Naphthali jested with Christ about a herd of swine, since when they are all born with tusks, like wild boars.

The tribe of Manasseh cried out, "His blood be on us and our children," and at every new moon they are tormented by bloody sores.

The tribe of Simeon nailed our Lord to the cross, and on the 25th of March, four deep and dreadful wounds are inflicted on their hands and feet.

Those of Levi spat on the Saviour, and the wind always blows back their saliva in their faces, so that they are habitually covered with filth.

The tribe of Issachar scourged Christ, and on the 25th of March blood streams forth from their shoulders.

The tribe of Zebulon cast lots for the garments, and on the same day the roof of their mouth is tortured by deep wounds.

The tribe of Joseph made the nails for crucifying Jesus, and blunted them to increase his sufferings; and therefore their hands and feet are covered with gashes and blood.

Those of Benjamin gave vinegar to Jesus; they all squint and are palsied, and have their mouths filled with little nauseous worms, which, in truth, (adds our author) is the case with all Jewish women after the age of twenty-five, because it was a woman who entreated the tribe of Joseph not to sharpen the nails used for the crucifixion of our Lord."

MERCHANT TAILORS.

A clergyman hearing a remark made on the humility of the Merchant Tailors' motto, "Concordiâ parvæ res crescunt," replied, "Yes, that is to say, nine tailors make a man."

COMFORTABLE LODGINGS.

A gentleman about to take apartments at Clifton Hot Wells, remarked that the stucco was broken upon the staircase. "It is very true," replied Mrs. —, "but I have had the places in question repaired so often, that I am tired of the trouble, expense, and dirt; the mischief you see is occasioned *by conveying coffins up and down stairs*; and this circumstance occurs so often, and the undertaker's men are so careless, that I really thought it labour in vain to have it repaired, when, perhaps, I might have it to do again in a fortnight."

GENUINE MIRACLE.

A sergeant in a regiment of foot, having snapped the blade of his sword asunder, got for the moment a wooden blade, till he could conveniently have the proper one renewed. This coming to the ears of the commanding officer, he ordered the sergeant to bring to the parade, from the black hole, his brother, a private, confined there for drunkenness. The sergeant in due obedience, went with a file of men, and brought his brother forward. The colonel then addressed the private in a severe tone, thus—"You are, sirrah, such a drunken scoundrel, and have so long disgraced the corps, that I am determined you shall at once have your head struck off, and your own brother shall be your executioner; kneel Sir, and you, sergeant, do your duty!" The sergeant entreated that there might not be imposed on him an office so shocking to his feelings; but all in vain, the commander was inexorable. The sergeant then fell upon his knees, and exclaimed, "Pray, Heaven, hear my prayers; and, rather than I should be the slaughterer of my brother, may the blade of my sword be turned to wood! My prayers are heard," cried he, drawing his sword, "my prayers are heard:" to the no small entertainment of the commanding officer.

OUT OF SPIRITS.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said John, with a sigh, "As her voice of a tempest gave warning;
"Quite out, sir, indeed," said her maid in reply
"For she finished the bottle this morning."

TO A NOTORIOUS AND CRAFTY LIAR.

Who'er would learn a fact from you
Must take you by contraries :
What you deny, *perhaps* is true ;
But nothing that you *swear* is.

INFANT LOVE.

An old uncle having a very beautiful niece, one day gave her a lecture on the inconstancy of mankind, and particularly cautioned her to beware of *love*. " Good heavens, Sir," answered she, " what is there to fear from a child ?"

THE WIG, CANE, AND HAT.

By the side of a murmuring stream,
An elderly gentleman sat ;
On the top of his head was his wig,
And a-top of his wig was his hat.
The wind it blew high and blew strong,
As the elderly gentleman sat ;
And bore from his head in a trice,
And flung in the river his hat.
The gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat :
And he dropt in the river his wig,
In attempting to get out his hat.
His breast it grew cold with despair,
And full in his eye madness sat ;
So he flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.
Cool reflection at length came across,
While this elderly gentleman sat ;
So he thought he would follow the stream,
And look for his cane, wig, and hat,
His head being thicker than common,
Overbalanced the rest of his fat,
And in plump this son of a woman,
To follow his wig, cane, and hat.

CLERICAL LEARNING.

A Kentish curate being one day at the house of a brother clergyman, who showed him a numerous col-

lection of books, in various languages, asked him whether he understood them all ? The answer being in the affirmative, he rejoined, " Surely, surely, brother, you must have had your head broken with a brick from the tower of Babel."

ODE TO SAINT PATRICK.

WRITTEN WHILE HALF TIPSY, OVER A SOLITARY DINNER.

Tho' *solus* here I pick my bone,
And drown my shamrock all alone,
Yet ne'er the worse for that,
I'll fill and drink (to make amends)
Both *to* and *for* all absent friends,
To honour thee, SAINT PAT !
And, faith, to thee I'd rather quaff
Than any Saint, on Heaven's staff,
That ever Pope gazetted ;
Because to thee we Irish sinners,
Who love to sprinkle well our dinners,
Are very deep indebted.
There's good St. SWITHIN—had he given
(Instead of water) wine from heaven,
For forty days together,
Then, truly, for a moist *set-in*,
Six weeks of *wet* would not have been
Uncomfortable weather.
But Oh ! the liquor, gemm'd with beads,
That in my glass this moment reads
The Riot-act, so frisky !
Sweet PAT, if e'er in humorous vein,
Thou tak'st it in thy head to rain,
For Heaven's sake rain us whiskey !
I wonder what, in censure's way,
The Devil's lawyer* had to say
Against thee, PAT—*what* had he ?
The worst that ELDON's self could prose,
(The Devil's lawyer he, God knows !)
Would be to call thee " PADDY."

* A person, called the Devil's advocate, employed at the canonization of Saints, to blacken the characters of those chosen for that honour.

But, let them call thee what they will,
Through life I'll love thy worship still,
And when my race is over,
Let shamrocks crown my bed of sleep,
Let whiskey-dew the shamrocks steep,
And friends say round me, while they weep,
"Here lies a PAT, in clover!"

SHUTTER THE COMEDIAN.

This performer was once engaged for a few nights in a principal city in the north of England. It happened that the stage that he went down in (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself) was stopped on the road by a single highwayman. The old gentleman, in order to save his own money, pretended to be asleep; but Shutter resolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol, and commanded Shutter to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man—"Money!" returned he, with an idiotic shrug, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant—"Oh! Lud, Sir, they never trust me with any; for nuncle here always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honour!" Upon which the highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity, complimented the old gentleman with a smart slap on the face to awaken him, and robbed him of every shilling he had in his pocket; while Shutter, who did not lose a single farthing, pursued his journey with great satisfaction and merriment, laughing heartily at his fellow-traveller.

CLERICAL CURIOSITY.

A minister catechising his parishioners, among the rest called upon a woman of more confidence than judgment, and asked her who died for her. "Pray, Sir," said she, "let me alone with your taunts!" He told her that this was no matter of taunting; and asked her the same question again. "Sir," replied she, "I have been an honest housekeeper these twenty years, methinks it does not become a man of your coat to mock me at this rate."—"What do'st mean, woman?" replies the parson; "I do not mock you: I ask you who died for you?" "Then," cried she, "if you will have the truth, in plain English, I

was once so handsome, that as many would have died for me as for any of your daughters, depend upon it."

QUIN'S SOLILOQUY ON SEEING THE EMBALMED BODY OF DUKE HUMPHREY:

A plague on Egypt's arts, I say,
Embalm the *dead*,—on senseless clay
Rich wine and spices waste;
Like sturgeon, or like brawn shall I,
Bound in a precious pickle lie,
Which I can never taste!

Let me embalm this flesh of mine,
With turtle fat and Bourdeaux wine,
And spoil the Egyptian trade.
Than Gloster's duke more happy I,
Embalm'd alive old Quin shall die,
A mummy ready made.

A SAVING CLAUSE.

It was customary with Marshal Bassompierre, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them "By God, brother, you or I will certainly be hanged!" which was a sufficient denunciation of their fate. A spy being discovered in his camp, was addressed in this language; and next day, as the provost was carrying the wretch to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the Marshal, alleging that he had somewhat of importance to communicate. The Marshal, being made acquainted with this request, exclaimed, "It is the way of all these rascals; when ordered for execution, they pretend some frivolous story, merely to reprieve themselves for a few moments: however, bring the dog hither." Being introduced, the Marshal asked him what he had to say? "Why, my lord," said the culprit, "when first I had the honour of your conversation, you was obliging enough to say, that either you or I should be hanged: now I am come to know, whether it is your pleasure to be so; because if you won't, I trust, that's all." The Marshal was so pleased with the fellow's humour, that he ordered him to be released.

FOUR EVILS.

An old French gentleman once complained that he had been cheated by a monk, when one of that order, being present, said to him—"I am surprised, Sir, that a person of your years and discretion should not yet know a monk! It is, however, never too late to learn; and, for the future, let me advise you to beware of four things: of a woman before, of a mule behind, of a cart sideways, and of a monk every way."

SPECIMEN OF BEAU NASH'S MANNER OF TELLING A STORY.

I will tell you something to that purpose—that, I fancy, will make you laugh. A covetous old parson, as rich as the devil, scraped a fresh acquaintance with me several years ago at Bath. I knew him when he and I were students at Oxford, where we both studied damnation hard; but that is neither here nor there. Well, very well. I entertained him at my house in John's Court—no, my house in John's Court was not built then—but I entertained him with all that the city could afford; the rooms, the music, and every thing in the world. Upon his leaving Bath, he pressed me very hard to return the visit; and desired me to let him have the pleasure of seeing me at his house in Devonshire. About six months after, I happened to be in that neighbourhood; and was resolved to see my old friend, from whom I expected a very warm reception. Well, I knocked at his door: when an old queer creature of a maid came to the door, and denied him. I suspected, however, that he was at home; and, going into the parlour, what should I see but the parson's legs up the chimney; where he had thrust himself to avoid entertaining me. This was very well. "My dear," says I to the maid, "it is very cold, extremely cold indeed; and I am afraid I have got a touch of my ague: light me the fire, if you please." "La, Sir!" says the maid, who was a modest creature, to be sure, "the chimney smokes monstrously; you would not bear the room for three minutes together." By the greatest good-luck there was a bundle of straw on the hearth; and I called for a candle. The candle

came. "Well, good woman," says I, "since you will not light me a fire, I will light one for myself:" and in a moment the straw was all in a blaze. This quickly unkennelled the old fox: there he stood in an old rusty night-gown, blessing himself, and looking like—a—hem—egad!

Here I stand, gentlemen, who could once leap forty-two feet upon level ground, at three standing-jumps, backward or forward: one, two, three—dart like an arrow out of a bow—but I am old now. I remember I once leaped for three hundred guineas with Count Klopstock, the great leaper, leaping-master to the Prince of Passau: you must all have heard of him. First he began with the running-jump; and a most damnable bounce it was, that is certain. Every body concluded that he had the match hollow; when, only taking off my hat, stripping off neither coat, shoes, nor stockings—mind me—I fetched a run, and went beyond him one foot, three inches, and three quarters, measured, upon my soul! by captain Pately's own standard!

THE BLUE-BOTTLE FLY.

The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies;
And even when they condescended to teach,
They pack'd up their meaning, as they did their mummies,

In so many wrappers, 'twas out of one's reach.

They were also, good people, much given to kings,
Fond of monarchs and crocodiles, monkeys and mystery,

Bats, hierophants, blue-bottle flies, and such things,
As will partly appear in this very short history.

A Scythian philosopher, (nephew they say,

To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis,)
Stept into a temple at Memphis one day

To have a short peep at their mystical farces.

He saw a brisk blue-bottle fly on an altar,

Made much of, and worship'd, as something divine;

While a large handsome bullock, led therein a halter,

Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the shrine.

Surpris'd at such doings, he whisper'd his teacher

"If 'tish't impertinent, may I ask, why
Should a bullock, that useful and powerful creature,
Be offer'd thus up to a blue-bottle fly."

"No wonder," said t'other, "you stare at the sight,
But we as a symbol of monarchy view it;
That fly on the shrine is legitimate right,
And that bullock, the people, is sacrificed to it."

MOORE.

ENGLISH FARMER AND A HOP-PLANTER.

In the harvest season, when all the animal creation appears cheerfully industrious, if we congratulate the farmer on the noble prospect of his well-covered acres, he will shake his head; and, between a sigh and a grunt, he will answer you with—"Ah, but the straw is short!" If the straw is long, then he will tell you there is no substance in the grain. If there is but an indifferent crop, he laments that it will not pay the expense of housing and thrashing. If a plentiful crop, then he grumbles, corn will be so cheap, it will not be worth carrying to market.

The hop-planter rises, lifts up the sash, and looks over the horizon; if the morning happens to be cloudy, he pulls down the window with an oath, saying—"It will rain to-day, and all the blossoms will be washed off!" If there should be a pleasant air abroad, then the poles will be all blown down. If the sun shines,—“O Lord! the plants will be burned up.” If it is a close, dry day, without much sun-shine, or wind, then he wishes for rain to destroy the vermin, or else they will eat all the buds up.

EPITAPH ON A LANDLADY.

Assigned by Providence to rule a tap,
My days pass'd glibly—till an awkward rap,
Some way like bankruptcy, impell'd me down;
But up I got again, and shook my gown
In gamesome gambols, quite as brisk as ever,
Blithe as the lark, and gay as sunny weather;
Compos'd with creditors at five in pound,
And frolick'd on till laid in holy ground.
The debt of nature must, you know be paid,
No trust from her.—God grant *extent in aid*!

A BORROWED COUNTENANCE.

An officer of a disbanded regiment applying to the paymaster of the forces for his arrears, told him that he was in extreme want, and on the point of dying with hunger. The treasurer, seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, told him that his countenance belied his complaint. "Good, my lord," replied the officer, "for Heaven's sake, do not mistake: the visage you see, is not mine, but my landlady's; for she has fed me on credit for above twelvemonths."

BIBLICAL POP.

A bookseller of Edinburgh had the exclusive right of printing bibles, and amassed a large fortune; his son, who was remarkably stupid, came very finely dressed into a ball-room, upon which occasion the following epigram was written:

The bible comes, in whose behalf
I'd speak, were rhyme unfetter'd;
He's double gilt, and bound in calf,
But then he's quite unletter'd.

A GENTLE HINT.

An uncle left in his will, eleven silver spoons to his nephew, adding, "if I have not left him the dozen, he knows the reason." The fact was the nephew had some time before stolen it from his relative.

THE NIGHTINGALE-CLUB

The Nightingale-club in a village was held,
At the sign of the Cabbage and Shears;
Where the singers, no doubt, would have greatly excell'd,

But for want of taste, voices, and ears.
Still between ev'ry toast, with his gills mighty red,
Mister President thus, with great eloquence, said;
(Spoken.) "Gentlemen of the Nightingale-club, you all know the rule: every gentleman must sing a song, or drink a glass of salt and water. Mr. Snuffle, I call upon you."—"I have got a cold in my head, but I'll try: let me blow my nose first. Blow high, blow low, &c."

Bravo, bravo, very well sung;
Jolly companions every one.

Thus the Nightingale-club gaily kept up their
clamour,
And were nightly knock'd down by the president's
hammer.

When Snuffle had finish'd, a man of excise,
Whose squint was prodigiously fine,
Sang "Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."

After which Mr. Tugg, who draws teeth for all parties,
Roar'd a sea-song, whose burthen was "Pull away,
my hearties."

Bravo, bravo, &c.

Mr. Drybones sang next, who was turn'd of three-
score,

And melodiously warbled away,
"She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
And yet we are too young they say,
But we know better, sure, than they."

Then a little Jew grocer, who wore a bob-wig,
Struck up "Billy Pringle had von leetel pig;
Not very leetel nor yet very big;
But ven alive him live in clover;
But now him dead, and dat's all over."

(Spoken.) "Come," said the president, "whose
turn is it to give us a sentiment?—Mr. Mangle, the
surgeon." "Sir, I'll give you, Success to the men who
bleed for their country."—"And now, Mr. Dismal,
we'll thank you for your song." "Sir, I'll give you
something sprightly.

(In a crying tone of voice.)

"Merry are the bells, and merry do they ring.
Merry is myself, and merry can I sing."

Bravo, bravo, &c.

Billy Piper some members call'd Breach of the Peace,
Because all his notes were so shrill,
Shrick'd out, like the wheel of a cart that wants
grease,

(In a squeaking tone.)

"Deeper, and deeper still."

Mr. Max, who, all gin, wish'd to coo like a dove,
Murmur'd sweetly "Oh! listen, listen to the voice
of love,
Which calls my Daphne to the grove."

(Spoken.) Mr. Doublelungs, the butcher, was call-
ed upon next. "And now, Mr. Doublelungs, we'll
thank you for a song." "Sir, I'll sing with all my
heart, liver, and lights. I'll sing you the Echo-song
out of Comus, with my own accompaniments; and
when a man echoes himself, he's sure to do it in the
right key.

(In a shrill and deep-toned voice alternately.)

"Sweet Echo," &c.

Bravo, bravo, &c.

GAMING AND FIGHTING.

An officer having gained a large sum of money at
play, was requested the ensuing morning to accom-
pany a friend, as second, to the field. "You should
have come yesterday," said the officer, "to make
the request, for I then had time, but that is not the
case to-day, my purse being full; but, if you must
have a second, I advise you to seek the gentleman
who lost what I have won; he is now not worth a
sixpence, and will therefore fight like the devil
himself."

DOUBLE PENITENCE.

A lady being at confession, informed the priest,
that she had very early in life had an illicit amour, and
that a child was the fruit of the sin. "You must repent
the shameful action," said the confessor. "Why
should I repent?" resumed the lady, "when I find
the boy an example of virtue?" "Well then," ex-
claimed the priest, "if that be the case, you must
repent that you have no cause for repentance."

PHILOSOPHIC RETORT.

A proud, but ignorant peer, observing one day at
a table, that a person, eminent for his knowledge
and abilities, was intent on choosing the delicacies
before him, said, "What! do philosophers love
dainties?" "Why not?" replied the scholar. "Do
you think, my lord, that the good things of this world
were made only for blockheads?"

THE DEVIL'S HERIOT.

A Sussex attorney dying a day or two after Lord
Chief Justice Holt, a wag observed, "There never
died a lord chief justice, but the devil took an attorney
for a heriot."

OXFORD ALE.

When it was the fashion to drink ale at Oxford, a bumptious fellow established an alehouse near the pound, and wrote over his door, "Ale sold by the pound." As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes staid there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the vice-chancellor, who was desired to take away his licence, by one of the proctors of the university. Boniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the vice-chancellor's presence, he began spitting about the room; this the chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it? "Please your worship," said he, "I came here on purpose to clear myself." The vice-chancellor, imagined that he actually weighed his ale, and sold it in that manner; he therefore said to him, "They tell me you sell your ale by the pound; is that true?" "No, an't please your worship," replied the wit. "How do you then?" said the chancellor. "Very well, I thank you, Sir," replied the wit, "how do you do?" The chancellor laughed and said, "Get away for a rascal, I will say no more to you." The fellow departed, and crossing the quadrangle, met the proctor who laid the information; "Sir," said he, "the vice-chancellor wants to speak with you," and returned with him. "Here, sir," said he, "here he is." "Who?" said the chancellor. "Why, Sir," said he, "you sent me for a rascal, and I have brought you the greatest that I know of."

RARE VIRTUES.

In praise of honesty and truth,
Men's busy tongues are never still,
'Tis well—for both are fled from earth,
De mortuis nisi bonum nil.

COMPANIONSHIP.

A bon-vivant one night told a friend that he intended to leave twenty pounds to be spent at his funeral; which induced the other to ask him, if the money was to be spent going or returning? "Going, to be sure," replied he, "for when you return I shan't be with you."

THE LOST KEY.

Barrymore happening to come late to the theatre, and having to dress for his part, was driven to the last moment, when, to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing. "D—n it," said he, "I must have swallowed it." "Never mind," says Jack Bannister, coolly, "*if you have, it will serve to open your chest.*"

ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose,
Dazzled and charm'd he called that woman "bride,"
And his first sleep became his last repose.

BAD AND WORSE.

Two comedians having a wager about which of them sung the best, they agreed to refer it to a friend. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, the arbitrator proceeded to give judgment in the following manner:—"As for you, Sir, (addressing himself to the first) you are the *worst* singer I ever heard in my life."—"Ah," said the other, exultingly, "I knew I should win my wager." "Stop, Sir," said the arbitrator, "I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this, *that as for you, you cannot sing at all.*"

A BISHOP'S BLESSING.

With cover'd head, a country boor
Stood, while the bishop bless'd the poor;—
The mitred prelate lifted high
His voice—"Take off your hat"—"Not I—
Your blessing's little worth," he said,
"If through the hat 'twont reach the head."

IRISH MEASUREMENT.

A gentleman in Ireland having built a large house was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it. "And what," said the gentleman, "shall I do with the earth which is dug out of the pit?" To which the steward replied, "*have the pit made large enough to hold all.*"

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, OR, THE CITY
SPORTSMAN.

DEAR SIR,

This first of September, at five in the morn,
The weather quite cloudy, the prospect forlorn,
I arose from my bed, and without the least strife,
Resign'd to the arms of another—*my wife*;
Determin'd to Somnus her snorings to yield,
And join with brown Bess in the sports of the field.
My volunteer musquet I clean'd over night,
And So! in his glory look'd scarcely so bright;
My pockets with powder and shot I did cram,
And sportsmanlike too, added *chicken and ham*.
Straight I hied to the closet, and why should I not,
Since by way of a *cooler*, I like something *hot*?
Nay I ne'er yet could manage my lodgings to bilk,
So in wedlock's *rum* bands I soon join'd *rum and milk*.

Then my dogs round me whistled, I think these were
all,

Viz. *Nimble* and *Bounce*, little *Gypsey* and *Ball*;
With such four fam'd dogs, but for what I can't
tell,

I expected no less than to bear off the bell;
I expected each jolly good sportsman to beat,
And to furnish my friends with a delicate treat,
But poor borrow'd *Bounce* was as blind as a bat
And knew not a hare from a tortoise-shell cat;
And *Gypsey*, the terrier, her mistress's boast,
Stood staunch as a pointer, at nothing but *toast*.
There was *Nimble*, the greyhound, not given to
roam,

Dislik'd staying out, so then nimbly ran home.
As *Ball*, I was certain, would make the birds rise,
I kept my piece pointed direct to the skies;
Soon up rose a bird, though I cannot tell what,
For I shut both my eyes to make *sure* of the shot;
But my musquet miss'd fire, a shocking disaster,
As the barking of *Ball* made the bird fly the faster.
I then prim'd my piece, and I added a charge,
Determin'd the havoc next time should be large;
Again I took aim, (oh, unfortunate man!)
Again I had nought but a flash in the pan.

A third time I prim'd, and I loaded a third,
When close in the hedge a loud rustling I heard;
I listen'd, and listen'd, then heard a *soft strain*,
Methought 'twas a blackbird, 'twould warble again;
The dogs they all snuff'd sure there's nothing *behind*,
Some *scent* that attracts, and now plays on the wind;
Straight I levell'd my piece, for a random-like shot,
Resolv'd what that might be, it should go to *pot*.
The trigger I pull'd, and of course shut my eyes;
But when open again, how great my surprise!
'Tis true, 'twas a blackbird, according to *Kemble*—
'Twas the *Bird* of a Jew—then all of a tremble—
'Twas Moses the pedlar, who in greatest distress
Had crept into the hedge for what I can't guess.
Now a little collected, the pedlar upsprung,
And assail'd my two ears with his voluble tongue.
I tendered him sixpence, which he took in a huff,
As sixpence a *singe* was not money enough;
He thought for his fright and his beard I'd be willing
To give him another, so make it a shilling.
But suppose, Master Moses, no more's to be had,
I've but one tester left, and that is rank bad;
"Ish it bad?" he replied, with his neck on the crane,
"Eesh, 'tish *bad*, my good Sir, but 'twill colour again."
Having settled with Moses, and wip'd off the score,
Such rare luck with three charges, I thought I'd try
four;

'Twas a maxim, I thought, I might safely advance,
The more powder and shot, the more likely the chance.
Then with four charges quickly I loaded my gun,
Prim'd and ramm'd it down tight, which I scarce
could get done

Before up got a covey delightful to view,
That I reckon'd at last on two brace for you;
For I took *such* an aim—still an unlucky elf—
That I kill'd my three dogs, and I wounded myself.
Now, I think, my good Sir, in two hours or less,
I've seen plenty of service with pretty brown Bess.
Both my wife and my neighbours weep sore for my
hounds,
And as sore do I weep through the smart of my wounds
Ah! they open afresh, I cannot write further,
But remain, my dear Sir, yours,

KILLING NO MURDER.

FAIR PLAY.

Mr. Curran, who was a very small man, having a dispute with a brother counsel, who was a very stout one, in which words ran high on both sides, called him out. The other, however, objected. "For," said he, "you are so little, that I might fire at you a dozen times without hitting; whereas the chance is, that you shoot me at the first fire."—"Upon my conscience, that's true!" cried Curran. "But to convince you I don't wish to take any advantage, you shall chalk my size upon your body, and all hits out of the ring shall go for nothing!"

TO AN OLD COQUETTE.

'Tis not thy years that frighten me away,
But that thy youngest brother's hair is gray!

TO THE SAME.

Be not disquieted, fond girl, in truth,
They laugh not at thy age, but at thy youth.

TO THE SAME.

I did not laugh—in spite of Celia's rage,
I dared not laugh—I've learnt to reverence age.

IRISH SENSIBILITY.

When an Irish dean was pilloried for a libel, a little ashamed of his elevation, he hired a chairman to hold an umbrella over his head during the painful ceremony, and for this service the doctor rewarded him with a guinea. Next day the chairman called upon him, when the doctor suspecting his drift, said, "My friend, what do you want; I thought I paid you yesterday very handsomely?" "To be sure, now," said Pat, "and so you did for the trouble; but, please your honour, consider the *disgrace*!"

SICK MAN AND THE FRIAR.

From the Italian.

"Repent," said a grey coated friar one day
To a reprobate wretch as expiring he lay,
As I came up the stairs I was frighten'd to see
The fiend who is waiting to seize upon thee."
"You saw him then truly?"—"Too truly, alas!"—
"And under what shape?"—"Under that of an ass."
"Well then," cried the sinner, "I am not afraid,
You surely were terrified by *your own shade*."

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

The late lord Erskine was one evening taken suddenly ill at lady Payne's; on her expressing a hope that his indisposition might not be serious, he answered her in the following impromptu:—

"'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew *pleasure* who never knew *Payne*."

LORD WHARTON'S GRACE.

When the whimsical lord Wharton was a stripling, and once came from school to the house of his father, who was a formal Presbyterian, and extremely deaf, the old nobleman invited the neighbouring gentry and their families to partake of an entertainment, on the anniversary of his birth. On dinner being served up, the young gentleman was ordered to say grace; when turning up the whites of his eyes, and assuming a puritanical countenance, he poured forth the following filial ejaculation:—

"I pray God to shorten
The days of lord Wharton,
And set up his son in his place;
He'll drink and he'll w—e,
And ten thousand things more,
With a grave and fanatical face."

HINT FROM THE PULPIT.

Butler, duke of Ormond, was by queen Anne appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland; in going over to take possession of his government he was driven by stress of weather upon the isle of Ila, and was obliged to remain there some time, at the house of the minister, whose living brought him in about 22*l.* per annum. He made the minister, whose name was Joseph, a present on his going away, and promised to do something more for him. Joseph waited with impatience at the not hearing further; at last he went over to Dublin, and got leave to preach in the cathedral, where he knew the duke would be. His text was: *But the chief Butler remembered not Joseph, but forgot him.* The duke was struck with the words, and recollecting his old host, sent for him to dine with him, and gave him a living of 400*l.* per annum.

PUNNING RUN MAD.

Here lies old John Magee, late the landlord at the
 Sun,
 He never had an *ail* unless when all his *ale* was done :
 The *sun* was on his sign, tho' what sign his *sun* was
 on,
 No studier of the zodiac could ever hit upon.
 Some said it was *Aquarius*, so *queerious* he'd get ;
 But he declar'd no *soda-hack* should ever share his
whet ;
 His burnish'd *sun* was *sol-o*, soul-heart'ning was his
 cheer,
 And quaffing of good *porter* long kept him from his
bier ;
 As *draughtsman* he'd no equal, his *drawings* were
 so good,
 And many a noble *draught* has he taken from the
wood,—
 Rare *spirited* productions, with tasty views near
Cork ;
 And then he had a *score* or two *rum* characters in
chalk.
 Above the mantle *taille* his *tally* it was nail'd,
 And tho' he'd lost one *eye-sight*, his *hop-ticks* never
 fail'd .
 Good ale and cider *sold here*, oft made the *soldier*
 halt,
 And *sailor* Jack, his *sail* aback, would hoist aboard
 his malt ;
 Most *cordially* he'd pour out a *cordial* for the fair,
 Whose *peeper* meant to ogle the *pepper-mint* so
 rare.
 While buxom Jen would toss off the juniper so gay,
 And swear it was both sweet and nice as any *shrub*
 in May.
 At last John took to drinking, and drank till drunk
 with drink,
 His *stuffing* he would *stuff in* till *stuff* began to
 shrink ;
 Tho' mistress *shook her hand high*, he suck'd the
sugar-candy,
 And often clos'd his *brand-eye* by tippling of the
brandy : .

His servants always *striking*, his *skins* ran so fast,
 And staggering round his *bar-rails*, his *breath*
 breath'd their last ;
 And when he treated *all hands* his *Hollands* ran
 away,
 Nor reap'd he fruit from *any seed* for *amseed* to pay.
 And tho' he drank the *bitters*, his *bitters* still in-
 creas'd,
 He put the more *parfait au cœur* till all his efforts
 ceas'd.
 The storm, alas ! was *brewing*, the *brewer* drew the
 till :
 And Mrs. Fig, for '*bacca*, to *back her* brought her
 bill.
 Distillers *still'd* his spirits, but could'nt *still* his mind ;
 He told the *bailiff* he would try a *bail* if he could
 find,
 But fumbling round the *tap-room*, death *tapp'd* him
 on the head,
 So here he lies quite flat and stale, because, d'ye see,
 he's dead.

CLASSIC TRANSLATION.

A hedge schoolmaster in Ireland, who taught the
 classics at five shillings per quarter in a miserable
 hovel by the road-side, one day instructing a pupil
 to translate, with *true idiom*, the passage in Virgil,
 "*Obstupui, steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit*,"
 when he Englished it thus, *Obstupui*, I was bothered,
steteruntque comæ, my hair stood up like the bristles
 of a fighting pig, *et vox faucibus hæsit*, and the
 devil a word I could get out.

WAKING A TRAVELLER.

An Irish gentleman travelling in the mail between
 London and Liverpool, was disturbed in a nap by
 the coachman, on his relinquishing the reins to
 another driver, to solicit a compliment. It was no
 easy matter to make Pat understand the coachman's
 object ; at length, however, he drew sixpence from
 his pocket, and handed it over with many imprecations
 for the interruption, and added, "If you had not
 waked me, fellow, I'd have given you a shilling."

JOB'S WIFE.

Of all Job lost, his history tells us plain,
 God gave him double portions back again,
 God did not take his plaguy wife—'tis true,
 What could the patient man have done with *two*?

HOAX EXTRAORDINARY.

An Englishman named Moore, who had settled as a wholesale cheesemonger in Dublin, was fascinated by the social habits of his Hibernian acquaintance, and interchanged with them all the cheap hospitalities of beef, turkeys, and whiskey punch. Having removed to a new habitation, and given a *housewarming* to a numerous company, the cheerful jug went round with ceaseless motion, occasionally replenished from a large *china jar* of ten gallons dimension, which was Moore's favourite urn on similar occasions, and upon which, when tipsy, he never failed to launch out in high encomiums. A wag in the room, named Shiel, perceiving that his host was far gone when he mounted his favourite hobby-horse, the china jar, joined in the praises of this extraordinary vessel, adding, that there were but *two* of them came from China in *three* ships; that he had sold the fellow of it to Lord Howe five years before for twenty guineas, and that the noble Lord would cheerfully give three hundred for this, if he knew where to find it. "Oh! come," said Moore, "you are *singing the catch* too far, it only cost me a guinea and a half, and I would sell it for *ten*." Shiel, mustering all his gravity, rejoined, "My dear Moore, you don't know the value of that jar; it is the true *Whang Tong* *mal-lesle* *china*, and I'd lay you any wager that the strongest porter you can find would not be able to break it with a dozen strokes of your largest kitchen poker." "Done," said Moore, "that I will do it myself in half a dozen strokes." "Done with you," said Shiel, "for a *gallon of porter* that you don't." The wager thus settled, Moore called for the large kitchen poker, and stripping off his coat dealt with all his might an Herculean blow upon the jar, which was *smashed in a thousand pieces*.

Shiel, without moving a muscle of his countenance,

gravely acknowledged that Mr. Moore had certainly won the wager, and threw down his shilling to pay the bet, observing, "that this was the first time in his life he ever saw such a jar broken in the same manner." Moore stood for some time astounded by the effects of this rash stroke upon his favourite *talisman*, but recovering a little, and perceiving the *hoax* by which he had been deluded, fury kindled in his eye, and he was looking out anxiously for some favourable spot on the head of the hoaxer, whereon to bestow the next stroke of his poker; but the insidious fellow, seeing the storm rising, thought fit to decamp, laughing in his sleeve at the success of his mischievous joke.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

All folks who pretend to religion and grace,
 Allow there's a hell, but dispute of the place;
 But if hell may by logical rules be defined,
 On this place of the damned, I'll give you my mind.
 Wherever the damned do chiefly abound,
 Most certainly there is hell to be found;
 Damned critics, damned blockheads, damned fools
 and damned knaves,
 Damned senators bribed, damned prostitute slaves;
 Damned lawyers and judges damned lords and dam-
 ned squires,
 Damned spies and informers, damned friends and
 damned liars;
 Damned villains corrupted in every station,
 Damned time-serving priests all over the nation
 And into the bargain I'll readily give ye
 Damned ignorant prelates, and counsellors privy

PARTY SPIRIT.

A lady who enthusiastically adored Wilkes and liberty, was disputing with a gentleman upon the various accomplishments of her idol. "You will allow he has wit," said she.—"Certainly."—"And he is a fine scholar?"—"Undoubtedly."—"And he is intrepid?"—"Yes."—"A patriot, too!"—"Some think him so."—"And surely he is very handsome?"—"Handsome! why, my dear madam, he squints most abominably."—"Squints! I allow it; but not a bit more than a man of genius *ought to squint*."

THE TUREEN.

Dear money ; thou art always floating !
 Whether in buying china, or in voting,
 Thou'rt still extracted from the miser's fob,
 In speculation or in job !
 Some whim is always driving thee abroad,
 Thou'rt spent by folly, or disgorg'd by fraud—
 In vain thou'rt hoarded ; passion gives thee vent,
 And out thou'lt come, fancy's cent. per cent. !

The farmer trucks thee for a Southdown tup,
 The virtuoso for a rusty coin,
 (Which, if he cannot purchase, he'll purloin,)

While Bufo gives thee for a china cup !
 This Bufo had amass'd a vast deposit
 Of China treasure in his closet ;
 Plates, saucers, cream ewers, *every kind of vase*,
 On which he could infix his eager claws,
 And to display his riches, ask'd a few
 Select and titled friends, his stores to view,
 At a rich dinner gorgeously display'd ;
 Fond of their praise, but of their awkwardness afraid.

The butler, when the treat was nearly dress'd,
 Preferr'd to Bufo's ear the cook's request,
 To know in which of his tureens he chose
 The turtle soup (so savoury) to dispose—
 "Here, take the key," said Bufo, "on the floor
 Under the window, and behind the door,
 You'll find it with its lid encased in straw ;
 But be most cautious, for it has a flaw,"
 The butler's over care perhaps perplex'd him,
 For in his hurry he took what was next him,
 Not a tureen, but something that, for shame,
 The *musé of China* bids me not to name—
 And right in view, and at the table's head,
 The *expressive vase* was full in view display'd.
 Of course to Bufo's happy lot it fell,
 To usher in a fashionable belle :—
 But what a sight his palsied eye assails !
 His colour changes, and his courage fails—
 An universal titter spreads around—
 The ladies cast their eyes upon the ground,
 Anxious to peep, and yet to look afraid,
 They call the friendly fan-sticks to their aid,

And through the crevices securely view
 The precious Nankin's genuine white and blue,
 And wish, while laughing at poor Bufo's case,
 They had the treasure *in another place*.

Such a misfortune one would say,
 Might cure poor Bufo of his folly ;
 But no less strange than melancholy,
 I do declare that, undismayed,
 Twelve pounds ten shillings Bufo paid
 For *two crack'd tea-pots*, the next day !

PROPHECIES.

An old Irish haymaker, with his daughter, an innocent looking young woman, were tried at the Old Bailey on a capital indictment for a burglary and robbery in the house of an old gentleman above ninety, where the daughter was servant. The poor girl appeared to be perfectly innocent in the transaction, but the father's guilt was clearly proved by the prosecutor. When the evidence for the prosecution was closed, the Judge asked him the usual questions, what he had to say in his defence ? "Oh, by my sowl," answered the fellow, "there has been too much said upon the business already. and I don't want to say any more ; I'm willing to drop it with you altogether, and if you're satisfied, I am satisfied." "I say, man," repeated the Baron, "if you have any thing to say in your defence, now is your time." "By my sowl then," answered the prisoner, "if I must *spake*, I have only to say that my life is safe among you." The Jury convicted him, and the next question was, "What's the prisoner's age ?" "My age ?" says the fellow, "what call have you to know my age ?" "The Court must know," whispered the gaoler, "how old you are." "Oh, by my faith," says he, "*I believe I'm pretty near as owld as ever I'll be.*" He spoke prophetically, for he was hanged in a fortnight.

FORESTALLING.

A gentleman endeavouring to put up his gig at Wandsworth at a review of light horse, was told that there were already three horses in a stall. "O then," exclaimed his companion, "if that is the case we are completely *forestalled*."

COMFORTS COMPLETED.

An English sailor in Dublin crossing the Coal Quay half tipsy, with a gallon measure of foaming porter to regale his shipmates on board, passed through a crowd of coal heavers, not much more sober than himself, and in the pride of his heart addressed them with "Hang your whiskey, you Irish lubbers, here's a gallon of good English beer, *it is meat, drink and clothes,*" slapping the vessel with his hand. One of the fellows, affronted at this challenge, instantly knocked him down into a large slough of water, adding, "You had *meat, drink, and clothes before,* and there's *washing and lodging* for you *into the bargain,* you thief." The fellow was proceeding to follow up his triumph by kicking the fallen Briton, when another of the gang interfered with "*Blur and ounds,* lary, though you did give him *washing and lodging,* sure he doesn't want *mangling* into the bargain."

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Beneath this stone lies our dear child who's gone
from we

For evermore, into eternity ;
Where we do hope that us shall go to he,
But him can ne'er come back to we.

MODESTY FOR MONEY.

An Hibernian adventurer one day stepped into a coffee-house in the Strand, seated himself in a box, called for a bill of fare, and ordered a sole and a wild fowl for his dinner, with as much *sang froid* as if his pockets were crammed with Bank notes. When dinner was served, he call for a pint of Madeira, which, with a couple of tarts, he demolished with tolerable facility ; and when the cloth was removed, he ordered some filberts and a bottle of port, which, having also despatched, he desired the waiter to charge his bill at the bar. The waiter told his master, who was a very good-natured Welchman, and who struck with the oddity of this order from a perfect stranger, came to remonstrate with the gentleman, and asked him how he could think of ordering such a dinner, without having money to pay for it. "Odds

blood, my good friend," answered the Hibernian, "isn't it all the same thing, whether I pay you, now or another time. Sure won't I be a customer of the house. I only *changed my breeches* this morning, and forgot my purse, and you wouldn't have a *gentleman* balk his appetite and go without his dinner because he happened to have no cash about him."—"Why, Sir," answered the host, "I should never grudge a gentleman his dinner, look you, if he had no money ; but I think in such a case, something less expensive than sole, roast fowl, and raspberry tart, might answer your purpose ; and I can't think that a pint of Madeira, a bottle of port, and filberts were quite indispensable." "Poh ! poh !" replied the other, "d—n it, I heard you were a generous fellow, and sure you woud'nt have a gentleman finish his dinner in a shabby way without a glass of wine and a little *fruit*."

THE RAPID FORTUNE.

Says Dick to Hal, "Your thrifty sire, in trade
For your dear sake a rapid fortune made ;
You drank, wench'd, gambled, mortgag'd house and
land,
And from the turf to jail drove four in hand."
"Have done," cries Hal, "nor with your gammon
stun me,
My fortune was so rapid, it outrun me."

THE IRISHMAN'S BLANKET.

An Irishman who was sent on board of ship, and who believed in ghosts, inquired of his messmates if the ship was haunted. "As full of ghosts as a churchyard," replied they ; "they are ten thousand strong every night." This so terrified Pat, that whenever he turned into his hammock, he pulled his blanket over his head and face, so that from his knees downwards he was naked and cold. "That there purser is a terrible rogue," said he, "he serves out blankets that don't fit a man ; they are too long at top, and too short at bottom, for they cover my head and ears, and my feet are always perished with cold. I have cut several slices off the top, and sewed on the bottom and the devil a bit longer it is."

THE DYING FATHER.

A dying father had two sons ;
 And, if I recollect their names,
 The one was George, the other James.
 James was a clever lad, and George a dunce.
 The father saw his end approaching fast :
 He order'd James straight to appear,
 And, as his sorrowing son drew near,
 Upon him many a wishful look he cast.—
 "My son," he said, "I'm much concern'd for thee,
 For thou want'st neither wit nor sense ;
 And these when I am call'd from hence,
 Will more your hind'rance than advantage be—
 Well, well—to make amends—here, take this key.—
 Within the adjoining closet thou wilt find
 An iron chest, which now contains
 The sum of all my hard-earn'd gains :
 This I have long for thee alone design'd.
 James started back—look'd pale and wan—
 "Forbid it Heavens ! Shou'd I alone receive
 The fortune which you now must leave,
 How would poor brother George come on ?"
 "George !" said the father ; "better far than you :
 Of him I uniformly said,
 I had no cause to be afraid :
 For his stupidity would bring him through.

A TRIFLING DIFFERENCE.

A very old lady of quality having intrigued with a gentleman of family, who was not so rich in wealth as in title, she bequeathed to him the bulk of her estates at her death ; her niece, who was the next heir, commenced an action for the recovery of the fortune, which was given against her. On quitting the court she addressed the fortunate possessor of the estate, saying, "Well, sir, it must be confessed, you got the estate very cheaply." "Madam," replied the gentleman, "you know the price at which I had it, and you may if you please make a purchase of it upon the same terms." "With all my heart, sir," answered the lady briskly, "if you will give the sign *manual*."

INNOVATION.

When poor Maria first began
 To sell her youthful charms to man,
 Her lovely bosom then was made
 The tempting symbol of her trade ;
 But since each virtuous blushing dame,
 With modest care displays the same,
 Maria, e'er her trade decline,
 Must shut up shop, or change her sign.

SIR T. BROWN'S COURTSHIP.

Sir Thomas Brown once observed in company, that he had *toasted* a lady for twelve months, and had little hopes of ever making her *Brown*.

RETALIATION.

Francis the first, being engaged at tennis with the abbé de Beaulieu, the latter struck a ball with violence which came in contact with the person of the monarch, who, feeling the smart, exclaimed, "Abbé, I give you to all the devils in hell."—"And I," replied the abbé, "give your majesty to all my monks, who are just as good companions."

TO A CRITIC.

You say that "in scribbling no figure I cut,"
 No comment with truth can be riper,
 For while I cut *you*, should the question be put,
 I must own that I cut but a cipher.

MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION.

The maréchal Grammont having for some time besieged a fortress, the garrison of which held out obstinately, a capitulation at length took place, upon the signing of which, the governor of the fortress said, "Maréchal, I will be candid with you, if I had not been bereft of a bullet to defend myself, I should not have surrendered."—"That I may not appear wanting in candour," replied the maréchal, "I must tell you that had I had any more powder, I would not have acceded to the terms of capitulation."

A WEEK'S JOURNAL OF A WILTSHIRE CURATE.

Monday—Received ten pounds from my rector, Dr. Snarl, being one half year's salary—obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the doctor; and even when admitted, was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had walked eleven miles. Item, the doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for fifteen pounds a year.

Tuesday—Paid nine pounds to seven different people; but could not buy the second-hand pair of black breeches offered me as a great bargain by Cabbage, the tailor; my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betsy nor Polly having a shoe to go to church.

Wednesday—My wife bought a petticoat for herself, and shoes for her two daughters; but unluckily, coming home, dropped half a guinea through a hole (which she had never before perceived) in her jacket, and reduced all our cash in the world to half-a-crown. Item, chid my poor woman for being affected at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to rely upon the goodness of God.

Thursday—Received a note from the ale-house at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business; went, and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for sevenpence halfpenny, in a struggle what to do. The baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarrelled with us, to avoid giving any credit in future; and George Greasy, the butcher, sent us word that he heard it whispered, that the rector intended to take a curate who would do the parish duty at an inferior price; and therefore, though he would do any thing to serve me, advised me to deal with Peter Paunch, at the upper end of the town. Mortifying reflections these! But in my opinion a want of humanity is a want of justice. Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket, and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

Friday—A very scanty dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that, by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and

children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears. Mem. Never to contradict her as long as I live; for the mind that can argue like hers, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable for its indiscretion; and in every lapse from the severity of economy, performs an act of virtue superior to the value of a kingdom.

Saturday—Wrote a sermon, which on

Sunday—I preached at four different parish-churches and came home excessively wearied, and excessively hungry; no more than two-pence halfpenny in the house. But see the goodness of God! The strolling player, whom I had relieved, was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and from a generous eccentricity of temper, wanted to do me an essential piece of service: I had not been an hour at home, when he came in, and declaring himself my friend, put a fifty pound note into my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of three hundred pounds a year.

EPISCOPAL BARGAINS.

The prince de Conti, speaking of the possessors of rich benefices, remarked, "That the Lord was very ill served for his money."

PRIOR THE POET.

A lady requested Matthew Prior to give her a scudate rhyming couplet on the female sex. "That, madam, is utterly impossible," returned the poet, "for in women there is neither *rhyme* nor *reason*."

A MISS-FIT.

On the death of a good performer, belonging to Drury-lane theatre, a very indifferent one (who had often been his substitute in a case of illness) said, "Well, I am sorry for his loss, poor fellow! but it is an ill wind that blows nobody good: I shall jump into his shoes."—"You may," observed another, "but I'll be d—d if they'll fit you."

FRANKLIN'S WAY TO WEALTH, OR POOR RICHARD'S
MAXIMS.

COURTEOUS READER,

I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times ; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks—"Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times ? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country ? How shall we be ever able to pay them ? What would you advise us to ?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied—"If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short ; for, A word to the wise is enough, as poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathered round him, while he proceeded as follows.

"Friends," says he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy ; and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them. But we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly ; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us ; God helps them that help themselves, as poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service : but idleness taxes many of us much more ; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright, as poor Richard says. But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of, as poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep ! forgetting, That the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave, as poor Richard says. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be, as poor Richard

says, the greatest prodigality ; since, as he elsewhere tells us, Lost time is never found again ; and what we call time enough always proves little enough ; let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose ; so by diligence we shall do more with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy ; and, He that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarcely overtake his business at night ; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee ; and Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise, as poor Richard says.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times ? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. Industry need not wish ; and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains ; then help, hands, for I have no lands ; or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. He that hath a trade, hath an estate ; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour, as poor Richard says ; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve, for, At the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter. Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them. What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plow deep, while sluggards sleep ; and you shall have corn to sell and to keep. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. One to-day is worth two to-morrows, as poor Richard says ; and, farther, Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to day. If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle ? Are you then your own master, be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens ; remember that The cat in gloves

catches no mice, as poor Richard says. It is true, there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for Constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse eat in two the cable; and Little strokes fell great oaks.

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what poor Richard says: Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock; whereas industry gives comfort, plenty, and respect. Thy pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me a good-morrow.

"But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for as poor Richard says—

I never saw an oft-removed tree,

Nor yet an oft-removed family,

That throve so well as those that settled be.

"And again, Three removes are as bad as a fire; and again, Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee; and, again, If you would have your business done, go; if not, send. And again,

He that by the plough would thrive,

Himself must either hold or drive.

"And again, The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands; and, again, Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge; and, again, Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open. Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many: for, in the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it: but a man's own care is profitable; for, If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for

want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy: all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life at the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will; and—

Many estates are spent in the getting,

Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,

And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for—

Women and wine, game and deceit,

Make the wealth small, and the want great.

And, farther, What maintains one vice, would bring up two children. You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, Many a little makes a mickle. Beware of little expenses; A small leak will sink a great ship, as poor Richard says; and, again, Who dainties love shall beggars prove; and moreover, Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

"Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap; and perhaps they may, for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what poor Richard says: Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities. And again, At a great pennyworth pause a while. He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more-

harm than good. For in another place he says, Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths. Again, It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance; and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half-starved their families; Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen-fire, as poor Richard says. These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them? By these and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it plainly appears, that a ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees, as poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, it is day, and will never be night; that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom, as poor Richard says; and then, When the well is dry, they know the worth of water. But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice: If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing, as poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick farther advises, and says—

Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;

Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.
 “And again, Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but poor Dick says, It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it: and it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

Vessels large may venture more,
 But little boats should keep near shore.

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as poor Richard says, Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt; pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy. And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

“But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities? We are offered, by the terms of a sale, six months credit; and that perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready-money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him, you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity; and sink into base, downright lying; for, The second vice is lying, the first is running into debt, as poor Richard says; and, again, to the same purpose, Lying rides upon debt's back; whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright. What would you think of that prince, or that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as poor Richard says, Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.

The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter. At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but—

For age and want save while you may,

No morning sun lasts a whole day!

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and it is easier to build two chimnies than to keep one in fuel, as poor Richard says: so, rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.

Get what you can, and what you get hold;

'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.

And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous."

"And now, to conclude, Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, (as poor Richard says,) and scarcely in that; for it is true, We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct: however, remember this, They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped; and farther, that, If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles, as poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine—and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN IRISH INNKEEPER AND AN ENGLISHMAN.

Englishman. Holloa, house!

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, sir, the fair of Molingar and Ballynaslee is next week.

Eng. I see—How are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, sir.

Eng. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, sir, all kinds from Irish white wine (but-ter milk) to Burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so. I hope your not a shark.

Inn. No, sir, indeed, I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Have you any soles?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, sir?

Eng. Psha! have you any plaice?

Inn. No, sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. I must see, myself.

Inn. And welcome, sir, I'll fetch you the looking-glass.

JAMES I. AND DR. BUCHANAN.

When Dr. Buchanan was asked how he came to make a pedant of James, his royal pupil, he answered—He thought he did a great deal to make any thing of him.

A SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT.

Foote having been invited to dine with the late duke of Leinster, at Dublin, gave the following account of this entertainment: As to splendour, as far as it went, I admit it, there was a very fine sideboard of plate; and if a man could have swallowed a silver-smith's shop, there was enough to satisfy him; but as to all the rest—his mutton was white, his veal was red, the fish was kept too long, the venison not kept long enough: to sum up all, every thing was *cold* except his *ice*; and every thing *sour* except his *vinegar*.

MOLIERE'S GRAVE.

When Moliere, the comic poet, died, the archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. The king, being informed of this, sent for the archbishop, and expostulated with him; but, finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, his majesty asked, how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached? This question coming by surprise, the archbishop replied, about eight. "Well," answered the king, "I find there's no getting the better of your scruples; therefore, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep, that's four below your consecrated ground, and let him be buried there."

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND ZAREMBA.

General Zarembo had a very long Polish name; the king of Prussia had heard of it, and one day said to him, "Pray, Zarembo, what is your name?" The general told him the whole of it. "Heavens!" said the king, "the devil himself has not such a name!"—"Why should he?" replied Zarembo, "he is no relation to me, if he is to your majesty."

THE LATE LORD VISCOUNT SACKVILLE.

His lordship was one day entering his house in Pall Mall, when he observed a basket of vegetables standing in the hall, and inquired of the porter to whom they belonged, and from whence they came? Old John immediately replied, "They are ours," my lord, "from our country-house."—"Very well," rejoined the peer. At that instant a carriage stopped at the door, and lord George, turning round, asked

what coach it was. "Ours," said honest John. "And are the children in it *ours* too?" said his lordship, laughing. "Most certainly, my lord," replied John, with the utmost gravity, and immediately ran to lift them out.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

The late Mr. Philip Thicknesse, father of lord Audley, being in want of money, applied to his son for assistance. This being denied, he immediately hired a cobbler's stall, directly opposite his lordship's house, and put up a board, on which was inscribed, in large letters, "Boots and shoes mended in the best and cheapest manner, by Philip Thicknesse, father of lord Audley." His lordship took the hint, and the board was removed.

AN UNTIMELY DEMAND.

A provincial actress was performing the part of lady Ann, in King Richard the Third; and on delivering the following passage:—

"When shall I have rest?"

she was answered by her washerwoman, from the pit, who exclaimed, "Never, 'till you pay me my three shillings and twopence."

MR. PITT AND DR. PALEY.

The first time that Mr. Pitt went to Cambridge, after his election as member for the university, the sophs were naturally gaping for the good things in his gift. Dr. Paley, who preached before the young minister, chose this appropriate text—"There is a *lad* here that hath two barley loaves and three small fishes; but what are these among so many?"

PULPIT CALL.

One Sunday, when Mr. Ogilvy, a Scottish clergyman, was in the middle of his sermon, an old woman, who kept an alehouse in the parish, fell asleep. Her neighbour jogged her, in order to awake her. The parson seeing this, cried out, "I'll awaken her, I warrant you.—Phew!—(whistling)—Janet! a bottle of ale and a dram!" To which well-known salutation, she instinctively replied, "Coming, sir."

ANACHRONISMS IN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

In a painting in a country church in Germany, intended for *the Sacrifice of Isaac*, is represented Abraham with a blunderbuss in his hand, ready to shoot his son, and an angel, suddenly coming down from heaven, pouring a certain water on the pan.

In a painting at Windsor, by Antonio Verrio, he has introduced himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Bap. May, surveyor of the works, in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ healing the sick.

A painter of Toledo once painted the story of the Three Wise Men of the East coming to worship at Bethlehem, where he represented them as three Arabian or Indian kings; two of them were white, and one of them black; but, when he drew the latter part of them kneeling, he made three black feet for the negro king and three white feet for the two white kings.

In the monument of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in Westminster Abbey, he is represented rising out of the sea, with a full-bottomed wig well powdered and puffed.

In a church at Bruges is a picture of the Marriage of Jesus Christ with Saint Catherine of Sienna, by St. Dominic, the patron of the church. The Virgin Mary joining their hands, and King David playing the harp at the wedding.

Albert Durer has represented an angel, in a pounced petticoat, driving Adam and Eve from Paradise.

Lewis Cigoli painted a picture of the Circumcision of the Holy Child, Jesus, and drew the high priest, Simeon, with spectacles on his nose.

In a picture painted by F. Chello della Puera, the blessed Virgin is placed on a velvet sofa, playing with a cat and a paroquet, and about to help herself to coffee from an engraved coffee-pot.

In another picture painted by Peter of Cortona, representing the reconciliation of Jacob and Laban, (now in the French Museum,) the painter has represented a steeple or belfry rising over the trees.

Paul Veronese placed Benedictine fathers and Swiss soldiers among his paintings from the Old Testament.

In the illuminations of a manuscript Bible at Paris, under the Psalms, are two persons playing at cards; and under Job and the Prophets are coats of arms and a windmill.

Poussin, in his picture of the Deluge, has painted boats, not then invented.

EPITAPH ON COOKE, THE CELEBRATED ACTOR.

Pause, thoughtful stranger: pass not heedless by,
Where COOKE awaits the tribute of a sigh.
Here sunk in death those powers the world admired,
By nature given, not by art acquired.
In various *parts* his matchless talents shone,
The one he failed in was, alas! his *own*.

BURIED ALIVE.

A lady once told St. Foix, that in her will she had ordered her body to be opened after her death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

AN ENTERTAINING JOURNEY.

Dodd the comedian was very fond of a long story.—Being in company one night, he began at twelve o'clock to relate a journey he had taken to Bath: and, at six o'clock in the morning, he had proceeded no farther than *the Devises*!—The company then rose, to separate; when Dodd, who could not bear to be curtailed in his narrative, cried, "Don't go yet; stay and hear it out, and upon my soul I'll make it entertaining!"

POSTHUMOUS GRIEF.

Philips, in his Pastorals, makes shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts at their own deaths:
"Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevell'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own."

PRUDENT PORTRAIT.

A married intriguing lady insisting on having her lover's portrait, he remonstrated on the absurdity, alleging it would amount to the proclaiming their amour. "Oh," said she, "but to prevent a discovery, it shall not be drawn like you."

CROSSING PROVERBS.

Prov. The more the merrier.

Cross. Not so ; one hand is enough in a purse.

P. He that runs fastest gets most ground.

C. Not so ; for then footmen would get more ground than their masters.

P. He runs far that never turns.

C. Not so ; he may break his neck in a short course.

P. No man can call again yesterday.

C. Yes ; he may call till his heart ache, but it will never come.

P. He that goes softly goes safely.

C. Not among thieves.

P. Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting.

C. Yes, lack of meat.

P. Nothing is hard to a willing mind.

C. Yes, to get money.

P. None so blind as they that will not see.

C. Yes, they that cannot see.

P. There is no creature so like a man as an ape.

C. Yes, a woman.

P. Nothing but is good for something.

C. Not so ; nothing is not good for any thing.

P. Every thing hath an end.

C. Not so ; a ring hath none, for it is round.

P. Money is a great comfort.

C. Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.

P. The world is a long journey.

C. Not so ; the sun goes it every day.

P. It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.

C. Not so ; it is but a stone's cast.

P. A friend is best found in adversity.

C. Not so ; for then there's none to be found.

P. The pride of the rich makes the labours of the poor.

C. No, the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich.

P. Virtue is a jewel of great price.

C. Not so ; for then the poor could not come by it.

PRUDENT RESOLVE.

Menage gives us the following specimen of French *badauderie* (cockneyism.) A gentleman who could not swim, one day in bathing got out of his depth, and would have been drowned, had not some swimmers been at hand to save him. On recovering, he protested that he would never venture into the water again, till he had learned to swim.

LADY HARDWICK AND HER BAILIFF.

A bailiff having been ordered by lady Hardwick to procure a sow of the breed and size she particularly described to him, came one day into the dining-room, when full of *great company*, proclaiming with a burst of joy he could not suppress, "I have been at Roston fair, my lady, and got a sow exactly of your ladyship's size."

RIDDLES.

Q. In words unnumber'd I abound,

In me mankind do take delight ;

In me much learning still is found,

Yet I can neither read nor write.

Answer. It is a book printed or written.

Q. With learning daily I am conversant,

And scan the wisdom of the wisest man ;

With force I pierce the strongest argument,

Yet know no more than it had never been.

A. It is a worm that eats through the books in a learned library.

Q. Full rich am I, yet care not who

Doth take away from me my wealth ;

Be it by fraud, I will not see,

Nor prosecute, although by stealth.

A. It is a coffer wherein great riches are laid up.

Q. Tho' I am pierced a thousand times.

Yet in me not a hole is made ;

I notice give when Phoebus climbs

To drowsy mortals in their bed.

A. It is a window penetrated by the light.

Q. I'm dragg'd along thro' dirt and mire,

O'er cragg'd stones and hills about ;

And yet I neither faint nor tire,

But rather weary those that do't.

A. It is a coach drawn about by horses.

Q. Why is the *Temple church* so much like *Heaven*?

A. *There none are married, or in marriage given.*
The church in the Temple was founded in the reign of Henry II., upon the model of that of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, and is *extra-parochial*.

BROTHER FEELING.

Mr. Garrick, being at the seat of lord Fielding, went, with that nobleman, to see a puppet-show; and the former offering a shilling at the door for his admission, "Oh, no," cried the man, "pass on, *brother manager*, we never take money from *one another*!"

YOUR WORSHIP.

A man having business with a magistrate, who was an auctioneer, gave much offence, by neglecting to call him—*his worship*; on which he committed him to gaol for contempt. When the man obtained his discharge he constantly attended *his worship's* sales, bidding for almost every lot: "threepence, *your worship*; sixpence, *your worship*;" which caused such scenes of laughter at the auctioneer's expense, that he was glad to give the man ten guineas never to attend his sales any more.

SURNAMES.

Men once were surnam'd from their shape or estate,
(You all may from history worm it,) There was *Lewis the Bulky* and *Henry the Great*,
John Lackland and *Peter the Hermit*.
And now, when the door-plates of misters and dames
Are read, each so constantly varies
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling, surnames
Seem giv'n by the rule of contraries.

Mr. Bar, though provok'd, never doubles his fist,
Mr. Burns in his grate has no fuel,
Mr. Playfair won't catch me at hazard or whist,
Mr. Coward was wing'd in a duel.
Mr. Wise is a dunce, *Mr. King* is a whig,
Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly.
And huge *Mr. Little* broke down in a gig
While driving fat *Mr. Goliightly*.

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,
Mrs. Angel's an absolute fury,
And meek *Mr. Lion* met fierce *Mr. Lamb*,
Tweak'd his nose in the lobby of Drury,
At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout,
(A conduct well worthy of Nero,)
Over poor *Mr. Lightfoot*, confined with the gout,
Mr. Heaviside danced a bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose *Mr. Love*,
Found nothing but sorrow await her:
She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,
That fondest of mates, *Mr. Hayter*.
Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut,
Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest;
Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,
Old *Mr. Younghusband's* the starchest.

Mr. Child in a passion knocks down *Mr. Rock*,
Mr. Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers,
Miss Poole us'd to dance, but she stands like a stock,
Ever since she became *Mrs. Rivers*.
Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,
He moves as though cords had entwin'd him;
Mr. Metcalfe ran off upon meeting a cow,
With pale *Mr. Turnbull* behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey.
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half-after three,
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.
Mr. Gardener can't tell a flow'r from a root,
Mr. Wild with timidity draws back,
Mr. Ryder performs all his journies on foot,
Mr. Foot all his journies on horseback.

Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,
Kick'd down all the fortune his dad won;
Large *Mr. Le Fever's* the picture of health,
Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one.
Mr. Cruikshank stept into three thousand a year,
By showing his leg to an heiress.
Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite
clear,
Surnames ever go by contraries.

AMENDE HONOURABLE.

Many years since, the bench of Middlesex justices refused a licence to a publican who put up Mr. Wilkes for his sign: he told them, so far from being a friend to Wilkes, that he had hung him up in effigy; but if he had given offence, he was ready to pull down Wilkes, and hang up the whole bench of Middlesex justices instead.

JOURNAL OF AN INDOLENT MAN.

Thursday, eleven at night, went to bed: ordered my servant to wake me at six, resolving to be busy all next day.

Friday morning: Waked a quarter before six; fell asleep again, and did not wake till eight.

Till nine, read the first act of Voltaire's *Mahomet*, as it was too late to begin serious business.

Ten: Having swallowed a short breakfast, went out for a moment in my slippers—The wind having left the east, am engaged by the beauty of the day, to continue my walk—Find a situation by the river, where the sound of my flute produced a very singular and beautiful echo—make a stanza and a half by way of address to it—visit the shepherd lying ill of a low fever—find him somewhat better (Mem. to send him some wine)—meet the parson, and cannot avoid asking him to dinner—returning home, find my reapers at work—superintend them in the absence of John, whom I send to inform the house of the parson's visit—read, in the mean time, part of Thomson's *Seasons*, which I had with me—From one to six, plagued with the parson's news and stories—take up *Mahomet* to put me in good humour—finish it, the time allotted for serious study being elapsed—at eight, applied to for advice by a poor countryman, who had been oppressed—cannot say as to the law: give him some money—walk out at sun-set, to consider the causes of the pleasure arising from it—at nine, sup, and sit till eleven hearing my nephew read, and conversing with my mother, who was remarkably well and cheerful—go to bed.

Saturday: Some company arrived—to be filled up to-morrow—for that and the two succeeding days,

there was no farther entry in the journal.) *Tuesday*, waked at seven; but the weather being rainy, and threatening to confine me all day, lay till after nine—Ten, breakfasted and read the news-papers—very dull and drowsy—Eleven, day clears up, and I resolve on a short ride to clear my head.

UNCERTAIN RELATIONSHIP.

An Irishman being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" answered, "Faith, I do not yet know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

DAGGER MARR AND GARRICK.

A performer, named Marr, was called by Mr. Garrick, *Dagger-Marr*, from the cruel use he made of such characters as were allotted him. An actor, having made his first appearance, with many evident marks of disapprobation from the audience, *Dagger*, who had not performed that night, took Mr. Garrick aside, and said to him "I say, *little one*, this was not fair; if there was to be a *murder* committed to-night, I had as much right to have a hand in it, as any body else."

SOLDIER'S EPISTLE.

An epistle from one Sergeant Hall of the Foot Guards. It is directed, "To Sergeant Cabe, in the Coldstream Regiment of Foot-Guards, at the Red-lattice in the Butcher-row, near Temple Bar.

From the Camp before Mons, Sept. 26.

"COMRADE,

"I received yours, and am glad yourself and your wife are in good health, with all the rest of my friends. Our battalion suffered more than I could wish in the action. But who can withstand fate? Poor Richard Stevenson had his fate with a great many more: He was killed dead before we entered the trenches. We had above two hundred of our battalions killed and wounded: We lost ten sergeants, six are as followeth: Jennings, Castles, Roach, Sherring, Meyrick, and my son Smith. The rest are not your acquaintance. I have received a very bad shot in my head myself, but am in hopes, and, please God, I shall recover. I

continue in the field, and lie at my colonel's quarters. Arthur is very well; but I can give you no account of Elms: he was in the hospital before I came into the field. I will not pretend to give you an account of the battle, knowing you have a better in the prints. Pray give my service to Mrs. Cook and her daughter, to Mr. Stoffet and his wife, and to Mr. Lyver, and Thomas Hogsdon, and to Mr. Ragdell, and to all my friends and acquaintance in general who do ask after me. My love to Mrs. Stevenson. I am sorry for the sending such ill news. Her husband was gathering a little money together to send to his wife, and put it into my hands. I have seven shillings and threepence, which I shall take care to send her. Wishing your wife a safe delivery, and both of you all happiness, rest—Your assured friend and comrade,

“JOHN HALL.

“We had but an indifferent breakfast; but the Nonseers never had such a dinner in their lives.

“My kind love to my comrade Hinton, and Mrs. Morgan, and to John Brown and his wife. I sent Stevenson two shillings and sixpence to drink with you at Mr. Cook's; but I have heard nothing from him. It was by Mr. Edgar.

“Corporal Hartwell desires to be remembered to you, and desires you to inquire of Edgar, what is become of his wife Peg; and when you write, to send word in your letter what trade she drives.

“We have here very bad weather, which I doubt will be a hinderance to the siege; but I am in hopes we shall be masters of the town in a little time, and then I believe we shall go to garrison.”

THE WILL OF A VIRTUOSO.

I, Nicholas Gimcrack, being in sound health of mind, but in great weakness of body, do by this my last will and testament bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following:

Imprimis, to my dear wife,
One box of butterflies,
One drawer of shells,
A female skeleton,
A dead oocatrice,

Item, To my daughter Elizabeth,
My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars,
As also my preparations of winter May-dew, and embryo-pickle.

Item, To my little daughter Fanny,
Three crocodile's eggs.
And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent,
The nest of a humming-bird.

Item, To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath—

My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

Item, To his daughter Susanna, being his only child, I bequeath my

English weeds pasted on royal paper,
With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend Doctor Johannes Elscrickius, professor in anatomy, and my associate in the studies of Nature, as an eternal monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath

My rat's tail and
Whale's fin,

to him and his issue-male; and in default of such issue in the said Doctor Elscrickius, then to return to my executor and his heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him some years since

A horned scarabæus,
The skin of a rattlesnake, and,
The mummy of an Egyptian King,

I make no farther provision for him in this my will.

My eldest son John having spoke disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle-shell.

To my second son Charles, I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified: As also all my monsters both wet and dry; making the said Charles whole

and sole executor of this my last will and testament, he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

CALAMITIES OF AN AUTHOR.

A young author, a man of good-nature and learning, once complained of the misplaced generosity of the times. Here, said he, have I spent part of my youth in attempting to-instruct and amuse my fellow-creatures, and all my reward has been solitude, poverty, and reproach; while a fellow, possessed even of the smallest share of fiddling merit, or who has, perhaps, learned to whistle double, is rewarded, applauded, and caressed! Prithce, young man, said a friend to him, are you ignorant, that, in so large a city as this is, it is better to be an amusing than an useful member of society? Can you leap up, and touch your feet four times before you come to the ground? No, Sir. Can you pimp for a man of quality? No, Sir. Can you stand upon two horses at full speed? No, Sir. Can you swallow a pen-knife? I can do none of these tricks. Why, then, cried I, there is no other prudent means of subsistence left, but to apprise the town, that you speedily intend to eat up your own nose by subscription.

LORD HOWE.

When the fleet commanded by earl Howe was so long stationed at Torbay, just previous to his signal victory over the French, the inhabitants used to play upon his name, saying:

Lord *Howe* he went out!

Lord *Howe* he came in!

After the victory, the following toast was much in vogue.

May the French know *Howe* to be master of the seas.

A NATURAL ACTOR.

Mr. Miller, the comedian, had a strong predilection for juvenile characters. Mrs. Achmet, late of Covent Garden theatre, being engaged to play a few nights at Shrewsbury, selected Juliet for her first part; and the gay Mr. Miller put his own name up for Romeo. — the garden scene, with true tragic solemnity, he

drew his white pocket handkerchief from his pocket (as he thought,) which he flourished with great effect for some seconds, till, swearing for the truth of the love he professed, his eyes caught the *coloured silk kerchief* in his hand, and he finished the passage thus:

"Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I swear!

That this is too bad, by G—!—Play Romeo with an angel, and take out a snuffy pocket-handkerchief! —Oh! fy!—for shame, go to school and learn propriety."

STAGE COACH FARCE.

Mr. Watson (proprietor of the Cheltenham theatre) was once acting in a farce called *The Stage Coach*, and the whole of the entertainment was so bad that the audience loudly testified their disapprobation. Towards the conclusion, an Irish gentleman in the pit, who had not been much pleased with his journey, inquired of Mr. Watson, then on the boards, whether the *Stage Coach* was likely to have a run? "Because," continued he, "if it is so, I shall beg leave to be an *outside passenger*!"

SAGACIOUS DOG.

Mr. Sheridan was once on a visit to the duke of Bedford, at Woburn, when preparations were making to take the field against the partridges on the first of September. A learned barrister of the party was endeavouring to improve his skill by firing at a mark, which he could never hit, and, in excuse for his bad aim, complained of his dog, which was not well trained, and who, at every moment he was about to fire his piece, always jumped up against the mark, "although," said he, "I thought he was as sagacious an animal as ever lived." "Sagacious indeed," said Mr. Sheridan, "and he has proved it, for I can't conceive he could be any where so safe from your shot, as by flying at the mark you aim at."

GHOSTS, OR THE QUESTION SOLVED.

That ghosts now and then on this globe would appear, Dick denied with his tongue, but confess'd by his fear; And passing a church-yard one evening in fright, He met, and thus queried, a guardian of night:

"Did you e'er see a ghost in your watchings, I pray? You're here at all hours—and the *thing's* in your way."

"Not I," said the watchman—"and good reason why,

Men never come back when you get them to die: If to heaven they go, they are not so to blame,

To return to this world of vexation to fret 'em. And if to that place its uncivil to 'name,

I fancy, your honour, the devil won't let 'em."

THE TRADE AND MYSTERY OF KINGLY GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND.

Scotch Jemmy, the presumptive bastard of an Italian fiddler, was born in Scotland. Turning out a bonny lad, and of quick parts, he was put out apprentice, in that kingdom, to the business of King-craft, (on which he afterwards wrote a treatise, and called it by that name;) to this he served part of his time here, and the remainder in England as a turnover: he dying—

Charles his son succeeded him; but, ambitiously grasping at too much business, proved unfortunate, and left the shop to his son: he made large additions to his father's work, by interweaving it with priest-craft.

Charles the Second was for some time kept out of possession by one Oliver Cromwell, who took the shop over his father's head; and who, although not regularly bred, proved a most subtle, industrious, and able workman. Cromwell dying, this Charles came and opened shop; but carried on business very indifferently, owing, as it is said to bad company, being much addicted to lewd women, revelling with buffoons, jesters, and stage-players: he dying—

Jemmy the Second, his brother, an apprentice, came on trial; but breaking his oath with his masters, he forfeited his indenture, ran away, and was transported for life; and though his son and his grandson have endeavoured to follow the business abroad, they have turned out but mere Pretenders. He was succeeded by one—

William, a Dutchman, who married before he embarked from Holland; and though some authors

say he did not wait for an invitation, yet as he had given some good-will, he took the stock at a fair appraisement, and set up on the old premises, where he and his wife got a comfortable livelihood: they dying—

Anne, his wife's sister, came in by her own right, and carried on business with great reputation, while she employed honest and experienced journeymen; but, turning these away, her credit sunk extremely towards the latter end of her time, through the blunders and mismanagement of one Harley, her foreman, and some others. She dying without issue, in that case the business, which was much extended by William the Dutchman, was left to the present family, the first of whom was—

George, and whom we shall call the first; who was succeeded by his son—

George the Second; who, with his father, were very good sort of men, though both were much blamed for neglecting their business, by gadding to a dirty farm called Hanover; his namesake and grandson—

George the Third began with a fair prospect; but, being over-ruled and misguided by a favourite servant, lost great part of the business.

A PRUDENT WIFE.

The late Mrs. Williams (an actress, and wife to a performer) being at Birmingham, one summer, with her husband, they advertised, for their benefit, "*a favourite song, with accompaniments on the French horns, by Mr. Williams.*"—On the night no horns came, and Mrs. Williams ran about the theatre, declaring she was ruined: the musicians had disappointed her, and he could not sing his song without horns.—"Never mind," said a musician present, "that cannot be any drawback—you have taken care that he shall *never* be without horns!"

GEORGE COLMAN.

Mr. Colman the younger inquired, one very sultry evening, if the performers' orders went; and, being answered in the negative, he exclaimed: "Why, it is so hot that *flesh* and *blood* can't bear it; and, surely, the *bones* ought to go!"

THE WATCHMAN'S MISTAKE.

One frosty night, a few weeks since, not more,
 Charley, instead of six, trudg'd home at four :
 'Twas piercing cold and would be death to stay—
 He to his hovel, therefore, bent his way.
 Arriv'd—to bed he trudg'd without a light,
 Not dreaming matters there were aught but right,
 His coat, his waistcoat, and his breeches too
 With little care upon the bed he threw,
 And stepping in, with sort of shivering moan,
 He starts his rib, poor soul, not quite alone.
 "Bless me," exclaim'd the wanton, "is it you ?
 Come just in time to save your faithful Sue :
 Quickly some brandy prithee do procure,
 My pain's too great for mortal to endure."
 In haste his scatter'd garments are replac'd,
 And Charley to the gin shop may be trac'd.
 The brandy he receives, dubs up a shilling—
 For he to serve his rib was always willing.
 "This piece I cannot change," his hostess cried.
 "Not change it," the astonished scout replied ;
 "I but a shilling on the counter threw,
 And ask no change for that and brandy too."
 "A sovereign, Charles, or my poor eyes deceive me,
 You from your breeches pocket drew, and gave me."
 Scout starts with wonder, first the fact denies—
 Then smiles, and to his fob conveys the prize.
 Now posts, as he suppos'd, a second bob,
 Which he extracted from the selfsame fob.
 "Another sovereign !" Ma'am with haste exclaims,
 And Charley star'd as tho' bereft of brains.
 Recover'd, he surveys with anxious care,
 The garments which contain'd the precious ware,
 And found them of the finest kerseymere !
 The pockets too with care he fumbles o'er.
 And of these pretty pictures found a score ;
 "Zounds !" he exclaim'd, "'tis strange to me,
 That I, who only once a week a sovereign see,
 Should all at once become possessed
 (And be, besides, so finely dress'd)
 Of all this money, which my fob contains,
 Why, Madam, 'tis enough to rack one's brains."

Still Charley shrewdly guess'd how matters were,
 And hasten'd home to adjust the business there,
 And change for corderoy, the kerseymere.
 The corderoys, however, now were gone,
 And *his* frail rib with him who'd put them on ;
 Time, she conceiv'd Scout's anger might assuage—
 'Twere present death to meet his too just rage.

HOW TO ANSWER ONE QUESTION BY ASKING ANOTHER.

A celebrated professor thinking to perplex an unfortunate pupil, one day put him the following question : "Pray, sir, can you tell me how long a man may live without brains ?" To which the pupil, looking up in the face of the interrogator, promptly but unexpectedly replied, "How old may you be yourself, professor ?"

ECONOMY IN BUSINESS.

Messrs. Bowden and Masters, two English riders, meeting one night in their travels, the conversation over the bottle turned on the extensive business carried on by their respective houses. Bowden, zealous to prove the superiority of his own, enumerated many extraordinary instances, and finally wound up his climax with saying, "that the business of his house was so extensive that in their *correspondence only* it cost them 150*l.* yearly in the article of *ink*."

Masters replied, "Why, Bowden, do you advance that as a proof of your superiority to our house ?"—
 "I do."

"Poo, poo, man !" said Masters, "why, we save that sum yearly in our house in that very article, by *omitting only the dots to the i's and the strokes to the t's*."

SHAVING A CONSCIENCE.

Judge Jefferies taking a dislike to an evidence who had a long beard, told him, "that if his conscience was as large as his beard, he had a swinging one." To which the witness replied : "My lord, if you measure consciences by beards, you have none at all."

THREE BLESSINGS OF MAN.

Pirollo, the French historian, used to say, "Man possesses but three things, his soul, his body, and his wealth. These are exposed continually to three sorts

of ambuscade: his soul to that of divines; his body to that of physicians; and his wealth to that of lawyers."

RICHELIEU'S AMBITION.

When Peter the Great saw the tomb of cardinal Richelieu in Sarbonne, he exclaimed, "Illustrious statesman! if alive I would give you one half of my empire, if you would teach me to rule the other." A Frenchman who was present observed, "Your majesty would do wrong, for if the cardinal had the one half, you would not be able to keep the other long."

LIMITS OF PAPAL JURISDICTION.

Cardinal Cervini complained to Leo the Tenth that Michael Angelo had painted him in hell in his picture of the Last Judgment. "If the painter," said the pope, "had placed your eminence in purgatory I could have drawn you thence, but as he has placed you in the infernal regions, my power does not extend so far."

THE CHIVALROUS BISHOP.

Richard Cœur de Lion having taken a *fighting* bishop prisoner, the pope claimed him as one of his spiritual sons. The king jocosely sent the pope the laced and bloody armour of the bishop, saying, "Lo, this have I found, now know thou if it be thy son's coat or no!"

RESTLESS GOVERNMENT.

Muly Moloch, emperor of Morocco, spent his whole time in devising plans to keep the minds of his subjects engaged. "If a parcel of rats," said he once to the British ambassador, "are permitted to remain in a bag, they'll eat it—but if you keep shaking it, they will not."

CRITERION OF AGE.

Count Grammont who lived to a very advanced age, always scrupulously avoided making it known. One day while at dinner with Louis XIV. and the bishop of Soulis, who was also very aged, the monarch inquired of the divine whether he knew the age of the count Grammont. "I am eighty-four, sire," replied the bishop, "and when the count and myself studied together at college, he was precisely

four months older than me." "What say you to that count?" exclaimed the king, "after such a testimony you can no longer conceal the fact." "Sire," replied the count, "the bishop is deceived; for neither he nor myself ever *studied* at all."

THE DOUBLE DEFEAT.

A certain general who was beaten both in France and Germany, having returned to his mansion on the cessation of hostilities, some arch wag had painted a tabor over his door, with this motto:

Farewell fame, and farewell pride,
I've been beat on either side.

FIRE AND WATER.

On an officer who fled from the field of battle and was drowned in crossing a river.

Here lies the man who fearing slaughter
Fled from fire, to die in water.

THE MAIDEN WIFE.

Margaret of Austria was affianced to the eldest son of the king of Spain, who dying, she was then betrothed by proxy to his second son, and being in a vessel bound to Spain, to consummate the marriage ceremony, a storm arose and the vessel was on the point of sinking, when this princess, who was gifted with a most maguanimous spirit, very far from being struck with fear at the imminent danger she was in, wrote the following couplet:

Ci-gît la gentille demoiselle
Qu'a deux maris et encore est pucelle.

Here lies the lady who was not afraid
To wed two husbands, and yet died a maid.

ACTING BY NOTE.

Mr. Bransley (a comedian, some years since, on Drury-lane boards) could never vary in the least from the text of the author; and, if any other person on the stage with him fell into that error, Bransley generally produced some whimsical effect, by adhering too closely to the original words. He was playing one night, and this question being put to him—

"*Are you this young lady's father?*"
had to say—"I am."

The person who had to put the interrogatory varied the words, but strictly preserved the sense. He said,

"Is this young lady your daughter?"

To which Bransley very pompously replied, *"I am!"*

CHARACTERS OF A DRINKING CLUB.—BY A MEMBER.

You must know then that our club consists of at least forty members when complete. Of these, many are now in the country; and besides, we have some vacancies which cannot be filled up till next winter. Palsies and apoplexies have of late, I don't know why, been pretty rife among us, and carried off a good many. It is not above a week ago, that poor Tom Toastwell fell on a sudden under the table, as we thought only a little in drink, but he was carried home and never spoke more. Those whom you will probably meet with to-day are, first of all, Lord Feeble, a nobleman of admirable sense, a true fine gentleman, and, for a man of quality, a pretty classic. He has lived rather fast formerly, and impaired his constitution by sitting up late and drinking your thin sharp wines. He is still what you call nervous, which makes him a little low-spirited and reserved at first; but he grows very affable and cheerful as soon as he has warmed his stomach with about a bottle of good claret.

Sir Tunbelly Guzzle is a very worthy north-country baronet, of a good estate, and one who was beforehand in the world, till being twice chosen knight of the shire, and having in consequence got a pretty employment at court, he ran out considerably. He has left off house-keeping, and is now upon a retrieving scheme. He is the heartiest, honestest fellow living; and though he is a man of few words, I can assure you he does not want sense. He had a university education, and has a good notion of the classics. The poor man is confined half the year at least with the gout, and has besides an inveterate scurvy, which I cannot account for: no man can live more regularly; he eats nothing but plain meat, and very little of that: he drinks no thin wines, and never sits up late: for he has his full dose by eleven.

Colonel Culverin is a brave old experienced officer though but a lieutenant-colonel of foot. Between you and me he has had a great injustice done him, and is now commanded by many who were not born when he came first into the army. He has served in Ireland, Minorca, and Gibraltar; and would have been in all the late battles in Flanders, had the regiment been ordered there. It is a pleasure to hear him talk of war. He is the best-natured man alive, but a little too jealous of his honour, and too apt to be in a passion; but that is soon over, and then he is sorry for it. I fear he is dropsical, which I impute to his drinking your Champaigns and Burgundies. He got that ill habit abroad.

Sir George Pliant is well born, has a genteel fortune, keeps the very best company, and is to be sure one of the best-bred men alive: he is so good-natured, that he seems to have no will of his own. He will drink as little or as much as you please, and no matter of what. He has been a mighty man with the ladies formerly, and loves the crack of the whip still. He is our newsmonger; for being a gentleman of the privy chamber, he goes to court every day, and consequently knows pretty well what is going forward there. Poor gentleman! I fear we shall not keep him long; for he seems far gone in a consumption, though the doctors say it is only a nervous atrophy.

Will Sitfast is the best-natured fellow living, and an excellent companion, though he seldom speaks; but he is no flincher, and sits every man's hand out at the club. He is a very good scholar, and can write very pretty Latin verses. I doubt he is in a declining way; for a paralytic stroke has lately twitched up one side of his mouth so, that he is now obliged to take his wine diagonally. However he keeps up his spirits bravely, and never shams his glass.

Dr. Carbuncle is an honest, jolly, merry, person, well affected to the government, and much of a gentleman. He is the life of our club, instead of being the least restraint upon it. He is an admirable scholar, and I really believe has all Horace by heart; I know he has him always in his pocket. His red face, inflamed nose, and swelled legs, make him generally thought a hard drinker by those who do not know

him; but I must do him the justice to say, that I never saw him disguised with liquor in my life. It is true, he is a very large man, and can hold a great deal, which makes the colonel call him pleasantly enough, a vessel of election.

AN AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION TO THE CLUB.

My friend presented me to the company, in what he thought the most obliging manner; but which, I confess, put me a little out of countenance. "Give me leave, gentlemen," said he, "to present to you my old friend, the ingenious author of the World." The word author instantly excited the attention of the whole company, and drew all their eyes upon me: for people who are not apt to write themselves, have a strange curiosity to see a live author. The gentlemen received me in common, with those gestures that intimate welcome; and I, on my part, respectfully muttered some of those nothings which stand instead of the something one should say, and perhaps do full as well.

The weather being hot, the gentlemen were refreshing themselves before dinner, with what they called a cool tankard, in which they successively drank to me. When it came to my turn, I thought I could not decently decline drinking the gentlemen's healths, which I did aggregately: but how was I surprised, when upon the first taste I discovered that this cooling and refreshing draught was composed of the strongest mountain wine, lowered indeed with a very little lemon and water, but then heightened again, by a quantity of those comfortable aromatics, nutmeg and ginger! Dinner, which had been called for more than once with some impatience, was at last brought up, upon the colonel's threatening perdition to the master and all the waiters of the house, if it was delayed two minutes longer.—We sat down without ceremony, and we were no sooner sat down, than every body, except myself, drank every body's health, which made a tumultuous kind of noise. I observed with surprise, that the common quantity of wine was put into glasses of an immense size and weight; but my surprise ceased when I saw the tremulous hands that took them, and for which I

supposed they were intended as ballast. But even this precaution did not protect the nose of doctor Carbuncle from a severe shock, in his attempt to hit his mouth. The colonel, who observed this accident, cried out pleasantly, "Why, doctor, I find you are but a bad engineer. While you aim at your mouth, you will never hit it, take my word for it. A floating battery to hit the mark, must be pointed something above or below it. If you would hit your mouth, direct your four-pounder at your forehead or your chin." The doctor good-humouredly thanked the colonel for the hint, and promised him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where, he owned, that he had seen many a good glass of Port spilt for want of it. Sir Tunbely almost smiled, Sir George laughed, and the whole company, somehow or other, applauded this elegant piece of raillery. But alas, things soon took a less pleasant turn; for an enormous buttock of boiled salt beef, which had succeeded the soup, proved not to be sufficiently corned for Sir Tunbely, who had bespoke it; and at the same time Lord Feeble took a dislike to the claret, which he affirmed not to be the same which they drank the day before; it had no silkiness, went rough off the tongue, and his lordship shrewdly suspected that it was mixed with Benecarlo, or some of those black wines. This was a common cause, and excited universal attention. The whole company tasted it seriously, and every one found a different fault with it. The master of the house was immediately sent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tunbely reproached him with the freshness of the beef, while at the same time all the others fell upon him for the badness of his wine, telling him that it was not fit usage for such good customers as they were, and in fine threatening him with the migration of the club to some other house. The criminal laid the blame of the beef's not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promised to turn away; and attested heaven and earth that the wine was the very same which they had all approved of the day before; and as he had a soul to be saved, was true Chateau Margoux. "Chateau devil!" said the colonel with warmth: "it is your d——d rough Chaos wine." Will Sitfast,

who thought himself obliged to articulate upon this occasion, said he was not sure it was a mixed wine, but that indeed it drank down. "If that is all," interrupted the doctor, "let us e'en drink it up then. Or, if that won't do, since we cannot have the true Falernum, let us take up for once with the vile Sabinum. What say you, gentlemen, to good honest Port, which I am convinced is a much wholesomer stomach wine?" My friend, who in his heart loves Port better than any other wine in the world, willingly seconded the doctor's motion, and spoke very favourably of your Portugal wines in general, if neat. Upon this some was immediately brought up, which I observed my friend and the doctor stuck to the whole evening. I could not help asking the doctor if he really preferred Port to lighter wines? To which he answered, "You know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that use is second nature, and Port is in a manner mother's milk to me; for it is what my Alma Mater suckles all her numerous progeny with." I silently assented to the doctor's account, which I was convinced was a true one, and then attended to the judicious animadversions of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were still continued, though at the same time they continued to drink it. I hinted my surprise at this to Sir Tunbelly, who gravely answered me, and in a moving way, "Why, what can we do?" "Not drink it," replied I, "since it is not good." "But what will you have us do? and how shall we pass the evening?" rejoined the baronet. "One cannot go home at five o'clock." "That depends a great deal upon use," said I. "It may be so, to a certain degree," said the doctor. "But give me leave to ask you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you who drink nothing but water, and live much at home, how do you keep up your spirits?" "Why, doctor," said I, "as I never lowered my spirits by strong liquors, I do not want to raise them." Here we were interrupted by the colonel's raising his voice and indignation against the Burgundy and Champaign, swearing that the former was ropy, and the latter upon the fret, and not without some suspicion of cider and sugar-candy; notwithstanding which, he drank, in a bumper of it, Confusion to the town of

Bristol and the bottle act. "It was a shame," he said, "that gentlemen could have no good Burgundies and Champaigns for the sake of some increase of the revenue, the manufacture of glass bottles, and such sort of stuff." Sir George confirmed the same, adding, that it was scandalous; and the whole company agreed, that the new parliament would certainly repeal so absurd an act the very first session; but if they did not, they hoped they would receive instructions for that purpose from their constituents. "To be sure," said the colonel. "What a d——d rout they made about the repeal of the Jew-bill, for which nobody cared one farthing.—But by the way," continued he, "I think, every body has done eating, and therefore had we not better have the dinner taken away, and the wine set upon the table?"—To this the company gave an unanimous Ay. While this was doing, I asked my friend, with seeming seriousness, whether no part of the dinner was to be served up again, when the wine should be set upon the table? He seemed surprised at my question, and asked me if I was hungry? To which I answered, no; but asked him in my turn if he was dry? To which he also answered, no. "Then pray," replied I, "why not as well eat without being hungry, as drink without being dry?"—My friend was so stunned with this, that he attempted no reply, but stared at me with as much astonishment as he would have done at my great ancestor Adam in his primitive state of nature.

The cloth was now taken away, and the bottles, glasses, and dish-clouts, put upon the table, when Will Sitfast, who I found was a perpetual toast-master, took the chair of course, as the man of application to business. He began the king's health in a bumper, which circulated in the same manner, not without some nice examinations of the chairman, as to day-light. The bottle standing by me, I was called upon by the chairman, who added, that, though a water-drinker, he hoped I would not refuse that health in wine? I begged to be excused, and told him that I never drank his majesty's health at all, though no one of his subjects wished it more heartily than I did. That hitherto it had not ap-

peared to me that there could be the least relation between the wine I drank, and the king's state of health; and that till I was convinced that impairing my own health would improve his majesty's, I was resolved to preserve the use of my faculties and my limbs to employ both in his service, if he should ever have occasion for them. I had foreseen the consequences of this refusal; and though my friend had answered for my principles, I easily discovered an air of suspicion in the countenances of the company; and I overheard the colonel whisper to Lord Feeble, "This author is a very odd dog."

AN AUTHOR'S NEW SUIT.

An author, who was on very good terms with himself, but extremely poor and shabby, being in company, where he heard a gentleman repeat a passage from some of his writings, exclaimed: "There, you see, he *quotes* me!"—"Yes," said Charles Bannister, "and if he was to *waist-coat* you, you would not be the worse for it."

A DRAMATIC MURDER.

An Irish gentleman, named Mahon, an *amateur* of the drama, once took it into his head to play the part of Major O'Flaherty, in the comedy of *The West Indian*.—He acted *like any thing*; and, at the conclusion of the play, was convinced he could never hope to make any other than a *pitiful* figure upon the stage. The same night, he supped at a tavern with a party of friends; where they stayed late, and got very drunk. In their way home, one of the company took Mahon into custody of the patrol, on a charge of *murder*! protesting he had seen him commit the heinous act.—Mahon was confined for the night, and taken before a justice next morning.—The magistrate then demanded of the gentleman, who had given the charge, on whom Mr. Mahon had committed the heinous deed, of which he stood accused—whom he murdered?—"A very worthy gentleman, named Major O'Flaherty," replied the other; "and I treated him with less mercy than you would a *king's blind puppies, sixteen to the litter*!"

MR. FOX AND JACK ROBINSON.

The late Mr. Fox, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons, when he was enlarging on the influence exercised by government over the members, observed, that it was generally understood that there was a person employed by the minister as *manager of the House of Commons*; here there was a general cry of "*Name him! name him!*"—"No," said Mr. Fox, "I don't choose to name him, though I might do it as easily as say *Jack Robinson*." John Robinson was really his name.

CURRENCY.

A drunken fellow carried his wife's bible to pawn for a quartern of gin to the alehouse, but the landlord refused to take it. "What the devil!" said the fellow, "will neither *my word* nor the *word of God* pass current with you?"

SIR GEORGE ROOK.

Sir George Rook, before he was made admiral, served as a captain of marines upon their first establishment; and being quartered on the coast of Essex, where the ague made havoc among his men, the minister of the village where he lay was so harassed with the duty, that he refused to bury any more of them without being paid his accustomed fees. The captain made no words, but the next that died he ordered to be carried to the minister's house, and laid upon the table of his great hall; this greatly embarrassed the poor clergyman, who in the fulness of his heart sent the captain word, "That if he would cause the dead man to be taken away, he would never more dispute it with him, but would readily bury *him* and his whole *company* for nothing."

DEAN SWIFT'S INVENTORY

Of household goods, upon his lending his house to the Bishop of Meath, till his palace was rebuilt.

An oaken broken elbow chair,
A caudle cup without an ear,
A batter'd, shatter'd, ash bedstead,
A box of deal without a lid,

A pair of tongs beat out of joint,
 A back-sword poker without point,
 A pot that's crack'd across, around,
 With an old knotted garter bound ;
 An iron lock without a key,
 A wig with hanging quite-grown grey,
 A curtain worn to half a stripe,
 A pair of bellows without pipe,
 A dish which might good meat afford once,
 An Ovid, and an old Concordance,
 A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
 One is for meal, and one for water ;
 There likewise is a copper skillet,
 Which runs as fast out as you fill it ;
 A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all,
 And thus his *household goods* you have all.
 These to your lordship as a friend,
 Till you have built, I freely lend,
 They'll serve your lordship for a shift,
 Why not—as well as Dr. Swift.

A GOOD FELLOW.

The secretary of a literary society being requested to draw up "*a definition of a good fellow*," applied to the members of the club, individually, for such hints as they could furnish, when he received the following :—

Mr. *Golightly*.—A good fellow is one who rides blood horses, drives four-in-hand, speaks when he's spoken to, sings when he's asked, always turns his back on a dun, and never on a friend.

Mr. *Le Blanc*.—A good fellow is one who studies deep, reads trigonometry, and burns love songs ; has a most cordial aversion for dancing and D'Egville, and would rather encounter a cannon than a fancy ball.

Hon. *G. Montgomery*.—A good fellow is one who abhors moralists and mathematics, and adores the classics and Caroline Mowbray.

Sir *T. Wentworth*.—A good fellow is one who attends the Fox dinners, and drinks the queen's health, who goes to the Indies to purchase independence, and would rather encounter a buffalo than a borough-monger.

Mr. *M. Sterling*.—A good fellow is a good neighbour, a good citizen, a good relation ; in short, a good man.

Mr. *M'Farlane*.—A good fellow is a bonnie braw John Hielandman.

Mr. *O'Connor*.—A good fellow is one who talks loud and swears louder ; cares little about learning, and less about his neckcloth ; loves whiskey, patronises bargemen, and wears nails in his shoes.

Mr. *Musgrave*.—A good fellow is prime—flash—and bang-up.

Mr. *Burton*. A good fellow is one who knows "what's what," keeps accounts, and studies Cocker.

Mr. *Rowley*. A good fellow likes turtle and cold punch, drinks Port when he can't get Champagne, and dines on mutton with sir Robert, when he can't get venison at my lord's.

Mr. *Lozell*. A good fellow is something compounded of the preceding.

Mr. *Oakley*. A good fellow is something perfectly different from the preceding,—or Mr. Oakley is an ass.

THE LAST DEBT.

"Oh let me die in peace !" Eumenes cry'd
 To a hard creditor at his bed side.

"How ! die !" roar'd Gripus, "thus your debts evade !

No, no, sir ; you shan't die till I am paid."

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE.

Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, paid his addresses to lady Frances, the Protector's youngest daughter. Oliver was told of it by a spy ; who followed the matter so closely, that he pursued Jerry to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector with this news. Oliver in a rage hastened thither himself, and going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, kissing the lady's hand. In a fury he asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter. White said, "May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail ; I was therefore humbly praying her

ladyship to intercede for me." The Protector turning to the young woman cried, "What's the meaning of this, hussey? Why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low courtesy, replied, "If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him." "Say you so, my lass?" cried Cromwell, "call Godwyn; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room." Mr. White had gone too far to retreat; the parson came, and Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector.

HOUSE ON FIRE.

A man was sitting in his study at work, when one of his neighbours came running to tell him that the back part of his house must be on fire, as it smoked excessively: "Oh!" answered the man, "be so good as to tell my wife, for I do not concern myself at all with the house-keeping."

FRUIT BASKET.

A man carrying a cradle was stopped by an old woman, and thus accosted: "So, sir, you have got some of the fruits of matrimony." "Softly, old lady," said he, "you mistake, this is merely the fruit basket."

ON PETER WILSON, WHO WAS DROWNED.

Peter was in the ocean drown'd,

A careless, hapless creature!

And when his lifeless trunk was found,

It was become *salt-Peter*.

FRENCHMAN AND PIGS.

A Frenchman one day seeing a sow and a litter of pigs pass, stood for some time admiring them, till he had an opportunity of popping one under his coat, and running off with it. This he attempted, but was pursued by a hostler, who overtook and seized him with the pig in his possession. He was taken to Bow-street, and fully committed. When the trial came on, the circumstance of the theft being clearly proved,

he was found guilty, and asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed? "Me Lor, I vil trouble you attendez two tree vord vat I sal say. I French gentleman, I no understand vat you call de tief dis country. Mais I vil tell you tout d'affair, and you vil find dat I am innocent. Me Lor, I never tief a pig my life time." "Why, it was found upon you." "Oh, certainly, but I was take him vid his own consent." "How do you mean?" "Vy, ven I was see de mamma pig, and *his* childrens, I was very much in love vid dem; and dis little pig, I look his face, I say, you pretty little fellow, will you come live vid me for one month? He says, a week! a week! So I have taken him for a week, dat's all."

WATER DRINKING.

A citizen's lady being once asked to drink a glass of wine, refused, because her physician had put her upon a *regiment*, which was to drink water. Then, madam, said a gentleman present, I presume you belong to the *Cold-stream*.

GEORGE III. AND LORD BATEMAN.

In March, 1781, lord Bateman waited upon the King, and with a very low bow, begged to know at what hour his majesty would please to have the stag hounds *turned out*. I cannot exactly answer that, replied the King, but I can inform you, that your lordship was *turned out* about two hours ago. The marquis Caermarthen succeeded him.

THE PROGRESS OF PUPPYISM.

Rough as his native clods, to town
Young Bruin came, a country clown;
His hair, that still defy'd the comb,
Stood like the bristles of a broom:
His coat, of cut, behind, before,
The same as that his father wore,
Was honest drab of Yorkshire growth
With brazen buttons, and so forth;
The cuffs, pull'd lower down, betray'd
How worldly beauty blooms to fade;
His buckskin short, and eke too strait,
His toes turn'd in, a slouching gait;

With hobnails fortified his feet,
He struck a light along the street.

Now, station'd at a Ludgate door,
The natty prig succeeds the boor;
Like spigot in a cask of beer,
The dawnings of a tail appear;
His locks with many a fiery twirl,
Assume a kind of stubborn curl:
He cleans his teeth, collects a grin,
While frequent soap manures his chin;
To angle ninety strains his feet;
And geometric trips the street,
Lest stockings white receive a smear,
And none but worsted else to wear:
Now, soon as shut his evening shop,
He figures at a half-crown hop;
The ladies leering—well they may—
To see him wriggle it away;
For sure their little hearts must warm
At so much youth, with such a form.
“What sinewy legs and thighs!—O lack!
And what a lovely breadth of back!”

Now vegetates a nobler tail,
Of substance like his father's flail,
While flakes of powder down his waist,
Bespeak the man of growing taste.
His frock balloon or emperor's eye,
With narrow skirts, and collar high.
A button like a full-fac'd moon,
Succeeds the coat of Yorkshire brown;
And now he struts among the belles,
At Dog and Duck, or Bagnigge Wells:
In boots, perhaps to hide the dirt,
And justify a coarser shirt;
Or, as more Cynic bards suppose,
With stockings torn, and want of shoes.
But no such reasons I adduce,
Th' equestrian is a dress of use;
Where folk may see, or think they see,
Me and my horse, my horse and me!
His hat, abridg'd from cock'd to round,
With velvet band, and velvet-bound,
Shall live, that fashion on the wane,
To be, perhaps, a square again,

With golden girdle and cockade,
Tho' hat decay, and binding fade.
And now the finish'd youth aspires
To breathe a critic's nobler fires:
The playhouse his nocturnal hobby,
A half-price lounge in the lobby;
He damns, by proxy, o'er his chop,
At Jupp's or Merryfield's old shop,
A piece at which he ne'er appear'd,
Or hawks the song he never heard:
And still to swindling knaves submits,
Presuming on the fate of wits;
Till all his pence reduc'd to pills,
His thread-bare dress to doctors' bills;
A dupe to those, and these unpaid,
The prodigal returns to trade,
Abjures the vanities of life,
And makes some ruin'd girl his wife.

JOHN KEMBLE'S ONLY PUN.

When it was understood that Sir James Lowther, afterwards Lord Lonsdale, was to be elevated to the peerage, as a reward for offering to furnish government with a seventy-four gun ship, completely equipped, at his own expense; a lady said to Mr. Kemble, “Dear me, sir, what a whimsical thing this seems altogether; I wonder what title they can give for supplying a ship; what can they call him, Mr. Kemble?” “Why, madam,” replied Mr. Kemble, “I should think he will be called *Lordskip*.”

ADVICE TO WOMAN.

The bus'ness of woman, dear Chloe, is pleasure,
And by love every fair one her minutes should measure.
“Oh! for love we're all ready,” you cry, “very true;
Nor would I rob the gentle fond god of his due.
Unless in the sentiments Cupid has part,
And dips in the amorous transport his dart;
'Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis loathing, 'tis hate;
Caprice gives it birth, and contempt is its fate.
True passion insensibly leads to the joy,
And grateful esteem, bids its pleasures ne'er cloy;

Yet here you should stop—but your whimsical sex,
Such romantic ideas to passion annex,
That poor men, by your visions and jealousy worried,
To nymphs less ecstatic, but kinder are hurried.
In your heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred;
Only take care your heart don't get into your head."

HORACE WALPOLE.

THE COMPLIMENT RETURNED.

An officer who was quartered in a country town, being once asked to a ball, was observed to sit sullen in a corner for some hours. One of the ladies present being desirous of rousing him from his reverie, accosted him with, "Pray, sir, are you not fond of dancing?"—"I am very fond of dancing, madam," was the reply. "Then why not ask some of the ladies that are disengaged to be your partner, and strike up?" "Why, madam, to be frank with you, I do not see one handsome woman in the room."—"Sir, yours, *et cætera*," said the lady, and with a slight courtesy left him, and joined her companions, who asked her what had been her conversation with the captain. "It was too good to be repeated in prose," said she; "lend me a pencil, and I will try to give you the outline in rhyme."

"So sir, you rashly vow and swear,
You'll dance with none that are not fair,
Suppose we women should dispense
Our hands to none but men of sense?"
"Suppose? well, madam, pray what then?"
"Why, sir, *you'd never dance again.*"

A COPPER CONSCIENCE.

Mr. Curran, on examining a witness of the name of *Halfpenny*, began with "Halfpenny, I see you're a *rap*, and for that reason you shall be nailed to the counter." "Halfpenny is *sterling*," exclaimed the opposite counsel. "No, no," said he, "he's exactly like his own conscience, only *copper-washed*!"

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

One day as the Count de Soissons was at play, he perceived in a mirror that hung before him, a man behind his chair, whom he resolved to observe

attentively. Soon after he felt him cut off the diamond buckle of his hat: he said not a word, but pretending to want something, he turned towards the sharper, and begged him to hold his cards. The count procured the sharpest knife he could get, which he hid under his cloak, and entered the room. The sharper, impatient to escape, rose to return the cards, but the count begged him to continue. In a few minutes after he came softly behind him, seized one of his ears, and cut it off; when holding it out to him, he said, "Here, sir, restore my buckle, and I will restore your ear."

AN INSCRIPTION ON INSCRIPTIONS.

The following lines were written on seeing a far-rago of rhymes that had been scribbled with a diamond on the window of an inn.

Ye who on windows thus prolong your shames,
And to such arrant nonsense sign your names,
The diamond quit, with me the pencil take,
So shall your shame but short duration make:
For lo, the housemaid comes, in dreadful pet,
With red right-hand, and with a dishclout wet;
Dashes out all, nor leaves a wreck to tell
Who 'twas that *wrote so ill—and lov'd so well.*

RIGHT OF PRECEDENCE.

A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were going to be hanged both together at Tyburn, the first for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dressed in scarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimney-sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervour, the gay robber was attentive; and the other approached near to his fellow-sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him at some distance. But, forgetting this angry warning, he presumed still to come nearer; when the highwayman, with some disdain, said, "Keep farther off, can't you?" "Sir," replied the sweep, "I won't keep off; *I have as much right to be here as you.*"

HEAR BOTH SIDES, OR CANDID SKETCHES OF
CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

Writers.

Homer, a great poet and a blind beggar.

Demosthenes, a man of amazing eloquence and cowardice.

Sappho, an elegant poetess and harlot.

Æsop, a philosopher and lump of deformity.

Herodotus, a beautiful historian and great liar.

Aristotle, the prodigy of philosophy, who wrote without understanding himself.

Virgil, a beautiful poet and abominable flatterer.

Horace, an excellent lyric and satiric poet, who indulged in all the vices he satirized.

Cicero, a philosopher and turncoat.

Generals.

Alexander, a great conqueror and drunkard.

Julius Cæsar, a hero and bald-pated whore-monger.

Duke of Vendome, a hero and a sluggard.

Marlborough, a great general, fop, and miser.

English Writers.

Shakspeare, first of poets and a deer-stealer.

Otway, a man of genius and egregious fool.

Johnson, a philosopher and a brute.

Porson, a wonderful scholar and blackguard.

SWIFT'S DESCRIPTION OF A CRITIC.

A true critic is a sort of a mechanic set up with a stock and tools for his trade, at as little expense as a tailor; and indeed there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: thus the tailor's hell is the type of a critic's common place book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose: and it requires at least as many of the one to the making up of one scholar, as of the other to the composition of a man: also the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near of a size. Some account says, that the writings of critics are the mirrors of learning; by which we are to understand literally, that a writer should inspect into the books of the critics, and correct his in-

vention there as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers that the mirrors of the ancients were made of *brass and fine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critic, and consequently always conclude that these have been and must be for ever the same. For *brass* is an emblem of duration; and when it is skilfully burnished, will cast reflections from its own superficies, without any assistance of a mercury from behind. The true critics may be known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest flower. Lastly, I define a true critic to be, in the perusal of a book, like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

STROUD, ROCHESTER, AND CHATHAM.

By a Tourist, in 1790.

The people of *Stroud*
Talk long, and talk loud,
And herd in a crowd,
Traducing their innocent neighbours;
While Envy by fits
'Midst the congress sits,
Gives a whet to their wits,
And smiles on their scandalous labours.
This place, like an cel,
Where the publicans steal,
Is dirty, base, long, foul, and slippery,
And the belles flirt about,
With their persons deck'd out,
In run muslin and second-hand frippery.'

Rochester's a town
Of specious renown,
Full of tinkers and tailors,
And slopmen and sailors,
And magistrates who often blunder'd;
Coquettes without beauty,
Old maids past their duty,
And Venus' gay nymphs by the hundred.

Vile inns without beds,
 And men without heads,
 By which poor Britannia is undone ;
 Extortionate bills,
 Anti-venery pills,
 And *port* manufactured in London.
 Honest Dick Watts* of yore,
 Their good name to restore,
 Decreed (such enormities scorning)
 Each travelling wight,
 A warm couch for the night,
 And fourpence in cash in the morning.
 Old *Chatham's* a place,
 That's the nation's disgrace,
 Where the club and the fist prove the law, sir ;
 And presumption is seen
 To direct the marine,
 Who knows not a spike from a hawser.
 Here the dolts show with pride,
 How the men of war ride,
 Who France's proud first-rates can shiver,
 And a fortified hill
 All the Frenchmen to kill,
 That land on the banks of the river !
 Such a town, and such men,
 We shall ne'er see again,
 Where smuggling's a laudable function ;
 In some high windy day,
 May the de'il fly away
 With the whole of the dirty conjunction.

THE COCKNEY TRAVELLERS.

As one of those cattle salesmen who attend Smith-
 field market on a Monday, and jog on a sorry beast
 to their native village a hundred or a hundred

* At Rochester is a house appropriated for the reception of
 six poor travellers, over the door of which is the following
 inscription :

Richard Watts, Esq.
 by his will, dated 22d August, 1579,
 founded this charity,
 for six poor travellers,
 who, not being rogues or proctors,
 may receive gratis for one night,
 lodging, entertainment,
 and fourpence each.

and ten miles from London in a single day, was one
 Tuesday morning, early, jolting through Holloway,
 on his weekly route, towards Rutland, he was over-
 taken by a couple of spruce cocknies, well mounted,
 and the following dialogue took place: "Well, far-
 mer, and how far do you expect to get to night."
 "Why, God willing," said the farmer, "I hope to
 sup with my wife at Great Dolby, near Melton
 Mowbray."—"And how far do you call that, far-
 mer?"—"Some folks call it a hundred and twelve
 miles, but as I make short cuts, I shall find it little
 more than a hundred."—"And how often do you
 change horses?" bursting into a vehement laugh.
 "Oh, as to the matter of that," said the farmer, "I
 never ride but one horse, and I never knew
 him fail me."—"Well, but, farmer, if that ani-
 mal enables you to sup a hundred and ten
 miles from London, ours will carry us with ease to
 Northampton." "Why," said the farmer, "it may be
 so, gentlemen, provided you can hold in, and go
slow enough."—One of them now exclaimed to the
 other, "The farmer is quizzing us, let us get on
 Jack," and accordingly spurring their horses, they
 went full speed up Highgate Hill. Presently the
 farmer, on passing one of the inns at Highgate, saw
 the horses of his fellow-travellers fastened at the
 door, while the gentlemen were refreshing themselves
 inside. On his approaching Barnet, the cocknies,
 on a full trot, overtook him."—"Holloa," said one to
 the other, "here is the d—d farmer got before us ;"
 and then accosting him, asked him, "Whether he
 thought they should get to Northampton that night?"
 "Why, it may be so," said he, "provided you can
 hold in, and go *slow enough*," which provoking a
 fresh burst of laughter, they proceeded full speed up
 Barnet Hill, through Barnet. The farmer saw no-
 thing further of them till he reached St. Alban's,
 where he was saluted from the window of an inn by a
 torrent of oaths for passing them again. About Dun-
 stable they again overtook him, and the same inter-
 change of sentiments took place, as at Barnet ; and
 after laughing at the farmer's notion of supping at
 Great Dolby, they proceeded in their career. At
 Dunstable, the farmer stopped to bait his horse, and

about fifteen miles beyond that place, overtook the two heroes on foot, each leading his jaded horse, and looking very foolish on the approach of the farmer. The latter now began to laugh in his turn, and the cockney travellers, who still were sixteen or seventeen miles short of Northampton, after lamenting their present condition, asked the farmer the old question, "Whether he thought they would get to Northampton that night?"—"Yes," said he, "gentlemen, I dare say you may, provided you can contrive to go fast enough." He afterwards proceeded in his usual course to Melton Mowbray, and on the following week learnt that our two heroes, after leading their horses several miles, stopped for the night at an inn ten miles short of Northampton.

KISSING AND BITING.

When the court of France waited upon the king, on the birth of the duke of Burgundy, all were welcomed to kiss his hand. The Marquis of Spinola, in the ardour of respect, bit his majesty's finger, on which the king started, when S. begged pardon, and said in his defence, if he had not done so, his majesty would not have noticed him.

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

An old nobleman having married a young girl, was asked how he could possibly expect at his years to possess the heart of so young a female. He replied, "That he had rather possess a corner of her heart, than the whole heart of an old woman, who was tottering into the grave like himself."

LUCKY PROPHECY.

Judge Burnet was once overturned in a very rough road; upon which the coachman pulled off his hat and asked his master's pardon. "Oh," returned the judge, "never mind, John! you only made good the prophecy, that *the judges shall be overthrown in stony places.*"

A HEIR-LOOM.

Charles Fox, on his canvass for Westminster, went to a rope-maker to solicit his vote; on which the latter produced a halter, which he told him was at his service. Mr. Fox replied, "That he would not by

any means deprive him of it, as he presumed it must be a family piece."

ON MR. FOOTE.

Thou mimic of Cibber—of Garrick thou ape!
Thou sop in Othello! thou cipher in shape!
Thou trifle in person! thou puppet in voice!
Thou farce of a player! thou rattle for boys!
Thou mongrel! thou dirty-face harlequin thing!
Thou puff of bad paste! thou ginger-bread king!
Was a Quin, or Delane, the boast of our stage,
Set up as fit marks for thy envy or rage?
Was a Quin, or Delane, who excel in their art,
To be ap'd by a cobbler, who bungles his part?
Thou mummer in action! thou coffee-house jester!
Thou mimic sans sense! mock hero in gesture!
Can the squeak of a puppet present us a Quin?
Or a pigmy, or dwarf, shew a giant's design?
Shall deficiency, unpunish'd, at excellence rail?
Or a sprat, without ridicule, mimic a whale?
Can a Foot represent us the length of a yard?
Where, then, shall such insolence meet its reward?
Contempt were the best, like the mastiff that feels,
With superior derision, the cur at his heels—

O Ireland! too prone to encourage new toys!
In trinkets, and novelty, fickle as boys!
O Dublin! alas! to a proverb well known,
To receive what is foreign, yet scoff at thy own;
Learn truly to judge 'twixt a F—t and a tune:
Applaud the good player—but damn the buffoon!

AMATEUR EXECUTIONER.

George Selwyn was introduced at Paris to a club or ordinary, which consisted of the *Headsmen*, or *Jack Ketches*, of the several provinces in France; and as it is usual there to call them by the names of the towns to which they belong, they addressed each another as Monsieur Paris, Monsieur Lyons, Monsieur Marseilles, &c.; when the toast came to George's turn, being an Englishman, and taking him for one of the trade, they saluted him by the name of Monsieur Tyburn. On which he said he humbly begged their pardon, he was not an *artist* in that line, he was only an *amateur*.

POPE'S LAST ILLNESS.

During Pope's last illness, a squabble happened in his chamber between his two physicians, Dr. Burton and Dr. Thomson, who mutually charged each other with hastening the death of the patient by improper prescriptions. Pope at length silenced them by saying, "Gentlemen, I only learn by your discourse that I am in a dangerous way; therefore, all I now ask is, that the following epigram may be added, after my death, to the next edition of the Dunciad, by way of postscript:

Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past,
The greatest dunce has kill'd your foe at last."

CHARACTER OF SETTLE, THE CONTEMPORARY AND RIVAL OF DRYDEN.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
For here's a tun of midnight work to come,
Og from a treason tavern rolling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
Goodly and great, he sails behind his link;
Wah all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue:
A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine had given him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God; but God before cursed him:
And if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But though Heaven made him poor, with reverence
speaking,

He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing—"Be thou dull;
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk; do any thing but write:
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men;
A strong nativity—but for the pen!
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayest live, avoiding pen and ink."

v

I see, I see 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane:
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck;
'Tis fatal to thy fame, and to thy neck.
Why should thy metre good king David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
Darest thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
Thou, whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade:
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so very coarse,
A poet is, though he's the poet's horse,
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
For writing treason, and for writing dull:
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil.
Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd,
Thy praises had been satire at the best;
But thou, in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed.
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes
But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom:
And for my foes, may this their blessing be
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.

CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS.

A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber by three physicians, how to "cure the fever, and abate the thirst." "Gentlemen," said he, "I will take half the trouble off your hands; you cure the fever, and I will abate the thirst myself."

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

Dean Swift knew an old woman of the name of Margaret Styles, who was much addicted to drinking. Though frequently admonished by him, he one day found her at the bottom of a ditch. The dean, after severely rebuking her, asked her, "Where she thought of going to?" (meaning after her death.) "I'll tell you, sir," said she, "if you'll help me up." When he had assisted her, and repeated his question,—"Where do I think of going to?" said she, "where the best liquor is, to be sure!"

CHARACTER OF THE CELEBRATED DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land :
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;
 Was every thing by starts, and nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon :
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking,
 Bless'd madman ! who could every hour employ
 In something new to wish or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both (to show his judgment) in extremes ;
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man with him was God or devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert :
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late ;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from court ; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief ;
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

DRYDEN.

NEAPOLITAN PLAY.

The argument of one runs as follows : An Englishman appears, dressed precisely as a quaker, his hat on his head, his hands in his pockets, and with a very pensive air, says, he will take that pistol and shoot himself ; " For (says he) the politics go wrong at home now, and I hate the ministerial party ; so England does not please me. I tried France, but the people there laughed so about nothing, and sung so much out of tune, I could not bear France. So I went over to Holland ; those Dutch dogs are so covetous and hard-hearted, that they think of nothing but their money ; I could not endure a place where one heard no sound in the whole country but frogs croaking, and ducats chinking. *Maladetti !* So I went to Spain, where I narrowly escaped a sun-stroke, for

the sake of seeing those idle beggarly dons, that if they do condescend to cobble a man's shoe, think they must do it with a sword by their side. I came here to Naples therefore, but never a woman will afford one a chase ; all are too easily caught to divert me, who like something in prospect ; and though it is so fine a country, one can get no fox-hunting ; only running after a wild pig, yes, yes, I *must* shoot myself, the world is so very dull I am tired of it." He then coolly prepares matters for the operation, when a young woman bursts into his apartments bewails her fate for a moment, and then faints away. Our countryman lays by his pistol, brings the lady to life, and having heard part of her story, sets her in a place of safety. More confusion follows : a gentleman enters, storming with rage at a treacherous friend he hints at, and a false mistress : the Englishman gravely advises him to shoot himself. " No, no, replied the angry Italian, I will shoot them through, if I can catch them ; but want of money hinders me from the search." That, however, is now instantly supplied by the generous Briton, who enters into their affairs, detects and punishes the rogue who had betrayed them all, settles the marriage and reconciliation of his new friends, adds himself something to the good girl's fortune, and concludes the piece with saying, that he has altered his intentions, and will think no more of shooting himself, while life may in all countries be rendered pleasant to him who will employ it in the service of his fellow-creatures ; and finishes with these words, that *such are the sentiments of an Englishman.*

MRS. PIOZZI.

THE DAINTY CRIMINAL.

A criminal at Oporto about to be hanged, would not quit the ladder before they gave him some liquor. A cup of wine being brought, before drinking it he blew off the froth ; being asked why he did so, he answered, " Brother, because new wine is bad for the liver."

LEGITIMACY.

Voltaire said that every sovereign in Europe wakes on the thirtieth of January (the anniversary of Charles the First's execution) with a crick in his neck.

CHARACTER OF LOTHARIO.

From his youth upwards to the present day
 When vices more than years, have mark'd him gray,
 When riotous excess, with wasteful hand,
 Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
 Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
 Untainted with one deed of real worth,
 Lothario, holding honour at no price,
 Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
 Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
 With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.
 Where (reason left without the least defence)
 Laughter was mirth, obscenity was sense;
 Where impudence made decency submit;
 Where noise was humour, and where whim was wit;
 Where rude untemper'd license had the merit
 Of liberty, and lunacy was spirit;
 Where the best things were ever held the worst,
 Lothario was, with justice, always first,
 To whip a top, to knuckle down at law,
 To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
 To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
 To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
 To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
 To be the gaping chairman's oracle;
 Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore
 Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out—encore;
 Whilst gray authority, who slumbers there
 In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
 With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted moon,
 To walk with torches through the streets at noon;
 To force plain nature from her usual way,
 Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;
 To match for speed one feather 'gainst another,
 To make one leg run races with his brother;
 'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
 Bute to ride first, and he to ride behind;
 To coin newfangled wagers, and to lay them
 Laying to lose, and losing not to pay them;
 Lothario, on that stock which Nature gives,
 Without a rival stands, though March* yet lives.

CHURCHILL.

* Lord March, famous for his libertinism.

v 2

NICHOLAS WOOD, THE KENTISH GLUTTON.

The following circumstances relative to this eccentric fellow are extracted from an old pamphlet, entitled "*Nicholas Wood, the great eater, or the admirable teeth and stomach exploits of Nicholas Wood, of Harrisson, in the county of Kent,*" He is the only tug-mutton, or mutton-monger, betwixt Dover and Dunbar: for hee hath eaten a whole sheepe of sixteen shillings price, raw, at one meal: pardon me, I think he left the skin, the wool, the hornes, and the bones: but why talke I of a sheepe, when it is apparently knowne, that he hath at one repast, and with one dish, feasted his carkas with all manner of meates. All men will confesse that a hogge will eat any thing, either fish, flesh, fowle, root, or herb; and this same uoble *Nick Nicholas*, or *Nicholas Nick*, hath made an end of a hogge all at once, as if it had been but a rabbit-sucker; and presently after, for fruit to recreate his palate, he hath swallowed three pecks of damsons. What say you to a lease or flecke of brawne, new killed, to be of weight eight pounds, and to be eaten hot out of the boare's belly, raw? Was it not a glorious dish? and presently after, instead of suckets, twelve raw puddings. I speak not one word of drinke all this while; for indeed he is no drunkard, hee abhors that swinish vice: alehouses nor tapsters cannot nick this *nick* with froth; curtoll cannes, tragicall black potts, and double-dealing bombasted jugges, could never cheat him, for one pinte of beere, or ale, is enough to wash downe a hogge, or water a sheepe with him. Two loynes of mutton, and one loyne of veal, were but as three sprats for him: once at *Sir Warrapam Saint Leger's* house, and at *Sir William Sydley's*, he shewed himself so valiant of teeth and stomache, that he ate as much as would well have served and sufficed thirty men, so that his belly was like to have turned bankrupt and breake: but the serving-man turned him to the fire, and anoynted his paunche with greace and butter, to make it stretch and hold, and afterwards being layed in bed, hee slept eight hours, and fasted all the while: which, when the king understood, he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long time as he had lain-bedrid with eating.

Pompey the Great, Alexander the Great, Tamberlane the Great, Carlemagne, or Charles the Great, for conquering kingdoms and killing of men (and surely eating is not a greater sin than rapine, theft, manslaughter, and murder :) therefore this noble Catalian doth well deserve the title of Great : wherefore I instile him *Nicholas the Great* (eater :) and as these forenamed Greats have overthroned and wasted countrys and hosts of men, with the helpe of their soldiers and followers, so hath Nick the Great (in his own person) without the helpe or aide of any man, overcome, conquered, and delivered in one weeke, as much as would have sufficed a reasonable and sufficient army in a day, for hee hath at one meal made an assault upon seven dozen of good rabbits, at the Lord Wotton's, in Kent, which in the total is four score, which number would have sufficed a hundred three score and eight hungry soldiers, allowing to each of them half a rabbit.

Bell, the famous idol of the Babylonians, was a mere imposture, a juggling toye, and a cheating bauble in comparison of this *Nicholaitan Kentish Tenterbelly* : the high and mighty duke *All-paunch* was but a fiction to him ; Milo, the Crotonian, could hardly be his equal : and *Woolner of Windsor* was not worthy to be his footman. A quarter of fat lambe, and three score eggs, have been but an easy collation, and three well-larded pudding pyes he hath at one time put to foyle ; eighteen yards of black puddings (London measure) have suddenly been imprisoned in his *sowsetub*. A duck, rawe, with guts, feathers and all, (except the bill and the long feathers of his wings) hath swam in his whirlpoole, or pond of his mawe ; and he told me that three-score pound of cherries was but a kind of washing-meat, and there was no tacke in them, for he hath tried it at one time. But one *John Dale* was too hard for him, at a place called *Lennam* ; for the said Dale had laid a wager that he would fill Wood's belly with good wholesome victuals for two shillings, and the gentleman that laid the contrary did wager, that as soon as Noble Nick had eaten out Dale's two shillings, that he should presently enter combate with a worthy knight, called *Sir Loyne* of Beefe, and overthrow him ; in conclusion,

Dale bought six pots of potent high and mighty ale, the powerful fume whereof conquered the conqueror, robbed him of his reason, bereft him of his wit, violently took away his stomache, and entered the scone of his pericranium, blinde-folded him with sleep, setting a *nap* of nine hours for manacles upon his threadbare eyelids, to the preservation of the roast beefe, and unexpected winning of the wager.

This invincible ale victoriously vanquished the vanquisher, and even our great triumpher was triumphant. But there are precedents enow of as potent men as our Nicholas, that have subdued kings and kingdoms, and yet themselves been captived and conquered by drinke. We need cite no more examples but the Great Alexander and Holophernes ; their ambition was boundlesse, and so is the stomach of my pen's subject, for all the four elements cannot cloy him ; fish from the deepest ocean, or purest rivers, fairest pond, foulest ditch, or driest puddle : he hath a receipt for fowle of all sorts, from the wren to the eagle, from the titmouse to the ostrich. His paunche is either a coope, or roost for them : he hath, within himself, a stall for an ox, a room for a cow, a sty for a hogge, a park for a deere, a warren for conies, a storehouse for fruit, a dairy for milk, cream, curds, whey, butter-milk, and cheese ; his mouth is a mill of perpetual motion, for let the wind or the water rise or fall, yet his teeth will ever be a grinding ; his guts are the rendezvous, or meeting-place, or bourse, for the beasts of the field, the fowles of the air, and fishes of the sea : and though they be never so wild or disagreeing in nature one to another, yet hee binds them or grinds them to the peace in such manners, that they never fall at odds again. His eating of a sheepe, a hogge, and a duck, raw, doth shew that he is free from the sin of niceness, or curiosity in his dyet. Besides he never troubles a larder or cupboard to lay cold meat in, nor doth he keep any traps or cats to destroy vermin ; he takes so good a course, that he lays or shuts up all safe within himself : in briefe, give him meate, and he never stands upon the cookery.

Once in my presence (after he had broken his fast,) having (as he said) eaten one pottle of milk, one pottle of pottage, with bread, butter, and cheese, I then

sent for him to an inne, and after some salutations, I asked him if he could eat any thing? He gave me thanks, and said, that if he had known that any gentleman would have invited him, he would have spared his breakfast at home (and with that he told me, as aforesaid, what he had eaten;) yet neverthelesse (to do me a courtesie) he would shew me some small cast of his office, for he had one hole or corner in the profundity of his storehouse, into which he would stow and bestow any thing that the house would afford, at his peril and my cost. Whereupon I summoned my hostesse with three knocks upon the table, and two stamps upon the floor, with my fist and my foote, at which she made her personal appearance with a low courtesie, and an inquisitive what lack ye? I presently laid the authority of a bold guest upon her, commanding that all the victuals in the house should be laid upon the table. She said she was but slenderly provided, by reason goodman Wood was there; but what she had or could doe, we should presently have: so the cloth was displayed, the salt advanced, six penny wheaten loaves were mounted two stories high like a rampier, three sixpenny veal pyes, walled stiffly about, and well victualled within, were presented to the hazard of the *scalado*; one pound of sweet butter (being all fat and no bones) was in a cold sweat at this mighty preparation, one good dish of thornback, white as alabaster or the snow upon the Scythian mountains, and in the rear came up an inch-thicke sliver of peck household loaf; all which provision were presently, in the space of an hour, utterly confounded and brought to nothing by the meer and only valourous dexterity of our unmatcheable grand gourmande. He courageously passed the pikes, and I cleared the shot; but the house yielded no more, so that my guest arose unsatisfied, and myself discontented in being thrifty, and saving my money against my will.

Wood by reason of his being now grown in yeares, feared that if his stomach should fail him publicly, and lay his reputation in the mire, it might be a discouragement to him for ever, and especially in Kent, where he hath long been famous, he would be loth to be defamed; but as weak as he was, he said that he

could make a shift to destroy a fat wether in two houres, provided that it were tenderly boiled; for he hath lost all his teeth (except one) in eating a quarter of mutton, bones and all, at Ashford, in the county aforesaid; yet is he very quick and nimble in his feeding, and will riddle more eating work away in two hours, than ten of the hungriest carters in the parish where he dwells. He is surely noble (for his great stomache) and virtuous, chiefly for his patience in putting up *much*; moreover, he is thrifty or frugal, for when he can get no better meat, he will eat oxen livers, or a mess of warm ale-grains from a brew-house. He is provident and studious where to get more provision after all is spent, and yet he is bountiful or prodigal in spending all he hath at once: he is profitable in keeping bread and meat from mould and maggots, and saving the charge of salt, for his appetite will not wait and attend the powdering; his courtesie is manifest, for he had rather have one *farewell* than twenty Godbwyes: of all things he holds fasting to be a most superstitious branch of popery; he is a main enemy to Ember weeks: he hates Lent worse than a butcher or a puritan, and the name of Good Friday affrights him like a bull-beggar: a long grace before meat strikes him into a quotidian ague: in a word, he could wish that Christmas would dwell with us all the year, or that every day were metamorphosed into Shrove Tuesdays. In brief, he is a magazine, a storehouse, a receptacle, a bourse or exchange, a Babel or confusion for all creatures.

He is swarthy, blackish hair, hawk-nosed; (like a parrot or Roman;) he is wattle-jawed, and his eyes are sunk inward, as if he looked into the inside of his entrails, to note what customed or uncusomd goods he took in; whilst his belly (like a main-sail in a calm) hangs ruffled and wrinkled (in folds and wreaths) flat to the mast of his empty carcase, till the storm of abundance fills it, and violently drives it into the full sea of satisfaction:

Like as a river to the ocean bounds,
Or as a garden to all Britain's grounds,
Or like a candle to a flaming link,
Or as a single ace unto sise cinque,

So short am I of what Nick Wood hath done,
That, having ended, I have scarce begun ;
For I have written but a taste in this,
To show the readers where and what he is.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Sterne's maid servant asked her master leave to go to a public execution. Soon after she set off, she returned all in tears. On her master's asking why she cried, she answered, "Because she had lost her labour, for before she reached the gallows, the man was reprieved."

THE DOUBLE DEALER.

A rector having a horse to dispose of, in order to set him off, turned jockey and mounted him; on which the dealer shook his head and said, "Sir, I advise you, if you want to take us in, to mount into the pulpit; do not mount on horseback."

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

"Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day 'knives and
Scissars to grind O!

"Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind
knives?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the 'squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

"Was it the 'squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom
Paine!)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

CANNING.

THE FINE ARTS.

A sculptor hearing a cobbler find fault with the sandal on the foot of one of his statues, thought the man's objections so reasonable that he altered it, and returned him his thanks. The cobbler, arrogating consequence to himself from this condescension, began to disapprove of the formation of the knee. "Hold, my friend," cried the artist, "A cobbler's criticisms should never go above the sole."

NELL GWYNN.

The celebrated Nell Gwynn passing through Oxford in her carriage at the time when the populace were much exasperated against the Catholic Duchess of Portsmouth, one of Charles the Second's mistresses, was mistaken for the latter, and very rudely saluted by the people, upon which Nell put her head out of the coach window and exclaimed, "Pardon me, good folks, you labour under a mistake; I am the Protestant w—e."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND DR. STUKELY.

The late Dr. Stukely one day, by appointment, visited Sir Isaac Newton, when the servant told him he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but as it was near dinner-time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. Dinner was brought in—a boiled chicken under a cover. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The doctor ate the fowl, and covering up the empty dish, bade them dress their master another. Before that was ready, the great man came down: he apologized for his delay, and added, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service; I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted up the cover, and without any emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile: "See," says he, "what we studious people are: I forgot I had dined."

JAMES THE FIRST.

Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James the First, was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. "Faith mon," said the king to the person who presented it, "if I do, my son must reign by candle-light."

When the same monarch went to Salisbury, one of the active adventurers of those days climbed up the outside of the spire of the cathedral, and at the top made three summersets in honour of his majesty; who being applied to for a reward, gave him a patent, whereby every other of his subjects, except the aforesaid man, and his heirs male, was prohibited from climbing steeples for ever.

THE BUSY INDOLENT.

Jack Careless was a man of parts,
Well skill'd in the politer arts,
With judgment read, with humour writ,
Among his friends pass'd for a wit;
But loved his ease more than his meat,
And wonder'd knaves could toil and cheat,
'To expose themselves by being great.
At no levees the suppliant bow'd,
Nor courted for their votes the crowd;

Nor riches nor preferment sought,
Did what he pleased, spoke what he thought;
Content within due bounds to live,
And what he could not spend, to give:
Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,
And joke, and pun, and tell his tale;
Reform the state, lay down the law,
And talk of lords he never saw;
Fight Marlborough's battles o'er again,
And push the French on Blenheim's plain;
Discourse of Paris, Naples, Rome,
Though he had never stirr'd from home:
'Tis true he travell'd with great care
The tour of Europe—in his chair;
Was loath to part without his load,
Or move till morning peep'd abroad.

One day this honest idle rake,
Nor quite asleep nor well awake,
Was lolling in his elbow-chair,
And building castles in the air;
His nipperkin (the port was good)
Half empty at his elbow stood,
When a strange noise offends his ear,
The din increased as it came near,
And in his yard at last he view'd
Of farmers a great multitude,
Who that day, walking of their rounds
Had disagreed about their bounds;
And sure the difference must be wide,
Where each does for himself decide.
Volleys of oaths in vain they swear,
Which burst like guiltless bombs in air;
And, "Thou'rt a knave!" and "Thou'rt an oaf!"
Is bandied round with truth enough.
At length they mutually agree
His worship should be referee,
Which courteous Jack consents to be:
Though for himself he would not budge,
Yet for his friends an arrant drudge;
A conscience of this point he made,
With pleasure readily obey'd,
And shot like lightning to their aid.
The farmers, summon'd to his room,
Bowing with awkward reverence come.

In his great chair his worship sat,
 A grave and able magistrate :
 Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,
 And flippant tongues with pain obey'd.
 In a short speech he first computes
 The vast expense of law disputes,
 And everlasting chancery suits.
 With zeal and warmth he rallied then
 Pack'd juries, sheriffs, talesmen,
 And recommended in the close
 Good neighbourhood, peace, and repose.
 Next weigh'd, with care each man's pretence
 Perused records, heard evidence ;
 Observed, replied, hit every blot,
 Unravell'd every Gordian knot ;
 With great activity and parts
 Inform'd their judgments, won their hearts,
 And without fees or time mispent
 By strength of ale and argument,
 Despatch'd them home, friends and content.

Trusty, who at his elbow sat,
 And with surprise heard the debate,
 Astonish'd, could not but admire
 His strange dexterity and fire,
 His wise discernment and good sense,
 His quickness, ease and eloquence :
 " Lord ! sir (said he), I can't but chide ;
 What useful talents do you hide !
 In half an hour you have done more
 Than Puzzle can in half a score,
 With all the practice of the courts,
 His cases, precedents, reports."

Jack with a smile replied, " 'Tis true,
 This may seem odd, my friend, to you :
 But give me not more than my due.
 No hungry judge nods o'er the laws,
 But hastens to decide the cause.
 Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,
 Will struggle to be free again
 So lazy men and indolent,
 With cares oppress'd, and business spent,
 Exert their utmost powers and skill,
 Work hard ; for what ? why, to sit still.

They toil, they sweat, they want no fee,
 For even sloth prompts to industry :
 Therefore, my friend, I freely own
 All this address I now have shown,
 Is mere impatience, and no more,
 To lounge and loiter as before.
 Life is a span, the world an inn—
 Here, sirrah, the other nipperkin."

SOMERVILLE

IRISH FLOGGING.

An Irish drummer being employed to flog a deuter, the sufferer, as is usual in such cases, cried out, " Strike higher." The drummer accordingly, to oblige the poor fellow, did as he was requested. But the man still continuing to roar out in agony, " Devil burn your bellowing!" cried Paddy ; " there is no *plaising of you*, strike where one will."

THE COBBLER.

A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall,
 No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate :

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and thought himself happy,
 If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy:
 How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most
 sweet !

Saying just to a hair I have made both ends meet :
 Derry down, down, &c.

But love the disturber of high and of low,
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau ;
 He shot the poor cobbler quite through the heart ;
 I wish he had hit some more ignoble part :

Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay ;
 Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way :

Derry down, down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk ;

Whenever he spake, she would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair :

Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd ;
He pierc'd through his body instead of his sole,
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll :

Derry down, down, &c.

And now in good will, I advise as a friend,
All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end :
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's
past,

That love brings us all to an end at the last :

Derry down, down, down, derry down,

JOHN BULL.

John Bull, to all appearance, is a plain, downright, matter-of-fact fellow, with much less of poetry about him than rich prose. There is little of romance in his nature, but a vast deal of strong natural feeling. He excels in humour, more than in wit ; is jolly, rather than gay ; melancholy, rather than morose ; can easily be moved to a sudden tear, or surprised into a broad laugh ; but he loathes sentiment, and has no turn for light pleasantry. He is a boon companion, if you allow him to have his humour, and to talk about himself ; and he will stand by a friend in a quarrel, with life and purse, however soundly he may be cudgelled.

In this last respect, to tell the truth, he has a propensity to be somewhat too ready. He is a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be every body's champion. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbour's affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice ; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He unluckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of defence, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel play, he has had a

troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot hear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbours, but he begins, incontinently, to fumble with the head of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honour does not require that he should meddle in their broils. Indeed, he has extended his relations of pride and policy so completely over the whole country, that no event can take place, without infringing some of his finely spun rights and dignities. Couched in his little domain, with his filaments stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, nor a breeze blow, without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den.

He is a little fond of playing the magnifico abroad ; of pulling out a long purse ; flinging his money bravely about at boxing matches, horse races, and cock fights, and carrying a high head among " gentlemen of the fancy ;" but immediately after one of these fits of extravagance, he will be taken with violent qualms of economy ; stop short at the most trivial expenditure ; talk desperately of being ruined, and brought upon the parish ; and in such moods, will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill, without violent altercation. He is, indeed, the most punctual and discontented paymaster in the world ; drawing his coin out of his breeches pocket with infinite reluctance ; paying to the uttermost farthing ; but accompanying every guinea with a growl.

With all his talk of economy, however, he is a bountiful provider, and a hospitable housekeeper. His economy is of a whimsical kind, its chief object being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant ; for he will begrudge himself a beef-steak and pint of port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach a hogshead of ale, and treat all his neighbours, on the next.

His domestic establishment is enormously expensive ; not so much from any great outward parade, as from the great consumption of solid beef and pudding, the vast number of followers he feeds and clothes, and his singular disposition to pay hugely for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent

master, and, provided his servants humour his peculiarities, flatter his vanity a little now and then, and do not peculate grossly on him before his face, they may manage him to perfection. Every thing that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house servants are well paid, and pampered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage; and his house dogs sleep quietly about the door, and will hardly bark at a house-breaker.

John, with all his odd humours and obstinate prejudices, is a sterling-hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbours represent him. His virtues are all his own; all plain, homebred and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savours of his generosity; his quarrelsomeness of his courage; his credulity of his open faith; his vanity of his pride; and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the redundancies of rich and liberal character. He is like his own oak; rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber; and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN AT FISHMONGERS' HALL.

Is that dace or perch?

Said Alderman Birch;

I take it for herring,

Said Alderman Perring.

This jack's very good,

Said Alderman Wood;

But its bones might a man slay,

Said Alderman Ansley.

I'll butter what I get,

Said Alderman Heygate,

Give me some stew'd carp,

Said Alderman Thorp.

The roe's dry as pith,

Said Aldermen Smith.

Don't cut so far down,

Said Alderman Brown;

But nearer the fin,

Said Alderman Glyn.

I've finish'd, i'faith man,

Said Alderman Waithman

And I too, i'fatking,

Said Alderman Atkins.

They've crimp'd this cod drolly,

Said Alderman Scholey;

'Tis bruised at the ridges,

Said Alderman Brydges.

Was it caught in a drag? Nay,

Said Alderman Magnay.

'Twas brought by two men,

Said Alderman Ven-

ables: Yes, in a box,

Said Alderman Cox.

They care not how *far 'tis*,

Said Alderman Curtis.

From air kept, and from sun,

Said Alderman Thompson;

Pack'd neatly in straw,

Said Alderman Shaw:

In ice got from Gunter,

Said Alderman Hunter.

This ketchup is sour,

Said Alderman Flower;

Then *steep it in claret*,

Said Alderman Garret.

ANTICIPATION.

A poor cavalier corporal being condemned to die, wrote this letter to his wife the day before he expected to suffer, thinking it would come to hand after his execution.

"DEAR WIFE,

"Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing, this is to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was hanged, drawn, and quartered. I died very penitently, and every body thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor father's children.

"Yours, till death,

"W. P."

DEFINITION OF A HEAD.

A head, to speak in the gardener's style, is a mere balbous excrescence, growing out from between the shoulders like a wen, it is supposed to be a mere expletive, just to wear a hat on, to fill up the hollow of a wig, to take snuff with, or have your hair dressed upon.

Some of these heads are manufactured in *wood*, some in *paste-board*, which is a hint to show there may not only be *block-heads*, but also *paper-skulls*.

Physicians acquaint us that, upon any fright or alarm, the spirits fly up into the *head*, and the blood rushes violently back to the *heart*: hence it is politicians compare the human constitution, and the nation's constitution, together; they supposing the head to be the *court* end of the town, and the heart the *country*; for people in the country seem to be taking things to heart, and people at court only seem to wish to be at the head of things.

We make a mighty bustle about the twenty-four letters; how many changes they can ring, and how many volumes they have composed; yet, let us look upon the many millions of mankind, and see if any two faces are alike. Nature never designed several faces which we see, it is the odd exercise they give the muscles belonging to their visages occasions such looks. As for example; we meet in the streets with several people talking to themselves, and seem much pleased with such self-conversation; some people we see starting at every thing, and wondering with a foolish face of praise; some laughing, some crying. Now crying and laughing are contrary effects, the least alteration of features occasions the difference, it is turning *up* the muscles to laugh, and *down* to cry.

Yet laughter is much mistaken, no person being capable of laughing, who is incapable of thinking. For some people, suddenly break aloud into violent *spasms*, ha, ha, ha! and then, without any gradation, change at once into downright stupidity.

BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

George II. commanded at the battle of Dettingen, and his horse ran away with him into the French lines, on which his majesty alighted, and charged

the enemy on foot; "for," said the king, "tho' my horse runs away with me, I am sure my legs will not."

SAVING ONE'S BACON.

Mr. C., partner of Miss Bacon at the York Assembly, sat down after the dance in the Love-corner, so called at the rooms, when one of the dancers asked C. why he saved himself, and did not stand up; he answered, "he did not want to save himself, but to save his Bacon."

ON MISS LITTLE.

[Addressed to Miss Little, who was very short in stature, on her marriage.]

When any thing abounds we find
That nobody will have it,
But when there's *little* of the kind,
One and all we crave it.
If wives are evils, as 'tis known,
And wofully confess'd,
The man who's wise will surely own
A *little* one is best.
The God of love's a *little* wight,
But beautiful as thought;
Thou, too, art *little*, fair as light,
And all that's sweet—in *short*!
O, happy girl! all think thee so,
So thinks the poet's song—
"Man wants but *little* here below,
Nor wants that *little long*."

ACCOMMODATION.

The following curious notice was affixed to the residence of a gentleman, whose premises had suffered much from nightly depredators:—"Those persons, who have been in the habit of stealing my fence for a considerable time past, are respectfully informed, that, if equally agreeable to them, it will be more convenient to me if they would steal my wood, and leave the fence for the present; and as it may be some little inconvenience to get over the palings, the gate is left open for their accommodation.

(Signed) S. SWIFT."

CHASTITY.

An English lady asked the mother abbess of a convent at Paris, if the nuns kept the vow of chastity. "Yes," said the abbess, "I can venture to affirm it. For if it be a crime to cuckold an earthly husband, how much more a heavenly one."

EXTEMPORE ORACE BY BEN JONSON, BEFORE KING JAMES.

Our King and Queen, the Lord God bless,
The Palsgrave, and the Lady Besse,
And God bless every living thing
That lives and breathes and loves the King.
God bless the council of estate,
And Buckingham the fortunate,
God bless them all, and keep them safe,
And God bless me, and God bless Ralph.

The king was mightily inquisitive to know who this Ralph was. Ben told him "It was the drawer at the Swanne tavern at Charing-cross, who drew him good Canarie." We dread lest it should excite the cupidity of our Laureate, when we add that, "For this drollery, his majestie gave him a hundred pounds!"

SINKING AND SWEARING.

Two Jesuits, on their passage to America, were desired by the master to go down into the hold, as a storm was coming on; he told them that they need not apprehend any danger as long as they heard the seamen curse and swear; but if once they were silent, and quiet, he would advise them to betake themselves to prayers. Soon after the lay-brother went to the hatches, to hear what was going forward, when he quickly returned, saying, all was over, for they swore like troopers, and their blasphemy alone was enough to sink the vessel.—"The Lord be praised for it," replied the other, "then we are safe."

WORSE AND WORSE.

Two penitents, in a procession at Lisbon on Ash-Wednesday, were comparing notes about their sins. One said, "he had lain with his mother." "Ay!" said the other, "but that's a mere peccadillo to my crime, for I laid with my *grand-mother*."

MODERN LONDON.

Prepare for death, if here at night you roam
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

Yet e'en these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train and golden coach.

In vain, these dangers pass'd, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murderer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means* support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring
To rig another convoy for the king.†

A single jail, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair justice then, without constraint adored,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known;
Bless'd age! but ah! how different from our own!

EARLY RISING.

A man had two sons; one rose early while the other slept soundly. The early riser found a purse, which the father carried to the sluggard. "Look ye!" said he, "if you had been up as your brother was, you would have found this purse." "Possibly," answered the son, "but if the owner of it had been in bed, as I am, he had not lost it."

* A technical term in parliament for raising money.

† The nation was then discontented at the repeated visits made by George the Second to Hanover.

RONDEAU.

By two black eyes my heart was won :
Sure never wretch was so undone

By two black eyes !
To Celia with my suit I came ;
But she, regardless of her prize,
Thought proper to reward my flame
By two black eyes.

A CONTRAST.

A very passionate general calling one morning on Sir Robert Walpole, found his servant shaving him. During the conversation, Sir Robert said mildly, "John, you cut me ;" and continued the former subject of discourse. Presently he said again, "John, you cut me ;" but as mildly as before : and soon after he had occasion to say it again ; when the general starting up in a rage, said, swearing a great oath, and doubling his fist at the servant, "If Sir Robert can bear it, I cannot ; and if you cut him once more, John, I'll knock you down."

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A young gentleman having attempted many ways in vain to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last was resolved to try what could be done by the help of music, and therefore entertained her with a serenade under her window at midnight ; but she ordered her servants to drive him away by throwing stones at him : "Oh, my friend," said one of his companions, "your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very stones about you."

DECENCY AND DANGER.

A fire happening next door to a gentleman's house, he was a full half hour before he could prevail on his wife to quit her room, into which she had locked herself. At length, she came forth, greatly alarmed, in her shift, her under petticoat, and one long ruffle on her arm.—"Bless my soul !" cried her husband, "what a while you have been, and knew the next house to be on fire !" "I can't help it, my dear," cried she, "if our own was in flames ; I only stopped to make myself decent."

AN OVERSIGHT.

A lady of fashion once declaimed to a lady of quality, in public company, against second marriages : the lady whom she addressed had been twice married ; and she had recently been married to her own second husband. When reminded of this she exclaimed, "Bless me ! my dear, I had quite forgotten it."

FAT FOLKS.

Prince Harry and Falstaff, in Shakspeare, have carried the ridicule upon fat and lean as far as it will go. Falstaff is humorously called *Wool-Sack*, *Bed Presser*, and *Hill of Flesh* ; Harry, a *Starveling*, an *Eel's-skin*, a *Sheath*, a *Bow-case*, and a *Tuck*.

FAT AND LEAN CLUBS.

In a considerable market town, there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance ; the room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as not qualified ; but if he stuck in the passage and could not force his way through it, the folding doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three tons. In opposition to this society, there sprung up another, composed of scarecrows and skeletons ; who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles ; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. Those factions tore the corporation to pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation ; that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs, by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

SPECTATOR.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

The count Grammont, who had attached, if not engaged himself to Miss Hamilton, abruptly went off for France; count George Hamilton, her brother, pursued and overtook him at Dover, when he thus addressed him: "My dear friend, I believe you have forgotten a circumstance that should take place before your return to France." To which Grammont replied, "True, my dear friend; what a memory I have! I quite forgot that I was to marry your sister; but I will instantly accompany you back to London, and rectify that forgetfulness."

A DISGUISE.

A remarkably dirty man, soliciting his friend's advice how he should dress himself for a masquerade, received the following answer: "Only just wash your hands and face, put on a clean shirt, and I'll be hanged if any one will know you."

ELEGIAC EXPOSTULATION TO AN UNFORTUNATE TAILOR.

O thou whose visionary bills unpaid,
Long as thy measure, o'er my slumber stream;
Whose goose, hot hissing through the midnight shade,
Disturbs the transport of each softer dream!
Why do imaginary needles wound?
Why do thy shears cut short my fleeting joys?
Oh! why, emerging from thy hell profound,
The ghost of shreds and patches, awful rise?
Once more look up, nor droop thy hanging head;
The liberal linings of that breast unfold;
Be smiles, far brighter than thy buttons, spread;
And nobly scorn the vulgar lust of gold.
Though doom'd by fortune, since remotest time,
No meaner coin of moderate date to use,
Lo! I can well reward with sterling rhyme,
Stamp'd by the sacred mintage of the muse.
Why mourn thy folly, why deplore thy fate,
Why call on every power in sore dismay?
Thy warmest oraisons, alas! are late:
Reflect—didst thou e'er know a poet pay?

Vain from thy shopboard the eternal sigh;
Vain thy devotions from that sable shrine:
Can guineas from the vacant pocket fly?
Can sorrow fill this empty purse of mine?
Ah me! so long with dire consumption pined,
When shall that purse ill omend proudly swell
Full as the sail that holds the favouring wind?
Mysterious ministers of money, tell!
Fond man! while pausing o'er that gloomy page
That tells thee what thou art in terms too plain,
O'er the capacious ledger lose thy rage,
Nor of unsettled debts again be vain.
There lords and dukes and mighty princes lie,
Nor on them canst thou for prompt payment call
Why starts the big drop in thine anguish'd eye?
One honest genuine bard is worth them all.
A common garment such as mortals wear
(Dull sons of clay, the ready price who give),
Thou mad'st, and lo! it lasted one short year;
But in my garment thou shalt ever live.
Time ne'er shall rip one consecrated seam
Of cloth, from fancy's loom all superfine;
Nor shall I cruel haunt thy softer dream,
E'en when I dress thee in a suit divine.
Let sage philosophy thy soul inform
With strength heroic every ill to bear,
Not better broadcloth braves the angry storm;
And constant patience is delightful wear.
Be patient then, and wise, nor meanly shrink
Beneath despondency's tumultuous blast:
The reckoning day may come when least you think
A joyful day, though miracles are pass'd.

DERMODY.

SHORT COMMONS.

A gentleman being at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on a fast day, observed to another that there were very few of the members of the house of commons assembled. "Is that to be wondered at returned the other? Why I thought you understood the nature of the proclamation better; observe you not that it strictly enjoins *short commons* every where?"

A BOTTLE CONJURER.

An Irish gentleman, sojourning at a dashing hotel, felt much annoyed at the smallness of the bottles, considering the high price of wine. One evening, taking his glass with a friend in the coffee-room, the pompous owner came in, when the gentleman after apologizing, told him, he and his friend had laid a wager, which he must decide, by telling him what profession he was bred to. Mine host, after some hesitation at the question, answered, that he was bred to the law. "Then," said the gentleman, "I have lost, for I laid that you was bred a packer." "A packer, sir!" said the host swelling like a turkey-cock, "what could induce you, sir, to think I was bred a packer?" "Why, sir," said the other, "I judged so from your *wine measures*, for I thought no one but a *skilful packer* could put a *quart* of wine into a *pin* bottle."

A DAY TOO LATE.

La Fontaine was so absent as to call and visit a friend whose funeral he had attended. He was much surprised at first, but recollecting himself, said "It is true enough, for I was there."

REMEDY FOR DULNESS.

An author reading a tragedy to a friend who was a proctor, when he had gone through three acts, asked him his opinion. "Why really," replied the proctor, "the third act is so full of distress, that I do not see how you can possibly heighten it in the following ones; and then consequently it will grow flat." "O!" said the author, "let me alone for that, I intend in the very next act to put my hero into the spiritual court."

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

A man having borrowed money of an acquaintance, gave a bill for the sum, making it payable on a Saint's day which was not mentioned in the calendar, by which means he thought to render the bill invalid and defraud the lender, but the business being brought into court and the cause being heard, the judge decided that the money should be refunded on the day of *All Saints*.

MODERATE WISHES.

Let Alexander's discontented soul
Sigh for another world's increased control!
Ill-weaved Ambition has no charm for me,
Nor, sordid Avarice, am I slave to thee.

I only ask twelve thousand pounds a year,
And Curwen's country house on Windermere—
A beauteous wife, and sensible as fair,
And many a friend, and not a single care.

I am no glutton—no! I never wish
A sturgeon floating in a golden dish—
At the Piazza satisfied to pay
Three guineas for my dinner every day.

What though shrewd Erskine at the bar we view,
As famed as Crassus and as wealthy too;
I only ask the eloquence of Fox,
To jump like Ireland, and like Belcher box,
To act as Garrick did—or any how
Unlike our heroes of the buskin now;
To range, like Garnerin, through fields of air,
To win, like V——s, England's richest fair—
I only ask these blessings to enjoy,
And every varied talent well employ,
Thy life, Methuselah! or, if not thine,
An immortality of love and wine.

HODGSON.

THE GHOST OF HAMLET

During the time of Mr. Garrick's performance in Goodman's-fields, the stage rose so much from the lamps to the back scenery, that it was very difficult for a performer to walk properly on it, and unfortunately it was then the custom to introduce their ghosts in a complete suit, not of gilt leather, but of real armour. The dress for this august personage was one night, in honour of Mr. Garrick's Hamlet, borrowed from the Tower, and was consequently rather too ponderous for the ghost of the royal Dane. The moment, therefore, he was put up at the trap door, unable to keep his balance, he rolled down the stage to the lamps, which catching the feathers of his helmet, the ghost seemed in danger of being consumed by mortal fires, till a gentleman roared from the pit,

"Help! help! the lamps have caught the cask of your spirits, and by G—if the iron hoops fly, the house will be in a blaze." The attendants ran on the stage, carried off the ghost, and *laid him* in a water tub.

THE MIRACLE.

An old mass priest in the reign of Henry VIII. after the Bible was translated, was reading the miracle of the five loaves and two fishes; when he came to the verse that reckons the number of the guests, he paused a little, and at last said they were about *five hundred*; the clerk whispered in his ear that it was *five thousand*. "Hold your tongue, sirrah," said the priest, "we shall never persuade the people it was five thousand."

PERFECTION.

A celebrated preacher having remarked in a sermon that every thing made by God was perfect. "What think you of me?" said a deformed man in a pew beneath, who arose from his seat and pointed at his own back. "Think of you," reiterated the preacher, "why that you are the most *perfect hunchback* my eyes ever beheld,"

TAKING COUNSEL'S OPINION.

A pickpocket having been practising his trade in a court of justice, was taken in the fact, and it was deemed the best way to try him without further delay. The fellow demanded counsel, when a gentleman of the bar was allowed him, with whom he retired to a chamber adjoining the court, in order to consult him. The window of the room not being many feet from the ground, the delinquent said, "I think, sir, the most expedient way for me to extricate myself would be to jump out of that window." "Faith it is mine too," said the counsellor, who immediately suffered the fellow to escape. On returning into the court he was asked concerning the prisoner.—"He has escaped," replied the counsellor. "And why did you suffer it without giving the alarm?" reiterated the judge. "For the best of all reasons," replied the other: "I was deputed his adviser, and as we both agreed in opinion, he took his measures accordingly."

LAW.

Law is a crooked lying thing,
The source of every evil,
Allied to plunder and to sin,
And first-born of the devil.

It has no heart, no virtues kind,
No yearnings of compassion;
But gapes as vultures tear the lamb,
For feeling's out of fashion.

It plunders honesty and lives
On bowels of the needy;
But robs with smiles the purse of wealth,
With poverty 'tis greedy.

It has a stomach to devour
The gold of all the nation,
And then to hell would sue for more
And offer an oblation.

It is in ev'ry ill so school'd,
It has but one true master,
And troth there's odds if Nick, its sire,
Or law itself goes faster.

DEAF AND DUMB.

A fellow, carrying a heavy load, exclaimed every now and then "Make way," but notwithstanding this caution a conceited fellow would take the wall of him, whereby his coat was nearly torn off his back. On being taken before a magistrate for this assault, as it was deemed, the porter remained silent to every interrogatory, upon which the complainant enraged, exclaimed, "Why, the fellow is not dumb, he spoke very well this morning." "What did he say?" inquired the justice. "He cried out make way, as loud he could bawl," returned the other. "If so," reiterated the magistrate, "he gave you timely notice, which you should have profited by, and then your coat would not have been torn."

AMERICAN LAW.

The following notice appeared in a Jersey journal: "To be sold on the 8th of July, 151 suits in law, the property of an eminent attorney about to retire from business. Note, The clients are rich and obstinate."

THE DEFUNCT INSOLVENT.

MM. Triphook & Co. having directed a letter, "To George Hardinge, Esq. if living; if dead, to his executors," beginning "Sir, or Gentlemen," and stating that not having heard from Mr. Hardinge after repeated application for settling an enclosed account, they concluded he must be dead; and if that melancholy circumstance was true, requesting it might be settled by his executor; Mr. Hardinge immediately wrote,

"Oh! Messieurs Triphook, what is fear'd by you,
The melancholy circumstance is true;
For I am dead; and more afflicting still,
My legal assets will not pay your bill.
For oh! to name it, I am broken-hearted,
My mortal life, insolvent, I departed;
So, gentlemen, I'm yours, without a farthing,
For my executors and self, GEORGE HARDINGE."

P.S. Excuse the postage which these lines have cost,
The dead their franking privilege have lost.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

A lady observing to lord Chesterfield that the French were a more polite people than the English, he hesitated for a few minutes: the observer continued to corroborate her opinion by adding, "My Lord, the English confess it themselves." "Nay then," returned the peer, "that confession proves the English superior in politeness."

TAM O' SHANTER.—A TALE.

Of Brownie and of Bogilie full is this Buke.

Gavin Douglas.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,

We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou wasna sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah! gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely

And at his elbow, souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony.
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:

The storm without might rain and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm—
Nae man can tether time or tide—
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he takes the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles hauding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scot's sonnet;
Whiles glowing round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours all her floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn.
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deil's a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, Wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,

Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the hest;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her daddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens!
Their sarks, instead o' cheeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,

That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwiddie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam keen'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night inlisted in the core,
(Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore!

For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear,)

Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—

Ah! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang,)

And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidged fu' fain,
And hoch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane* o' the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross,
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake:
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin clautht her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed:

* It is a well-known fact, that witches or any evil spirits have no power to follow a poor wight any further than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear
Remember 'I am o' Shanter's mare.

BURNS.

THE SAINT AND THE DEVIL.

A very ugly gentleman was requested by a beautiful woman to accompany her a little way, when she led him to a painter's house, and having whispered to the artist, she retired, saying that she would return shortly.—On quitting the chamber the gentleman demanded what he was wanted for. "I thought you knew," replied the painter, "that I am taking that lady's likeness in the character of a saint being tempted by the devil, and she means you to sit for the tempter."

CAPABILITY BROWN.

Mr. Brown, the celebrated gardener and botanist, surnamed *Capability* Brown, being at a nobleman's seat arranging his pleasure grounds, was met on quitting his lordship's mansion by two rows of fine livery servants. As it was then the custom to make a present to each when a visitor left the mansion, upon this occasion, *Capability* Brown turning round to his lordship produced the following extempore in a whisper:

Of footmen faith you have a score,
They line your passage to the door,
But troth they put me in the dumps
I own, my lord, this alley's good,
Yet I would have it understood,
They had look'd better plac'd in clumps.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

This gentleman writing a letter one evening at a coffee-house, was much embarrassed by an Irish gentleman, who was rude enough to look over his shoulder all the time. Garth, however, seemed to take no notice of this till towards the conclusion, when he humorously added, by way of a postscript, "I should write you more by this post, but there's a

damned tall impudent Irishman looking over my shoulder all the time."—"What do you mean, sir?" said the Irishman, "do you think I looked over your letter?" "Sir," said Garth very gravely, "I never once opened my lips to you."—"Aye, but by J—s, you have put it down for all that." "That's impossible, sir," said Garth, "as you say you never once looked over my letter."

LIES.

A person in prison was asked by a friend what it was for.—"For telling lies," said his friend. "Telling lies! how is that?" demanded the other.—"Why, telling people I would pay 'em, and not keeping my word."

IMPROMPTU ON THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN FOOT
WITH MISS PATTEN.

May the union cemented on Wednesday at Matin
Be blissful and crown'd with abundance of fruit!
May the *Foot* ever closely adhere to the *Patten*;
The *Patten* for ever stick close to the *Foot*!

And tho' pattens are used but in moist dirty weather,
May their journey through life be unclouded and clear
May they long fit each other;—and moving together,
May only one *sole* (soul) be still cherish'd between.

SHORT RECKONING.

"There were a hundred justices," said one, "at the monthly meeting. A hundred!" said another. "Yes (said he) do you count, and I will name them. There was justice Balance, put down one; justice Hall, put down a cipher, he is nobody; justice House, you may put down another cipher for him. Now one, and two ciphers, are one hundred."

A BAD HABIT.

A Frenchman being reprehended for beating his wife severely once every month, made this reply: "I never do it but on the morning when I go to confession." "And why then?" said the other. "Because I am sure of being reminded of every sin, whereas I might forget some were it not for this expedient."

CAUSE OF GENUINE SORROW

A gentleman taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered, "I hope it was not, sir, because you went away without paying."

A QUIET DEATH.

Whitely the actor having stabbed himself, in the character of Oroonoko, turned himself about two or three times, like a spaniel before the fire, to see where he could lie most comfortably down. Two gentlemen in the stage box, struck by the eccentricity of his manner, could not forbear laughing aloud; on which Whitely turning to them, cried, "Be quiet, you thieves! can't you let a man die in peace, and be d—d to you!"

THE PARSON, THE SQUIRE, AND THE SPANIEL.
A TALE.

A gentleman possessed a favourite spaniel, That never treated maid nor man ill: This dog, of which we cannot too much say, Got from his godfather the name of Tray. After ten years of service just, Tray, like the race of mortals, sought the dust— That is to say, the spaniel died: A coffin then was ordered to be made, The dog was in the church-yard laid, While o'er his pale remains the master cried: Lamenting much his trusty fur-clad friend, And willing to commemorate his end, He raised a small blue stone, just after burial, And weeping, wrote on it this sweet memorial:

Tray's Epitaph.

Here rest the relics of a friend below,
Blessed with more sense than half the folks I know;
Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
He damn'd no sect, but calmly gnawed his bone;
Performed his functions well in every way—
Blush, Christians, if you can, and copy Tray.

The curate of the Huntingtonian band,
Rare breed of gospel-hawks that scour the land,

And fierce on sins their quarry fall,
Those locusts, that would eat up all:

Men who, with new-invented patent eyes,
See heaven and all the angels in the skies;
As plain as in the box of showman Swiss,
For little master made, or curious miss,
We see with huge delight the king of France
With all his lords and ladies dance.

This curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,
And thus exclaimed, with infinite devotion:
"O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!
Fine doings, these, upon my word!
This, truly, is a very pretty thing!

What will become of this most shocking world?
How richly such a rogue deserves to swing,
And then to Satan's hottest flames be hurled!

"Oh! by this damned deed how I am hurried,
A dog in Christian ground, indeed, be buried!
And have an epitaph forsooth, so civil:
Egad! old maids will presently be found
Clapping their dead *ram cats* in holy ground,
And writing verses on each *mousing devil*."

Against such future casualty providing,
The priest set off, like Homer's Neptune, striding,
Vowing to put the culprit in the court:
He found him at the spaniel's humble grave;
Not praying, neither singing of a stave;
And thus began t' abuse him, not exhort,—

"Son of the devil, what hast thou done?
Nought for the action can atone—

I should not wonder if the Great All-wise
Quick darted down his lightning all so red,
And dashed to earth that wretched head,
Which dared so foul, so base an act devise.

"Bury a dog like Christian folk!—
None but the fiend of darkness could provoke
A man to perpetrate a deed so odd:
Our inquisition soon the tale shall hear,
And quickly your fine fleece shall shear;
Why, such a villain can't believe in God."

"Softly, my reverend sir," the squire replied,—
"Tray was as good a dog as ever died—

No education could his morals mend.
And what, perhaps, sir, you may doubt,
Before his lamp of life went out,
He ordered you a legacy, my friend."

"Did he?—poor dog!" the softened priest rejoined,
In accents pitiful and kind;—
"What! was it Tray? I'm sorry for poor Tray.
Why, truly dogs of such rare merit,
Such real nobleness of spirit,
Should not like common dogs be put away.
"Well, pray what was it that he gave,
Poor fellow, e'er he sought the grave?
I guess I may put confidence, sir, in ye."
"A piece of gold," the gentleman replied.—
"I'm much obliged to Tray," the parson cried;
So left God's cause, and pocketed the guinea.

CUMBERLAND'S INGRATITUDE.

Mr. Cumberland being asked his opinion of Mr. Sheridan's School for Scandal, said, "I am astonished that the town can be so duped! I went to see his comedy, and never laughed once from beginning to end."—This being repeated to Sheridan—"That's d—d ungrateful of him," cried he, "for I went to see his *tragedy* the other night, and did nothing *but* laugh from beginning to end."

THE PRAISE OF POTATOES. A BURLESQUE.

Hail, rare potatoes! hot or cold, all hail!
O quickly come mine appetite's delight!
Whether in oven's fiery concave clos'd,
By bakers' art delicious thou'rt embrown'd
While rills of purple gravy from the pores
Of mighty beef improve the luscious fare.
Whether the dame of culinary skill
Have rudely scalp'd thee o'er, and to the rage
Of warring elements consign thee deep,
Beneath the cope of air-excluding lid
In humid durance plung'd. Or when with steaks
Of marbled vein, from rump of stall-fed steer
Disparted late—slic'd in the shallow pan
I view thee kindly strew'd, how joys my heart!
How flash with eager glance my longing eyes!
Or in the tedious eve, when nipping frost

Reigns potent, 'mid the smould'ring embers roast
(From subterranean store selected) those
Of amplest size rotund, of native coat
Yet unbereft—and if my homely board
Penurious, add but few salubrious grains
Of humble salt, I bless the cheap repast!—
But chiefly come at noon-tide hunger's call,
When from th' ebullient pot your mealy tribe,
With happiest art concoct, profusely pours;
And be the mass with butter's plenteous aid
To rich consistence wrought: nor oh! withhold!
The pepper's pungent pow'r, of grateful glow
Beneficent! lest my insatiate claim
Ventose and wat'ry, cause the twinging gripe
Of cholic pang abdominal!—And here
Need I relate how when for thee I slight
Thy rival roots and poignant sauces rare
Crown'd with exotic name, my humble choice,
Mock'd with rude insult, wakes the latent spark
Of witling's fire—a feeble, glowworm ray
That beams, not burns! Nor feels my injur'd
taste

(Taste undeprav'd by fashion's varying art)
Alone the shaft, but person, fortune, fame,
All, all, invidious scann'd, with sneer malign
And scoff sarcastic.—In *the pudding's* praise
Let others rant loquacious—I despise
The doughy morsel for my fav'rite food.
Give me but this, ye gods! scornful I pass
Each celebrated shop—(*Williams, or Birch,*
Or he of Belgic fame—idol supreme
Of city saint in city-hall ador'd!—
By mortals *Hoffman* hight)—where brittle paste
Multangular—with custards, cakes, and creams,
And lucid jellies nodding o'er the brim
Of crystal vase, in pastry pomp combine
To lure the sense. These, these, unmov'd I pass,
While fond I antedate potatoes' charms,
"Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind."

EPITAPH ON A MRS. DEATH.

Here lies Death's wife; when this way next you tread,
Be not surpris'd should Death himself be dead.

WOLSEY'S TWINS.

When the historical play of "*Henry VIII.*" was in rehearsal at Drury-lane theatre, and Mr. John Kemble, who then acted Cromwell, in extolling the merits of Wolsey, came to this passage

———"ever witness for him
"Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
"Ipswich and Oxford!"

Mr. Dignum, who stood by, cried out, "D—n me! if I knew that Cardinal Wolsey was married before!"

EPITAPH ON THREE INFANTS IN ST. IVES' CHURCHYARD.

Three sweeter babes no man did ever see,
Than God Almighty gave to we;
They were surprised by ager fits,
And here they lies, as dead as nits.

SIMPLICITY AND GRATITUDE.

The late Madame de Namours had charitably bought up a poor child. When the child was about five years old, she said to her benefactress, "Madame, no one can be more grateful for your charity than I am, and I cannot acknowledge it better than by telling every body I am your daughter; but do not be alarmed, I will not say that I am your lawful child, only your illegitimate daughter."

CURRAN'S SHIRT.

Curran, while at college, was called before the board for wearing a *dirty shirt*. "I pleaded," said he, "inability to wear a *clean one*, and I told their reverences the story of poor Lord Avonmore, at that time Barry Yelverton. 'I wish, mother,' said Barry, 'I had *eleven shirts*.'—'Eleven! Barry, why *eleven*?'—'Because, mother, I am of opinion that a gentleman, to be *comfortable*, ought to have a *dozen*.' Poor Barry had but *one*, and I made the precedent my justification."

PLAIN REASONS.

A young Frenchman one day asked the Duke Bernard de Weimar, "How happened it that you lost the battle of ———?" "I will tell you, sir," replied the duke, coolly, "I thought I should not

win it, and so I lost it." "But," added he, turning himself slowly round, "who is the fool that asked me this question?"

AN APOLOGY FOR KINGS.

As want of candour really is not right,
I own my satire too inclined to bite:
On kings behold it breakfast, dine, and sup—
Now shall she praise, and try to make it up.
Why will the simple world expect wise things,
From lofty folks, particularly kings?

Look on their poverty of education!
Adored and flattered, taught that they are gods,
And by their awful frowns and nods,
Jove-like, to shake the pillars of creation.

They scorn that little useful imp called mind,
Who fits them for the circle of mankind
Pride their companion, and the world their hate;
Immured, they doze in ignorance and state.

Sometimes, indeed, great kings will condescend
A little with their subjects to unbend!

An instance take:—A king of this great land,
In days of yore, we understand,
Did visit Salisbury's old church so fair:
An Earl of Pembroke was the monarch's guide;
Incog. they travelled, shuffling side by side;
And into the cathedral stole the pair.

The verger met them in his silken gown,
And humbly bowed his neck with reverence down,
Low as an ass to lick a lock of hay:

Looking the frightened verger through and through,
All with his eye-glass—"Well, sir, who are you?
What, what, sir?—hey, sir?" deigned the king to
say.

"I am the verger here, most mighty king:
In this cathedral I do every thing;
Sweep it, an't please ye, sir, and keep it clean."

"Hey? verger! verger!—you the verger?—hey?"
"Yes, please your glorious majesty, I be."

The verger answered with the mildest mien.
Then turned the king about towards the peer,
And winked, and laughed, then whispered in his ear,

"Hey, hey—what, what—fine fellow, 'pon my word :
I'll knight him; knight him, knight him—hey, my
lord?"

Then with his glaß, as hard as eye could strain,
He kenned the trembling verger o'er again.

"He's a poor verger, sire," his lordship cried :

"Sixpence would handsomely requite him."

"Poor verger, verger, hey?" the king replied :

"No, no, then, we won't knight him—no won't
knight him."

Now to the lofty roof the king did raise
His glass, and skipped it o'er with sounds of praise !

For thus his marvelling majesty did speak :

"Fine roof this, Master Verger, quite complete ;

High—high and lofty too, and clean, and neat :

What, verger, what? *mop, mop* it once a week?"

"An't please your majesty," with marvelling chops,

The verger answered, "we have got no mops

In Salisbury that will reach so high."

"Not mop, no, no, not mop it?" quoth the king

"No sir, our Salisbury mops do no such thing ;

They might as well pretend to scrub the sky."

From Salisbury church to Wilton-house, so grand,
Returned the mighty ruler of the land—

"My lord, you've got fine statues," said the king.

"A few! beneath your royal notice, sir,"

Replied Lord Pembroke—"Stir, my lord, stir, stir ;

Let's see them all, all, all, all, every thing.

"Who's this?—who's this?—who's this fine fellow
here?"

"Sesostris," bowing low, replied the peer.

"Sir Sosttris, hey?—Sir Sosttris?—'pon my word !

Knight or a baronet, my lord ?

One of my making?—what, my lord, my making?"—

This, with a vengeance, was mistaking !

"Se-sosttris, sire," so soft, the peer replied,

"A famous king of Egypt, sir, of old."

"Poh, poh!" the instructed monarch snappish cried,

"I need not that—I need not that be told.

"Pray, pray, my lord, who's that big fellow there?"

"'Tis Hercules," replied the shrinking peer.

"Strong fellow, hey, my lord? strong fellow, hey ?

Cleaned stables!—cracked a lion like a flea ;
Killed snakes, great snakes, that in a cradle found
him—

The queen, queen's coming! wrap an apron round
him."

P. PINDAR.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

Sir Wisky Whiffle is one of those mincing, tittering, tip-toe tripping animalculæ of the times, that flutter about fine women like flies in a flower garden; as harmless, and as constant, as their shadows, they dangle by the side of beauty, like part of their watch equipage, as glittering, as light, and as useless. And the ladies suffer such things about them, as they wear soufflé gauze, not as things of value, merely to make a show with; they never say any thing to the purpose, but, with an eye-glass in their hands, they stare at ladies, as if they were a jury of astronomers, executing a writ of inquiry upon some beautiful planet. They imagine themselves possessed of the power of a rattlesnake, who can, as it is said, fascinate by a look; and that every fine woman must, at first sight, fall into their arms.—"Ha! who's that, Jack? She's a devilish fine woman; 'pon honour, an immensely lovely creature! Who is she? she must be one of us; she must be come-atable, 'pon honour." "No, sir," replied a stranger that overheard him, "she is not come-atable; she's a lady of strict virtue."—"Is she so?—I'll look at her again; ay, ay, she may be a lady of strict virtue, for, now I look at her again, there is something devilish ungenteel about her."

LORD MANSFIELD'S WIG.

Court of Requests.—Williams v. Lawrence.

This was a case which, by the parties concerned, was considered of no small importance; and which, to the auditors, in the course of its discussion excited no small merriment.

Mr. Williams, who is what is vulgarly called a barber, but in more refined language is termed a perruquier, appeared in this court a short time since, and obtained a summons against the defendant, who

is clerk to Mr. Reeves, an attorney in Tottenham-court-road, calling upon him to attend on a given day, to show cause why he should not pay a debt of 39s. 11½d.

Mr. Williams, who spoke with a sort of lisping squeak, garrulously addressed the Commissioner: "He had," he said, "been a hair-dresser, man and boy, for sixty-eight years. He had served his time in the Temple, where he had the honour of making wigs for some of the greatest men as ever lived—of all professions, and of all ranks—judges, barristers, and commoners—churchmen as well as laymen—illiterate men as well as literate men; and among the latter, he had to rank the immortal Dr. Johnson: but of all the wigs he had ever set comb to, there was none on which he so much prided himself as a full state wig which he had made for Lord Mansfield; it was one of the earliest proofs of his genius: it had excited the warm commendation of his master, and the envy of his brother shopmates; but, above all, it had pleased, nay, even delighted, the noble and learned judge himself. Oh! gemmen," exclaimed Mr. Williams, "if you had known what joy I felt when I first saw his noble Lordship on the bench with that wig on his head!" (in an under tone, but rubbing his hands with ecstasy.) "Upon my say so, I was fuddled for three days after!"

The Commissioner—What has this wig to do with the defendant's debt

Mr. Williams—A great deal—that's the very bone of contention.

The Commissioner—Doubtless; but you must come to the marrow, if you can, as soon as possible.

Mr. Williams—I will. Well, as I was saying—where did I leave off?—Oh! when I was fuddled.

The Commissioner—I hope you have left off that habit, now, my good man.

Mr. Williams—Upon my say so, I have, trust me; but as I was a saying, to make a long story short, in course of time I left my master in the Temple, set up for myself, and did a great stroke of business. Ay, I could tell you such a list of customers. There was—

Commissioner—Never mind, we don't want your list—go on.

Mr. Williams—Well, then, at last I set up in Boswell-court, Queen-square. Lawk me! what alterations I have seen in that square, surely in my time. I remember when I used to go to shave old Lord—

Commissioner—For God's sake, do come to the end of your story.

Mr. Williams—Well, I will. Where was I? Oh! in Boswell-court—[Commissioner, aside: I wish you were there now.]—Well, then, you must know when Lord Mansfield (God rest his soul!) died, his wig—the very, very wig I made—got back to my old master's shop, and he kept it as a pattern for other judge's wigs: and at last who should die but my master himself. Ay, its what we must all come to.

The Commissioner—Go on, go on man, and come to the end of your story.

Mr. Williams—I will, I will. Well, where was I? Oh! in my poor master's shop. Well, so when he died, my mistress, gave me—for she knew, poor soul! how I loved it—this 'dential wig; and I carried it home with as much delight as if it had been one of my children. Ah, poor little things! they're all gone before me.

The Commissioner—Come, if you don't cut this matter short, I must, and send you after them.

Mr. Williams—Dearee me! you put me out. Well, as I was a saying, I kept this here wig as the apple of my eye; when, as ill-luck would have it, that ere Mr. Lawrence came to my shop, and often asked me to lend it to him to act with in a play.—I think he called it Shycock, or Shylock, for he said he was to play the judge. I long refused, but, he over persuaded me, and on an unlucky day I let him have it, and have never (weeping and wiping his little eye with his white apron) seen it since.

The Commissioner—And so you have summoned him for the price of this wig?

Mr. Williams—You have just hit the nail on the head.

The Commissioner—Well, Mr. Lawrence, what have you to say to this?

Mr. Lawrence (with great pomposity)—Why, sir, I have a great deal to say.

The Commissioner—Well, then, sir, I desire you will say as little as you can, for there are a great many persons waiting here whose time is very precious.

Mr. Lawrence—Not more precious than mine, I presume, sir. I submit that this case is in the nature of an action of trover, to recover the possession of this wig; and this admitted, sir, I have humbly to contend, that the plaintiff must be nonsuited; for, sir, you will not find one word of or concerning a wig in his declaration. The plaintiff must not travel out of his record.

Commissioner—What record?

Mr. Lawrence—The record in Court.

Commissioner—We have no record.

Mr. Lawrence—You have a summons, on which I attend to defend myself; and that is, to all intents and purposes, *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, a record similar to, and of the essence of a record in the Court above.

Commissioner—Sir, we are not guided by the precedents of Courts above here. Our jurisdiction and our powers are defined by particular Acts of Parliament.

Mr. Lawrence—Sir, I contend, according to the common law of these realms, that I am right.

Commissioner—I say, according to the rules of common sense, you are wrong.

Mr. Lawrence—Sir, I have cases.

Commissioner—Sir, I desire you will confine yourself to this case.

Mr. Lawrence—What says Kitty upon the nature of these pleadings?

The Commissioner—And pray who is Kitty?

Mr. Lawrence—The most eminent pleader of the present day.

The Commissioner—I never heard of a woman being a special pleader.

Mr. Lawrence—He is not a woman, sir; he is a man, sir, and a great man, sir—and a man, sir—

The Commissioner—Do you mean Mr. Chitty.

Mr. Lawrence—I mean the gentleman you call

Chitty, and most erroneously so call him; for you ought to know that the *Ch* in Italian sounds like an English *K*; and Mr. Kitty, by lineal descent, is an Italian. It is a vulgar error to spell his name with a *y* final, it ought to be *i*, and then it would properly sound Kittee.

The Commissioner—I should rather take Mr. Chitty's authority for this than yours.

Mr. Lawrence (in anger)—Sir, do you contradict me?

The Commissioner—Sir, I will bring this case to a short issue. Did you borrow this man's wig?

Mr. Lawrence—I did.

The Commissioner—Do you choose to return it?

Mr. Lawrence—It is destroyed.

The Commissioner—How destroyed?

Mr. Lawrence—It was burnt by accident.

The Commissioner—Who burnt it?

Mr. Lawrence—I did, in performing the part of the *Judge* in Shakspeare's inimitable play of the *Merchant of Venice*. While too intent on the pleadings of *Portia*, the candle caught the curls, and I, with difficulty, escaped having my eyes burnt out.

The plaintiff here uttered an ejaculation of mental suffering, something between a groan and a curse.

The Commissioner—Well then, sir, I have only to tell you, you are responsible for the property thus intrusted to your care; and, without farther comment, I order and adjudge that you pay to the plaintiff the sum of 39s. 11^{d.}, which is the sum he is prepared to swear it is worth.

Mr. Williams—Swear! Lord love you, I'd swear it was worth a Jew's eye. Indeed, no money can compensate me for its loss.

Commissioner—I cannot order you a Jew's eye, Mr. Williams, unless Mr. Lawrence can persuade his friend Shyllock to part with one of his; but I will order you such a sum in monies numbered, as you will swear this wig is fairly and honestly worth.

A long dispute followed, as to the value of the wig, when Mr. Williams ultimately agreed to take 20s. and costs, and the parties were dismissed mutually grumbling at each other.

A SET-DOWN.

Swift was one day in company with a young coxcomb, who rose with some conceited gesticulation, and with a confident air, said, "I would have you to know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do you, indeed," said the Dean, "then take my advice, and sit down again."

THE LIKENESS; OR, MY COUSIN.

My lord was all kind, and my lady all fair,
 And in conjugal fetters were link'd;
 Yet one thing was wanting, and that was an heir,
 That the title might not be extinct.
 E'en this came at last, and a sweet rosy boy,
 So like,—but the truth we'll record;
 Like an angel it look'd, but to lessen the joy,
 It somehow was *not like*—My lord.
 The babe grew in beauty, the christening came,
 And to it flock'd friends by the dozen:
 When the *likeness*, O yes, ev'ry gossip could name,
 'Twas so like her ladyship's *cousin*!
 Then sure, at the moment her cousin came in,
 The captain, all pleasing and grace!
 When his forehead, his nose, and his sweet dimpled
 chin,
 All present could easily trace.
 The ladies sat smiling; the captain smil'd too;
 But vow'd he no likeness could see:
 Which my lord, nay my lady, affirm'd to be true,
 And must with the captain agree.
 The party, on this, would again view the child:
 When each looking wise, hemm'd and haw'd;
 Then, blaming their folly, (by fancy beguil'd,)
 Declar'd it was just like—my lord!
 The next day was fix'd to go down to the grove,
 When, my lady, good-humour'd and kind,
 Said, her grandfather's age might an hindrance prove,
 So fain wish'd to leave him behind.
 "Then, my lord, all our friends are inclin'd to be
 gay,
 And we must not have more than a dozen."
 "Why then," cried my lord, "let your grandfather
 stay,
 And, my dear, we'll *dispense* with my *cousin*."

MISERIES OF AN AMERICAN STAGE-COACH.

"After all," says Madame de Stael, "it is a melancholy pleasure to travel." My dear Coriuna, what an expression! "a pleasure to travel!" You might as well have said, "D'abord ce n'est qu'un triste plaisir que de se faire ARRACHER LE DENT!" However pleasant it might be to you to roll in your baronial travelling carriage from Geneva to Paris, to meet the incense of your adoring *beaux esprits*, I can assure your illustrious shade, that the American stage-coach is quite another affair. The very genius of inconvenience seems to have invented them, and to continue his ungracious assistance to arrange their evolutions.

Misery 1st. PACKING.

2. After a sleepless night of anxiety, on the eve of the fatal day, mixed with the interesting reflections—is every thing right in my valise?—Will Mary remember to wake me at four?—where did I "*pack*" my shaving apparatus? &c.—you drop into a perturbed sleep, which in half an hour is broken by the appalling cry—"The stage is come, sir." You wake with aching head and low spirits, and would give every thing in the world, except your already paid passage-money to sleep till nine.

3. Getting into the coach in the dark, treading on the feet of the peevish, sleepy, occupants—you are stuck upon the midst of the narrow, tottering, *middle* seat, with no back to lean against, and two or three trunks already in possession of the place destined for your legs. A sick child is awaked by your entrée, and the mother opens an octave higher than concert pitch, to drown his cries and aid in waking him thoroughly. After keeping you in this state half an hour, the coachman drives on, and you are greeted with the muttered "*d—n*" of your opposite male fellow-passenger, as you pitch against him, and the whining "*dear me! luddy mercy*" of the "*LADIES*," (to use the coachman's hyperbolical compliment to the gingham draped travellers,) on whom in turn you recoil.

4. A breakfast at a poor tavern. Domestic coffee,

sweetened with maple sugar ; heavy, coarse bread—tough, cold ham. No napkins, no salt-spoons, no egg-cups, no toast, no nothing. You have now a view of your fellow-passengers, who are to bear you company throughout a long summer's day. And first of the "*ladies*,"—the sick child's cross mother—a red, fat, snuff-faced widow, and two old maids with faded silk gowns and gold necklaces. The men ignorant and presuming, wrangling about manufactures and politics, and treating their salivary glands to a profusion of tobacco. You have a fine time to reflect on your folly, in leaving the charming, cheerful breakfast at C——'s, the strong, hot amber of the coffee, the light French rolls, the Vauxhall ham, and, above all, the rosy, laughing girls, blooming and giggling from their morning slumbers, and full of the amusements and sports of the day,—"a longing, lingering look behind!"

5. As you are about to mount the mud-fleckered coach, you look with tardy prudence for your valise. *Remember*, at this convenient season, you *forgot it*. You thus endure, like the man in the play, not only disgrace and inconvenience, but positive loss. Forced to open your heavy, large, close-packed trunk twenty times a day, for want of the valise as a tender. Your imagination dwelling on it with nervous tenacity. So neat a *valise*—so convenient—all my dressing articles—the very *valise* I had abroad—how could I lose my *valise*? &c. &c.

6. A rough, stony road, wooden springs to the carriage, the horses, as well as the driver, in *spirits*, or deep clinging mud, lazy driver and tired horses—long stages of twelve or fifteen miles, with a heavy load.

7. Wishing to make a cross-cut, you are told that, at the next village, you will certainly find horses. Arrive, and while seeking the landlord, let the former stage drive off. Find *out* that there are no horses in. Perquisitions reluctantly and indolently made for you at the Doctor's, Squire L.'s, &c. unsuccessful, it being the landlord's interest to detain you, and hence

8. A day at a country tavern, no books, amusements, or company. (See Washington Irving's *Stout Gentleman*) No good wine—no agreeable prospect

—no pleasant scenery—no pretty chambermaids. The day seems like a little eternity

"Nothing there is to come, and nothing past."

9. Arrive at your destination—hotel full—art corkscrewed up five pair of stairs to a little, low, dark chamber, with two beds. The servant vanishes under the artful pretence of filling your dressing pitcher, but returns not:—no bell—groped down to the bar—every one busy with the previous customers, in their new coats and smooth chins—barkeeper, from your muddy travelling frock and long beard, takes you for your own servant, and minds nothing you say—dressing to go out—find that every thing you want is precisely at the *nadir* of your trunk, which is not quite so *handy* as an elephant's—clothes full of wrinkles—cravats yellow—quizzed by the native dandies in the reading and bar-rooms—nobody to whom you have cards at home—your banker in the country to stay a fortnight—little money and no credit—see a fine girl in the street—laughs at your yankee coat instead of falling in love with you, *comme de raison*—find the reverse of the proverb about a prophet in his own country true—treated rudely at the table d'hôte—quarrel—no friend to take your note—make your dying arrangements; no friend to leave them with—bound over to keep the peace—no friend to be bail—get into the coach to return—every thing worse than before, because you have no curiosity to gratify, and have tired your body and mind into a state of querulous despondence.—Arrive at home, and learn that in your absence your firm has failed, and your mistress married your rival.

WHAT'S AN EPIGRAM.

The first known English Epigram.

A student at his book so plast,
That wealth he might have wonne,
From book to wife did flete in haste,
From wealth to wo to run.
Now who hath paid a feater cast,
Since juggling first beganne
In knitting of himself so fast,
Himself he hath undone.

ILLUSTRATIVE PREACHING,

A clergyman preaching a charity-sermon, February 4, 1778, at a church in the city, during his discourse pulled out of his pocket a newspaper, and read out of it the following paragraph, viz.—On Sunday, the 18th of January, two ponies ran on the Uxbridge road twenty miles for twenty guineas, and one gained it by about half a head; both ponies ridden by their owners. Also another paragraph of the like kind, of a race on the Romford road, on a Sunday. He made an apology for reading part of a newspaper in the pulpit, said he believed it was the first instance of the kind, and he sincerely wished that there never might be occasion for the like again. He then pointed out the heinous sin of Sabbath breaking.

Hugh Peters, one of the fanatics of Cromwell's time, preaching on Psalm cvii. 7.—“He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation,”—told his audience that God was forty years leading Israel through the wilderness to Canaan, which was not forty days' march; but that God's way was a great way about. He then made a circumflex on his cushion, and said that the Israelites were led “crinkledom cum crankledom.”

A preacher in a mosque began the history of Noah with this text from the Koran:—“I have called Noah;” but forgetting the rest of the verse, repeated the same words over and over. At length one of his hearers cried out, “If Noah will not come, call somebody else.”

PROFESSIONAL DUTIES.

A city auctioneer, one Samuel Stubbs,
Did greater execution with his hammer,
Assisted by his puffing clamour,
Than Gog and Magog with their clubs,
Or that great Fee-fa-fum of war,
The Scandinavian Thor,
Did with his mallet, which (see Bryant's
Mythology) fell'd stoutest giants:
For Samuel knock'd down houses, churches,
And woods of oak, and elms and birches,

With greater ease than mad Orlando
Tore the first tree he laid his hand to.

He ought, in reason, to have raised his own
Lot by knocking others down;
And had he been content with shaking
His hammer and his hand, and taking
Advantage of what brought him grist, he
Might have been as rich as Christie;—
But somehow when thy midnight bell, Bow,

Sounded along Cheapside its knell,
Our spark was busy in Pall-mall
Shaking his elbow,—

Marking, with paw upon his mazzard
The turns of hazard;
Or rattling in a box the dice,

Which seem'd as if a grudge they bore
To Stubbs; for often in a trice,
Down on the nail he was compell'd to pay
All that his hammer brought him in the day,
And sometimes more.

Thus, like a male Penelope, our wight,
What he had done by day undid at night,
No wonder, therefore, if, like her

He was beset by clamorous brutes
Who crowded round him to prefer
Their several suits.

One Mr. Snipps, the tailor, had the longest
Bill for many suits—of raiment,
And naturally thought he had the strongest
Claim for payment.

But debts of honour must be paid,
Whate'er becomes of debts of trade;
And so our stylish auctioneer,

From month to month throughout the year,
Excuses, falsehoods, pleas alleges
Or flatteries, compliments, and pledges,
When in the latter mood one day

He squeezed his hand, and swore to pay,—
“But when?”—“Next month.—You may de-
pend on't

My dearest Snipps, before the end on't—
Your face proclaims in every feature,
You wouldn't harm a fellow-creature—

You're a kind soul, I know you are Snipps."

' Ay, so you said six months ago,
But such fine words, I'd have you know
Butter no parsnips."

This said, he bade his lawyer draw
A special writ,
Serve it on Stubbs, and follow it
Up with the utmost rigour of the law.

This lawyer was a friend of Stubbs,
That is to say,
In a civic way,
Where business interposes not its rubs;
For where the main chance is in question,
Damon leaves Pythias to the stake,
Pylades and Orestes break,
And Alexander cuts Hephæstion;
But when our man of law *must* sue his friends,
Tenfold politeness makes amends.

So when he met our Auctioneer,
Into his outstretch'd hand he thrust his
Writ, and said with friendly leer,
" My dear, dear Stubbs, pray do me justice;
In this affair I hope you see
No censure can attach to me—
Don't entertain a wrong impression;
I'm doing now what must be done
In my profession."——
" And so am I," Stubbs answered with a frown,
So crying " Going—going—gone!"
He knock'd him down!——

POETICAL BALANCE.

An Italian poet presented some verses to the pope, who had not gone far before he met with a line too short in quantity, which he observed. The poet submissively entreated his holiness to read on, and he would probably meet with a line that was a syllable too long, so that that account would be balanced.

THE FROLICSOME DUKE, OR THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

The following story is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, by an old English writer.

" The said duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the King of Portugal, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnized in the depth of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawk nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other domestic sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers he would in the evening walk disguised all about the town. It so fortuned, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow dead drunk, snorting on a bulk; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attiring him after the court fashion, when he wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuaded him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper he saw them dance, heard music, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures: but late at night, when he was well-tipped, and again fast asleep, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself; all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poor man told his friends he had seen a vision; constantly believed it; would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended."

Now as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,

One that pleases his fancy with frolicsome sport:
But among all the rest, here is one, I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:

A poor tinker he found lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swoond.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly array'd:
Then they stript off his clothes, both his shirt, shoes, and hose.

And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over dirt,
 They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt :
 On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
 They did lay him, to sleep the drink out of his crown.
 In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
 For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.
 Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
 Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait ;
 And the chamberlain bare, then did likewise declare,
 He desir'd to know what apparel he'd wear :
 The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
 And admired how he to his honour was rais'd.
 Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich
 suit,
 Which he straightways put on without longer dispute ;
 With a star on his side, which the tinker oft eyed,
 And it seem'd for to swell him no little with pride ;
 For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife ?
 Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.
 From a convenient place the right duke his good grace,
 Did observe his behaviour in every case.
 To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
 Trumpets sounding before him ; thought he, this is
 great ;
 Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view,
 With commanders and squires in scarlet and blue.
 A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests ;
 He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
 In a rich chair or bed lin'd with fine crimson red,
 With a rich golden canopy over his head
 As he sat at his meat the music play'd sweet,
 With the choicest of singing his joys to complete.
 While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
 Rich canary and sherry, and tent superfine.
 Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
 Till at last he began for to tumble and roll
 From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did
 snore,
 Being seven times drunker than ever before.
 Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him
 amain,
 And restore him his old leather garments again :

'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they
 must,
 And they carried him straight where they found him
 at first ;
 Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might ;
 But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.
 For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
 That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream ;
 Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he
 sought
 For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought ;
 But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
 Such a frolic before I think never was play'd.
 Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloke,
 Which he gave for the sake of this frolicsome joke,
 Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of
 ground,
 Thou shalt never, said he, range the countries round,
 Crying, old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
 Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my dutchess at-
 tend.
 Then the tinker reply'd, What ! must Joan my sweet
 bride
 Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride ?
 Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command ?
 Then I shall be a squire I well understand :
 Well, I thank your good grace, and your love I em-
 brace ;
 I was never before in so happy a case.

GLOVES AND ARMS.

A very brave soldier had both his arms carried off
 in a battle ; his colonel offered him half a crown :
 " Undoubtedly, colonel," replied the soldier, " you
 think I have only lost a pair of gloves."

THIEF OUTWITTED.

A citizen missed two pounds of fresh butter, which
 was to be reserved for himself. The maid, however,
 had not only stole it, but fastened the theft upon the
 cat ; averring, moreover, she caught her in the act of
 finishing the last morsel. The wily cit immediately
 put the kitten into the scales, and found it to weigh

but a pound and a half ! This city mode of accurate reasoning being quite conclusive, the girl confessed her crime.

A CONNOISSEUR

Though born in this kingdom, he has travelled long enough to fall in love with every thing foreign, and despise every thing belonging to his own country, except himself. He pretends to be a great judge of paintings, but only admires those done a great way off, and a great while ago ; he cannot bear any thing done by any of his own countrymen, and one day being in an auction room where there was a number of capital pictures, and among the rest an inimitable piece of painting of fruits and flowers ; the connoisseur would not give his opinion of the picture until he had examined his catalogue, and finding it was done by an Englishman, he pulled out his eye-glass, " O Sir," said he, " these English fellows have no more idea of genius than a Dutch skipper has of dancing a cotillion ; the dog has spoiled a fine piece of canvas ; he's worse than a Harp-alley sign-post dauber ; there's no keeping, no perspective, no fore-ground ; why there now, the fellow has attempted to paint a fly upon that rose-bud ; why its no more like a fly than I am like an a—" But as the connoisseur approached his finger to the picture, the fly flew away.—His eyes being half closed, this is called the wise man's wink, and shows he can see the world with half an eye ; he has so wonderful a penetration, so inimitable a forecast, he always can see how every thing was to be—after the affair is over.

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A counsel in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing and maltreating
Women or other timid folks,
In a late cause resolved to hoax

A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who by his uncouth look and gait,
Appear'd expressly meant by fate,
For being quizz'd and play'd upon.
So having tipp'd the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.

" Well, Farmer Numscull, how goes calves at York ?"

" Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you,
But on four legs instead of two,"

" Officer !" cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
" Do pray keep silence down below there.
Now look at me, clown, and attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend ?"—
" Yees—very like—I often go there."

" Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
The counsel cried with grin sardonic :—

" I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I
On circuit was at York residing.—
Now, farmer, do for once speak true,
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding ?"

" Why no, sir, no ; we've got our share,
But not so many as when you were there."

NATIONAL ANTIPATHY.

An Indian, being condemned to die by the Spaniards, (who had already caused the death of ten millions of men, in their conversion,) was persuaded, by a Franciscan friar, to turn Christian, and then he would go to heaven. " Are there any Spaniards there ?" inquired the heathen. " Yes, (said the friar,) it is full of them."—" Nay, then, (said the Indian,) I prefer going to hell, rather than having any more of their company."

ISLINGTON WORTHIES.

Here is Mr. Quick, who can scarcely walk,
 Mrs. White a decided tawny ;
 And Rhodes is supported by milk and chalk,
 And Miss Hogg is too lean to be brawny ;
 Mr. Flower's a flourishing Aaron's Rod,
 Hogarth's a garden-painter,
 French out of Britain has never trod,
 And Miss Rose than a lily is fainter.
 Bracebridge an arch has never made,
 Smith never beaten an anvil ;
 Miller knows nought of the floury trade,
 And Stockstill will never be stand still ;
 Grammar is heard in a public house,
 A Post is as prim as a quaker ;
 And good Mister Lion, he squeaks like a mouse,
 While old Mistress Stiff is a shaker.
 Miss Brown is fair, and Miss Black is red,
 And Peter Blunt is civil ;
 Nelson to sea was never bred,
 Old Angel's a very " devil."
 Parry beats all by parrying law,
 Stringer ne'er wound a reel.
 Edge never used nor set a saw,
 Nor Fast withstood a meal.
 Le Dieu, sirs, keeps a house for beer ;
 Tom Paine's a godly fellow,
 And in spite of Cobbett, he will appear
 In flesh and bones, though fallow ;
 Tailor a stitch has never sown,
 Serjeant was ne'er enlisted,
 Slim, with surprise, is lusty grown,
 And Miss Roper's still untwisted.
 Miss Martins never fledged their wings,
 Miss Swallows never travel,
 Miss Bird nor Starling ever sings,
 Miss Stone is as soft as gravel.
 Here's widow Jay completely dumb,
 Here's widow Cross good-natured ;
 Here's Mr. Handy without a thumb,
 And Cowie human featured.

x 3

Here's Mr. Fox without a tail,
 Thomson, who is no poet,
 Cooper who cannot make a pail,
 And Sell who will not show it.
 Draper has never dealt in cloth,
 Excepting his profession,
 Armstrong has never killed a moth,
 Or Garret kept possession.
 Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, have ne'er
 Been scribes in sacred writ ;
 Water's so dry, he covets beer,
 And Lack entraps with wit ;
 Jolly is sick, Gay is sad,
 Badger's a gentle fellow ;
 Good, like his name, is rarely bad,
 Or Pearman ever mellow.
 I've hosts of others left in store—
 Anon, I'll ring their changes,
 When memory flings their pleasures o'er,
 And fancy round them ranges ;
 For Islington contains such folks
 As love with friends to mingle—
 To please the married with the jokes,
 And marry all the single.

BELL RINGING.

A poor Swiss, who was in the mad-house of Zurich, was rather afflicted by imbecility than madness, and was allowed his occasional liberty, which he never abused. All his happiness consisted in ringing the bells of the parish church ; of this he was somehow deprived, and it plunged him into despair. At length he sought the governor, and said to him, " I come, sir, to ask a favour of you. I used to ring the bells ; it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, but they will not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure then of cutting off my head ; I cannot do it myself, or I would save you the trouble." Such an appeal produced his re-establishment in his former honour, and he died ringing the bells.

COOKE THE COMEDIAN AND THE DIRTY BEAU.

After performing one evening at Manchester, Cooke repaired to a small tavern near the theatre, in company with a friend; mirth and good-humour prevailed till twelve o'clock, when his friend perceiving, as he thought, a something lurking in his expressive eye which foretold a storm, he anxiously endeavoured to get him home before it burst forth. The importunity of his friend, instead of having the desired effect, precipitated what he had foreseen; with a haughty, supercilious look, he said, "I see what you are about, you hypocritical scoundrel! you canting, methodistical thief! Am I, George Frederick Cooke, to be controlled by such a would-be puritan as you? I'll teach you to dictate to a tragedian!"—then pulling off his coat, and holding his fist in a menacing attitude, "Come out," said he, "thou prince of deceivers! though thou hast faith to remove mountains, thou shalt not remove me—come out, I say!" With some difficulty he was pacified, and resumed his coat. There was a large fire in the room, before which stood a figure with his skirts under each arm, a pitiful imitation of buckism, very deficient in cleanliness and costume; his face was grimy, and his neckcloth of the same tint, which nevertheless was rolled in various folds about his throat; his hair was matted, and turned up under a round greasy hat, with narrow brims, conceitedly placed on one side of his head. Thus equipped, the filthy fop straddled before the fire, which he completely monopolized. At length he caught the eye of Cooke, who in silent amazement, for the space of half a minute, examined him from top to toe; then turning to his friend, he burst into a hoarse laugh, and roared out, "*Beau nasty, by Heaven!*" Perhaps intimidated by Cooke's former bluster, this insensible puppy took little notice. Cooke now rose from his seat, and taking up the skirts of his own coat in imitation of the *beau*, turned his back to the fire. "Warm work in the *back settlements*, sir," said he; then approaching still nearer, as if he had some secret to communicate, whispered, though loud enough for every one to hear, "Pray, sir, how is soap?" "Soap!" "Yes, sir, soap—they say

it is coming down." "I am glad of it." "Indeed, sir, you have cause, if one may judge from your appearance." Here was a general laugh, which the *beau* seemed not to regard, but nodding his head and hitting his boots with a small rattan, rang the bell with an air of importance, and inquired if he could have a "*weal kitlet, or a matten chip?*" "What do you think," said Cooke, "of a *roasted puppy?* because," taking up the poker, "I will spit you and roast you in a minute." This had a visible effect upon the dirty *beau*; he retreated towards the door, Cooke following with the poker. "Avaunt, and quit my sight; thy face is dirty, and thy hands unwashed, avaunt! avaunt! I say:"—then replacing the poker and returning to his seat, he continued, "being gone, I am a man again."

DOMESTIC JARS.

The following curious advertisement appeared in an American paper: "Whereas I, Daniel Clay, through misrepresentation, was induced to post my wife, Rhoda, in the papers: now I beg leave to inform the public, that I have again taken her to wife, after settling all our domestic broils in an amicable manner; so that every thing, as usual, goes on like clockwork."

"Divorc'd like scissors rent in twain,
Each mourn'd the rivet out:
Now whet and rivetted again,
They'll make the old shears cut."

GRACE MAL-A-PROPOS.

A milliner's apprentice being obliged to wait upon a duchess, was fearful of committing some error in her deportment. She therefore went to consult a friend as to the manner in which she should address this great personage: who told her that when she came before the duchess she must say her *Grace*, and so forth. Accordingly away went the girl, and being introduced, after a very low courtesy, she said, "For what I am going to receive the Lord make me truly thankful." To which the duchess answered, *Amen!*

THE QUAFER AND THE BARN.

When old Methuselah gave up the ghost,
And sought his fathers in the silent tomb
He left Aminadab to rule the roast,

And winged his soul away to *kingdom come*.
Scarcely had Death his glimmering eyelids closed,
The latent ebb of life composed,
When master Broadbrim, like a hopeful heir,
Pored o'er his father's will and dropped the onioned
tear.

Onion's a very useful thing,
Wrapped in a muslin handkerchief so white!
To draw the tear from etiquette's soft spring,
At funerals—a pretty sight—
And much in vogue with mutes and undertakers;
Whose frothy sorrows foam, like ocean's breakers.
Thus young Aminadab, in Irish knell,
O'er father's corse and will 'gan yearn;
When, lo! a gift of half a barn
To Hezekiah,

Stopp'd short at once the dismal yell,
And made his glistening eyeballs glow with ire.
Whoe'er has felt blithe Cupid's golden dart,
Tipt with that Mohawk Jealousy's cursed poison,
Won't wonder our young squire should start
To fix his willow-weeping eyes on
A gift to neighbour Hezekiah,
Who had just robbed his arms of prime Miss Dinah.
Ewe'er he plaited o'er his frantic face,
Tho' most tremendously against the grain,
And vented passion with a grace,
When father safely in the ground was lain.
Writing a billet to his rival,
(Which, to be sure, was wonderous civil)
He told him, in a style so warm,
"Friend Hez, I find part of a barn,
Has been bequeathed thee by my honoured sire—
I therefore trust thy stars will be so kind,
As to give thee a western wind,
When of the eastern part I make a fire!"

GARRICK'S ACTING.

Lord Chesterfield once said to Mr. Garrick,
"David, you are an actor every where but upon the
stage."

KEEPING A SECRET.

Dr. Paul Hiffernan, an author of no celebrity, but
kept in countenance by Garrick, sober or drunk never
revealed his residence: he frequented the coffee-
houses, and had his letters addressed there, but he
ever adroitly evaded letting any one know where he
lodged. The wits and wags of the day tried every
expedient, but in vain. Mr. Dossie, secretary to the
Duke of Northumberland, used to spend his even-
ings at Slaughter's coffee-house, and he had the
eccentric, or odd way of insisting upon seeing the last
of the company home; and, as Hiffernan was no
starter from the bottle, they were frequently the last.
The latter, however, had the address to defeat his
friend's politeness; for finding that "apologies,"
and "declining the friendly office," "that he lodged
a long way off," &c., all in vain, he then fairly set
out towards the city. Dossie persisted till he had got
to St. Paul's church-yard: "Pray, doctor, do you
live much farther?"—"Oh yes, sir!" says the doctor,
"and on that account I told you it would be giving
you a great deal of trouble." This revived the other's
civility, and on they marched till they reached the
Royal Exchange. Here the question was asked
again, when the doctor, who found him lagging, and
thought he could venture to name *some* place, replied,
that "he lived at Bow." This answer decided the
contest; Mr. D. confessing he was not able to walk
so far, and wishing the doctor a good night, walked
back to his lodgings, near Charing Cross, with great
composure. And as soon as Mr. Dossie had fairly
got the start, Dr. Hiffernan walked home to his own
lodgings, in one of the little courts in St. Martin's
Lane.

BOWELS OF COMPASSION.

Caroline, queen of George II. died of a mortifica-
tion in her bowels, and her body was twisted with
towels; the usual method practised in that disorder.
As she would not be reconciled to her son even on
her death-bed, the circumstance gave rise to the fol-
lowing lines:

*Here lies wrapt up in twenty towels,
The only proof that Caroline had bowels.*

TORYISM.

Lord Chesterfield, on seeing a lady who was a reputed jacobite, adorned with orange ribands, at the anniversary ball at Dublin, in memory of king William, thus addressed her extempore :

*Thou little tory, where's the jest
To wear those ribands in thy breast;
When that same breast, betraying, shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose.*

PUFFING BURLESQUE.

The following whimsical account of Mrs. Siddons's first appearance in Dublin, is extracted from an old Irish newspaper.—“On Saturday, Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamantine, soft, and lovely person, for the first time, at Smock-Alley Theatre, in the bewitching, melting, and all-tearful character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London newspapers, we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel; but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy, at beholding a mortal goddess. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, that went away without a sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence! this star of Melpomene! this comet of the stage! this sun of the firmament of the Muses! this moon of blank verse! this queen and princess of tears! this Donnellan of the poisoned bowl! this empress of the pistol and dagger! this chaos of Shakspeare! this world of weeping clouds! this Juno of commanding aspects! this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes! this Proserpine of fire and earthquake! this Katterfelto of wonders! exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of description! She was nature itself! She was the most exquisite work of art! She was the very daisy, primrose, tuberose, sweet-brier, furze-blossom, gilliflower, wallflower, cauliflower, aurica, and rosemary! In short, she was the bouquet of Parnassus! Where expectation was raised so high, it was thought she would be injured by her appearance; but it was the audience who were injured: several fainted before

the curtain drew up! but, when she came to the scene of parting with her wedding-ring, ah! what a sight was there! the very fiddlers in the orchestra, “albeit, unused to the melting mood,” blubbered like hungry children crying for their bread and butter; and when the bell rang for music between the acts, the tears ran from the bassoon players' eyes in such plentiful showers, that they choked the finger-stops, and making a spout of the instrument, poured in such torrents on the first fiddler's book, that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played in one flat. But the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of corks drawn from the smelling bottles, prevented the mistake between the flats and sharps being discovered. One hundred and nine ladies fainted! forty-six went into fits! and ninety-five had strong hysterics! The world will scarcely credit the truth, when they are told that fourteen children, five old women, one hundred tailors, and six common-councilmen, were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, the slips, and the boxes, to increase the briny pond in the pit; the water was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches, were in that position up to their ankles in tears! An act of parliament against her playing any more will certainly pass.”

THE CHURCHWARDEN, OR THE FEAST ON A CHILD.
A TALE.

The phrase “eating a child,” is probably of mysterious import to many persons, though perfectly well understood by those versed in the dialect used among parochial officers. To assist the uninitiated, the following story, founded on fact, may be a sufficient illustration.

At Knightsbridge, at a tavern called the Swan, Churchwardens, overseers, a jolly clan,

Ordered a dinner, for themselves and friends;
A very handsome dinner, of the best:

Lo! to a turn the different joints were dressed—

Their lips, wild licking, every man comments.
Loud was the clang of plates, and knives, and forks;
Delightful was the sound of claret corks,

That stopped so close and lovingly the bottle :
 Thou *Savoir vivre* club, and *jen' sais quoi*,
 Full well the voice of honest corks ye know,
 Deep and deep-blushing from the generous pottle.
 All ear, all eye, to listen and to see,
 The landlord was as busy as a bee—

Yes, Larder skipped like harlequin so light ;
 In bread, beer, wine, removal swift of dishes,
 Nimbly anticipating all their wishes—

Now this, to man voracious as a kite,
 Is pleasant—as the trencher-heroes hate
 All obstacles that keep them from the plate,
 As much as jockeys on a running horse
 Curse cows or jack-asses that cross the course.
 Nay, here's a solid reason too ; for mind,
Bawling for things, demandeth *mouth* and *wind* :
Whatever therefore weakeneth *wind* and *jaws*,
 Is hostile to the gormandizing cause. [sung,

Having well crammed, and swilled, and laughed, and
 And toasted girls, and clapped, and roared, and rung,
 And broken bones of tables, chairs, and glasses,
 Like happy bears, in honour of their lasses,
 Not *wives* ! not *one* was toasted all the time—
 Thus were they decent—it had been a crime,
 As wives are delicate and sacred names,

Not to be mixed indeed with whores and flames :
 I say, when all were crammed unto the chin,
 And every one with wine had filled his skin,

In came the landlord with a cherub smile :
 Around to every one he lowly bowed,
 Was vastly *happy*—*honoured*—vastly *proud*—

And then he bowed again in *such* a style !
 “ Hoped gemmen liked the dinner and the wine : ”
 To whom the *gemmen* answered, “ Very fine

A glorious dinner, Larder, to be sure.”—
 To which the landlord, laden deep with bliss,
 Did with his bows so humble almost kiss

The floor.

Now in an *altered* tone—a tone of gravity,
 Unto the landlord full of smiles and suavity,

Did Mister Guttle, the churchwarden, call—
 “ Come hither, Larder,” said soft Mister Guttle,
 With solemn voice and fox-like face so subtle—
 “ Larder, a little word or two, that's all.”

Forth ran th' obedient landlord with good will,
 Thinking most naturally upon the bill.

“ Landlord,” quoth Guttle, in a soft sly sound,
 Not to be heard by any in the room,

Yet which, like claps of thunder, did confound,
 “ Do you know any thing of Betty Broom ? ”

“ Sir ? ” answered Larder, stammering—“ Sir ? what
 sir,

Yes, sir, yes—yes—she lived with Mistress
 Larder ;

But may I never move, nor never stir,

If but for *impudence* we did discard her !

No, *Mister* Guttle—Betty was too brassy—

We never keep a *servant* that is saucy.”

“ But, landlord—Betty says she is with child.”

“ What's that to *me* ? ” quoth Larder, looking wild—

“ I never kissed the hussy in my life,
 Nor hugged her round the waist, nor pinched her
 cheek ;

Never once put my hand upon her neck—

Lord, sir, you know that I have got a wife.

Lord ! nothing *comely* to the girl belongs—

I would not touch her with a pair of tongs :

A little puling chit, as white as paste ;

I'm sure that never suited with my taste.

But then, *suppose*—I only say, *suppose*

I *had* been wicked with the girl—alack,

My wife hath got the cursed'st keenest nose,

Why, zounds, she would have caught me in a
 crack ;

Then quickly in the fire had been the fat—

Curse her ! she always watched me like a cat.

Then, as I say, Bet did not hit my taste

It was impossible to be unchaste :

Therefore it never can be true, you see—

And mistress Larder's *full enough* for *me* ! ”

“ Well,” answered Guttle, “ Man, I'll tell ye what—

Your wind and eloquence you now are wasting :

Whether Miss Betty hit your *taste* or not,

There's good *round* proof enough that you've been
tasting.

And, Larder, you've a wife, 'tis very true,

Perhaps a little somewhat of a shrew ;

But Betty *was not* a bad piece of stuff."—

"Well, *Mister Guttle*, may I drop down dead,
If ever once I crept to Betty's bed?

And that, I'm sure, is swearing strong enough."

"But, Larder, all *your* swearing will not *do*,
If Betty swears that she's with child by *you*."

Now Betty came and said she'd *swear* at once—
But *you* know best—yet mind, if Betty'll *swear*,
And then again! should Mistress Larder *hear*,

The Lord have mercy, Larder, on thy sconce.
Why, man, were this affair of Betty told her,
Not all the devils in hell would hold her. [all—

Then there's your modest stiff-rumped neighbours
There'd be a pretty kick up—what a squall!—

You could not put your nose into a shop—
There's lofty Mrs. Wick, the Chandler's wife,
And Mrs. Bull, the butcher's imp of strife,

With Mrs. Bobbin, Salmon, Muff, and Slop,
With fifty others of such old *compeers*—
Zounds, what a hornet's nest about thy ears!"
From cheerful smiles, and looks, like Sol, so
bright,

Poor Larder fell to looks as black as night;

And now his head he scratched, importing guilt—
For people who are innocent *indeed*,
Never look down, so black, and scratch the head;

But, tipped with confidence, their noses tilt,
Replying with an unembarrassed front
Bold to the charge, and fixed to stand the brunt—
Truth is a towering dame—divine her air;

In native bloom she walks the world with *state*:
But falsehood is a meretricious fair,

Painted and mean, and shuffling in her gait;
Dares not look up with resolution's mien,
But sneaking hides, and hopes not to be seen;
For ever haunted by a doubt
That all the world will find her out.

Again—there's honesty in *eyes*,
That shrinking show when tongues tell lies—
With Larder this was verily the case:

Informers were the eyes of Larder's face.

"Well, sir," said Larder, whispering, hemming,
ha-ing,

Each word so heavy, like a cart-horse drawing—

"This is a damn'd affair, I can't but say—
Sir, please to accept a note of twenty pound,
Contrive *another* father may be found;

And, sir, here's not a halfpenny to pay."
Thus ended the affair, by prudent treaty;
For who, alas! would wish to make a pothier?
Guttle next morning went and talked to Betty,
When Betty swore the bantling to *another*.

P. FRIDAR.

WONDERS OF THE ANCIENTS.

Writing elephants!—Cælius Rhodiginus says, that
elephants have been sometimes known to write.

Large tortoises.—Diodorus Siculus tells us, that
the tortoises in the Indian sea are so large, that the
people sail in their shells on the rivers, as well as in
little cock-boats.

A bull changing his colour like the chameleon.—
Macrobius describes a wonderful bull in the city of
Hermyntha, that the people worshipped, which changed
his colour every hour in the day.

A Woman becoming a man.—Pliny says, (see also
Cicero de Divinatione,) that Lelia Cossuria, being a
woman, was turned into a man upon the day of her
marriage.

Large ants.—Rhodius says, the ants in India are
larger than foxes.

Women more modest when drowned than men.—
Pliny tells us, that a dead body in the water, if it
be a man, in rising, hath his face upward towards
heaven; but, if it be a woman, she ariseth with her
face downward.

Some men walk after their heads are cut off.—
Averroes de Med. said, that he saw a poor unfortunate
patient, who, having his head taken off, walked to
and fro, for a small while, in sight of all the people.
It is also written of Dionysius Aeropagita, that, after
his head was smitten off, he walked certain paces.
Some say it was a league and more from the place of
his execution. St. Denys did the same.

Peacock's flesh will never corrupt.—This is de-
monstrated by St. Augustine, when treating of the
resurrection!

A talking ox.—Livy gravely relates, that an ox, in full market, cried out—"Rome! take care of thyself."

A talking dog.—Pliny, in his 8th book, tells us, that a dog spoke when Tarquin was driven from the throne.

A talking rook.—Suetonius says, a rook exclaimed in the capitol, when they were going to assassinate Domitian, "*Estai panta kalon.*"—Well done.

Hewing blocks with a razor.—Livy says, that king Priscus, defying the powers of an augur, desired him to cut a whetstone in two with a razor as a proof of his magic, which he did!

An old gentleman who drank no liquid.—Pliny, in his Natural History, tells of a gentleman, whose name was Julius Viator, at Rome, who, having been prescribed not to drink largely, in all his old age forbore to drink at all.

A boy losing fifty-seven years of his life in sleep.—Pliny tells of Epimenides the gnostic, who, when a boy, being wearied with heat and travel, laid himself down in a certain cave, and there slept fifty-seven years; then awaking, he marvelled (like Nourjahad) at the great changes he observed in the world.

Men with dogs' heads and tails, and fountains of liquid gold.—Pliny tells of men in India with dogs' heads; others with only one leg, though perfect Achilles' for swiftness of foot; of a nation of pigmies; of some who lived by the smell; of tribes who had only one eye in their forehead; and of some whose ears hung down to the ground.—Ctesias, as cited by Photius, talks of fountains of liquid gold, and of men with tails in India—true we ought to remember, that Fernando Alarchon, a Spanish voyager, of undoubted credit, saw men with tails on the coast of California; and that several others have seen men with dogs' heads. Monboddo rejoiced at this testimony, although Alarchon tells us that these tails were discovered to be fictitious; and we are also assured, that the dog-headed men were found to wear vizards. As to the fountains of gold, the Indian legends say so metaphorically, and so they are credited as real.

A serpent one hundred and twenty feet long.—Valerius Maximus says, that the artillery of Regu-

lus, in Africa, had to contend with, and at length killed, such a serpent by stoning him; the serpent's hide was sent to Rome.

A man born laughing.—Pliny says, that Zoroaster laughed the same day wherein he was born; and that the brain of this young philosopher so panted and beat, that it would raise up the hands of those who laid them on his head.

Triton.—Pausanias relates a story of a monstrously large triton, which often came on shore in the meadows of Boeotia. Over his head was a kind of finny cartilage, which, at a distance, appeared like hair; the body covered with brown scales; and nose and ears like the human; the mouth of a dreadful width, jagged with teeth, like those of a panther; the eyes of a greenish hue; the hands divided into fingers, the nails of which were crooked, and of a shelly substance. This monster, whose extremities ended in a tail, like a dolphin, devoured both men and beasts as they chanced in his way. The citizens of Tanagra at last contrived his destruction. They set a large vessel, full of wine, on the sea-shore; Triton got drunk with it, and fell into a profound sleep; in which condition the Tanagrians beheaded him, and afterwards, with great propriety, hung up his body in the temple of Bacchus: where, says Pausanias, it continued a long time.

Five hundred thousand wild beasts killed in the Coliseum.—Historians say, that on the first day of the opening of the Coliseum, at Rome, Titus produced five hundred thousand wild beasts, which were all killed in the arena.

WOMANHOOD, IN IMITATION OF CHAUCER.

Right welle of lerned clerkis it is said,
That womanhood for man his use is made;
But naughtie man liketh not one or soe,
But wisheth aye unthriftilie for moe.
And when by holy church to one he's ty'd
Then for his soul he cannot her abyde:
Thus when a dogge first lighteth on a bone,
His tayle he waggeth, gladde therefore y growne;
But if thilke bone unto his tayle you tye,
Pardie, he feareth it, awaie doth fle.

THE TURNCOAT.

Buck, the player at York, being asked how he came to turn his coat twice; replied, smartly, "that one good turn deserved another!"

THE LOST CORKSCREW.

When Oliver Cromwell and some of his saints
Were over a bottle, quite free from restraints,
The corkscrew by accident fell from the table,
And to find it at first the drunk guests were unable,
When as Noll got impatient, and went on his knees,
A messenger entered, and said, "If you please,
The kirk's deputation would wish to be heard."

"Not at present (cried Noll) we are seeking the Lord."

Then observed to his friends, "They are not without merit

Who seek the means humbly to get at the spirit."

ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

The walk of a deceased blind beggar, (in a charitable neighbourhood,) with his dog and staff, were actually advertised for sale in the newspapers of 1804.

"A person, in his twenty-sixth year, tired of the dissipation of the great world, is forming a comfortable establishment in one of the least frequented quarters of the city. His domestics are a coachman, cook, three footmen, and a chambermaid. He is in search of a young girl, of good family, to improve this honourable situation: she must be well educated, accomplished, and of an agreeable figure, and will be entertained in the quality of *demoiselle de compagnie* (female companion.) She shall receive the utmost attention from the household, and be as well served, in every respect, or better, than if she were its mistress!"—*Paris Papers*.

"Wanted immediately, fifteen hundred or a thousand pounds, by a person not worth a groat; who, having neither houses, land, annuities, or public funds, can offer no other security than that of simple bond, bearing simple interest, and engaging the repayment of the sum borrowed in five, six, or seven years, as may be agreed on by the parties. Whoever

this may suit, (for it is hoped it will suit somebody,) by directing a line for A. Z. in Rochester, shall be immediately replied to, or waited on, as may appear necessary."—*St. James's Chronicle*, 1772.

"Lately published, the trial of Mr. Papillon; by which it is manifest that (the then) lord chief justice Jefferies had neither learning, law, nor good manners; but more impudence than ten carted whores, (as was said of him by king Charles the Second,) in abusing all those worthy citizens who voted for Mr. Papillon and Mr. Dubois, calling them a parcel of factious, pragmatical, sneaking, whoring, canting, sniveling, prick-eared, crop-eared, atheistical fellows, rascals and scoundrels, as in page 19 of that trial may be seen. Sold by Michael Janeway, and most booksellers."—*St. James's Chronicle*, 1768.

"Wanted a person to take care of children, whose patience is inexhaustible, whose temper is tireless, whose vigilance is unwinking, whose power of pleasing is boundless, whose industry is matchless, and whose neatness is unparalleled."—*American Paper*.

NATHANIEL LEE'S RHAPSODY

When Nathaniel Lee, the celebrated dramatist, was confined in Bedlam, Moorfields, he wrote the following lines on the walls of his cell.

Oh! that my lungs could bleat like butter'd peas!

That e'en with bleating, they might catch the itch;

And grow as mangy as the Irish seas;

T' engender whirlwinds for a scabby witch.

Not, that a dry dead herring dare presume

To swing a tythe pig in a cat skin purse,

Because the great hail-stones which fell at Rome,

By lessening of their price, might make it worse.

I grant, that drunken rainbows, lull'd to sleep,

Snort, like to flesh-hooks, in fair ladies' eyes;

Which made him laugh, to see a pudding creep

For creeping puddings only please the wise.

The reason's plain; for Charon's western barge,

Running a tilt with the subjunctive mood,

Beckon'd to Basil Grove; and gave in charge

To fatten padlocks with Antarctic food.

ERICAL SIN.

A rector, in his discourse on the heinous sins of cheating and defrauding one's neighbours, unluckily leaned a good deal over the pulpit; when a wag remarked, that he had omitted to mention the most monstrous of all, that of *over-reaching*!

LIKE MOTHER LIKE CHILD.

A Yorkshire gentleman was one day at a dinner, where the discourse fell on the breeding a good racer, and that a thorough bred race horse on the male side was best. "Nay," said he, "without they have it on the mother's side also, I am sure they will be good for nothing. Ye'll all allow that I have common sense, but my wife is a great fool, and my children take after her."

THE SAILOR BOY AT PRAYERS.

A great law chief, whom God nor demon scares, Compelled to kneel and pray, who swore his prayers,

The devil behind him pleased and grinning,
Patting the angry lawyer on the shoulder,
Declaring nought was ever bolder,

Admiring such a novel mode of sinning :
Like this, a subject would be reckoned rare,
Which proves what blood game infidels can dare ;
Which to my memory brings a fact,
Which nothing but an English tar would act.
In ships of war, on Sundays, prayers are given ;
For though so wicked, sailors think of heaven,
Particularly in a storm ;

Where, if they find no brandy to get drunk,
Their souls are in a miserable funk,

Then vow they to th' Almighty to reform,
If in his goodness only once, once more,
He'll suffer them to clap a foot on shore.
In calms, indeed, or gentle airs,
They ne'er on week-days pester heaven with prayers ;
For 'tis amongst the Jacks a common saying, [ing."
"Where there's no danger, there's no need of pray-
One Sunday morning all were met

To hear the parson preach and pray,
All but a boy, who willing to forget
That prayers were handing out, had stolen away ;

And, thinking praying but a useless task,
Had crawled to take a nap, into a cask.

The boy was soon found missing, and full soon

The boatswain's cat, sagacious smelt him out
Gave him a clawing to some tune—

This cat's a cousin-german to the knout.

"Come out, you sculking dog," the boatswain cried,

"And save your damned young sinful soul."

He then the moral-mending cat applied,

And turned him like a badger from his hole.

Sulky the boy marched on, and did not mind him,

Altho' the boatswain flogging kept behind him :

"Flog," cried the boy, "flog—curse me, flog away—
I'll go—but mind—deuce take me if I'll *pray*."

COMPULSORY TEARS.

A countryman in the north of England had been so unkind a husband, so severe a father, so rigid a master, and so bad a neighbour in general, that not a tear was shed at his funeral. The sexton observed, that he had officiated in that capacity forty-five years, and that an instance of the sort had never happened before, and that it might not disgrace the village, he seized a little boy and lugged his ears most severely, which soon produced the desired effect of tears.

THE SECRET.

In a fair lady's heart, once, a secret was lurking,

It toss'd and it tumbled, it long'd to get out,

The lips half betrayed it by smiling and smirking,

And tongue was impatient to blab it, no doubt.

But honour look'd gruff on the subject, and gave it

In charge to the teeth, so enchantingly white ;—

Should the captive attempt an elopement to save it,

By giving the lips an admonishing bite.

'Twas said, and 'twas settled, and honour departed,

Tongue quivered and trembled, but dared not rebel,

When right to its tip, secret suddenly started,

And half, in a whisper, escaped from its cell.

Quoth the teeth, in a pet, we'll be even for this,

And they bit very smartly above and beneath,

But the lips at that instant were bribed with a kiss,

And they popt out the secret in spite of the teeth.

EASE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A man very much in debt, being reprimanded by his friends for his disgraceful situation, and the anxiety of a debtor being urged by them in very strong expressions: "Ah! that may be the case," said he, "with a person who *thinks of paying.*"

THE DEVIL'S RAMBLE ON EARTH.

[The late Professor Porson being once solicited in company to give some jocular proof of his abilities, complied by producing the following lines.]

From his brimstone bed at break of day,
The devil's a walking gone;
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
And see how his stock there goes on.
And over the hill, and over the dale
He rambled, and over the plain:
And backwards and forwards he switch'd his long
tail,

As a gentleman switches his cane.
"And pray now, how was the devil drest?"
Oh, he was in his Sunday's best;
His coat it was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind, which his tail went through.
He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill by his own stable;
And the devil he smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel
He saw an apothecary on a white horse,
Ride by on his avocations,
The devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of death in the Revelations.
He stept into a rich bookseller's shop,
Said he, "We are both of one college
For I myself sat, like a cormorant, once
Hard by the tree of knowledge."
He saw school-boys acting prayers at morn,
And naughty plays at night.
And, "Oho, Mr. Dean," he shouted, "I ween
My own good trade goes right."
He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

Down the river did glide with wind and with tide,
A pig, with vast celerity;
And the devil grinn'd, for he saw all the while
How it cut its own throat, and he thought with a
smile,

Of England's commercial prosperity,
As he pass'd thro' Cold-Bath-Fields, he saw
A solitary cell;
And the devil he paused, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in hell.

He saw a turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome jade;
Nimble, quoth he, do the fingers move
If a man be but used to his trade.
He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man
With but little expedition;
Which put him in mind of the long debates
On the slave trade abolition.

He saw a certain minister
(A minister to his mind),
Go up into a certain house,
With a majority behind;
The devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How "Noah and his creeping things
Went up into the ark."

Sir Nicholas grinn'd, and switch'd his tail
With joy and admiration;
For he thought of his daughter Victory,
And his darling babe Taxation.
He saw General Gascoigne's* burning face,
Which put him into consternation;
So he hied to his lake, for, by a slight mistake
He thought 'twas a general conflagration.

OUT OF PLACE.

When the beau-monde held their coteries and pitched
ed tents upon the leads of the houses, it was referred
to a person, who not approving of it, said that it was
making too great an encroachment upon the cata-

* This gentleman had been very facetious whilst soliciting
some proof of the Professor's poetical talents.

TOM LONGFELLOW'S INN.

[The following lines are written on a pane of glass at an inn in South Wales. The proprietor's name is Longfellow:]

Tom Longfellow's name is most justly his due,
Long his neck, long his bill, which is very long too;
Long the time 'ere your horse to the stable is led,
Long before he's rubbed down, and much longer till fed;

Long, indeed, may you sit in a comfortless room,
Till from kitchen long *dirty*, your dinner shall come:
Long the often-told-tale that your host will relate,
Long his face whilst complaining, how long people eat

Long may Longfellow long ere he see me again,
Long 'twill be ere I long for *Tom Longfellow's* inn.

TOM MOOR OF FLEET STREET.

You must all have heard of Tom Moor, the linen-dropper in Fleet-street. His father, when he died, left him an affluent fortune, and a shop of excellent trade.

As he was standing at the door one day, a countryman came up to him with a nest of jackdaws, and accosting him, says, "Measter, wool he buy a nest of daws?"—"No; I don't want any."—"Measter," replied the man, "I'll sell them all cheap; you shall have the whole nest for noinpence."—"I don't want 'em," answered Tom Moor, "so go about your business."

As the man was walking away, one of the daws pops up his head, and cries, "Mawk, mawk."—"Damn it," says Tom Moor, "the bird knows my name.—Halloo, countryman, what will you take for that bird?"—"Whoy, you shall have him for three-pence." Tom Moor bought him, had a cage made, and hung him up in the shop.

The journeymen took much notice of the bird, and would frequently tap at the bottom of the cage, and say, "Who are you? who are you?" and immediately reply, "Tom Moor of Fleet-street."

In a short time the jackdaw learnt these words; and if he wanted victuals or water, would strike his bill against the cage, turn up the white of his eyes, cock

his head, and cry, "Who are you? who are you? Tom Moor of Fleet-street. Tom Moor of Fleet-street."

Tom Moor was fond of gaming, and often lost large sums of money; finding his business neglected in his absence, he had a small hazard-table set up in one corner of his dining-room, and invited a party of his friends to play at it.

The jackdaw had by this time become familiar; his cage was left open, and he hopped into every part of the house, sometimes he got into the dining-room, where the gentlemen were at play; one of them being a constant winner, the other would say, "Damn it how he nicks 'em;" the bird learnt these words also, and adding them to the former, would call, "Who are you? who are you? Tom Moor of Fleet-street, Tom Moor of Fleet-street; damn it how he nicks 'em."

Tom Moor, from repeated losses and neglect o business, failed in trade, and became a prisoner in the Fleet; he took his bird with him, and lived on the master's side, supported by his friends in a decent manner. They would sometimes ask, "What brought you here?" when he used to lift up his hands, and answer, "Bad company, by G—d." The bird learnt this likewise, and at the end of the former words would say, "What brought you here?" and to imitate his master, lift up his pinion, and cry, "Bad company by G—d."

Some of Tom Moor's friends died, others went abroad, and by degrees he was totally deserted, and removed to the common side of the prison; where the gaol-distemper had broken out; he caught it, and in the last stage of life lying on a straw-bed, the poor bird, who had been two days without food or water, came to his feet, and striking his bill on the floor, called out, "Who are you? who are you? Tom Moor of Fleet-street. Damn it how he nicks 'em, damn it how he nicks 'em. What brought you here? what brought you here? Bad company, by G—, bad company, by G—."

Tom Moor, who had attended to the bird, was struck with his words, and reflecting on himself, cried out, "Good God! to what a situation am I reduced? My father, when he died, left me a good fortune and

an established trade ; I have spent my fortune, ruined my business, and am now dying in a loathsome goal, and to complete all, keeping that poor thing confined without support : I'll endeavour to do one piece of justice before I die, by setting him at liberty."

He made shift to crawl from his straw-bed, opened the casement, and out flew the bird. A flight of jackdaws from the Temple was going over the gaol, and Tom Moor's bird mixed among them. The gardeners were then laying the plats of the Temple gardens, and as often as they placed them in the day, the jackdaws pulled them up by night. They got a gun, and attempted to shoot some of them ; but being cunning birds, they always placed one as a watch in the stump of a willow tree ; who, as soon as the gun was levelled, cried "Mawk, mawk," and away they all flew, so that the men could never shoot one of them.

The gardeners were advised to get a net, and the first night it was spread, they caught fifteen ; Tom Moor's bird was amongst them. One of the men took the net into the garret of an uninhabited house, fastens the door and windows, and turns the birds loose. "Now," says he, "you black rascals, I'll be revenged on you." Taking hold of the first at hand, he twisted his neck, and throwing him down, cries, "There goes one." Tom Moor's bird, who had hopped upon a beam in one corner of the room unobserved, as the man laid hold of the second, calls out, "Damn it how he nicks 'em." The man alarmed cries, "Sure I heard a voice ! but the house is uninhabited, and the door fast : it could not be imagination." On laying hold of the third, and twisting his neck, Tom Moor's bird again says, "Damn it how he nicks 'em." The man dropped the bird in his hand, and turning to where the voice came from, seeing the other with his mouth open calls out, "Who are you ?" to which the bird answered, "Tom Moor of Fleet-street, Tom Moor of Fleet-street."—"The devil you are ; and what brought you here ?"—"Bad company, by G—. Bad company, by G—." The fellow, frightened almost out of his wits, opened the door, and ran down stairs out of the house, followed by all the birds, who by this means saved their lives, and gained their liberty.

THE SICK LADY AND THE ALMANACK

A poor old woman with a diarrhoea,
Brought on by slip-slop tea and rot-gut beer,
Went to Sangrado with a woful face ;
And, hawking twice or thrice, to clear her throat,
She told him in a plaintive note,
Her case !

* * * * *

Disease had brought her to a doleful state,
Her legs seemed tottering with a lifeless weight ;
Her bosom panted for the lack of breath,
Her voice seemed echoing from the vale of death ;
Her sunken orbs of light but dimly shone ;
A gasping spectre ! hardly skin and bone !—
The doctor being in a wondrous hurry,
To still a lady in hysteric flurry,
Could hardly stop to hear pale misery's moan ;
So, jumping in his coach, he bawled—"Go on !"
Howe'er, to keep the dame from *kingdom come*,
From the sharp gripe of grinning Death, so cruel,
He told her that she need but hurry home,
And boil some bole ammoniac in her gruel :
Then call upon him in a day or two,
And let him know

If things went better, or in *statu quo*.—

The dame, obedient to the doctor's order,
Came when the time prefixed was ended ;
Health seemed to triumph o'er the dire disorder,
But still she seemed a little broken-winded.

Sangrado felt her pulse, and tongue inspected,
Then asked her if she'd done as he directed.—

"Zook, Sir, for tho' I sent my godson Jack,
From house to house, amongst my neighbours,

To beg a Moore's Almanack,
He could not geet un, after all his labours :—
And zo—I took and boiled the Babes i'the Wood ;
And, praise the Lord ! it's done a *mort* of good."

P. PINDAR.

TRANSLATIONS.

Dryden's translation of Virgil being commented by a bishop, Lord Chesterfield said, "The original indeed excellent, but every thing suffers by a translation, except a bishop."

ERASMUS AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

On the arrival of the great reformer Erasmus in England, it was the wish of several eminent literary persons that a meeting between him and Sir Thomas More, the celebrated author of *Utopia*, should be contrived in such a manner that neither party should suspect his being in the company of the other.

At the period alluded to, the hospitality of the Lord Mayor of London was uniformly extended to all whose attainments in learning rendered them competent to converse in Latin. How different is the doom of the Latinist in the present day !

“Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.”

It was therefore agreed that at this *seat* of the learned, these two distinguished scholars should meet. Conversation ensuing, a dispute arose between them on the much contested doctrine of transubstantiation, and the polemical skill evinced in the controversy excited mutual astonishment. At length Erasmus, entertaining a suspicion of the character to whom he was opposed, exclaimed, “*Aut Morus es, aut nullus;*” to which Sir Thomas replied, “*Aut Erasmus es, aut Diabolus.*” So much was More delighted with the talents of his illustrious antagonist, that he gave him an invitation to his country seat, at which Erasmus passed a considerable time. In the course of the argument at the Lord Mayor’s table, on the subject of the real presence, Sir Thomas had urged that the want of any saving influence to the heretic, in partaking of the sacred elements, was no proof against transubstantiation, since it was by the *faithful only* that the body and blood of Christ were verily and indeed taken and received in the Lord’s Supper; and that there, faith was itself the great instrument in the conversion of the said elements to the receivers. During Erasmus’s stay at Sir Thomas’s residence, he was repeatedly pressed by the latter to accept of some token of his regard and remembrance. Erasmus had fixed for the object of his choice on a favourite horse of More’s; but remembering his sophistry in the debate alluded to, instead of acquainting the chancellor with his intention, he rode off with the steed the day

of his departure from Sir Thomas’s, leaving the following note for his host.

Quod mihi dixisti,
De corpore Christi;
Crede ut edas, et edes;
Sic tibi rescribo,
De tuo palfrido,
Crede ut habeas, habes !

MR. AND MRS. VITE.

A vorthy cit von Vitsunday,
Vith vife rode out in von horse chay,
And down the street, as they did trot,
Says Mrs. Vite, I tell you vot,
Dear Villiam Vite ’tis my delight,
Ven our veek’s bills ve stick ’em,
That side by side ve thus should ride
To Vindsor, or Vest Vickham.
My loving vife, full vell you know
Ve used to ride to Valthamstow,
But now I thinks its much the best
That ve should ride towards the vest,
If you agree dear vife vith me,
And vish to change the scene—
Then, ven the dust excites our thirst,
Ve’ll stop at Valham Green.
Vell then, says Mrs. Vite, says she,
Vat pleases you must sure please me :
But veekly vorkings all must go,
If ve this day go cheerful through ;
For vell I loves the voods and groves,
They raptures put me in ;
For, you know Vite, von Vitsun-night,
You did my poor heart vin !
Then, Mrs. Vite, she took the vip,
And vack’d poor Dobbin on the hip,
Vich made him from a valk go fast,
And reach the long vish’d sign at last ;
So ven they stopt, out vaiter popt,
Vat would you vish to take ?
Said Vite, vith grin, I’ll take some gin,
My vife takes vine and cake.

Ven Mrs. Vite had took her vine,
 To Vindsor on they vent to dine ;
 Ven dinner done now Vite did talk,
 My darling vife ve'll take a valk ;
 The path is vide by vater side,
 So ve vill valk together,
 Vile they gets tea for you and me,
 Ve vill enjoy the veather.

Some vanton Eaton boys there vere,
 Vich marked for vaggery the pair ;
 Mrs. Vite cried out, vat are you arter ?
 Ven in they put Vite in the vater ;
 The vicked vits then left the cits,
 And Vite the vaves sunk under ;
 She vept, she bawl'd, she vail'd, she squall'd,
 Vill not one help I vonder.

Her vimpering vords assistance brought,
 And vith a boat-hook Vite they sought,
 Mrs. Vite, with expectation big,
 Thought Vite was found, but 'twas his vig.
 Vite vas not found, for he vas drown'd ;
 To stop her grief each bid her,
 Alas ! she cried, I vas a bride,
 But now I is a vidder.

CONSUMMATE EPICURISM AND COARSE MANNERS OF QUIN.

Quin dining one day with the duchess of Marlborough, her grace, to his great surprise, helped herself to the leanest part of a haunch of venison which stood near her. "What !" said Quin, "and does your grace eat no fat ?" "Not of venison, sir." "Never, my lady duchess ?" "Never, I assure you." Too much affected to restrain his genuine sentiments, the epicure exclaimed, "I like to dine with such fools."

JEW'S JOURNAL FOR THE WEEK.

Sunday—No business to be done—de Christians all out making holiday—waited at home for Levi : he never come—took a walk in St. George's fields—put me in mind of Newgate—called dere—supped and smoked a pipe with one of our peoples.

Monday—At Change till two—man in red coat wanted to borrow monies—did not like his looks—in

de afternoon called in St. James's-street—not at home—very bad luck—thought to have touched something dere.

Tuesday—Went to de west end of de town—bought some old clothes—took in—gave great price for de breeches, thinking I felt guinea in de job let there by mistake—only done to cheat me—nothing in de world but counterfeit halfpenny—sold dem again to Levi—took him in de same way—very good dat.

Wednesday—Went to St. James's-street again—de devil is in de man—not at home—met Levi : he scolded me about de breeches—not mind dat at all—went to *poof* at de auction—very well paid—engaged to *poof* at anoder in the evening—found out de obliged to sneak off—found a pair of candlesticks in my coat-pocket—*dropped in by accshident*—sold dem to Mr. Polishplate, de silversmith—did very well by dem.

Thursday—On 'Change—met de gentleman w de white wig—wanted more monies—let him have—very good securities—like white wigs—carried an advertisement to de newspaper, signed Z—pretty crooked letter dat—always sure to bring customers.

Friday—Found a watch in my coat pocket—*dropped in by accshident*—made some money by dat—met my good friend Mr. Smash—not seen him since he was a bankrupt—arrested him for de monies he owed me—went home, and prepared for de sabbath.

THE ROCHDALE VICARS, OR FISH, FLESH, AND FOWL.*

The Arch-cook at Lambeth, three dishes has sent,
 To please us at Rochdale ;—how kind !

The first was plain Wray, with a sauce of content,
 The second was venison Hind.

The next that he sent was a very fine Drake,
 A dainty nice fowl in its way :

On the clerical chairman, no comments I'll make,
 For a brute is the best judge of Hay.

We have had a full feast of Fish, Flesh, and Fowl,
 But, alas ! they have all passed away ;

The parish of Rochdale, now grumble and growl,
 For no one can relish Old Hay

* "Wray, Hind, Drake, and Hay" are the names of the four successive vicars of Rochdale.

A GOOD REASON FOR STAYING FROM CHURCH.

A zealous priest, and in his way
 A pious man, as people say,
 Two weeks had miss'd from church and station
 A member of his congregation,
 And having long made the remark,
 Anxious to learn, he ask'd his clerk,
 If he could any cause assign
 Why he rejected grace divine,
 I hope poor man, he's not unwell;
 Perhaps become an infidel!
 My heaven 'tis not Socinianism
 Or any strange fanaticism,
 That keeps him from us thus away
 And leads him from the flock astray?"
 "Oh! no, sir," said the clerk—" 'tis worse
 Than these alas! a greater curse."
 "That worse than Socinianism,
 Surely cannot be Deism?"
 "Oh worse than that," replied the clerk,
 "Your worship still is in the dark."
 "Worse than Deism, it cannot be;"
 "Is bad enough, sir, I agree."
 "Good God, 'tis not Atheism sure.
 I'll try and work the apostate's cure."
 "You're wrong again, Sir, I confess
 The cause is difficult to guess,
 Is neither heresy nor schism,
 But that accursed—Rheuma—*tism*."

HUMOURS OF A COUNTRY THEATRE.

With mortgaged scenery, an empty exchequer, and
 A rebellious orchestra, a country manager must still
 Keep up his spirits and his importance. It would in-
 deed be impossible to bring before you all the mi-
 series of a manager, for, alas! they are numberless!
 Suppose, therefore, that we introduce you to Manager
 Vernish, of strolling notoriety, collecting a new com-
 pany of barn-door comedians to provincialize, *alias*
 to vagabondize over his stage of six deal boards, and
 to dust in the boxes. Behold him, at his morning
 dress then—bursting with importance and swelling
 "like a shirt bleaching in a high wind!"—"Ahem!

Timothy!—this is my court of Apollo, my morning
 nuisance, my—why Timothy, I say!—Oh! here you
 come sir, crawling in, like the half-price on a rainy
 evening! Well sir, who waits? Any body want-
 ing the manager?"

"Oh, yes! lots of them, sir; there's a *one-armed*
 man inquires if you want *another hand*—a *wooden-*
legged gentleman to play the *Lame Lover*—a real
 Blackamoor for *Othello*, four *Romeos*, one *Harlequin*,
 three *Fools*, and a French marquess to come out in
Richard."

"All waiting now, eh Timothy?" "Yes, sir."
 "Then tell the one-armed man to take to his heels,
 and the wooden-legged gentleman to *hop the twig*,
 and skip to another *branch*. *Harlequin* and the
Romeos may keep the *Fools* company; and send me
 up the Blackamoor and the French gentleman, one at
 a time."

The man of colour having made his *entré*, after
 much grinning and gesticulation, thus addressed the
 astonished manager—"You massa Jonkoo man?—
 keep play-house, show fine tragedy?"

"Massa Jonkoo man!—why—Oh! that's blacky
 language for an acting manager, I suppose!—I am,
 sir, at your service—you wish to appear in *Othello*,
 I understand, and to do you justice, you'll look the
 part certainly."—"Iss, massa, blacky all through-
 through; no come off, when bug! Now me show
 how act, massa, Othelly speech to him father-in-law."

"What with that cursed twang, fellow?—Do you
 imagine the noble Moor spoke after that fashion?—
 however, e'en let's have it." Upon which Chingaree
 assumed what might be an elegant attitude among his
 native tribes, and thus commenced the famous oration
 to the Venetian Senate.

"Most potent sir reverences!
 My very good massas! dat I take away
 Old buckra man him daughter,
 It all true, true, no lie was;
 Den she marry, I make her my chumchum,
 Dat all I do, cause I do no more was!"

The manager could listen no longer. "Well, sir,
 if *Othello* did harangue in that fashion, he might well

say—"Rude am I in speech!" "Oh! the more angel he, and you the blacker devil!" You may be gone, fellow, for much as the public like novelty, they never could endure your abominable chumchum; and the greatest favour you can do me, is to make your exit as fast as possible." *Othello* having followed the manager's advice, was very speedily succeeded by the French gentleman, whose ambition was to enact *Richard, Duke of Glo'ster*. "Aha! sare, je suis, I am come to surprise you—I shall astonish the town, ma foi!—De play has never been personée—it was never performé, as I shall perform it—Mais, vous êtes silent—to all dis you say nothing!"

"Then I will say that I shall be extremely happy to have a specimen, Monsieur!"

"Ecoutez-vous, sbut your mout, listen, and you shall hear—I speak wid your tongue en perfection, je parle Inglish just like un Inglishman. Aha, sare, je commence wid de beginning. *Richard* enter solo, all alone by himself! He speake de grande soliloque, attendez moi, look at me

"———Now is de winter of our uneasiness
Made into summer by York little boy,
Dat is, vat you call, de son of York!
And de dark cloud, which stick at top
Of de house, is in de bottom of de sea,
Dead and buried! But as for me, aha!
I have de hump on my back, I have
De bandy leg, I am unfashionable, and
For all dis—de dog he bark bow wow at me
As I walk by him!

"Monsieur, sare, dat is suffisant, I hope—dat is quite enough."

"Quite enough, sir, and as I fear the audience would think it a great deal too much, I must now bid you good morning!"

SINGULAR CHARITY.

A Russian countess being persecuted by her creditors for debt, on the porter's acquainting her excellency that the poorer class attended at the gate; she ordered the servant to throw out a bag of copper money among them, and while they were scrambling for it to let loose a bear at them.

BENEFIT OF WIGS.

At a peruke-maker's on the London-road, there was formerly a sign, with Absalom hanging on a tree, and David lamenting over him; underneath were these lines:

*Oh! Absalom, my son, my son,
If thou hadst worn a wig
Thou hadst not been undone.*

PHISIOGNOMY OF A FUN-LOVER

A head full charged for fun exhibits a comical half-foolish face; what a great many upon the stage can put on, and what a great many people not upon the stage can't put off. The owner always laughs at what he says himself, and he imagines a man of wit must always be upon the broad grin; and whenever he is in company he is always teasing some one to be merry, saying, *Now you, Muster what do you call 'em? do say something to make us all laugh; come do be comical a little.* But if there is no other person will speak, he will threaten to tell you a story, *make you die with laughing*, and he will assure you *it is the most bestest and most commicallest story that ever you heard in all your born days*; and always interlards his narration with, *So as I was saying, says I, and so as he was a saying, says he; says he to me, and I to him, and he to me again; did ever you hear any thing more comical in all your born days?* But after he has concluded his narration, not finding any person even to smile at what he says, struck with the disappointment, he puts on a sad face himself, and looking round upon the company, he says, *It was a good story when I heard it too: why then, so, and so, and so, that's all, thank all, gentlemen.*

A QUAKER ANSWERED.

Aminadab, with phyz demure,
Knocked at Mr. Owen's door;
With widen'd mouth and lengthen'd chin
He asked, "Is friend O——n within?"
Now John, who dearly lov'd a joke;
In tone, like that the Quaker spoke,
With bow most reverently low,
As drawingly, replied "N——o."

CALEB CALLOUT'S ANNOTATIONS ON SHAKESPEARE.

I went to the playhouse as other folks do,
 And I heard and I saw such a hubbub, baboo :
 There was fighting, and screeching—but this here my
 song
 Shall tell you the story—the short and the long—
 It was Richard the Third that I saw, you must know,
 But O dear ! it was such a tragical show—
 They stuck men and poor babes—but Richmond so
 tall,
 Stuck Dicky, who died and said nothing at all.
 The next play I seed, O dear and O lack !
 Where's a man called Othello, like sweepers was
 black,
 And he had a wife that was fair as a rose ;
 But wanting one morning to blow his black nose,
 Asked his dear for a wiper—which she told him was
 lost,
 Which so greatly this sooty-like general crost,
 That he took up a pillow, and swore it should fall
 On her head—and for a woman she said little at all.
 At the Merchant of Venice I stared with amaze,
 Where a black-bearded Jew a nation sight pays
 For one pound of flesh—nor could he once rest
 Till he cut a rump-steak from another man's breast.
 Then Macbeth so fine, spurred on by his wife,
 Ticked up an old king with the end of a knife,
 Then some bags told his fate, in a sort of a bawl,
 When trees marched like men—he'd say nothing at
 all.
 Then Hamlet I saw, the next heir to a crown,
 Who came to a lady with stockings half down ;
 He walked with a ghost, and he jumped in a grave,
 And he fought, killed, and died, most woundily brave.
 Then Juliet and Romeo I saw by the moon,
 Who made love in the morning, and married at noon ;
 She shamm'd dead—her husband for poison made
 call—
 He found her awake—they kissed—and said nothing
 at all.

ON A WIFE.

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket ;
 But dead as a door nail : God be thanked.

MR. CURRAN AND THE PEASANT.

Mr. Curran, in some way or other, generally contrived to throw witnesses off their centre, and he took care they seldom should recover it. " My lard—my lard"—vociferated a peasant witness, writhing under this mental excruciation—" My lard—my lard,——I can't answer yon little gentleman, *he's putting me in such a doldrum.*"—" A doldrum ! Mr. Curran, what does he mean by a doldrum ?" exclaimed Lord Avonmore. " O ! my lord, its a very common complaint with persons of this description—its merely *a confusion of the head arising from a corruption of the heart.*"

WHICH ROAD ?

All you that stop this stone to see,
 Pray mark my steps and follow me.

Underwritten on the Tombstone.

To follow you I'm not content,
 Unless I knew the road you went.

TWO OF A TRADE.

A physician being summoned to a vestry, to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct, that the latter indignantly replied, " Sir ! I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as *I have covered so many blunders of yours !*"

A MERRY MAN.

A merrier man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal :
 His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
 For every object that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged years play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

CLARET MATCH.

When Mr. Rigby was in Ireland, he was challenged by a nobleman to a match at drinking claret, for twenty guineas. Mr. Rigby at first declined it; but finding the Irishman triumph in his unwillingness to engage, he was at last provoked to accept it. Two dozen of claret were introduced; the first dozen went off well, but upon entering on the second, the nobleman's tongue began to falter, and he fell under the table. Mr. Rigby called up the landlord, had the peer put to bed, and then finished the remainder of the liquor with his host. Next day, meeting his antagonist, his lordship acknowledged he had lost, and was going to pay the twenty guineas. "No, my lord," said Rigby, "it was two to one against you; and you know the odds in liquor always lose, where the bubble is not barred."

THE PETITION OF L.

In 1759, Dr. Hill wrote a pamphlet, "To David Garrick, Esq. the Petition of I, in behalf of herself and sisters." The purport of it was to charge Mr. Garrick with mispronouncing some words including the letter I; as firm for firn, vurtue for virtue, and others; on which occasion Garrick wrote the following epigram.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, and I hope for the better,
May the just right of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen!
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

PREVENTIVE OF JEALOUSY.

A beautiful young lady having called out an ugly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension, and believing that she was in love with him, in a very pressing manner desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company. "Because, sir," replied the lady, "my husband commanded me to select such a partner as should not give him cause for jealousy."

KNIGHTS OF THE SCREW.

Composed by Mr. Curran, on his installation as Grand Prior of the Order.

When Saint Patrick our order created,
And called us the Monks of the Screw,
Good rules he revealed to our Abbot,
To guide us in what we should do.

But first he replenished his fountain
With liquor the best in the sky,
And he swore by the word of his saintship,
That fountain should never run dry.

My children, be chaste till you're tempted—
While sober, be wise and discreet—
And humble your bodies with fasting,
Whene'er you've got nothing to eat.

Then be not a glass in the convent,
Except on a festival, found—
And this rule to enforce, I ordain it
A festival—all the year round.

THE BACHELOR'S RECANTATION.

This can be no trick: the conference was *sally* borne. — They have the truth of this. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud. Happy are they that bear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me.—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor so great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage:—but doth not the appetite alter! A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and

these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

ON THREE WIVES.

Though marriage by most folks
Be reckoned a curse,
Three wives I did marry,
For better or worse.
The first for her person,
The next for her purse—
The third for a warming-pan,
Doctress, and nurse.

METHODIST SERMON.

The floor of the world is filthy, the mud of Mammon eats up all your upper-leathers, and we are all become sad souls. Brethren, the word brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all breathe therein; if you are drowzy I'll rouse you, I'll beat a tattoo upon the parchment case of your conscience, and I'll whisk the Devil like a whirligig among you. Now let me ask you a question seriously: Did you ever see any body eat any hasty-pudding? What faces they make when it scalds their mouths, phoo, phoo, phoo; what faces will you all make when old Nick ticks you? Now unto a bowl of punch I compare matrimony; there's the sweet part of it, which is the honey-moon; then there's the largest part of it, that's the most insipid that comes after, and that's the water; then there's the strong spirits, that's the husband's; then there's the sour spirit, that's the wife. But you don't mind me, no more than a dead horse does a pair of spectacles, if you did, the sweet words which I utter would be like a treacle posset to your palates. Do you know how many tailors make a man? Why nine.—How many half a man? Why four journey-men and an apprentice. So have ye all been bound prentices to Madam Faddle, the fashion-maker; ye have served your times out, and now you set up for yourselves. My bowels and my small guts groan for you; as the cat on the house-top is caterwauling, so from

the top of my voice will I be bawling,—put—put some money in the plate, then your abomination shall be scalded off like bristles from the hog's back, and ye shall be scalped of them all as easily as I pull off my periwig.

ENGLISH SIR-LOIN.

The sirloin of beef is said to owe its name to King Charles the Second, who dining upon a loin of beef, and being particularly pleased with it, asked the name of the joint. On being told, he said, "For its merit then I will knight it, and henceforth it shall be called Sir-Loin."

In a ballad of "The new Sir John Barleycorn," this circumstance is thus mentioned:

"Our Second Charles of fame facete,
On loin of beef did dine;
He held his sword, pleas'd, o'er the meat,
Arise, thou fam'd Sir-Loin."

In another ballad, "The Gates of Calais," it is thus noticed:

"Renown'd Sir-Loin, oft-times decreed,
The theme of English ballad;
On thee our kings oft deign to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate;
Then, how much doth thy taste exceed
Soup maigre, frogs, and salad!"

MAN IN LOVE.

Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content: to relish a lovesong, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A,B,C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;* to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.† You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

* Under a regimen.

† Allhallowmas.

LAMENTATIONS OF AN OLD SHOE.

Thro' all my days, I've sore been press'd,
 And trampled under feet ;
 Stranger alike to joy and rest,
 Or liberty so sweet !
 At length I'm gone, and quite decay'd,
 And nought can me condole ;
 For he, whose power and wisdom made
 Me—cannot save my sole.

A SHORT LIFE AND A MERRY ONE.

In 1813, a sailor, who had just returned from India, with more money than he well knew what to do with, took up his residence at a public house in Chelsea, and spent his time and his money in the following manner. He walked out before breakfast in the morning, and the first persons he met of the labouring class, both men and women, he hired for the day. He then brought them to the house, and first paying them their wages, ordered each a couple of glasses of shrub and brandy, by way of a whet for breakfast, which consisted of hot rolls, toast, bread and butter, tea, coffee, eggs, beef-steaks, and brandy. The remainder of the day, till dinner, he kept them singing, dancing, drinking, &c.

At one o'clock, the sailor had dinner served up, which consisted of good roast beef, boiled legs of mutton, plumb pudding, and porter ; and after dinner, there was plenty of port wine, and other liquors. The wine was brought by a dozen bottles at a time. This social tar never hired the same persons to be merry a second day, but had a fresh party every morning ; and his company, each day, was limited to twelve persons, besides the musician.

SINGULAR INTERMARRIAGE.

Mr. Hardwood had two daughters by his first wife, the eldest of whom was married to John Coshick : this Coshick had a daughter by his first wife whom old Hardwood married, and by her had a son : therefore John Coshick's second wife could say,
 My father is my son, and I'm my mother's mother ;
 My sister is my daughter, and I'm grandmother to my brother.

NO GRUMBLING.—A TALE.

An odd whim once possessed a country squire, that he would not hire any servant whatever, until ten pounds should be deposited between the master and servant, and the first that grumbled at any thing was to forfeit the money. Being in want of a coachman, not one round the country would venture to go after the place, but at length one Thomas Winterbourn, being acquainted with the oddity of the squire's whim, resolved to accept of the place, and, on application, was admitted into the family.

Thomas was greatly surprised, after living there about two months, that nothing was allowed him for breakfast, dinner, or supper, but bread and cheese and small beer ; being heartily tired of this kind of fare, he applied to the cook, "Cookee," says Thomas, "is it the standing rule of this family, to feed their servants on nothing but bread and cheese?" "What!" says the cook, "do you grumble?" "No, no, by no means, cookee," replied Thomas, being fearful of forfeiting the money; but recollecting his master's park was stocked with fine deer, he took a musket, and shot a fawn, skinned it, and brought it to the cook. "Here, cookee," said Thomas, "take and roast this fawn for me immediately, for I have an acquaintance or two to come down from London to pay me a visit." The cook seemed to object to it, having some meat to dress directly for her master. "What!" says Thomas, "cookee, do you grumble?" "No," replied the cook ; so the fawn was roasted.—The appointed time arrived that the master ordered dinner, and no sign of any coming to his table, occasioned him to ring the bell, to know the reason of it; the cook acquainted the squire with Thomas's proceedings, who, in a great hurry, bolted down stairs into the kitchen, where he found Thomas very busy in basting the fawn. "How got you that fawn?" said the squire.—"Shot it," replied Thomas.—"Where?" asked the squire.—"In your park," replied Thomas.—"By whose orders?" quoth the squire.—"Do you grumble?" says Thomas.—"No, Thomas," said the squire, and retired.—He immediately wrote a letter to a gentleman who lived near six miles from the house, and ordered that

Thomas should carry it immediately. Poor Thomas was obliged to comply, though with a sorrowful heart to leave the fawn. After his departure, the squire ordered the fawn, when dressed, to be brought to his table, which was done accordingly. On Thomas's return, he found himself tricked out of the fawn; and instead of it, to his mortification, bread and cheese and small beer, his old diet.—A little while after, the squire gave orders to Thomas to get his carriage, together with the horses and harness, well cleaned. Thomas obeyed the order, and on the road from the stable to the squire's house, he met a man with a small sand-cart, drawn by two fine jack-asses. Thomas insisted upon an exchange, the horses for the asses, which being obtained, he cut all his master's fine harness to fit these Arabian ponies, as he styled them. Matters being completed, he drove boldly up to the squire's, and knocked at the gate; the porter perceiving the droll figure his master's equipage cut, burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.—Shortly after the squire came, and seeing his carriage so beautifully adorned with cattle, was struck with astonishment. "Why, what the devil," quoth the squire, "have you got harnessed to my carriage?" "I will tell you," said Thomas. "As I was driving from your stables to the gate, I met a fellow driving a sand cart drawn by these two fine Arabian ponies, and knowing you to be fond of good cattle, I gave your horses for these two fine creatures; they draw well, and are an ornament to your carriage." "D—n their ears and ornaments too," said the squire, "why the fellow's mad!"—"What!" cries Thomas, "do you grumble?"—"Grumble!" quoth the squire, "by G—d, I think it's high time to grumble: the next thing, I suppose, my carriage is to be given away for a sand cart."—On Thomas's procuring the horses again, he paid him his wages and forfeit money, being heartily tired of the oddity of his whim, and declared that Thomas, the London coachman, was the drollest dog he ever met with.

THE DELUGE.

Sir Thomas Browne hearing a person oppugn the scriptural deluge, replied—"That there was a deluge

once, seems not to me so great a miracle, as that there is not one always."

AMENDE HONOURABLE.

From a Lincoln Mercury for February, 1806.

Whereas I Benjamin Birch,
Of Boston town (and near the church,)
At Stamford market, o'er the bowl,
Got drunk and slandered neighbour Cole:
For which he hath, to my vexation,
By law compelled this declaration:
That I, without just cause or reason,
Made use of words as bad as treason,
I therefore do his pardon ask,
A most unpleasant, painful task;
But as I own I was to blame,
Why *dang* it then I'll sign my name.

Boston, Jan. 7, 1806.

B. Birch.

A SEASONABLE HINT.

Dean Cowper of Durham, who was very economical of his wine, descanting one day on the extraordinary performance of a man who was blind, he remarked, that the poor fellow could see no more than "that bottle." "I do not wonder at it at all, sir," replied Mr. Drake, a minor canon, "for *we* have seen no more than "that bottle," all the afternoon."

THE TAILOR'S DREAM.

At Hippocrene's fount I would fain take a sip
Of wit from the clear-flowing stream,
To sing of a luckless descendant from Snip,
Who fell ill, and was mournful ashen with the pip,
Because of an ominous dream.
He dream'd that the angel, who pilfering watches,
Expos'd a large cloth to his view,
And, as he show'd this collection of patches,
Compos'd of the pieces he'd cribb'd by small snatches,
That he beat him black, yellow, and blue.
Poor Snip, though asleep, with Stentorian might,
'Gan to bellow and hideously roar;
And awoke from his dream in a terrible fright,
Devoutly determin'd, from that very night,
He'd be honest, and ne'er cabbage more.

But attached to his trade, like a thorough-patched varlet,

He soon found a reason to cheat—

For an officer ordering a new suit of scarlet,

"In the patch-work I saw, there was none," cried the varlet,

"So I'll crib some to make it complete."

LATE HOURS.

"Mr. Pitt," said the duchess of Gordon, "I wish you to dine with me at ten this evening." "I must decline the honour," said the premier, "for I am engaged to sup with the bishop of Lincoln at nine."

FATE OF GENIUS.

Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves ;

Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves ;

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes ;

Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra, boves.

Thus birds for others build the downy nest ;

Thus sheep for others bear the fleecy vest ;

Thus bees collect for others honeyed food ;

Thus ploughs the patient ox for others' good.

FAULKNER AND DEAN SWIFT.

When Faulkner returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of Swift's works, he went to pay his respects to the dean, dressed in a laced waistcoat, bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him as a perfect stranger.

"Pray, sir, what are your commands with me?"—

"I thought it my duty to wait on you immediately after my arrival from London." "Pray, sir, who are you?"—"George Faulkner, the printer."

"You George Faulkner, the printer! Why, you are the most impudent, barefaced impostor I ever heard of.

Faulkner is a sober, sedate citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get about your business, and thank your stars I do not send you to the house of correction."

Poor George hobbled away as fast as he could, and, having changed his dress, returned immediately to the deanery. Swift, on his return, went up and shook him by the hand with the utmost cordiality. "My good friend,

George, I am heartily glad to see you safe returned.

Here was an impudent fellow in a laced waistcoat, who would fain have passed for you : but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear."

FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.

A fellow having been adjudged, on a conviction of perjury, to lose his ears ; when the executioner came to put the sentence of the law in force, he found that he had been already cropped. The hangman seemed a little surprised. "What," said the criminal, with all the *sang froid* imaginable, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears every time you are pleased to crop me?"

BEGONE DULL CARE,

Come fill the bowl!—oh! fill it up—

Shun schoolmen's lore to night :

The well, Truth dwells in, is the cup

That sparkles ruby-bright.

Count not the minutes as they pass,

Nor at old Time repine ;

But shake the sands from out his glass,

And fill it up with wine.

A POETICAL NIGHT.

Piron, the celebrated satirist, and Gallet and Collé, two congenial spirits, after spending an evening of great hilarity at the house of a lady, celebrated for her *bel esprit*, took their departure together, and on foot. On reaching the corner of La Rue du Harlay, Piron proposed to take leave of his companions, as his way hence lay by the Fauxbourg St. Germain, while theirs lay in the opposite directions of the Quartier St. Eustache. The two friends, however, would not hear of parting ; they pressed to be allowed to escort Piron to his own door, expatiated on the danger which a solitary individual, at such an hour of the night, was in, of being way-laid by robbers ; and enforced their representations, by a thousand stories of unfortunate persons, pillaged and murdered. Piron was not to be frightened ; he persisted in going alone, and, as an excuse for his obstinacy, pretended that he had a piece of verse in his head, which he wished to compose by the way. "But you forget," observed

his friends, "that poets don't go in such noble suits of velvet as that you have on; the first rogue you meet, deceived by appearances, will take you for a financier at least, and will attack and kill you for the sake of your clothes and money. How melancholy to hear to-morrow that—" "Ah! gentlemen," interrupted Piron, briskly, "it is my clothes then that you wish to escort, and not me. Why did not you say so sooner?" In the twinkling of an eye, off went coat and doublet, and throwing them to Gallet and Collé, he bolted from them with the rapidity of lightning. After a moment lost in surprise at this fantastic proceeding, the two friends ran after him, calling out to him, "for God's sake to stop," that "he would catch his death of cold." Piron, however, paid no regard to their entreaties, and being a good runner, was soon so much a head, that they began to think of giving up the pursuit; when, to their astonishment, they beheld Piron returning on his steps, accompanied by a party of police. "Ah!" exclaimed the sergeant of the party, to whom Piron had told a wonderful story of his being stripped and robbed, "there are the villains: see, they have the clothes in their hands." "Yes, yes," said Piron, "the very men." The guard instantly laid hold of them, restored to Piron his clothes, and told the astonished friends, that they must go before the commissary, to answer for the robbery. Gallet wished to explain, very seriously, how the matter stood, but the sergeant would not listen to him. Collé, who entered more into the humour of the scene, being ordered to deliver up a sword which he wore, thus parodied the words of the earl of Essex, in the tragedy of that name, as he surrendered his weapon into their hands:

"Prenez,

*Vous avez dans vos mains ce que toute la terre
A vu plus d'une fois terrible à l'Angleterre.
Marchons; quelque douleur que j'en puisse sentir,
Vous-voulez votre perte, il faut y consentir."*

The whole party now proceeded towards the house of the commissary of the district. Piron, who was at full liberty, walked by the side of the sergeant, whom he questioned very comically by the way, as to what

would be done with the two robbers? The sergeant, with unaffected gravity, replied, that at the very least they would be hung, though ~~ever~~ might happen to them. After amusing himself in this strain for some time, Piron, afraid of pushing the adventure too far, changed his tone, represented the whole affair as a mere frolic, and claimed the two prisoners as two of his best friends. "Ah! ah!" exclaimed the sergeant, "you are a fine fellow truly; now that you have got your clothes back, the robbers are honest people, and your best friends. No, sir, you must not think to dupe us in this way." The party had now reached the house of the commissary, who was in bed, but had left his clerk to officiate for him. The sergeant began to make his report of the affair to this commissary-substitute, but was so often interrupted by the pleasantries of Piron, that he could not get through with it. Piron then addressing the clerk described, in its true colours, the midnight adventure of himself and friends; but the clerk proved as slow of belief as the sergeant; treated the whole story as a fiction, and the narrator as an impostor. Taking up his pen, he prepared to go into an examination of the matter, with all the formality required in the gravest proceedings, and ordered Piron to answer distinctly the questions he would put to him.

Piron. "As you please, monsieur, only make despatch; I will assist, if you like, to put the process-verbal into verses."

Clerk. "Come, sir, none of your nonsense, let us proceed. What is your name?"

P. "Piron; at your service."

C. "What is your occupation?"

P. "I make verses."

C. "Verses! what are verses? Ah! you are making game of me."

P. "No, sir; I do make verses; and to prove it to you, I will instantly make some on yourself, either for or against you, as you please."

C. "I have already told you, sir, that I will have none of this verbiage; if you persist, you shall have cause to repent it."

The clerk now turned to Gallet, and having ob-

tained his name, thus proceeded to interrogate him :

C. "What is *your* profession ? what do *you* do ?"

G. "I make songs, sir."

C. "Ah ! I see how it is, you are all in a plot ; I must call up the commissary. He will show you what it is to make a mockery of justice."

G. "O, pray, sir, do not disturb the repose of M. Commissary ; allow him to sleep on ; you are so much awake, that, without flattery, you are worth a dozen commissaries. I mock not justice, believe me ; I am indeed a maker of songs ; and you, a man of taste, must yourself have by heart the last which I wrote, and which has been for a month past the admiration of all Paris. Ah, sir, need I repeat,

'Daphnis m'amait,
Le disait,
Si joliment,
Qu'il me plaisait.
Infiniment !'

"You see, sir, that I do not impose upon you. I am really a sonneteer ; and what is more, sir, (making a profound reverence to the clerk,) a dealer in spiceries, at your service, in the Rue de la Truanderie."

Scarcely had Gallet finished, when Collé began :

"I wish," said he, "to save you the trouble of asking questions. My name is Charles Collé, I live in the Rue du Jour, parish of St. Eustache ; my business is to do nothing ; but when the couplets of my friend here (pointing to Gallet) are good, I sing them."

Collé then sung, by way of example, the following smart anacreontic :

Avoir dans sa cave profonde
Vin excellent, en quantité ;
Faire l'amour, boire à la ronde,
Est la seule félicité,
Il n'est point de vrais biens au monde,
Sans vin, sans amour, sans gaieté."

"And," continued Collé, "when my other friend here (pointing to Piron) makes good verses, I declaim them ;" to illustrate which, he, with equal feli-

city, repeated the following appropriate couplet from Piron's *Calisthenes* :

"J'ai tout dit, tout, seigneur ; cela doit vous suffire ;
Qu'on me mene à la mort, je n'ai plus rien à dire."

As he finished these words, Collé, with all the air of a genuine tragedy-hero, strutted towards the guard, bidding them "*lead on.*" So burlesque a conclusion to the examination, called forth a general burst of laughter. The clerk alone, far from laughing, grew pale with rage, and denouncing vengeance, ran to awake the commissary. "Ah, sir," exclaimed Piron, in a tone of raillery, "do not ruin us ; we are persons of family."

The commissary was in so profound a sleep, that some time passed before he made his appearance. Piron and his friends, however, did not suffer the action to cool ; but kept the guard in a constant roar of laughter with their drolleries. At length M. Commissary was announced. "What is all this noise about ?" demanded he, gruffly. "Who are you, sir ?" addressing himself to Piron ; "your name ?" "Piron." "What are you ?" "A poet." "A poet ?" - "Yes, sir, a poet, the most noble and sublime of all professions. Alas ! where can you have lived all your days, that you have not heard of the poet Piron ? I think nothing of your clerk being ignorant of my name and quality ; but what a scandal for a great public officer, like you M. Commissary, not to know the great Piron, author of *Fils Ingrats*, so justly applauded by all Paris ; and of *Calisthenes*, so unjustly damned, as I have shown to the public by some verses, which prove it to a demonstration."

Piron would have gone on farther in his gasconading strain, but the commissary interrupted him, by pleasantly observing,

"You speak of plays, M. Piron ; don't you know that Lafosse is my brother ; that he writes excellent ones, and that he is the author of *Mandins* ? Ah, sir, there is a man of great genius." "I believe it, sir," replied Piron, "for I too have a brother who is a great fool, although he is a priest, and *although I write tragedies.*"

The commissary either felt not the smart of this repartee, or had the good sense to conceal it. After a few more inquiries, he saw into the real character of the affair, invited Piron to relate it at length, and (to the satisfaction of all present but his sagacious clerk) not only believed, but laughed most heartily at it. He then dismissed the three friends, not with a rebuke, but with a polite invitation to dine with him at his house on the day following. "Ah! my friends," exclaimed Piron, as he left the office, "nothing more is wanting to my glory; I have made even the alguazils laugh."

EPITAPH ON DOLLY'S CHARMS.

Within this tomb a lover lies,
Who fell an early sacrifice
To Dolly's unrelenting eyes:
For Dolly's charms poor Damon burn'd—
Disdain the cruel maid return'd:
But, as she danc'd in May-day pride,
Dolly fell down, and Dolly died;
And now she lies by Damon's side.
Be not hard-hearted then, ye fair!
Of Dolly's hapless fate beware!
For sure you'd better go to bed
To one alive, than one who's dead!

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A physician calling one day on a gentleman who had been severely afflicted with the gout, found, to his surprise, the disease gone, and the patient relying in his recovery over a bottle of wine. "Come along, doctor," exclaimed the valetudinarian, "you're just in time to taste this bottle of Madeira; it is the first of a pipe that has just been broached." "Ah!" replied the doctor, "these pipes of Madeira will never do; they are the cause of all your suffering." "Well, then," rejoined the gay incurable, "fill up your glass, and now that we have found out *the cause*, the sooner we get rid of it the better."

BIGAMY AND TRIGAMY.

A woman brought an action against her husband for bigamy, which was set aside by her proving a trigamy. He had married three wives, and she was the second.

NICE MEASUREMENT.

An idler who had more wit than money, went to an inn in Smithfield, during a market day, and seeing a country farmer with a tankard of mulled wine before him, entered into conversation with him, and after enumerating several extraordinary things he could do, said, he could drink the exact quantity of a wine glass from the full tankard, and neither more nor less; the farmer expressed some doubts, when, to prove it, the fellow said, "I do not like to lay heavy wagers, but I will just bet you a penny I do it." The farmer agreed; when the stranger took the tankard, and drinking the whole off at a draught, turned to the farmer, and said, "I own, sir, I have lost, there is my penny."

JOHNSONIAN MAXIMS.

It has been said of Dr. Johnson, by his biographer, that many a day did he fast, many a year did he abstain from wine; but when he eat, it was voraciously; when he drank, it was copiously. The doctor, however, was not insensible to the pleasures of the table, or the relative effect of liquors, which he thus fixed; claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes. Mr. Burke, on hearing the doctor thus apportion liquors, said, "Then let me have claret, I love to be a boy, to have the careless gaiety of boyish days." "I should drink claret too," replied Johnson, "if it would give me that; but it does not; it neither makes boys men, nor men boys. You and I would be drowned in claret, before it would have any effect on us."

LOQUACITY.

The abbé Raynal and the abbé Galignani, who were both incessant talkers, were invited to the house of a mutual friend, who wished to amuse himself by bringing them together. Galignani, who began the conversation, engrossed it so thoroughly, and talked with such volubility, that Raynal could not find the least opening to introduce a word; but turning to his friend, said in a low voice, "*S'il crache, il est perdu.*"

ALL IN ONE STORY.

One day, behind my lady's back,
 My lord attack'd her maid,
 And stole a kiss, which she repaid,
 And gave him smack for smack.
 Pert with such freedoms, "Pray," (said she)
 "Who kisses with the greatest glee?
 Is it my lady, is it I?"—
 "'Tis you no doubt," he made reply.
 "Why, in good faith, it must be true,"
 Resum'd the wanton dame;
 "For Tom, and John, and chaplain too,
 All say the very same."

DROPPING THE KING.

At one of the literary entertainments of Frederick the Great, in order to promote free conversation, he reminded the circle that there was no monarch present, and that every one might think aloud. The conversation soon turned upon the faults of different governments and rulers, and general censures were passing from mouth to mouth, with that freedom which such hints were calculated, and apparently intended to inspire. But Frederick suddenly put a stop to the topic, by saying, "Peace, peace, gentlemen, have a care, the king is coming; it may be as well if he does not hear you, lest he should be obliged to be still worse than you."

GENIUS DEFINED.

A wit being asked what the word *genius* meant, replied, "If you had it in you, you would not ask the question; but as you have not, you will never know what it means."

NO ALTERNATIVE.

A porter passing near Temple-bar, with a load on his shoulders, having unintentionally jostled by a man who was going that way, the fellow gave the porter a violent box on the ear, upon which a gentleman passing exclaimed, "Why, my friend, will you take that?" "Take it," replied the porter, rubbing his cheek, "don't you see he has given it me."

CARDS AND CHESS.

Cards were invented about the year 1390, to divert the melancholy of Charles VI. of France, the few classes of whose subjects were intended to be represented by the four suits. By the *cœurs* (hearts) were signified the *gens de chœur*, choir-men or ecclesiastics; the pike heads or ends of lances, which we ignorantly term spades, typified the nobles or military part of the nation; the *carreaux*, (square stones or tiles,) by us designated diamonds, figured the citizens and tradesmen; the trefoil, (our clubs,) alludes to the husbandmen and peasants; and the court cards have all their appropriate significations. Thus, if a king of France had not been attacked with blue devils four hundred years ago, how would all the intermediate dowagers, and old maids, and nabobs, and hypochondriacs, and whist-players, have contrived to shuffle and cut away time? What must have become of Bath, and of the long winter evenings, from the days of ombre and piquet down to the present reign of short whist and écarté? The city must have been swallowed up in a mouth-quake of yawns, and the inhabitants have all perished of ennui. Chess is another recreation, or rather a study, which also owes its origin to courts, having been devised for one of the brothers to the sun and uncles to the moon of China, who could not be brought to understand any thing of political economy until these hieroglyphics were placed before him, and all the various estates of his empire, together with their attributes and privileges, were shadowed forth in the figures and powers of these wooden representatives. We have not availed ourselves of an expedient devised for one of the young French princes, who being too indolent or stupid to acquire his alphabet by the ordinary process, twenty-four servants were placed in attendance upon him, with each a huge letter painted upon his stomach; and as he knew not their names, he was obliged to call them by their letter whenever he had occasion for their services, which in due time gave him the requisite degree of literature for the exercise of the royal functions.

THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

Part the First.

Henry, our royall king, would ride a hunting
 To the greene forest so pleasant and faire ;
 To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping ;
 Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repair ;
 Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
 For the game, in the same, with good regard.
 All a long summers day rode the king pleasantlye,
 With all his princes and nobles eche one ;
 Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
 Till the dark evening forc'd all to turne home.
 Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
 All the lords in the wood, late in the night.
 Wandring thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
 With a rude miller he mett at the last :
 Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham ;
 Sir, quoth the miller, I mean not to jest,
 Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,
 You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.
 Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our king
 merrily,
 Passing thy judgment on me so brieft ?
 Good faith, sayd the miller, I meane not to flatter
 thee ;
 I guess thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe ;
 Stand thee backe, in the darke ; light not adowne,
 Lest I presently cracke thy knave's crowne.
 Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying
 thus ;
 I am a gentleman ; lodging I lacke.
 Thou hast not, quoth th' miller, one great in thy purse ;
 All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe ;
 I have gold to discharge all that I call,
 If it be forty pence, I will pay all.
 If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,
 I swear by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night.
 Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.
 Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou may'st be a sprite.
 Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake,
 With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the miller's house,
 Where they were seething of puddings and souse ;
 The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king ;
 Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.
 Now, quoth he, let me see here what you are.
 Quoth our king, look your fill, and do not spare.
 I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face ;
 With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.
 Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth ;
 Yet its best, husband, to deal warilye.
 Art thou no run-away ? prythee, youth, tell ;
 Shew me thy passport, and all shall be well.
 Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,
 With his hatt in hand, thus he did say ;
 I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
 But a poor courtier, rode out of my way :
 And for your kindness here offered to mee,
 I will requite you in everye degree.
 Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,
 Saying, It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
 Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners ;
 To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.
 Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace,
 When he doth speake to his betters in place.
 Well quo' the millers wife, young man, ye're welcome
 here ;
 And, though I say it, well lodged shall be :
 Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so brave,
 And good brown hempen sheetes likewise, quoth
 shee,
 Aye, quoth the good man ; and when that is done,
 Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.
 Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,
 Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose ?
 Or, art thou not troubled with the scabbado ?
 I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those ?
 Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby ? quoth he ;
 If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee.
 This caus'd the king suddenlye to laugh most heartilye,
 Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.
 Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
 With hot bag-puddings and good apple-pyes ;

Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,
Which did about the board merrily trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I drinke to thee,
And to all cuckolds, wherever they bee.
I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee
heartilye

For my good welcome in every degree.
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.
A faire ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye.
Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste:
Here's dainty lightfoote! In faith, sayd the king,
I never before eate so dainty a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no dainty at all it is,
For we doe eat of it everye day.
In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to
this?

We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our king's deer
Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.
Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that:
Never are wee without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed and excellent fat:
But, pr'ythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;
We would not for twopence the king should it knowe.
Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promised secresye;
The king shall never know more on't for me.
A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,
And to their bedds they past presentlie.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers cott, soone they espy'd him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire steede;
To whom they came presently, falling down on their
knee;

Which made the miller's heart wofully bleede:
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed:
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the king would have cut off his head:
But he his kind courtesy for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

Part the Second.

When as our royall king home from Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Westminster lay;
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
In this late progress along on the way;
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.
And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determin'd,
Against St. George's next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller our new confirmed knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest:
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire.
When as the noble lords saw the king's pleasantness
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts;
A pursuivante there was sent straight on the business,
The which had often-times been in those parts,
When he came to the place where they did dwell,
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.
God save your worshippe, then said the messenger,
And grant your ladye her owne heart's desire;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happiness;
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. George's day;
Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.
I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest;
What should we do there? faith, I am halfe afraid.
I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the least.
Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.
Then sayd the miller, By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,
For these happy tydings, which thou dost tell.

Let me see, heare thou mee ; tell to our king,
We'll wayt on his mastershipp in everye thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitie,
And, making many leggs, tooke their reward ;
And his leave taking with great humilitie,
To the king's court againe he repair'd ;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knight's most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say,
Here comes expences and charges indeed ;
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we
have ;

For of new garments we have great need :
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more,
Tush, Sir John, quoth his wife, why should you frett
or frown ?

You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee ;
For I will turn and trim up my old russet gowne,
With every thing else as fine as may bee :
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannells as we shall provide.

In this most statelie sort rode they unto the court ;
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all,
Who set up, for good hap, a cock's feather in his cap ;
And so they jettted downe to the king's hall :
The merry old miller with hands on his side :
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine ;
Welcome, sir knight, quoth he, with your gay lady :
Good sir John Cockle, once welcome againe :
And so is the squire of courage soe free.

Quoth Dicke, A bots on you ! do you know me ?
Quoth our king gentlie, How should I forget thee ?

That wast my own bed-fellowe, well it I wot.
Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot,
Thou whore-son unhappy knave, then quoth the
knight,
Speak cleanly to our king, or else go sh*t*.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand ;
With the court-dames and maids, like to the queen of
spades,

The miller's wife did soe orderly stand,
A milk maid's courtesye at every word ;
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majesty,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight ;
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight :
Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer ;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire :
But then said our king, now I think of a thing,
Some of your lightfoot I would we had here.
Ho ! ho ! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to cate, and then to betray it.

What art thou angrie ? quoth our king merrilye ;
In faith, I take it now very unkind :
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine
heartily.

Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have din'd :
You feed us with twatling dishes soe small ;
Zounds, a black pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our kyng, that were a daintye
thing.

Could a man get but one here for to eat.
With that Dick strait arose, and plucked one from
his hose,
Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away :
'Tis meat for your master : good sir, you must
stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent,
And then the ladyes prepared to dance :
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard incontinent,
Unto their places the king did advance :
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thanks for their paines did the king give them,
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed ;
Among these ladies free, tell me which liketh thee ?

Quoth be, Jugg Grumball, sir, with the red head :
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed ;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then Sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him,

And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-seer ;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound
yearlye ;

Take heed now you steal no more of my deer :
And once a quarter let's here have your view ,
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

DEFINITION OF LAW.

Law is—law,—Law is—law, and as in such and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired.—Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad, when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it ; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

HUMANE JURYMAN.

" Look at the juryman in the blue coat," said one of the Old Bailey court to Justice Nares ; " do you see him ? " " Yes," " Well, we shall not have a single conviction to day for any capital offence." The observation was verified. The juryman was Mr. Phillips of St. Paul's church-yard, afterwards sheriff ; and during his shrievalty no execution took place.

TOO LATE.

An appointment was made with an astronomer, to be at his observatory, there to see an eclipse. The good company, considering celestial and terrestrial engagements in the same light, attended the philosopher, and, after chatting some time, at last recollected their business, and begged to see the eclipse. I am

sorry, says the doctor, that I could not prevail on the sun and moon to wait for you,—the eclipse was ended long before your arrival.

EPILOGUE TO A WOMAN KILL'D WITH KINDNESS.

An honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine :
The drawer brought it (smiling like a cherry)
And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine.
Taste it, quoth one : he did ; Oh, fie ! (quoth he)
This wine was good ; now't turns too near the lee,
Another sipp'd, to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest, it drank too flat :
The third said, it was old ; the fourth too new ;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not.
Thus, gentlemen, you see how in one hour
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.
Unto this wine do we allude our play :
Which some will judge too trivial, some too grave:
You, as our guests, we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse us, then ; good wine may be disgrac'd,
When every several mouth hath sundry taste.

GARRICK AT LAW.

The following *jeu d'esprit*, from the pen of David Garrick, was sent by him to Mr. Counsellor Hotchkin, at a time when Garrick was involved in a lawsuit respecting the possession of a house at Hampton.

David Garrick to Mr. Hotchkin, his counsellor and friend.

On your care must depend the success of my suit,
The possession I mean of the house in dispute ;
Remember, my friend, an attorney's my foe,
And the worst of his tribe, tho' the best are so so ;
In law, as in life, I well know 'tis a rule,
That the knave should be ever too hard for the fool ;
To this rule one exception your client implores,
That the fool may for once kick the knave out of doors.

THE TABLES TURNED.

A very respectable gentleman once appeared at Westminster Hall, to justify bail. The counsel de-

terminated to be very witty upon him, opened upon him in the following extraordinary manner :

" Pray, sir, is there not a certain lady who lives with you ?"

" Yes, sir, there is."

" Oh, there is ; and I suppose, if the truth were known, that lady has been very expensive to you ?"

" Yes, sir, that lady has been very expensive to me."

" And I suppose you have had children by that lady, and they too have cost you a good deal of money ?"

" Yes, they have."

" And yet you have come here to justify bail to a large amount !"

The counsel thought he had now done enough to prevent the confidence of the court being placed in the gentleman ; when the latter raising his voice, indignantly said, " It is true, Mr. Counsellor, that there is a lady lives with me, but that lady is my wife ; we have been married these fifteen years, and have children ; and whoever has a wife and children will find them expensive."

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Courtship is a fine bowling-green turf, all galloping round, and sweet-hearting, a sunshine holiday in summer time. But when once through matrimony's turnpike, the weather becomes wintry, and some husbands are seized with a cold aguish fit, to which the faculty gives the name of indifference. Courtship is matrimony's running footman, but seldom stays to see the stocking thrown ; it is too often carried away by the two grand preservatives of matrimonial friendship, *delicacy* and *gratitude*. There is also another distemper very mortal to the honey-moon, 'tis what the ladies sometimes are seized with, and the college of physicians call it *sullenness*. This distemper generally arises from some ill-conditioned speech, with which the lady has been hurt ; who then, leaning on her elbow upon the breakfast table, her cheek resting upon the palm of her hand, her eyes fixed earnestly upon the fire, her feet beating tat-too

time ;—the husband in the mean while biting his lips, pulling down his ruffles, stamping about the room, and looking at his lady like the devil. At last he abruptly demands of her, " What's the matter with you, madam ?" The lady mildly replies—" Nothing." " What is it you do mean, madam ?"—" Nothing." " What would you make me, madam ?"—" Nothing." " What is it I have done to you, madam ?"—" O—h—nothing." And this quarrel arose as they sat at breakfast : the lady very innocently observed, " She believed the tea was made with Thames water." The husband in mere contradiction insisted upon it that the tea-kettle was filled out of the New River.

NINE PINS.

The late Earl of Lonsdale was so extensive a proprietor and patron of boroughs, that he returned nine members every parliament, who were facetiously called, " Lord Lonsdale's nine pins." One of the members thus designated having made a very extravagant speech in the House of Commons, was answered by Mr. Burke in a vein of the happiest sarcasm, which elicited from the House loud and continued cheers. Mr. Fox entering the House just as Mr. Burke was sitting down, inquired of Sheridan what the House was cheering ? " O, nothing of consequence," replied Sheridan, " only Burke has knocked down one of Lord Lonsdale's nine pins."

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

Written on the Cross of St. Paul's.

The man that pays his pence, and goes

Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,

Looks over London's naked nose,

Women and men :

The world is all beneath his ken,

He sits above the *ball*.

He seems on Mount Olympus' top,

Among the Gods, by Jupiter ! and lets drop

His eyes from the empyreal clouds

On mortal crowds.

Seen from these skies,

How small those emmets in our eyes !

Some carry little sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun :

Dear ! what a hustle
And bustle !

And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.

Oh ! what are men ?—Beings so small,
That should I fall

Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust !

And what is life ! and all its ages—
There's seven stages !

Turnham Green ! Chelsea ! Putney ! Fulham !
Brentford ! and Kew !

And Tooting too !

And oh ! what very little nags to pull 'em.

Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em,
Although like Cinderella's breed,

They're mice at bottom.

Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross !
Since he would be as near the sky,
——Fourteen hands high.

What is this world with London in its lap ?
Mogg's Map.

The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad
channel ?

A *tidy* kennel.

The bridges stretching from its banks ?
Stone planks.

Ah me ! hence I could read an admonition
To mad Ambition !

But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross and *ball*.

PURITY OF ELECTION.

The day of election is madman's holiday, 'tis the
golden day of liberty which every voter, on that day,
takes to market, and is his own salesman ; for man
at that time being considered as a mere machine, is

acted upon as machines are, and to make his wheels
move properly, he is properly greased in the fist.
Every freeholder enjoys his portion of septennial
insanity ; he'll eat and drink with every body without
paying for it, because he's bold and free ; then he'll
knock down every body who won't say as he says, to
prove his abhorrence of arbitrary power, and preserve
the liberty of Old England for ever, huzza !

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In good king Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,

A zealous high-church man I was,
And so I got preferment :

To teach my flock I never miss'd,

Kings are by God appointed,

And damn'd are those that do resist,

Or touch the Lord's anointed.

And this is law I will maintain

Until my dying day, sir,

That whatsoever king shall reign,

I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the crown,

And popery came in fashion,

The penal laws I hooted down,

And read the Declaration :

The church of Rome I found would fit

Full well my constitution ;

And had become a Jesuit,

But for the Revolution.

And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,

To ease the nation's grievance ;

With this new wind about I steer'd,

And swore to him allegiance :

Old principles I did revoke,

Set conscience at a distance ;

Passive obedience was a joke,

A jest was non-resistance.

And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen,

The church of England's glory,

Another face of things was seen,

And I became a tory.

Occasional conformists base,
 I damn'd their moderation ;
 And thought the church in danger was
 By such prevarication.
 And this is law, &c.

When Geotge in pudding time came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big, sir ;
 I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
 And so became a whig, sir ;
 And thus preferment I procur'd
 From our new faith's defender ;
 And almost every day abjur'd
 The pope and the pretender.
 And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious House of Hanover,
 And Protestant succession ;
 To these I do allegiance swear—
 While they can keep possession :
 For in my faith and loyalty,
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful king shall be—
 Until the times do alter.
 And this is law I will maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

NIGRO SERMON, PREACHED BY SAM QUACO, A BLACK
 CLERGYMAN, NATIVE OF JAMAICA.

A man dat born ob a woman hab long time to lib,
 he trouble ebery day too much ; he grow up like a
 plantin, he cut down like a bannana. Pose a man do
 good, he get good ; pose de man do bad, he get bad.
 Pose he do good, he go to da place call him Glolio,
 where Goramity tan upon a top, and debble on a bot-
 tom ; pose he do bad, he go to da place call him Hell,
 where he mot burn like a pepper cod ; he call for
 drink a wara, nobody give him drop a wara to
 cool him dam tongue. Tan, breren, you know one
 man, dey call he Sampson, he kill twenty tousand
 Fillestans with the jaw bone jackmorass. Tan you
 know tora man, call Jonass, he swallow whale ; he
 magin hell ob a fellow for fish ; and tora man, he call

him King George, he lib at tora side wara, he hab
 ting on he head, call him crown, and a grand ting,
 all sam com basket ; so breren, Goramity bless you
 all.—AMEN.

PROLOGUE TO TYRANNIC LOVE.

*Spoken by Nell Gwyn, when she was to be carried off
 dead by the Bearers*

To the Bearer.

Hold ! are you mad, you d—d confounded dog ?
 I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

To the Audience.

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye ;
 I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
 Sweet ladies, be not frighted, I'll be civil :
 I'm what I was, a little harmless devil ;
 For after death, we sprites have just such natures
 We had, for all the world, when human creatures :
 And therefore I, that was an actress here,
 Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
 Gallants, look to't ; you say there are no sprites ;
 But I'll come dance about your beds at nights ;
 And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
 When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
 To tell you true, I walk, because I die
 Out of my calling, in a tragedy.
 Oh poet, d—d dull poet ! who could prove
 So senseless to make Nelly die for love ?
 Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
 Of Easter-term, in tart and cheesecake time !
 I'll fit the fop ; for I'll not one word say,
 T' excuse his godly, out-of-fashion play ;
 A play which if you dare but twice sit out,
 You'll all be slander'd and be thought devout.
 But farewell, gentlemen ; make haste to me ;
 I'm sure ere long to have your company.
 As for my epitaph, when I am gone,
 I'll trust no poet, but will write my own :

Here Nelly lies, who, tho' she liv'd a slattern ;
 Yet died a princess, acting in St. Cath'rine.†

DRYDEN.

* Her real character.

† The character she represented in the play.

JONAS, THE JEW CONJUROR.

Among the many characters that have played upon the passions of the public, *Jonas*, or the card-playing conjuring Jew, cut a figure in his way. He could make matadores with a snap of his fingers, command the four aces with a whistle, and get odd tricks—but there are a great many people in London, besides this man, famous for playing odd tricks, and yet no conjurors neither. This man would have made a great figure in the law, as he was so dexterous a conveyancer. But the law is a profession that does not want any jugglers. Nor do we need any longer to load our heads with the weight of learning, or pore for years over arts and sciences, when a few months practice with pasteboard pages can make any man's fortune, without his understanding a single letter of the alphabet, provided he can but slip the cards, snap his fingers, and utter the unintelligible jargon of *presto, passon, largo, mento, cocolorum, yaw*, like this *Jonas*.—The moment he comes into company and takes up a pack of cards, he begins—"I am no common slight of hand man; the common slight of hand men they turn the things up their sleeves, and make you believe their fingers deceive your eyes.—Now, sir, you shall draw one card, two cards, three cards, four cards, five cards, half a dozen cards, you look at the card at this side, you look at the card at that side, and I say blow the blast; the blast is blown, the card is flown, yaw, yaw; and now, sir, I will do it once more over again, to see whether my fingers can once more deceive your eyes; I'll give any man ten thousand pounds if he does the like.—You look at the card of this side, you look at the card on that side, when I say blow the blast, the blast is blown, the card is flown, yaw, yaw;" but this conjuror at length discovering that most practitioners on cards, now-a-days, know as many tricks as himself, and finding his *slights of hand* turned to little or no account, now practises on *notes of hand* by discount, and is to be found every morning at twelve in Duke's-place, up to his knuckles in dirt, and at two at the Bank coffee-house, up to his elbows in money, where these locusts of society, over a dish of

coffee and the book of interest, supply the temporary wants of necessitous men, and are sure to out-wit'en had they even the cunning of a——Fox.

MISERIES OF MATRIMONY

What, what is Marriage! Harris, Priscian, Assist me with a definition.

"Oh!" cries a charming silly fool, Emerging from her boarding school, "Marriage is—love, without disguises, It is a—something that arises From raptures and from stolen glances, To be the end of all romances; Vows—quarrels—moonshine—babes—but hush! I must not have you see me blush."

"Pshaw!" says a modern modish wife, "Marriage is splendour, fashion, life; A house in town, and villa shady; Balls, diamond bracelets, and 'My Lady!' Then for Finale, angry words, 'Some people's'—'obstinates,'—'absurds!' And peevish hearts and silly heads, And oaths, and 'bêtes,' and separate beds."

An aged bachelor, whose life Has just been "*sweeten'd*" with a wife, Tells out the latent grievance thus: "Marriage is—odd! for one of us 'Tis worse a mile than rope or tree, Hemlock, or sword, or slavery; An end at once to all our ways, Dismission to the one-horse chaise; Adieu to Sunday can and pig, Adieu to wine, and whist, and wig; Our friends turn out—our wives are clapt in, 'Tis 'exit Crony,'—'enter Captain.' Then hurry in a thousand thorns, Quarrels and compliments—and horns! This is the yoke,—and I must wear it; Marriage is—Hell, or something near it."

"Why, Marriage," says an Exquisite Sick from the supper of last night, "Marriage is—after one by me! I promised Tom to ride at three,—

Marriage is—Gad! I'm rather late!
 La Fleur, my stays,—and chocolate!
 D—n the Champagne!—so plaguy sour,
 It gives the headach in an hour;
 Marriage is—*really* though, 'twas hard
 To lose a thousand on a card;
 Sink the old Duchess!—three revokes!
 Gad! I must sell the Abbey oaks;
 Mary has lost a thousand more;
 Marriage is—Gad! a cursed bore!"

Hymen, who hears the blockheads groan,
 Rises indignant from his throne,
 And mocks their self-reviling tears,
 And whispers thus in Folly's ears!—
 "Oh! frivolous of heart and head!
 If strifes infest your nuptial bed,
 Not Hymen's hand, but Guilt and Sin,
 Fashion, and Folly, force them in;
 If on your couch is seated Care,
 I did not bring the scoffer there;
 If Hymen's torch is feebler grown,
 The hand that quench'd it was your own;
 And what I am, unthinking elves!
 Ye all have made me for yourselves!"

HAVE PATIENCE.

A simple countryman, who had in his person all the health and vigour which a rustic life affords, and about the age of thirty-two, having, three years before married an honest maid, of whom he always appeared doatingly fond, was attending her corpse at the grave with many heavy sighs and floods of tears. At the end of the funeral-service, as they began to fill the grave with the earth, he wrung his hands, tore his hair, and was ready to throw himself into the grave upon the coffin, vehemently exclaiming that he should not survive her.—It happened that a buxom maid of the same parish, whose name was *Patience*, was standing by, and on whom the honest countryman at times had cast a wistful look, who seeing him so agitated, and grieving so much for the loss of his wife, with great concern said to him, "John, John, *have Patience*."—The honest countryman turning

round, and seeing who it was that spoke to him, in a fit of ecstasy replied, "Egad, so I will, to-morrow, if thou wilt have me."

PROLOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT,

Like hungry guests a sitting audience looks:
 Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks:
 The founders you: the table is the place:
 The carvers we: the prologue is the grace:
 Each act a course; each scene a different dish:
 Tho' we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh,
 Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and rough;
 Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof.
 Wit, is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true,
 Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.
 Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,
 Are butcher's meat; a battle's a sirloin:
 Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft, and chaste,
 Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.
 Bawdy's fat venison, which, tho' stale, can please:
 Your rakes love *haut-gouts*, like your d—d French
 cheese.

Your rarity, for the fair guest to gape on,
 Is your nice squeaker, or Italian capon;
 Or your French virgin-pullet, garnish'd round,
 And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred pound.
 An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age;
 Farce is the hasty-pudding of the stage;
 For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,
 You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.
 A pastoral's whipt cream; stage whims, mere trash;
 And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh.
 But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer;
 This night, we hope, you'll an Inconstant bear:
 Wild fowl is lik'd in playhouse all the year.

Yet since each mind betrays a different taste,
 And every dish scarce pleases ev'ry guest,
 If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.
 This favour crav'd, up let the music strike:
 You're welcome all—Now fall too where you like.

FARQUHAR.

RECOVERY OF A SPENDTHRIFT.

A nobleman whose son was a hard drinker, and had been cutting down all the trees upon his estate, in-

quired of Charles Townshend, who had just returned from a visit to him, "Well Charles, how does my graceless dog of a son go on?" "Why, I should think, my lord," said Charles, "he is on *the recovery*, as I left him *drinking the woods*."

LEARNED APOTHECARY.

In an Act of Parliament made in 1815, entitled "An Act for the better regulating the practice of Apothecaries," there is a very salutary clause, which enacts, "that from and after the first day of August, 1815, it shall not be lawful for any person (except persons already in practice as such) to practise as an apothecary in any part of England or Wales, unless he or they shall have been examined by the Court of Examiners of the Apothecaries' Company, and shall have received a certificate as such."

The first conviction under this Act took place at the Staffordshire Lent Assizes of 1819, before Sir William Garrow, when the Apothecaries' Company brought an action against a man of the name of Warburton, for having practised as an apothecary without being duly qualified. The defendant it appeared was the son of a man who in the early part of his life had been a gardener, but afterwards set up as a cow leech. The facts were stated by Mr. Dauncey for the prosecution, and supported by evidence.

Mr. Jervis, for the defence, called the father of the defendant, Arnold Warburton, to prove that he had practised as an apothecary before the passing of the Act.

Cross-examined by Mr. Dauncey.

Mr. Dauncey. Mr. Warburton, have you always been a surgeon?

Witness appealed to the judge whether this was a *proper answer*.

The Judge. I have not heard any answer; Mr. Dauncey has put a question.

Witness. Must I answer it?

Judge. Yes: why do you object?

Witness. I don't think it a *proper answer*.

Judge. I presume you mean question, and I differ from you in opinion.

The witness not answering, Mr. Dauncey repeated—Have you always been a surgeon?

Witness. I am a *surjent*.

Dauncey. Can you spell the word you have mentioned?

Witness. My lord, is that a fair answer?

Judge. I think it a fair question.

Witness. "S y u r g u n t."

Mr. Dauncey. I am unfortunately hard of hearing; have the goodness to repeat what you have said, sir.

Witness. "S u r g e n d."

Mr. Dauncey. S—, what did you say next to S, sir?

Witness. "S y u r g u n d."

Mr. Dauncey. Very well, sir, I am perfectly satisfied.

Judge. As I take down the word *sur*—, please to favour me with it once more.

Witness. "S u r g u n t."

Judge. How, sir?

Witness. "S e r g u r d."

Judge. Very well.

Mr. Dauncey. Sir, have you always been what you say? that word, I mean, which you have just spelt? (A long pause.)

Mr. Dauncey. I am afraid, sir, you do not often take so much time to study the cases which come before you, as you do to answer my question—"I do not, sir." "Well, sir, will you please to answer it?" (A long pause, but no reply.)—"Well, what were you originally, Doctor Warburton?"

Witness. "S y u r g e n d."—When you first took to business, what was that business? Were you a gardener, Doctor Warburton?"—"S u r g e n t."—"I do not ask you to spell that word again; but before you were of that profession, what were you?"—"S e r g u n t."

Mr. Dauncey. My lord, I fear I have thrown a *spell* over this poor man, which he cannot get rid of.

Judge. Attend, witness; you are now to answer the questions put to you. You need not spell that word any more.

Mr. Dauncey. When were you a gardener?

Witness. I never was.—The witness then stated,

that he never employed himself in gardening ; he first was a farmer, his father was a farmer. He (witness) ceased to be a farmer fifteen or sixteen years ago ; he ceased because he had then learnt that business which he now is. " Who did you learn it of ?"—" Is that a proper question, my lord ?" " I see no objection to it."—" Then I will answer it ; I learnt of Dr. Hulme, my brother-in-law ; he practised the same as the Whitworth doctors, and they were regular physicians.

Mr. Dauncey. Where did they take their degrees ?

Witness. I don't believe they ever took a degree.—" Then were they regular physicians ?"—" No ! I believe they were not, they were only doctors."—" Only doctors ; were they doctors in law, physic, or divinity ?"—" They doctored cows, and other things, and humans as well." " Doubtless, *as well* : and you, I doubt not, have doctored brute animals *as well* as human creatures ?"—" I have."

Judge to Witness. " Did you ever make up any medicine by the prescription of a physician ?"—" I never did." " Do you understand the characters they use for ounces, scruples, and drachms ?"—" I do not." " Then you cannot make up their prescriptions from reading them ?"—" I cannot, but I can make up as good medicines in my way, as they can in theirs." " What proportion does an ounce bear to a pound ?"—[A pause]—" There are 16 ounces to the pound, but we do not go by any regular weight, we mix ours by the hand." " Do you bleed ?"—" Yes." " With a fleam or with a lancet ?"—" With a lancet." " Do you bleed from the vein or from the artery ?"—" From the vein." " There is an artery somewhere about the temples ; what is the name of that artery ?"—" I do not pretend to have as much learning as some have." " Can you tell me the name of that artery ?"

" I do not know which you mean." " Suppose, then, I was to direct you to bleed my servant or my horse (which God forbid) in a vein, say for instance in the jugular vein, where should you bleed him ?"—" In the neck, to be sure."

THE PLEASURES OF BRIGHTON.

A new Song by the Civic Visitants.

Here's fine Mrs. Hoggins from Aldgate,
Miss Dobson and Deputy Dump,
Mr. Spriggins has left Norton-Falgate,
And so has Sir Christopher Crump.
From Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and Wapping,
Miss Potts, Mr. Grub, Mrs. Keats,
In the waters of Brighton are popping,
Or killing their time in its streets.
And it's O ! what will become of us ?
Dear ! the vapours and blue-
Devils will seize upon some of us
If we have nothing to do.

This here, ma'am, is Sally, my daughter,
Whose shoulder has taken a start,
And they tell me, a dip in salt water
Will soon make it straight as a dart :—
Mr. Banter assured Mrs. Mumps,
(But he's always a playing his fun,)
That the camel that bathes with two humps,
Very often comes out with but one.
And it's O ! &c.

And here is my little boy Jacky,
Whose godfather gave me a hint,
That by salt-water baths in a crack he
Would cure his unfortunate squint.
Mr. Yellowly's looking but poorly,
It isn't the jaundice, I hope ;
Wou'd you recommend bathing ? O surely,
And let him take—plenty of soap.
And it's O ! &c.

Your children torment you to jog 'em
On doukeys that stand in a row,
But the more you belabour and flog 'em,
The more the cross creatures won't go.
'T'other day, ma'am, I thump'd and I cried,
And my darling, roar'd louder than me,
But the beast wouldn't budge till the tide
Had bedraggled me up to the knee !
And it's O ! &c.

* * * *

We have pored on the sea till we're weary,
 And lounged up and down on the shore
 Till we find all its gaiety dreary,
 And taking our pleasure a bore.
 There's nothing so charming as Brighton,
 We cry as we're scampering down;
 But we look with still greater delight on
 The day that we go back to town.
 For it's O! what will become of us?
 Dear! the vapours and blue-
 Devils will seize upon some of us
 If we have nothing to do.

SAINT PETER AND THE BLACKSMITH.

In Roman Catholic countries it was a very ancient custom for the preacher to divert his congregation in due season with what is termed an Eastern tale, which was received by the auditors with peals of Eastern laughter. During Lent the good people had mortified themselves and prayed so much, that they began to be discontented and ill tempered; so that the clergy deemed it necessary to make a little fun from the pulpit for them, and thus give as it were the first impulse towards the revival of mirth and cheerfulness. This practice lasted till the seventeenth century. The following is by the Rev. Father Attansy.

Our Lord was journeying with St. Peter and had passed through many countries. One day he came to a place where there was no inn, and entered the house of a blacksmith. This man had a wife who paid the utmost respect to the strangers, and treated them with the best that her house would afford. When they were about to depart, our Lord and St. Peter wished her all that was good, and heaven beside. Said the woman: "Ah! if I do but go to heaven, I care for nothing else." "Doubt not," said St. Peter, "for it would be contrary to scripture if thou shouldst not go. Open thy mouth. Did I not say so? Why, thou canst not be sent to hell, where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth—for thou hast not a tooth left in thy head. Thou art safe enough; be of good cheer." Who was so overjoyed as the good woman? Without

doubt she took another cup on the strength of this assurance.

But our Lord was desirous to testify his thanks to the man also, and promised to grant him four wishes. "Well," said the smith, "I am heartily obliged to you, and wish, that if any one climbs up the pear-tree behind my house, he may not be able to get down again without my leave." This grieved St. Peter not a little, for he thought that the smith ought rather to have wished for the kingdom of heaven. But our Lord, with his wonted kindness, granted his petition. The smith's next wish was that if any one sat down upon his anvil, he might not be able to rise without his permission: and the third, that if any one crept into his old flue, he might not get out without his consent.

St. Peter said, "Friend smith, beware what thou dost. These are all wishes that can bring thee no advantage. Be wise, and let the remaining one be for everlasting life with the blest in heaven." The smith was not to be put out of his way, and thus proceeded; "My fourth wish is, that my green cap may belong to me for ever; and that whenever I sit down upon it no power or force may be able to drive me away."

Thereupon our Lord went his way with St. Peter, and the smith lived some years longer with his old woman. At the end of this time, grim death appeared, and summoned him to the other world. "Stop a moment," said the smith; "let me just put on a clean shirt, meanwhile you may pick some of the pears on yonder tree." Death climbed up the tree, but he could not get down again; he was forced to submit to the smith's terms, a respite for twenty years, before he returned.

When the twenty years were expired, he again appeared and commanded him, in the name of the Lord and St. Peter, to go along with him. "I knew St. Peter too," said the smith; "sit down a little on my anvil, for thou must be tired; I will just drink a cup to cheer me, and take leave of my old woman, and be with thee presently." But death could not rise again from his seat, and was obliged to promise the smith another delay of twenty years.

When these had elapsed, old Satan came, and would fain have dragged the smith away by force.

"Halloo, fellow!" said the latter, "that won't do. I have other letters and whiter than thou with thy black *carta bianca*. But if thou art such a conjurer as to imagine that thou hast any power over me, let me see if thou canst get into this old rusty flue." No sooner said than the old one slipped into the flue. The smith and his men put the flue into the fire, then carried it to the anvil, and hammered away at the old one most unmercifully. He howled, and begged, and prayed; and at last promised that he would have nothing to do with the smith if he would but let him depart.

At length the smith's guardian-angel made his appearance. The business was now serious. He was obliged to go. The angel conducted him to torment. Satan, whom he had so terribly belaboured, was just then attending the gate; he looked out at the little window, but quickly shut it again, and would have nothing to do with the smith. The angel then conducted him to the gate of heaven. St. Peter refused to admit him. "Let me just peep in," said the smith, "that I may see how it looks there." No sooner was the wicket opened than the smith threw in his cap and said: "Thou knowest it is my property, I must go and fetch it."—Then slipping past, he clapped himself down upon it and said: "Now I am sitting on my own property; I should like to see who dares drive me away from it." Thus the smith got into heaven at last.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

Rousseau makes this distinction between tragedy and comedy. In comedy, the plot turns on marriage; in tragedy, it turns on murder. The whole intrigue, in the one and the other, turns on this grand event; will they marry? will they not marry? will they murder? will they not murder? There will be a marriage; there will be murder; and this forms act the first. There will be no marriage; there will be no murder; and this gives birth to act the second. A new mode of marrying and of murdering is prepared for the third act. A new difficulty impedes the marriage or the murder, which the fourth act discusses. At last, the marriage and the murder are effected for the benefit of the last act.

ON THE LATE LORD ELLENBOROUGH TERMING ADULTERY A VENIAL OFFENCE.

When Mrs. Pot behav'd amiss,
And ask'd poor Joseph for a kiss,
Fearing the snare of vice,
He held his passions in command,
He left his garment in her hand,
And mov'd off in a trice.
Said he (which some will think but odd)
"I cannot sin against my God,
My conscience, and my friend."
The virtuous youth felt honour's tie
Uniting with firm piety,
Which truth must still commend.
But had he listen'd to our bench,
He would have gratified the wench,
Who made such kind advances:
Venial the sin, and none the shame,
So very willing was the dame,
And such the *circumstances*.

BEQUEATHING THE AGUE.

A farmer, in a parish not far from Liverpool, had been sorely afflicted with the ague for between two and three years; it was sometimes quotidian, sometimes tertian, and for a long time together quartan. This lingering strange disorder had, in short, reduced this poor man to a perfect skeleton; his spirits were exhausted, and nature seemed to be quite worn out; he expected nothing but death; yet as he was, when in health, a jocose merry man, he thought he would appear jocular in his will, which his friends advised him to make. After bequeathing some small legacies, he says, "*Item*, I give and bequeath these plaguy ague fits to Mr. —, the parson of the parish." Whether it was by making this bequest that the fits left him, our readers are at liberty to guess; but leave him they did, and the next day seized upon the poor parson, and handled him severely. The parson, on being told that his neighbour J—— had bequeathed them to him in his will, was so much exasperated that he would not speak to the poor man for some years after.

THE WIFE.

Does fortune smile, how grateful must it prove,
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love !
Or does she frown, the fair, with softening art,
Will soothe our woes or bear a willing part.

WYCHERLEY'S PLAIN DEALING.

Wycherley being at Tunbridge for the benefit of his health, was walking one day on the Wells Walk with his friend, Mr. Fairbeard, of Gray's Inn, and just as he came up to a bookseller's shop, the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came to a bookseller's, and inquired for the "Plain Dealer." "Madam," said Mr. Fairbeard, "since you are for the 'Plain Dealer,' there he is for you, pushing Wycherley towards her. "Yes," says Wycherley, "this lady can bear plain dealing; for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be compliment said to others, would be plain dealing spoken to her." "No, truly, sir," said the countess, "I am not without my faults, any more than the rest of my sex; and yet I love plain dealing, and am never more fond of it, than when it tells me of them." "Then, Madam," says Mr. Fairbeard, "you and the Plain Dealer seem designed by Heaven for each other." In short, Wycherley walked with the countess, waited upon her home, visited her daily while she was at Tunbridge, and afterwards, in London; where, in a little time, a marriage was concluded between them.

SECRECY.

Kiss me again ! there's no one near !
"Nay, nay, you'll kiss and tell, I fear ;"
Well, kiss me, dear, until I die,
You're sure, then, of my secrecy.

FLESH AND BONE.

Nay, woman is not the soft sex, my dear Fan,
Or why is her heart hard as stone ?
Pray tell me, was Eve form'd of flesh, like the man ?
No, no, she was form'd of the bone.

ORIGIN OF CLUBS.

Undoubtedly the owners of ale-houses and taverns must live ; and really it appears that they and their

families do live exceedingly well out of the congregation of social souls, who meet together, from time to time, at noon and at even, to celebrate the orgies of Bacchus, in companies, perhaps to keep one another in countenance ; and when we consider what sums are annually expended in the metropolis, whereby the cares of life are temporarily drowned by deep potations, it becomes a question whether the system of going to clubs, among people of mediocrity is not worthy of some attention. We all know very well that the revenues flourish wonderfully through this good fellowship of malt-and-spirit-drinking citizens, and that they have friendly societies to boot, where, under the pretence of laying by a shilling a week, to help them to be buried comfortably, they spend another shilling on the back of it.

In the year 1745, was published "Ned Ward's complete and humorous Account of all the remarkable Clubs and Societies in the Cities of London and Westminster, from the Royal Society down to the Lumber Troop, &c." It is dedicated "To that laciferous and sublime Lunatic, the Emperor of the Moon ; Governor of the Tides ; Corrector of Female Constitutions ; Cornuted Metropolitan of all revolving Cities, and Principal Director of those Churches most subject to Mutation." He then, after giving a dissertation on Clubs in general, describes the Clubs of his day ; viz.—the Virtuoso's Club—the Knights of the Order of the Golden Fleece—the No-nose Club—the Man-killing or (Duelling) Club—of the Surly Club—the Atheistical Club—Club of Ugly Faces—the Split-farthing Club—the Club of Broken Shopkeepers—the Man Hunter's Club—the Yorkshire Club—the Beau's Club—the Wrangling or Hustle-farthing Club—the Quack's Club, or the Physical Society—the Weekly Dancing Club—the Bird Fancier's Club—the Lying Club—the Beggar's Club—the Chatterwit Club—the Florist's Club—Bob Wenden's Cellar Club—the Molly's Club—Sam Soot's Smoking Club—the Market Women's Club—the Thieves' Club—the Small Coal Man's Music Club—the Kit-kat Club—the Beef Steak Club, &c. &c.

The Virtuoso's Club.—Part of the notable inven-

tions of this club were the conveying of Hampstead air into the city of London, by subterraneous pipes, for the benefit of all sickly families. To make seawater fresh—to bring fowls to be cheaper than butcher's meat—a nuptial calendar exactly calculated for the meridian of London, wherein a married man may look at any time, and see how often he has been cornuted; to which is added a very useful table, by which he may discover the who, how, where, and the when. The new art of cookery, by that excellent contrivance of a potato kitchen, called by some a *digestor*, and by others a *dogstarver*; by the use of which a man may stew a leg of beef at a half-penny charge, till the flesh is dissolved into strong broth, and the bones became as soft as butter'd apple pie. This society were so philosophical, that if a member who smoked a pipe could not give a reason for the blueness of the smoke, he would undoubtedly be expelled.

The No-Nose Club.—This club was established by a merry gentleman, who, having steered an improper course in the straits of pleasure, and having observed in his walks that several others had unluckily fallen into the Egyptian fashion of flat faces, pleased himself by collecting together all these imperfect vizards into one noseless and snuffling society. It was rather aptly observed by one of the society, that if by chance they should fall together by the ears, they would fight long enough before they'd have bloody noses; and when they had a young pig for dinner, the snout was always cut off, by way of compliment, by the cook.

The Man-killing Club.—This was a club of duellists and bravoës, and none were admitted that had not killed their man. It is needless to say they were all men of honour, and to prove it, their limbs and features were so lopped and scratched, that they looked like the Elgin marbles. Blood, wounds, bullets, and slaughter were the topics of their conversation. The Spectator says, "The president of this club was said to have killed half a dozen men in single combat; and as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side table for such as had only

drawn blood. This club, consisting only of *men of honour* however, did not continue long; most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution."

The Surly Club was established near Billingsgate to keep up the genuine vernacular—the vulgar tongue. Coachmen, watchmen, carmen, and such like, met like gentlemen once a week, to exercise in the art or mystery of fine language, that they might not be at a loss to abuse those whom they drove, &c. If any of these members had by mistake uttered a civil expression, or was suspected to be corrupted with good manners, he was looked upon as an effeminate coxcomb, who had sucked in too much of his mother's milk, and was most likely expelled. By this society was erected the bumping post at Billingsgate, to harden the latter ends of the members once a year, in order to prevent a cowardly fear of being kicked, by being thus used to it.

The Club of Ugly Faces.—This society consisted of those to whom nature had been exceedingly unkind. The first member had a nose of immense magnitude; the second a chin like and as long as a shoe-horn; the third, disfigured with a mouth like a gallon pot, when both the sides are nearly squeezed together; a fourth, with eyes like a tumbler, and one bigger than the other; a fifth, with a pair of convex cheeks, as if like Eolus, the god of the winds, he had stopped his breath for a time, to be the better able to discharge a hurricane; a sixth with as many wens and warts as there are knots and prickles upon an old thorn-back; a seventh, with a pair of skinny jaws that wrapped over in folds like the hide of a rhinoceros, and that with a tusk strutting beyond his lips, as if he had been begot by a man-tiger; a ninth, with a hare-lip that had drawn his mouth into several corners; the tenth, with a huge "Lauderdale" head, as big in circumference as the golden ball under St. Paul's cross, and a face so fiery, that the ruddy front of the orbicular lump which stood so elevated upon his lofty shoulders made it look like the flaming urn on the top of the monument, &c. &c. and such like, who might resemble barbers' blocks in expression.

These gentlemen seldom distinguished one another by their names, but generally saluted each other when they drank round, after the following manner, viz. 'Here, Nose, my service to you ;' 'Thank ye, Chin.' 'Here's to you, Blubber-lip ;' 'Your servant, Mr. Squint.' 'My love to you, neighbour Goggle ;' 'I am yours, neighbour Allmouth.' 'Here's towards you brother Thinjaws ;' 'I'll pledge you, brother Plump-cheeks.' None were admitted into this club who, by their general appearance, could not make a woman miscarry, or frighten children into fits. And it was proposed that every new member should, upon his inauguration, make a speech in favour of *Æsop*, whose portrait should hang over the chimney : and also that they should purchase the heads of *Thersites*, *Duns Scotus*, *Scarron*, (who compared his body to the letter Z,) and *Hudibras*, with all the celebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture for the club-room.

The Split-farthing Club was an assemblage of misers who met to consult how they might improve their riches, by punishing their bellies, and pinching others by usury. One would applaud the frugality of the former, who never wore any other clothes, than what was made of the wool that he picked off the hedges. Another would extol the prudence of the citizen who kept a load of faggots in his house, to warm his servants in cold weather, by handing them up stairs and down between the garret and the cellar. Thus went their conversation. Their dresses seemed to be made in the days of Robin Hood, and their stockings almost darned as much as the good housewife's hose in the library at Oxford, which has not enough left of the first knitting to show its original contexture. This society had such a starved appearance, that it was suspected there was not an ounce of fat among the whole.

The Female Intellectual Club.—In the year 1720 was published in 4to, "An Account of the Fair Intellectual Club in Edinburgh, in a Letter to an honourable Member of an Athenian Society there, by a young Lady, the Secretary of the Club !" There were sixteen rules and constitutions : the first ran thus : That we shall maintain a sincere and constant mutual

friendship, while we live ; and never directly nor indirectly reveal or make known, without consent of the whole club asked, and given, the names of the members or nature of the club. The fifth : that none shall be invited or admitted into our club before she be fifteen years of age nor after her twentieth year is expired.

Six o' Clock Club.—There was a club existing about sixty years since, with the name of Number Six. Dr. Brooks and Professor Porson were members. It consisted of six members, who met at six in the evening, and who never parted till six in the morning !

The Kit-Cat Club.—"This club," says Walpole, "generally mentioned as a set of wits, were in reality the patriots that saved Britain." Under the mask of conviviality, and the encouragement of the belles lettres, the place of rendezvous was at a pastry-cook's in Shire-lane, Temple Bar ; afterwards at Kit (Christopher) Cat got up in the world, at a tavern, in the Strand ; for a young lady to be toasted as the reigning beauty of the day at this club, was to set her up for life. Jacob Tonson the bookseller, who had principal share in the formation of it, was presented with all the portraits, and all painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Ned Ward describes it thus : "This ingenious society of Apollo's sons, who for many years have been the grand monopolizers of those scandalous commodities in this flighty age, viz. *Wit and Poetry*, had the first honour to be forwarded by an amiable mortal, chief merchant to the Muses, and, in their times of piracy, both bookseller and printer ; who having, many years since, conceived a wonderful kindness for one of the brethren of the greasy fraternity, then living at the end of Bell Court, in Gray's Inn Lane, where, finding out the knack of humouring his neighbour Bocai's (Jacob Tonson the bookseller) palate, had by his culinary qualifications highly advanced himself in the favours of his good friend, that through his advice and assistance he removed out of Gray's Inn Lane, to keep a pudding-pie-shop near the Fountain tavern in the Strand, encouraged by an assurance that Bocai and his friends would come every week, to storm the crusty walls of his gutton-pies, and make a consumption of his cus-

tards. About this time Bocai, who had always a sharp eye towards his own interest, having wriggled himself into the company of a parcel of poetical young sprigs, who had just weaned themselves of their mother university, and by their prolific parts and promising endowments had made themselves the favourites of the late bountiful Mæcenas, who had generously promised to be an indulgent father to the rhyming brotherhood, who had united themselves in friendship, but were as yet unprovided for; so that now, between their youth and the narrowness of their fortunes, Bocai had a fair prospect of feathering his nest by his new profitable chaps. Besides the happy acquaintance of those sons of Parnassus, it gave him a lucky opportunity of promoting the interest of his beloved engineer, so skilled in the fortifications of cheese-cakes, pies, and custards; so that Bocai, to gratiate himself with his new set of authors, invited them to a collection of oven-trumpery at his friend's house, where they were nobly entertained with as various a batch of pastry delicacies as ever were seen at the winding up of a Lord Mayor's feast, upon the day of his triumphs. There was not a mathematical figure in all "Euclid's Elements" but what was presented to the table in baked wares, whose cavities were filled with fine eatable varieties, fit for gods or poets; he procured the cook such a mighty reputation among his new rhyming customers, that they thought it a scandal to the Muses that so heavenly a banquet should go untagged with poetry, where the ornamental folds of a very luscious cheese-cake, and the artful walls of every olden custard, deserved to be immortalized: they could therefore scarcely demolish the embellished twining of a pigeon pie, without a distich; or break through the sundry tonics of a puff-paste apple tart, without a smart epigram upon the glorious occasion. The cook's name being Christopher, for brevity called *Ch*, and his sign being the Cat and Fiddle, thus was he derisively derived a quaint denomination from puss and her master, and from thence they called themselves the *Kit-Cat Club*. Bocai was resolved to venture at all the lab, giving little else but pies for poetry, well considering he had this advantage, that what the publisher

returned, his friend the pastry-cook took off his hands at a better price than the trunk-maker; so that the poetical fraternity had most of their pies bottomed with their own productions, which proved so considerable an advantage to all chance customers, that whoever came in for a twopenny tart was assured to have a pennyworth of wit, or at least poetry, given into the bargain, that when they had emptied the shell, they might have taught their children to read upon the bottom-crust as well as a horn-book.

The George's Club.—There was formerly a club called the *George's Club*, consisting of members whose Christian names were George, who used to meet at the sign of the George, and on St. George's day; and always swore, when they did swear, by George.

The Humdrum Club was entirely made up of gentlemen of very peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together to smoke their pipes and say nothing till midnight.—*The Mum Club* was of a similar nature, being as great enemies to noise, as inveterate smokers.

The Sighing Club consisted of certain gentlemen *inamoratos* getting together into a society, where they, being totally absorbed in the contemplation of their several mistresses, had full liberty to talk to themselves and sigh. Each of these had a bit of ribbon, a lock of hair, a netted purse, or a garter, which they mused over and addressed from time to time, as gifts or relics stolen from or received from their idols. He who was remarked to apostrophise the most passionately and loudly was elected president. No one was admitted without a poem in praise of his mistress. A member who did not sigh five times in a quarter of an hour was looked upon with suspicion; and a member giving a direct answer to a question, looked on as so absurd as to run the risk of expulsion: a complete absence of mind showed the best member. This distracted society always existed; but as the dulcineas relented, the old members made place for the new.

The Everlasting Club.—The *Everlasting Club* consisted of a hundred members, who divided the whole

twenty-four hours among them in such a manner, that the club sat day and night from one end of the year to another; no party presuming to rise till they were relieved by those who were in course to relieve them. By this means the Everlasting Club never wanted company; for though a member was not on duty himself, he was sure to find some who were; so that if he was disposed to take a whet or lunch, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he went to the club, and found a knot of friends to his mind. It was a maxim in this club, that the steward never dies; for, as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man was to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table till his successor is in reality able to fill it; insomuch that there has not been a *sede vacante* in the memory of man. This club was instituted about the time of the civil wars, and lasted till the great fire, which burnt them out and dispersed them for several weeks. The steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house, (which was demolished in order to stop the fire,) and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated orders from the club to withdraw himself. This steward was frequently talked of in the club, and looked upon as a far greater man than the famous captain, mentioned by Lord Clarendon, who was burnt in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said that towards the close of 1709, being the great year of jubilee, the club had it under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but, after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century.—It appears by their books in general, that since their first institution, they have smoked fifty tons of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand pipes of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and one kilderkin of *small beer*; also a great consumption of cards. A fire was constantly kept up to light their pipes. They had an old woman, in the nature of a vestal, whose business it was to cherish and perpetuate the fire from generation to generation.—*Spectator*.

The Smithfield Club was a very coarse and beefish fraternity. The object of the members of this club, and which had noblemen in the society, was to produce a beef-steak of two yards long, and a foot's width of fat encircling it, at Christmas; and by means of oil-cakes and other extraneous and superfine modes of feeding oxen and sheep, to render the said cattle as near the elephant standard as possible, insomuch that they were brought to the club in carriages, the only ride they had in their lives, like the malefactor of old to Tyburn.

The Four-in-hand Club was at first established by certain young noblemen and gentlemen of more cash than consequence. To ape the coachman was the *acmé* of their delight: they therefore squared their elbows, had a front tooth extracted to spit *secundum artem*, and dressed themselves with coats and dollar-sized buttons, and sixteen strings to their knees. Thus equipped and accomplished, they met in cavalcade, and the string of noble Jehus performed their journeys to Salt Hill and Bedfont, and all the way back again. It is needless to say that the horses were fine ones, that the carriages were elegant, and that the vehicle, being *empty*, was of a piece with the drivers of the Four-in-hand Club.

CONSOLATION FOR MANAGERS.

Handel's early oratorios were but thinly attended. That great composer would himself, however, often joke upon the emptiness of the house, which, he said, "would make de moosic sound all de petter."

WOODEN HEADS.

The phrase of wooden-heads is no longer paradoxical; some people fit up wooden studies, cabinet-makers become book-makers, and a man may show a parade of much reading, by only the assistance of a timber-merchant: a student in the Temple may be furnished with a collection of law books cut from a *whipping post*; Physical Dictionaries may be had in *Jesuits'-bark*; a Treatise upon Duels in *touch-wood*; the History of Opposition in *worm-wood*; Shakspeare's Works in cedar, his Commentators in *rotten-wood*; the Reviewers in *birch*, and the History of England in *heart of oak*.

STEEVENS.

FLYING COLOURS.

Two gentlemen were at a coffee-house, when the discourse falling upon Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting, one of them said, that his tints were admirable, but the colours *few*. Sir Joshua, who was in the next stall, took up his hat, and accosted them thus, with a low bow: "Gentlemen, I return you many thanks for bringing me off with *flying* colours."

STRADLING *versus* STILES.

Those who are of the law, and have not perused this cause, will find it eminently useful as a precedent; and old gentlemen about to make their wills, will see the necessity of being as explicit as possible, particularly in the colour of the horses they have to bequeath.

Le Report del Case argué en le Common Banke devant tout les Justices de mêmes le Banke, en le quart an du Raygne de Roy Jacques, entre Matthew Stradling, Plant., et Peter Styles, Def., et un Action propter certos Equos coloratos, Anglicè, PIED HORSES, post. per le dit Matthew, vers le dij Peter.

Le Recitel del Case.—Sir John Swale, of Swale Hall, in Swale Dale, fast by the River Swale, Knt., made his last will and testament; in which, among other bequests, was this, viz. "Out of the kind love and respect that I bear unto my much honoured and good friend Mr. Matthew Stradling, gent., I do bequeath unto the said Matthew Stradling, gent. *all my black and white horses.*" The testator had six black horses, six white horses, and six pied horses.

Le Point.—The debate therefore was, whether or no the said Matthew Stradling should have the said pied horses by virtue of the said bequest.

Pour le Plaint.—Atkins, apprentice pour le plaintiffe, moy semble que le plaintiffe recovers.

And first of all it seemeth expedient to consider what is the nature of horses, and also what is the nature of colours; and so the argument will consequently divide itself in a two-fold way; that is to say, the formal part and the substantial part. Horses

are the substantial part, or thing bequeathed: black and white, the formal or descriptive part.

Horse, in a physical sense; doth import a certain quadruped or four-footed animal, which, by the apt and regular disposition of certain proper and convenient parts, is adapted, fitted, and constituted for the use and need of man. Yea, so necessary and conducive was this animal conceived to be to the behoof of the commonweal, that sundry and divers acts of parliament have, from time to time, been made in favour of horses.

1 Edw. IV. makes the transporting of horses out of the kingdom no less a penalty than the forfeiture of 40/.

2 & 3 Edw. VI. takes from horse-stealers the benefit of their clergy.

And the statutes of 27 & 32 Hen. VIII. condescends so far as to take care of their very breed; these, our wise ancestors, prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take care of their own posterity, than by also taking care of that of their horses.

And of so great esteem are horses in the eye of the common law, that when a knight of the bath committed any great and enormous crime, his punishment was to have his spurs chopped off with a cleaver, "being (as Master Bracton well observeth) unworthy to ride a horse."

Littleton, sec. 315, saith, "If tenants in common make a lease, reserving for rent a horse, they shall have but one assize; because, saith the book, the law will not suffer a horse to be severed: another argument of what high estimation the law maketh of a horse."

But as the great difference seemeth not to be so much touching the substantial part, horses; let us proceed to the formal or descriptive part, viz. what horses they are that come within this bequest.

Colours are commonly of various kinds and different sorts: of which white and black are the two extremes, and consequently comprehend within them all other colours whatsoever.

By a bequest, therefore, of black and white horses, grey or pied horses may well pass; for when two

extremes, or remotest ends, of any thing devised, the law, by common intendment, will intend whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too.

But the present case is still stronger; coming not only within the intendment, but also the very letter of the words.

By the word black, all the horses that are black are devised; by the word white, are devised those that are white; and by the same words, with the conjunction copulative "and" between them, the horses that are black and white, that is to say, pied, are devised also.

Whatever is black and white, is pied; and whatever is pied, is black and white; ergo, black and white is pied; and vice versa, pied is black and white.

If therefore black and white horses are devised, pied horses shall pass by such devise; but black and white horses are devised; ergo the plaintiff shall have the pied horses.

Pour le Defend.—Catlyne, Serjeant, moy semble, al'contrary. The plaintiff shall not have the pied horses by intendment; for if by the devise of black and white horses, not only black and white horses, but horses of any colour between these two extremes, may pass; then not only pied and grey horses, but also red or bay horses should pass likewise, which would be absurd, and against reason. And this is another strong argument in law, *Nihil quod est rationem, est licitum*; for reason is the life of the law, nay the common law is nothing but reason; which is to be understood of artificial perfection and reason gotten by long study, and not of man's natural reason; for *Nemo nascitur artifex*, and legal reason est summa ratio; and therefore, if all the reason that is dispersed into so many different heads, were united into one, he could not make such a law as the law of England; because, by many successions of ages, it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned men; so that the old rule may be verified in it; *Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiores*.

As therefore pied horses do not come within the intendment of the said bequest, so neither do they within the letter of the words.

A pied horse is not a white horse, neither is a pied horse a black horse; how then can pied horses come under the words of black and white horses?

Besides, where custom hath adapted a certain determinate name to any one thing, in all devises, feoffments and grants, that certain name shall be made use of, and no uncertain circumlocutory descriptions shall be allowed; for certainty is the father of right, and the mother of justice.

Le rest del argument je ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui disturb en mon place.

Le Court fuit longement en doubt de c'est matter; et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fuit donne pour le Pl. nisi causa.

Motion in arrest of judgment; that the pied horses were mares; and thereupon an inspection was prayed.

Et sur ceo le court advisare vult.

The above case with its law, French and Latin decorations, as evidently unlike the modern French, as it was unlike English, was thus humorously reported by Mr. Fortescue, afterwards a judge, and an intimate friend of Pope and Swift; and therefore inserted in their "*Martinus Scriblerus*."

VILLIAM VICKS,

Or, Do as other people do.

Von Villiam Vicks, as I've heard tell,

A wintner was at Clerkenwell:

His wife she was a vixen vile,

And oft poor Vill she would rewile;

For, ever wanting something new,

She'd cry, "Dear Vill, I wish as you

You'd do as other people do!"

"There's neighbour Vite's, they keep a shay,

And when they wants to dash away,

And vie with all the beaux and belles;

Away they whip to Hornsey Vells;

Then, since we all want something new,

Dear Villiam Vicks, I wish as you

You'd do as other people do!"

"Vat now," says Vill, "vat want you next?"

"Vy Vill, I wow it makes me wext

To think we lives in dirt and filth !
 A country-house would save my health ;
 And here's a spot with charming woo !
 Dear Villiam Vicks, I wish as you
 You'd *do as other people do !*"

The house was bought—and Madam now
 Must have a coach and servants too ;
 A pair of geldings smooth and sleek,
 And routs and parties thrice a week ;
 And ven poor Vill impatient grew,
 "Dear Vill," says she, "you know that you
 Must *do as other people do !*"

But now Vill's cash run wery brief,
 So Vill turn'd o'er another leaf ;
 The maids dismiss'd—the house was sold—
 And coach and horses, too, we're told :
 "Lord, Vicks," she scream'd, "vat shall ve do ?"
 "In troth," says Vicks, "you know that you
 Must *do as other people do !*"

Ma'am did not like this change of life,
 So death whipp'd off poor Vicks's wife—
 And now retrieving his affairs,
 Most Christianlike his loss he bears ;
 And when you ask him "How d'ye do !"
 Vill cries, "Indeed, to tell you true,
 I *do as other people do !*"

LOYAL WELCOME.

Hugh Peters, the Jesuit, was preaching at the chapel royal upon these words : *Hast thou not poured me out as milk and curdled me like cheese ?* Job x. 10. When in the height of his discourse the news came that king William was landed, and the congregation in consequence left him. On which he said he would conclude the discourse, "Come life, come death, come William, come the devil !"

VENTILATION.

Garrick told Cibber, "That his pieces were the best ventilators to his theatre at Drury-lane ; for as soon as any of them were played, the audience directly left the house."

CLERICAL CHASTISEMENT.

A clergyman once quarrelled with a country squire, who said, "Doctor, your gown is your protection." "It is so," replied the parson, "but it shall not be yours." He then pulled it off, and thrashed the squire soundly.

HARMONY OF NATURE.

Horace Walpole, telling his nurseryman that he would have his trees planted irregularly, he replied, "Yes, sir, I understand ; you would have them hung down—somewhat *poetical*."

LAÇONIC REFUSAL.

Clifford, countess of Dorset, having been applied to by her secretary to be allowed to recommend a person to her for member for Appleby, wrote the following reply :

"I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject ;—your man sha'n't stand.

"Ann Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery."

GRIEVANCES OF A CREDITOR.

Z. Y. owes me a bill: I send it in, we shall suppose, the 1st of July. Now mark the excuses in succession.

July 1.—"Oh ! this is Mr. Mercer's bill—Call again any day next week."

July 9.—"Not at home."—"When will he be at home ?"—"Any time to-morrow."

July 10.—"Has a gentleman with him," wait an hour—"Oh ! ah ! this is the bill—ay—hum—look in on Monday."

Monday.—"Not at home, gone to 'Change."

Thursday.—"Leave the bill, and I will look it over."

20.—"There seems to be a mistake in the bill ; I never had *this* article—take it back to your master, and tell him to examine his books."

24.—"Just gone out."

29.—"I am busy now ; tell your master I'll call on him as I go into the city."

August 16.—“Bless me! I quite forgot to call. The bill is not discharged—bring me a receipt any time to-morrow or next day.”

17.—“Gone to Margate, and wo’nt be home till next month.”

Sept. 12.—“What! did I not pay that bill before I went out of town? Are you going farther?”—“Yes.”—“Very well; call as you come back, and I’ll settle it.”—Calls, and he is gone to dinner at Clapham.

16.—“Plague of this bill! I don’t believe I have as much cash in the house—Can you give me change for a £100 note?”—“No.”—“Then call in, as you pass, to-morrow.”

18.—“Not at home.”

25.—“*Appoint a day!* Damme what does your master mean? Tell him I’ll call upon him, and know what he means by such a message.”

October 14.—“What! no discount!”—“Sir, it has been due these two years.”—“There’s your money then.”—“These guineas are light.”—“Then you must call again; I have no loose cash in the house.”

And here ends the payment of £9. 14s. 6d. with three of the guineas light.

THE LAWYER AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

A roguish old lawyer was planning new sin,
As he lay on his bed in a fit of the gout,
The mails and the daylight were just coming in,
The milkmaids and rushlights were just going out:

When a chimney-sweep’s boy, who had made a mistake.

Came flop down the flue with a clattering rush,
And bawl’d, as he gave his black muzzle a shake,
“My master’s a coming to give you a brush.”

“If that be the case,” said the cunning old elf,
“There’s no moment to lose—it is high time to flee;
Ere he gives me a brush, I will brush off myself,
If I wait for the Devil, the Devil take me!”

So he limp’d to the door without saying his prayers;
But Old Nick was too deep to be nick’d of his prey,
For the knave broke his neck by a tumble down
stairs,

And thus ran to the Devil by running away.

HIBERNICISM.

I will be ruined, said a Dublin trader to his English friend. “I am sorry for it,” said the other; “but if you *will* be ruined, you know no one else can prevent it.”

AMERICAN STAGE COACH DIALOGUE.

Q. Where are you going, middle on?—A. Yes.

Q. Do you keep at Boston.—A. No.

Q. Where do you keep?—A. Fairfield.

Q. Have you been a lengthy time in Boston? *eh*, say?—A. Seven days.

Q. Where did you sleep last night?—A. ——— street.

Q. What number?—A. Seven.

Q. That is Thomas Adonis’s house?—A. No; it is my son’s.

Q. What, have *you* a son?—A. Yes, and daughters.

Q. What is your name?—A.—William Henry ———, *I guess*.

Q. Is your wife alive?—A. No; she is dead, *I guess*.

Q. Did she die slick right away?—A. No, not by any manner of means.

Q. How long have you been married?—A. Thirty years, *I guess*.

Q. What age were you when you were married? A. *I guess* mighty near thirty-three.

Q. If you were young again, *I guess* you would marry earlier?—A. No; *I guess* thirty-three is a mighty grand age for marrying.

Q. How old is your daughter?—A. Twenty-five.

Q. *I guess* she would like a husband?—A. No; she is mighty careless about that.

Q. She is not awful, (ugly,) *I guess*?—A. No; *I guess* she is not.

Q. Is she sick?—A. Yes.

Q. What is her sickness?—A. Consumption.

Q. I had an item of that; you have got a doctor, I guess?—Guess I have.

Q. Is your son a trader?—A. Yes.

Q. Is he his own boss?—A. Yes.

Q. Are his spirits kedge (brisk?)—Yes; I expect they were yesterday.

Q. How did he get in business?—A. I planted him there: I was his sponsor for a thousand *dallars*: I guess he paid me within time; and he is now progressing alick.

OBSTINACY IN GRAIN.

Bob had a wife, but so perverse,
He almost wish'd her in her hearse;
To mend her temper was in vain;
Her spirit work'd against the grain.
A fishing once she went in dudgeon,
And tried the river for a gudgeon;
When reaching far to hook a bite,
Plump in she fell, went down outright,
Which Robin saw, but, in his fright,
Could scarcely hobble to the river,
His Kate from drowning to deliver;
Yet call'd aloud for some assistance,
When Will and Tom from no small distance
Flew to the bank, and found their master
Quite frantic at the sad disaster.
The current was in rapid force,
And with it all things went of course;
They therefore put their boat-hooks down,
As the stream ran, to hitch her gown;
But *lower* they began their search,
Than where she'd fallen off the perch.
"What fools you are," exclaim'd old Robin,
"Thus *with* the tide your hooks to bob in;
Go *higher up*," said patient Bob;
"The other were a fruitless job:
Try, try above the place, where fate
Thus robb'd me of my dearest Kate;
Some chance there is in such a scheme,
She ever went against the stream."
The servants followed in a trice
Their master's orders and advice,

And found he was a knowing guide,
They hook'd her *buffeting the tide*.

THE EPIGRAM CLUB.

— On the removal of the cloth, the president gave three knocks with his hammer on the table, Silence being procured, he commenced his harangue by reminding the society that nobody was required to sing: that it was gothic barbarity to call upon any gentleman to struggle with a cold and hoarseness; that the organs of singing were frequently deranged, those of speaking very seldom; and therefore that the usages of this institution were highly rational, inasmuch as no man was there called upon for a song, but every one for an epigram.

— "Mr. Morris," said the deputy chairman, to a member on his right hand, "were you at the late masquerade?" "I was," answered Morris, with all the elation of a man who sees an opportunity of throwing in a good thing. "I went with Lump, the leather-seller. He wore a domino, but he wanted to go in character." "What character?" "Charles the second." "Indeed! and what made him alter his determination?" "My epigram." "Oh pray let us have it." "Certainly—

To this night's masquerade, quoth Dick,
By pleasure I am beckon'd,
And think 't would be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second.
Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said:
You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the president, "your health Mr. Morris, I think you are in a fair way of winning the silver medal. But we shall see. Mr. Vice, you will please to call upon Mr. Snaggs. We must take him in time, or the Haropstead stage will be too sharp for us." Snaggs started from a doze, and begged to inform the company that in his village resided a physician and a vicar, who often walked arm in arm together. "Which circumstance," said

Snaggs, induced me to squib them after the following fashion—

“How D. D. swaggers, M. D. rolls!
I dub them both a brace of noddies!
Old D. D. has the cure of souls,
And M. D. has the care of bodies.
Between them both what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure;
One has the cure without the care,
And one the care without the cure.”

The applause which followed this effusion made Morris tremble for his silver medal.

The president now looked at his watch: it pointed to the hour of nine: he exchanged a significant glance with the vice-president, (who also officiated as secretary,) and the latter cast his eye towards a mahogany box in the window-seat, and began to fumble for his keys. “Silence, gentlemen,” exclaimed the former, “and listen to a report of our committee, setting forth the objects and prospects of this institution.” The secretary then drew forth a book, and proceeded to business.

The report commenced by stating, that the object of the Epigram Club was to induce writers and speakers in general, by their precept and example, to compress what they might have to utter into as small a compass as possible. The report dilated upon the alarming increase of forensic and parliamentary eloquence, and then enumerated the number of epigrams which, with a view of stopping the farther increase of the mischief, the committee had caused to be distributed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, a great portion of which had been translated into the Hindostan and Catabaw languages; so that, to adopt their own phraseology, “they had the heartfelt delight of epigrammatizing the naked Gentoo and the tattooed Otahitean.” The report then stated, that, by the exertions of the committee, seventeen epic poems had been strangled in their birth.

“A dry subject, Mr. Secretary,” exclaimed the chairman, “Mr. Daffodil, pray favour us with an epigram.” This request was addressed to a slender

young man, who sat like a lily drooping, and had all the air of having been recently jilted. Thus called upon, he started from the reverie in which he appeared to be plunged, and in a silver tone spoke as follows:—

“To Flavia’s shrine two suitors run
And woo the fair at once:
A needy fortune-hunter one,
And one a wealthy dunce.
How, thus twin-courted she’ll behave
Depends upon this riddle—
If she’s a fool she’ll wed the knave,
And if a knave the fool.”

This effort was received with some applause, but it did not quite amount to a hit. The company seemed to opine that knave and fool were not fit names to call a lady. It mattered little what they thought, young Daffodil had relapsed into his reverie. The following was pronounced considerably better:

“My thrifty spouse, her taste to please,
With rival dames at auctions vies;
She doats on every thing she sees,
And every thing she doats on buys.
I with her taste am quite enchanted;
Such costly wares, so wisely sought!
Bought, because they may be wanted;
Wanted, because they may be bought.”

“I should not be at all surprised,” said Captain Thackeray to the utterer of the *jeu d’esprit*, “if Mr. Backhouse gave you that idea. You must know her—she lives in Castle-street, Holborn, and spends the whole of the morning in picking up things remarkably cheap. She bought the late Irish giant’s boots; she has no occasion for them at present, but they may come into play.—Last Wednesday she met with a capital bargain in Brokers’-row, Moorfields—a brass door-plate, with Mr. Henderson engraved upon it; it only cost her ninepence halfpenny. Should any thing happen to Mr. Backhouse, and she be after-

with courted by any body of the name of Henderson, there is a door-plate ready."

This sally proving successful, drew the attention of the club towards the utterer; and the chairman told him, that, when his turn arrived, he had no doubt of his favouring the company with an excellent epigram.

"Gentlemen," said the member whose turn was next in succession, "I have a weighty objection to all that has been uttered. An epigram should not be extended to eight lines; and I believe all that we have heard this evening, have been of that length. Four lines ought to be the *ne plus ultra*; if only two so much the better. Allow me to deliver one which was uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter Arabella importuned him for money:—

Dear Bell, to gain money, sure, silence is best,
For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest."

"I am quite of your opinion," said he who followed; "and in narrating an epitaph by a disconsolate husband upon his late wife, I mean to confine myself within the same Spartan limits:

Two bones from my body have taken a trip,
I've buried my Rib, and got rid of my *Hyp*."

"Now, captain," said the president, addressing himself to young Calpepper's mustachio'd associate. The dragoon started, and waxed rather red. "I'm very sorry—I can't at this moment—Really it's very ridiculous.—Pray must it be in English?" "No, sir, we are not confined to any language." "Well, then, I will give you a Latin one. My friend Culpepper and I, on coming out of the opera the other night, got into dispute with a hackney-coachman. Upon which I collared him, and he collared me, and tore the silk facing of my cloak. Upon which, says Culpepper, who is to mend it? Upon which said I, nobody can replace the silk facing but the man who made the cape; because, according to the Latin adage,

Qui capit illè facit.

"Now I think I have beaten the two gentlemen who epigrammatized last. They have made a great merit of having confined themselves to two lines, and, egad! I have confined myself to one."

The ballot-box was produced—the several epigrams proposed and balloted for in succession—and the captain had the silver medal, each member having given one ball to his own production, and one to Captain Thackeray's: thus intimating, that next to his own production, the superior merit lay with the Latin adage.

DESCRIPTION OF A FOOL, AND HIS MORALIZING ON TIME.

*Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven:
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.**

OCEANS OF PUNCH.

The honourable Edward Russel, who was captain general and commander in chief of the English forces in the Mediterranean, during the reign of William the Third, had a mighty bowl of punch made at his house, on the 25th of October, 1694. It was made in a fountain in the garden, in the centre of four walks, all of which were arched with lemon and orange trees, and along every walk tables were placed the whole length, which were covered with cold collations, &c. In the fountain were the following ingredients: four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogsheads of water, twenty-five thousand lemons, twenty gallons of lime juice, thirteen hundred weight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs,

* The fool was anciently dressed in a party-coloured coat.

three hundred toasted biscuits, and a pipe of mountain malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, in which was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups of the company, who exceeded six thousand in number.

PROLOGUE TO THE BUSY BODY.

Though modern prophets were exposed of late,
The author could not prophesy his fate :
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,
The poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas ! are melancholy days
For modern prophets, and for modern plays.
Yet since prophetic lies please fools of fashion,
And women are so fond of agitation ;
To men of sense I'll prophesy anew,
And tell you wondrous things that will prove true :
Undaunted colonels will to camps repair,
Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year ;
On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife shall cease,
The Grand Monarque may wish his son a throne,
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This season most things bear a smiling face ;
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.
Court ladies will to country seats be gone,
My lord can't all the year live great in town ;
Where, wanting operas, basset, and a play,
They'll sigh, and stitch a gown to pass the time away.
Gay city wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose husbands long have wished for an heir ;
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,
But by the waters only they conceive.
The Fleet-street sempstress—toast of Temple sparks,
That runs spruce neckcloths for attornies' clerks,
At Cupid's gardens will her hours regale,
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale.
At all assemblies rakes are up and down,
And gamesters, when they think they are not known.
Should I denounce our author's fate to-day,
To cry down prophecies, you'd damn the lay ;

Yet whims like these have sometimes made you laugh,
'Tis tattling all like Isaac Bickerstaff.
Since war and places claim the bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat, to-night ;
Let your indulgence all her fears allay,
And none but women-haters damn this play.

CENTLIVE.

THE JUDGE OUTWITTED.

The late Lord Kenyon was once listening very attentively, in the Roll's Court, to a young clerk, who was reading to him the conveyance of an estate; and, on coming to the word *enough*, pronounced it *enow*. His honour immediately interrupted him; "Hold, hold! you must stand corrected; *enough* it is, according to the vernacular custom, pronounced *enuff*, and so must all other English words which terminate in *ough*; as, for example, tough, rough, cough, trough," &c. The clerk bowed, blushed, and went on for some time; when, coming to the word *plough*, he, with increased emphatical voice, and a penetrating look at his honour, called it *pluff*! The great lawyer stroked his chin, and, with a smile, politely said, "Young man! I sit corrected."

DANIEL *versus* DISHCLOUT.

Daniel was groom in the same family wherein Dishclout was cookmaid, and Daniel returning home one day fuddled, he stooped down to take a sop out of the pan; Dishclout pushed him into the dripping-pan, which spoiled his clothes, and he was advised to bring his action against the cookmaid; the pleadings of which were as follows: The first person who spoke was Mr. Serjeant Snuffle. He began, saying, "Since I have the honour to be pitched upon to open this cause to your lordship, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your lordship's time, by a round about circumlocutory manner of speaking or talking, quite foreign to the purpose, and not any ways relating to the matter in hand, I shall, I will, I design to show what damages my client has sustained hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now, my lord, my client being a servant in the same family with Dishclout, and not being at board wages, imagined

he had a right to the fee-simple of the dripping-pan. therefore he made an attachment to the *sop* with his right hand, which the defendant replevied with her left, tripp'd us up, and tumbled us into the dripping-pan: Now, in *Broughton's* reports, *Slack versus Smallwood*, it is said that *primus strokus, sine jocus, absolutus est provokus*; now, who gave the *primus strokus*? who gave the first offence? why the cook: she brought the dripping-pan there; for, my lord, though we will allow, if we had not been there, we could not have been thrown down there; yet, my lord, if the dripping-pan had not been there, for us to have tumbled down into, we could not have tumbled into the dripping-pan." The next counsel on the same side began with, "My lord, he who makes use of many words to no purpose, has not much to say for himself, therefore I shall come to the point at once, at once and immediately I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor, the liquor in him having served an ejectment upon his understanding, common sense was nonsuited, and he was a man beside himself, as Dr. Biblibus declares, in his Dissertation upon Bumpers, in the 139th folio volume of the Abridgement of the Statutes, page 1286, he says, that a drunken man is *homo duplicans*, or a double man. Not only because he sees things double, but also because he is not as he *should be* profecto ipse he, but is as he *should not be*, defecto tipse he."

The counsel on the other side rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the *ties* of his wig about emphatically. He began with, "My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, I humbly do conceive, I have the authority to declare, that I am counsel in this case for the defendant; therefore, my lord, I shall not flourish away in words; words are no more than fillagree works. Some people may think them an embellishment, but to me 'tis a matter of astonishment, how any one can be so impertinent to the detriment of all rudiment. But, my lord, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but its shadows. Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen my client's premises: now a kitchen is nobody's premises; a

kitchen is not a ware-house, nor a wash-house, a brew-house, nor a bake-house, an inn-house, nor an out-house, nor a dwelling-house; no, my lord, 'tis absolutely and bona fide neither more nor less than a kitchen, or as the law more classically expresses, a kitchen is, *camera necessaria pro usu cookure, cum sauce-pannis, stew-pannis, scullero, dressero, coal-holo, stovis, smoak-jacko, pro roastandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plumpudding mixandum, pro turtle soupos, calve's-headhashibus, cum calipee et calepashibus*.

"But we shall not avail ourselves of an *alibi*, but admit of the existence of a cookmaid: now, my lord, we shall take it upon a *new* ground, and beg a *new* trial; for as they have curtailed our name, from plain *Mary* into *Moll*, I hope the court will not allow of this; for if they were to allow of mistakes, what would the law do; for when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them."

Therefore the court allowed them the liberty of a new trial: FOR THE LAW IS OUR LIBERTY, AND IT IS HAPPY FOR US WE HAVE THE LIBERTY TO GO TO LAW.

EPITAPHS.

On a Person in the Country, who occasionally performed the business of Tailor and Barber.

In a timber surtout here are wrapt the remains
Of a MOWER OF BEARDS, and a USER OF SKAINS;
'Twas the SHEARS of grim death cut his STAYTAPE
of life,
And press'd him away from TWIST, RAZORS, AND
WIFE;
But the pray'r of all people, he SEW'D FOR OR
SHAV'D,
Is that he's with the REMNANT of those that are sav'd.

ON A WIFE.

Grieve not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
With patience wait, prepare to die,
And in a short time you'll come to I.
I am not griev'd, my dearest life;
Sleep on, I've got another wife;

Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For I must go to bed to she.

Thetford in Norfolk.

My GRANDMOTHER was buried here,
My COUSIN JANE and TWO UNCLES dear;
My FATHER perish'd with a mortification in his
 thighs;
My SISTER dropp'd down dead in the MINORITES:
But the reason why I'm here interr'd, according to
 my thinking,
Is owing to my good living, and hard drinking.
If, therefore, GOOD CHRISTIANS, you wish to live
 long,
Don't drink too much WINE, BRANDY, GIN, or any
 thing strong. —

FEMALE VIRTUES.

Dean Swift amused himself with the endings of words, and particularly upon the word ending in *ling*! He says, "I have been very curious in considering that fruitful word *ling*, which explains many fine qualities in ladies; such as grow-ling, rai-ling, tip-ling, (seldom,) toi-ling, mumb-ling, grumb-ling, cur-ling, puzz-ling, bust-ling, strol-ling, ramb-ling, quat-rel-ling, tatt-ling, whiff-ling, dabb-ling, doub-ling."

THE DREAM, OR THE STRAND TRAGEDY.

From "Warreniana," a merry jeu d'esprit after the manner of the Rejected Addresses, and consisting of puffs of Warren's blacking, in imitation of the several styles of the leading and best known writers.

Ten minutes to ten by Saint Dunstan's clock,
And the owl has awakened the crowing cock:

Cock-a-doodle-doo,

Cock-a-doodle-doo.

If he crows at this rate in so thrilling a note,
Jesu-Maria! he'll catch a sore throat.

Warren, the manufacturer rich,
Hath a spectral mastiff bitch;
To Saint Dunstan's clock, tho' silent enow,
She barked her chorus of bow, wow, wow:

Bow for the quarters, and wow for the hour;
Nought cares she for the sun or the shower;
But when, like a ghost all arrayed in its shroud,
The wheels of the thunder are muffled in cloud,
When the moon, sole chandeller of the night,
Bathes the blessed earth in light,
As wizard to wizard, or witch to witch,
Howleth to heaven this mastiff bitch.

Buried in thought O'Warren lay,
.. Like a village queen on the birth of May,
He listed the tones of Saint Dunstan's clock;
Of the mastiff bitch and the crowing cock;
But louder, far louder, he listed a roar
Loud as the billow that booms on the shore;
Bang, bang, with a pause between;
Rung the weird sound at his door; I woen.
Up from his couch he leaped in affright;
Op'd his gray lattice and looked on the night,
Then put on his coat, and with harlequin hop
Stood like a phantom in midst of the shop;
In midst of his shop he stood like a sprite;
Till peering to left and peering to right,
Beside his counter with tail in hand,
He saw a spirit of darkness stand;
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so scantily clad as she,
Ugly and old exceedingly.

In height her figure was six feet two,
In breadth exactly two feet six,
One eye as summer skies was blue,
The other black as the waves of Styx.
Her bloodless lips did aught but pair,
For one was brown and one was fair,
And clattered like maid in hysteric fit,
Or jack that turned a kitchen spit;
Jesu-Maria! with awe, I trow,
O'Warren beheld this worricow,
For dreary and dun the death hue came
O'er her cheek, as she traced the words of flame;
The words of flame that with mystic fume
Are hatched from a still-born incubus,
And doom each wight who reads to dwell,
Till the birth of day, in the caves of hell,

Oh! read thee ~~not~~, read thee not, lord of the Strand,
 The spell that subjects thee to elfin command;
 Vain hope! the bogle hath marked her hour;
 And Warren hath read the words of power;
 Letter by letter he traced the spell,
 Till the sullen toll of Saint Dunstan's bell,
 And the midnight howl of the mastiff bitch,
 Announced his doom to the Hallowmas witch.
 Still in her grandeur she stood by,
 Like an oak that uplooketh to sun and sky;
 Then shouted to Warren with fitful breath,
 "I'm old mother Nightmare-life-in-death;
 Halloo! halloo! we may not stay,
 Satan is waiting; away, away;
 Halloo! halloo! we've far to go,
 Then hey for the devil; jee-up! jee-hoe.—"

O'Warren requested a little delay,
 But the evil one muttered "too late, by my fay;"
 So he put on his breeches and scampered away.

[They arrive at their destination, and find Satan at home.]

Proudly he strode to his palace gate
 Which the witch and the Warren approached in state,
 But paused at the threshold as onward they came
 And thus, with words of fever and flame,
 The tradesman addressed, "Your name, sir, is
 known,

As a vender of *sables* wide over the town;
 But in hell with proviso this praise we must mix,
 For though brilliant your blacking, the water of Styx
 Is blacker by far, and can throw, as it suits,
 A handsomer gloss o'er our shoes and our boots."

Answered the Warren with cholerick eye,
 "Oh, king of the cock-tailed incubi!
 The sneer of a fiend to your puffs you may fix,
 But if, what is worse, you assert that your Styx
 Surpasses my blacking, ('twas clear he was vexed,)
 By Jove! you will ne'er stick at any thing next.
 I have dandies who land me at Paine's and Almack's,
 Despite Day and Martin, those emulous quacks,
 And they all in one spirit of concord agree,
 That my blacking is better than any black sea
 Which flows thro' your paltry Avernus, I wis,"
 "Pshaw," Satan replied, "I'll be d—d if it is."

The tradesman he laughed at this pitiful sneer,
 And drew from his pocket, unmoved by the jeer
 Of the gathering demons, blue, yellow, and pink,
 A bottle of blacking more sable than ink;—
 With the waves of the Styx in a jiffey they tried it,
 But the waves of the Styx looked foolish beside it;
 "You mote as well liken the summer sky,"
 Quoth Warren the bold, "with an Irish sty;
 The nightingale's note with the cockatoo's whine,
 As your jily-white river with me or mine."

Round the brow of Abaddon fierce anger played,
 At the Strand manufacturer's gasconade;
 And lifting a fist that mote slaughter an ox,
 He wrathfully challenged his foeman to box.

Then summoned each demon to form a ring,
 And witness his truculent triumphing.—
 The ring was formed and the twain set to,
 Like little Puss with Belasco the Jew;
 Satan was seconded in a crack,
 By Molineux, the American Black,
 (Who sported an oath as a civil salam,)
 While Warren was backed by the ghost of Dutch Sam.
 Gentles, who fondly peruse these lays,
 Wild as a colt o'er the moorland that strays,
 Who thrill at each wondrous rede I tell,
 As fancy roams o'er the floor of hell,
 Now list ye with kindness, the whiles I rehearse
 In shapely pugilistic verse,
 (Albeit my fancy preferreth still
 The quiet of nature,) this desperate *mill*.

The Fight.

Both men on *peeling* showed nerve and bone,
 And weighed on an average *fourteen stone*;
 Dofft their silk *fogle*, for battle agog,
Yellowman, *castor*, and white upper *tag*;
 They sparred for a second their ardour to cool,
 And rushed at each other like bull to bull.

Rounds.

1. Was a *smasher*, for Brummagem Bob
 Let fly a *topper* on Beelzebub's *nob*;
 Then followed him over the ring with ease,
 And doubled him up by a blow in the *squeese*.

2. Satan was cautious in making play,
But stuck to his sparring and pummelled away;
Till the *ogles* of Warren look'd *queer* in their hue
(Here, bets upon Beelzebub; three to two.)
3. *Fibblings*; and *facers*, and *toppers* abound,
But Satan, it seems, had the worse of the round,
4. Satan was floored by a *lunge* in the hip,
And the blood from his peepers went drip, drip,
drip,
Like fat from a goose in the dripping-pan,
Or ale from the brim of a flowing can;
His *box of dominos* chattered aloud,
(Here, "Go it, Nick!" from an imp in the crowd,)
And he dropped with a *Lancashire purr* on his
back,
While Bob with a *clinch*er fell over him, whack.
5. Both men *pip*ing came up to the *scratch*,
But Bob for Abaddon was more than a match;
He *tapped* his *claret*, his mug he rent,
And made him so *groggy* with *punishment*,
That he gladly gave in at the close of the round,
And Warren in triumph was led from the ground.

MATRIMONY AND DIVORCE.

An aged Indian, who for many years had spent much of his time among the white people both in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, one day about the year 1770 observed that the Indians had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but were also more certain of getting a *good* one; "For," (said he in his broken English) "White man court,—court,—may be one whole year!—may be two years before he marry!—well!—may be then got *very good* wife—but may be *not*!—may be *very* cross!—Well now, suppose cross! scold so soon as get awake in the morning! scold all day! scold until sleep; all one!—he must keep *him*! White people have law forbidding throwing away wife, be *he* ever so cross! must keep *him* always! Well! how does Indian do!—Indian, when he see industrious Squaw, which he like, he go to *him*, place his two fore-fingers close aside each other, make two look like one—look Squaw in the face—see *him* smile—which is all one

—*he* says *Yes*! so he take *him* home—no danger *he* be cross! no, no! Squaw know too well what Indian do if *he* cross!—throw *him* away and take another! Squaw love to eat meat! no husband! no meat! Squaw do every thing to please husband! he do the same to please Squaw! live happy!"

THE SEVEN AGES.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players!
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school; And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in the sound: Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

ULTRA LOYALTY.

I have read in a book, says a certain author, that when a peasant, during the troubles of Charles the First, found the crown in a bush, he showed it all marks of reverence; but I will go a step farther, for though I should find the king's commission even upon a *bramble*, still I shall respect it.

RIVAL LIARS.

A French nobleman, addressing himself to three of his servants, promised to reward the one who should tell him the greatest lie.—The first said that he never had told a lie—the second averred that he could not tell one—the third candidate, however, proved himself the best adept in the art, and obtained the prize, for he assured his master that both his fellow-servants had just told him the truth!

COUNTRY COMMISSIONS.

Dear cousin, I write this in haste,
To beg you will get for mamma
A pot of best jessamine paste,
And a pair of shoe-buckles for pa',
At Exeter 'Change;—then just pop
Into Aldersgate-street for the prints—
And while you are there you can stop
For a skein of white worsted at Flint's.
Papa wants a new razor strop.
And mamma wants a Chinchilli muff;
Little Bobby's in want of a top,
And my aunt wants six-pen'orth of snuff.
Just call in St. Martin's-le-Grand
For some goggles for Mary, (who squints)
Get a pound of bee's-wax in the Strand,
And the skein of white worsted at Flint's.
And while you are there you may stop
For some Souchong in Monument-yard;
And while you are there you can pop
Into Mary-la-bonne for some lard;
And while you are there you can call
For some silk of the latest new tints
At the mercer's, not far from White-hall:
And remember the worsted at Flint's.
And while you are there, 'twere as well
If you'd call in Whitechapel, to see
For the needles; and then in Pall-Mall,
For some lavender water for me:
And while you are there you can go
To Wapping, to old Mr. Chint's—
But all this you may easily do
When you get the white worsted at Flint's.

I send in this parcel from Bet,
An old spelling book to be bound,
A cornelian brooch to be set,
And some razors of pa's to be ground.
O dear, what a memory have I!
Notwithstanding all Deborah's hints,
I've forgotten to tell you to buy,
A skein of white worsted from Flint's.

THE DEVIL'S TAVERN.

The devil's tavern, immortalized by Ben Jonson, was situated in Fleet street, near Temple-bar, on the site where Child's-place now stands. The poet wrote his *Leges Convivales* for a club of wits who assembled in a room at this tavern, which he dedicated to Apollo, over the chimney of which the laws were preserved.

In an ancient MS. preserved at Dulwich College, there are some of this comic writer's memoranda, which prove that he owed much of his inspiration to good wine, and the convivial hours he passed at this tavern. The following passages from the MS. justify the opinion.

"Mem. I laid the plot of my Volpone, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten dozen of palm sack, from my very good Lord T—; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, and be acted, when I and envy be friends, with applause.

"Mem. The first speech in my Catiline, spoken by Sylla's ghost, was writ after I parted with my friend at the Devil's Tavern; I had drank well that night, and had brave notions. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. *I resolve to drink no more water with my wine.*

"Mem. Upon the 20th of May, the king (heaven reward him) sent me a hundred pounds. At that time I went oftentimes to the Devil; and before I had spent forty of it, wrote my Alchymist.

"Mem. The Devil an Assa, the Tale of a Tub, and some other comedies which did not succeed, written by me (in the winter honest Ralph died) when I and my boys drank bad wine at the Devil."

PLOT AND UNPLOT.

Dr. Busby was asked how he contrived to keep all his preferments, and the head mastership of Westminster school; through the successive, but turbulent, reigns of Charles the First; Oliver Cromwell, Charles the Second; and James; he replied, "The fathers govern the nation; the mothers govern the fathers; but the boys govern the mothers, and I govern the boys."

PROLOGUE EXTRAORDINARY.

An Hibernian member of a strolling company of comedians, in the north of England, once advertised for his benefit, "An occasional Address to be spoken by a new actor." This excited great expectations among the town's people.—Upon the benefit-night, the Hibernian stepped forward, and in a deep brogue thus addressed the audience:—

"To night, a new actor appears on your stage,
To claim your protection and your patron-age;
Now, who do you think this new actor may be?
Why, turn round your eyes, and look full upon me,
And then you'll be sure this new actor to see."

DRINKING-CUSTOMS IN ENGLAND.

We have a very common expression to describe a man in a state of ebriety, that "he is as drunk as a beast," or that "he is beastly drunk." This is a libel on the brutes, for the vice of ebriety is perfectly human. When ebriety became first prevalent in our nation, during the reign of Elizabeth, it was a favourite notion among the writers of the time, and on which they have exhausted their fancy, that a man in the different stages of ebriety showed the most vicious quality of different animals; or that a company of drunkards exhibited a collection of brutes, with their different characteristics.

"All drunkards are beasts," says George Gascoigne in a curious treatise on them, and he proceeds in illustrating his proposition; but the satirist Nash has classified eight kinds of "drunkards;" a fanciful sketch from the hand of a master in humour, and which could only have been composed by a close spectator of their manners and habits.

"The first is *ape-drunk*, and he leaps and sings

and hollows and danceth for the heavens; the second is *lion-drunk*, and he flings the pots about the house, calls the hostess w—e, breaks the glass-windows with his dagger, and is apt to quarrel with any man that speaks to him; the third is *swine-drunk*, heavy, lumpish, and sleepy, and cries for a little more drink and a few more clothes; the fourth is *sheep-drunk*, wise in his own conceit when he cannot bring forth a right word; the fifth is *maiden-drunk*, when a fellow will weep for kindness in the midst of his drink, and kiss you, saying, 'By God! captain, I love thee, go thy ways, thou dost not think so often of me, as I do of thee: I would (if it pleased God) I could not love thee so well as I do,' and then he puts his finger in his eye and cries. The sixth is *martin-drunk*, when a man is drunk, and drinks himself soberer he stir; the seventh is *goat-drunk*, when in his drunkenness he hath no mind but on lechery. The eighth is *fox-drunk*, when he is crafty-drunk, as many of the Dutchmen be, which will never bargain but when they are drunk. All these species, and more, I have seen practised in one company at one sitting; when I have been permitted to remain sober amongst them only to note their several humours."

THE CIVIL DIVINE.

The guests assembled in Budge-row,
Sir Peter Prun mumbles grace;
The covers are removed—and lo!
A terrible attack takes place:
Knives, spoons, and glasses clitter-clatter,
None seem to think of indigestions;
But all together stuff and chatter,
Like gluttons playing at cross-questions.
What's that on Mrs. Firkin's head?—
Roast hare and sweet sauce—wears a Wig—
So Lady Lump is put to bed,—
What has she got?—a roasted pig.
Your little darling, Mrs. Aggs—
A rein-deer tongue—begins to chatter.—
How's little Tommy?—boil'd to rags;—
And Miss Augusta?—fried in batter.

How well he carves!—he's named by will
 My joint executor—the papers
 Say Noblet's coming to fulfil—
 Some mint-sauce, and a few more capers—
 Lord Byron's cantos—where's the salt?
 This trifle makes us lick our lips;
 Angel's syllabubs some exalt;
 But Birch is surely best for whips.—
 Nice chickens—Mrs. Fry must carry
 A tender heart—but toughish gizzard—
 Do stick your fork in—little Harry
 Knows all his letters down to izzard.—
 There's tripple Ex—fine calf's head—
 What's your gown made of?—currant jelly!
 Fat Mrs. Fubbs they say is dead—
 A famous buttock—vermicelli—
 Black puddings—pepper'd—dish'd—Belzoni!—
 A glass of—Probert's pond with Thurtell!—
 Lord Petersham—bad macaroni!—
 She's a most loving wife—mock-turtle.—
 Yes, Miss—pig's face—had caught his eye;
 She loved his—mutton chops—and so
 They jumped into—a pigeon pie,
 Some kissing crust—and off they go.
 I eat for lunch—a handkerchief—
 A green goose—lost at Charing-cross;
 I seiz'd the rascal—collared beef—
 And we both roll'd in—lobster-sauce.
 St. Ronan's Well—Scot's collops—fetch up
 Another bottle, this is flat.—
 The Princess Olive—mushroom ketchup—
 His Royal Highness—lots of fat.
 Poor Miss—red-herring—we must give her
 Grand Signior—turkey dish'd in grease:
 Hand me the captain's—lights and liver;
 And just cut open—Mrs. Rees.
 So Fatiny Flirt is going to marry—
 A nice Welsh-rabbit—muffins—mummary—
 Grimaldi—ices—Captain Parry—
 Crimp'd cod—crim-con—Crim Tartars—flum-
 mery.

ALMACK'S ON FRIDAY.

There is a dancing establishment in King-street,

St. James's-square, called *Almack's*. The proprietor of the mansion is named Willis. Six lady patronesses, of the first distinction, govern the assembly. Their fiat is decisive as to admission or rejection: consequently "their nods men and gods keep in awe." The nights of meeting fall upon every Wednesday during the season. This is selection with a vengeance: the very quintessence of aristocracy. Three-fourths even of the nobility knock in vain for admission. Into this sanctum sanctorum, of course, the sons of commerce never think of intruding on the sacred Wednesday evenings: and yet into this very "blue chamber," in the absence of the six necromancers, have the votaries of trade contrived to intrude themselves. The following are the particulars.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of tradesmen's ladies, held at the King's-Head Tavern in the Poultry, Lady Simms in the chair, it was resolved, in order to mortify the proud flesh of the six occidental countesses above alluded to, that a rival Almack's be forthwith established, to meet on every Friday evening: that Mr. Willis be treated with as to the hiring of his rooms: that the worthy chairwoman, with the addition of Lady Brown, Lady Roberts, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Wells, and Miss Jones, be appointed six lady patronesses to govern the establishment: that those ladies be empowered to draw a line of demarcation round the most fashionable part of the city, and that no residents beyond that circle be, on any account, entitled to subscriptions. The six lady patronesses, who originated these resolutions, dwell in the most fashionable part of the city, viz. Lady Simms, on Cornhill, Lady Brown in Mansion-house-street, Lady Roberts, in Birchin-lane, Mrs. Chambers, in Throgmorton-street, Mrs. Wells, in Copthall-court, and Miss Jones, in Bucklersbury. It is astonishing with what rapidity the subscriptions filled; and the governesses of the establishment have acted with great circumspection in confining the amusement to none but their upper circles. The chief members are warehousemen and wholesale linen-draper, with, of course, their wives and daughters. The original plan was to exclude all retail trades; but, as this would

have made the ball rather *too* select, the scheme was abandoned. Grocers dealing both wholesale and retail, silversmiths, glovers, packers, dyers, and paper-stainers, are admissible, provided their moral characters be unimpeachable and their residences be not too eastward. Some discord has arisen in consequence of black-balling a very reputable pawnbroker in East Smithfield. West Smithfield is within the line of demarcation, but not East; and the exhibitor of three blue balls, who has been thus rejected, complains loudly that he is thrust aside to make room for a set of vulgar innholders and cattle-keepers from Smithfield in the West. But to squalls like this the best regulated establishments are liable. The line of demarcation includes Bow-lane, Queen-street, and Bucklersbury, on the south side of Cheapside; and King-street, the Old Jewry, and Saint Martin's-le-Grand on the north; but not a step beyond. The consequence is, that in the regions of Fore-street, Cripple-gate and Moorfields, northward; and in those of Watling-street, Old Fish-street and Tower-royal, southward; a great mass of disaffection has been engendered. Wardmotes have been called, select vestries have been summoned, and special meetings have been convened; but *Almack's on Friday* flourishes notwithstanding. In the delivering out of subscriptions, it has been whispered that some tokens of partiality are discernible. Undue preferences are alleged to be given, which, if done in the way of trade, would force the obliged party to refund his debt for the equal benefit of himself and the rest of the creditors. Lady Simms's husband is a lottery-office keeper in Cornhill, and "they do say," that young men have but slender prospects of admission if they omit to buy their sixteenths at his shop. Lady Brown's lord and master is a wax-chandler in Mansion-house-street; let no man who hopes to visit Almack's on Friday seek his spermaceti in any other shop. Sir Ralph Roberts is a wholesale ironmonger in Birchin-lane; it has never been said that he is open to corruption in the way of trade; but he and Lady Roberts have six grown-up daughters, and the subscriber who fails to dance with them all in one night

may look in vain for a renewal of his subscription. Mrs. Chambers's helpmate is a tailor. A rule has recently crept into the establishment that no gentlemen shall be attired otherwise than in the old school of inexpressibles terminating at the knee. This regulation (which is said to have originated with Mr. Chambers) has been productive of much confusion. The common attire of most of the young men of the present day is trowsers. These are uniformly stopped at the door, and the unhappy wearer is forced either to return home to re-dress, or to suffer himself to be sewed up by a member of the Merchant Tailor's Company, who attends in a private room for that purpose. This ceremony consists in doubling up the trowsers under the knee, and stitching them in that position with black silk: the culprit is then allowed to enter the ball-room, with his lower man strongly resembling one of those broad immoveable Dutch captains who ply in the long room at the Custom-house. It sometimes happens that the party thus acted upon by the needle, little anticipating such a process, has worn white under-stockings, and a pair of half-black silk upper hose reaching but to the commencement of his calf. The metamorphosis, in such cases, is rather ludicrous, inasmuch as the subscriber reappears with a pair of black and white magpie legs and looks as if he had by accident stepped ankle-deep into a couple of ink bottles. These poor fellows are necessarily forced, by the following Friday, to furnish themselves with a new pair of *shorts*. No correct motive has been assigned to Mrs. Wells; and Mr. Jones is a maiden lady of forty-four, living upon genteel independence.

About eight o'clock on every Friday evening during the season, (for certainly the city has its seasons—"A negro has a soul, your honour") a large mass of hackney coaches may be seen plying about the purlieus of Cheapside, the same having been hired to convey our city fashionables to the scene of festivity. Dancing commences precisely at nine, and the display of jewels would not discredit the parish of Mary-la-bonne. The large room with the mirror at the lower end is devoted to quadrilles. Waltzes were at

first proscribed, as foreign, and consequently indecent; but three of the six Miss Robertses discovered accidentally one morning, while two of the other three were tormenting poor Mozart into an undulating seesaw on the piano, that they waltzed remarkably well. The rule thenceforward was less rigidly enforced. Yet still the practice is rather scouted by the more sober part of the community. Lady Brown bridles, and heartily regrets that such filthy doings are not confined to Paris: while Lady Simms thanks God that her daughter never danced a single waltz in the whole course of her life. This instance of self-denial might to be recorded, for Miss Simms's left leg is shorter than her right. Nature evidently meant her to be a waltzer of the first water and magnitude, but philosophy has operated upon her as it did upon Socrates. There is a young broker named Carter, who has no very extensive connection, in Park-lane, but he has notwithstanding contrived to waltz himself into a subscription. He regularly takes out Harriet Roberts, and, after winging with her round the room till the young woman is sick and faint, he performs a like feat with Mrs. Roberts, and successively with Betsy. The exhibitor of samples, when this is well over, is as dddy as a goose. He therefore retires to take a little rest; but in about ten minutes returns to the large apartment like a giant refreshed, claps his hands, calls out "Zitti zitti" to the leader of the band, and starts afresh with Lucy, Charlotte, and Jemima Roberts, three consecutive quadrilles. The pertinacity of the young man is indeed prodigious. When the most experienced quadrillers are bowled out of the ring, he may be seen spinning by himself, like an Arabian dervise. He is no great beauty, his head being several degrees too big for his body; but this disproportion does not extend lower down, for Lady Roberts says there is not a better-hearted young man in all Portsoken ward. According to the rules of the establishment, nobody is admitted after ten o'clock, except gentlemen of the common council: their ministerial duties are paramount. An odd incident is said to have occurred one Friday evening. Mrs. Ferguson and her daughter alighted at

the outer door from a very clean hackney coach, delivered her card to Mr. Willis, and swept majestically past the grating up stairs into the ball-room. On a more minute inspection of the document, it was discovered to be a forgery. What was to be done? The mother was sitting under the mirror, and the daughter was dancing for dear life. Lady Simms, Mrs. Wells, and Miss Jones, (three make a quorum) laid their heads together, and the result was a civil message to Mrs. Ferguson, requesting her and her daughter to abdicate. Mrs. Ferguson at first felt disposed to "show fight," but, feeling the current too strong, had recourse to supplication. This was equally vain: the rule was imperative: indeed, according to Sir Ralph Roberts, as unalterable as the laws of the *Sweeds* and *Stertions*. The difference was at length split. A young stock-broker of fashion had just driven up from Capel-court in a hackney cabriolet. Mamma was consigned to the pepper-and-salt coat driver of the vehicle; and Miss Ferguson was allowed to dance her dance out, Lady Brown undertaking to drop her safe and sound in Friday-street, in her way homeward, at the conclusion of the festivity.

Before the conclusion of the evening's diversion, the ladies and their partners walk the *Polonaise* round the room. One Friday evening the order of march was suddenly impeded. Miss Donaldson, the grocer's daughter, having insisted upon taking precedence of Miss Jackson, whose father sells Stiltons that mock the eye with the semblance of pine-apples, at the corner of St. Swithin's-lane. The matter was referred to the patronesses, who gave it in favour of Miss Jackson, inasmuch as at dinner, cheese comes before figs. Certain caustic tradesmen, who dwell eastward of the magic circle, are said to be in the habit of throwing out sarcasms upon those who choose to go so far west in quest of diversion. "If you must have a ball," say these crabbed philosophers, "why not hold it at the London Tavern, or at the George and Vulture, Lombard-street?" But surely this is bad reasoning. If the pilgrim glows with a warmer devotion from visiting the shrine of Loretto, well may a Miss Dawson or a Mr. Toms

move with a lighter heel when kicking up a dust upon the very same boards, which, on the Wednesday preceding, were jumped upon by a Lord John or a Lady Arabella.

ON MITRE-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

Proper terms here are met—for, whatever our *forte*,
There's no way to the mitre, except *through the court*!

TRUISMS, OR INCONTROVERTIBLE FACTS.

I'm Simon Bore, just come from college,
My studies I've pursued so far,
I'm called for my surprising knowledge,
The walking 'Cyclopædia.
Tho' some, perhaps, may call me quiz,
Their jeers I value not a jot;
In art, in nature, all that is
I'll tell you—aye, and what is not.
So you must all acknowledge, O,
I've made good use of college, O;
When I was there, completely bare,
I stripp'd the tree of knowledge, O.

Hay is brought to town in carts,
Ham sandwiches a'n't made of tin;
They don't feed cows on apple-tarts,
Nor wear gilt spurs upon the chin.
Bullocks don't wear opera hats,
Fiddles are not made of cheese,
Nor pigeon-pies of water-ra's;
Boil'd salmon does not grow on trees,
So you must all acknowledge, O, &c.

Putty is not good to eat,
Fryingpans ar'n't made of gauze,
Penny rolls are made of wheat,
Straw bonnets too, are made of straws
Horses don't wear Hessian boots,
The Thames is not mock turtle soup,
A child can't eat an iron hoop,
And pigs don't play the German flute.
So you must all, &c.

Kittens are but little cats,
Mouse traps are not county jails,
Whales are full as big as sprats.
They don't stuff geese with copper nails.
A German waltz is not a hymn,
The French are mostly born in France,
Fishes ar'n't afraid to swim,
And turkeys seldom learn to dance.
So you must all, &c.

Twenty turnips make a score,
Dustmen rarely drink Champagne,
A cow's tail seldom grows before,
They don't make wigs of bamboo cane.
Dutchmen sometimes lay abeds,
A cabbage cannot dance a jig.
Grass does not grow on ladies' heads,
A bull dog need not wear a wig.
So you must all, &c.

Fifty pounds of yellow soap,
Weigh more than twenty-five of cheese,
An oyster cannot chew a rope,
Poor people have a right to sneeze.
Pigs don't read the Morning Post,
Watch chains are not roasting jacks,
They don't make boots of butter'd toast,
Red herrings don't pay powder tax.
So you must all, &c.

CLERICAL CALL.

A certain divine, about to change his congregation, mentioned that subject from the pulpit. After service was over, an old negro man, who was one of his admirers, went up to him and desired to know the motives of his leaving his first flock; the parson answered, "He had a call." "I, massa," returned the negro, "who called you?" "God Almighty," answered the parson. "I, massa, he call ye?" "Yes, Jack, he called me."—"Massa, what you get here?" "I get 200L."—"And what you get toder place?" "Why I am to get 400L."—"I, massa, God Almighty call you till he be blind from 400L to 200L you go."

ON A DEACON'S WRITING EPIGRAMS.

"A deacon write epigrams?" Why should he not?
A great name in the church by so doing is got;
With innocent wit let his verses be fraught,
And a deacon shall then an arch-deacon be thought.

AT ALNWICK, IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

Here lieth Martin Elphinston,
Who with his sword did cut in sun-
der the daughter of Sir Harry
Crispe, who did his daughter marry:
She was fat and fulsome;
But men will some-
times eat bacon with their bean,
And love the fat as well as lean.

POLITE INVITATION.

A convict who was executed at Leicester, and adopted the singular mode of travelling in a post-chaise to the place of execution, was no less remarkable for his crimes, than a copious fund of low humour. He got the following notice put up in the most frequented houses in the town: "Wanted, an agreeable companion in a post-chaise, to go a journey of considerable length, and upon equal terms."

COURT FOOLS.

Unquestionably the most sprightly of all inventions which we owe to the dulness of courts is that of the professional jester or fool, than which nothing could have been more expressly and admirably adapted to its end. If not witty himself, he was at least the man of wit in others—the butt at which the shafts of their ridicule were shot, and through whom they sometimes launched them at their neighbours. The jests might be poor, quibbling, bald, bad; but the talent was at all events mental; not so sparkling, perhaps, as the fight between Congreve's intellectual antagonists, but still preferable to what it displaced, for a play upon words is more comical than a play upon the ribs; it is better to elicit bad puns from another's aculls, than to be drinking wine out of him; it is quite as facetious to smoke a quiz as a cigar; a quibble in the head is as comical as a bump

upon it; and cutting jokes, however common-place, is assuredly as sprightly as cutting cards, and as humorous as cutting capers. Whoever first established these chartered merry-andrews, we ought to wear his name in our heart's core. Strange that these omniloquent professors of facetiæ should have left so few names upon the rolls of fame. Brutus was only an amateur fool, who assumed the character for a political object. We should have known nothing of Yorick, the Danish king's jester, had not the gravedigger in Hamlet knocked him about the mazzard with a spade. Killigrew was a sort of court jester to Charles the Second; but, not content with saying good things, he ventured upon publishing them; and as his pen was very inferior to his tongue, in which he afforded a contrast to Cowley, Sir John Denham took occasion to exclaim—

"Had Cowley ne'er spoke—Killigrew ne'er writ—
Combined in one they'd made a matchless wit."

Considering how few offices and sinecures are abolished now-a-days, we cannot help regretting that this should have been selected for extinction, and we are tempted to inquire

"Why, pray, of late do Europe's kings
No jester in their courts admit?
They're grown such stately solemn things
To bear a joke they think not fit.—
But though each court a jester lacks
To laugh at monarchs to their face,
All mankind do behind their backs
Supply the honest jester's place."

NEW CHURCHES.

Our rulers still anxious for John Bull's enjoyment,
Propose this decree, father Moses to lurch;
Six days shalt thou pine, without food or employment,
And march on the seventh devoutly to church.

IN GRANTHAM CHURCH-YARD.

John Palfreyman, who is buried here,
Was aged four and twenty year;
And near this place his mother lies,
Likewise his father—when he dies,

AMUSEMENTS AT CHELTENHAM.

The first consideration on rising in the morning at a place of fashionable resort is, how shall the day be spent. The journey thither has been performed for relaxation; and the idea of reading, writing, or thinking within doors, is out of the question, or why have we left London? The visitant, therefore, usually determines on a promenade, for the purpose of seeing and being seen. The springs are sadly deficient in the quantity of water; and by no means, in this respect, to be compared to the sweet, retired, and snug Leamington, where there is enough and to spare for bathers and drinkers at all seasons, however numerous they may become. The walks in the shade of the trees at Cheltenham are delightful. The constant residents at these watering-places are made up of a large proportion of card-playing old maids, retiring widows, half-pay officers with a small fortune, and hypochondriacs. These are to be found at all times and seasons, and afford an example how rapidly some of our fellow-mortals pass their hours. Small-talk, cards, compliments, remarks upon the weather, with a sprinkling of scandal that serves to keep the appetite alive for more, perform the same round incessantly, till life's "fitful fever," is over, and one is at a loss to find any reasonable excuse for the purpose of such mere mechanical existence. There is no better sample of what may be called *stagnant* life, than this species of inhabitant of our spas and watering places exhibits. Existence seems in a state of negation—they look too vacant for any residence but the shores of Lethe—"thought would destroy their paradise"—they seem a forlorn corps, exiled from the mass of the people, high or low; a condemned regiment, kept apart from the army to live and die in inglorious obscurity. The other classes consist of sick visitants, whom the healthy seem inclined to expel from their rightful abodes; and the busy and active inhabitants, who draw the means of subsistence equally from all the other classes.

It might naturally be supposed that towns which have grown up under the pretence of pleasure and relaxation, would abound with entertainments, cal-

culated to relieve tedium and increase the charm of society. Such would actually be the case in any other country than this, where the reverse is really the fact. A starving theatrical company may (if a theatre exists in the place at all) be seen playing before empty boxes, or a few strangers, unknowing and unknown. A ball now and then, where exclusion and stiffness govern every thing, and pleasure is little more than a name, and a promenade on the same given spot, constitute all the amusements to be found in them. A relentless antisocial spirit rules every thing. All look at each other with suspicion. The aristocracy, real or feigned, legitimate or illegitimate, dread coming in contact with the tradesman; and the tradesman often labours to pass for one of the aristocracy, and he often labours so well that he can scarcely be distinguished, except by sometimes over-acting his part. Coteries are formed, the members of which imagine themselves the most select and high-bred circle in the realm. The horror of an amalgamation by some of the visitants, even in the streets, with those whom they pretend to despise, is only equalled by the patient's dread of water in hydrophobia. The pretty faces of the girls are taught by their mammas to assume a look of unwonted scorn at the strangers whom mixed company may throw in their way. The silly pretensions of the vain are never so strongly marked as in a fashionable spa; and all the brood of folly may be seen tinkling its showy bells and strutting in inflated inanity of mind in a manner very different from its appearance in the general run of our cities and towns. Indeed, the best entertainment for the idler is to watch their workings, from the brainless coachman-aping peer, to the soap-maker's lady of Wapping. Like fantoccini moving along in the same dance, full of self-pretension—ignorant, but fashionable—coarse in manners, but wealthy—how amusing it is to contemplate such a scene: to view it with all "its gaily-gilded trim quick glancing to the sun," and to read in it one of the bitterest lessons of reason's humiliation, of worthlessness of purpose, that the picture of man's life affords!

ECHO IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Now Echo, on what's religion grounded?

Round-head!

Whose its professor most considerable?

Rabble!

How do these prove themselves to be the godly?

Oddly!

But they in life are known to be the holy.

O lie!

Who are these preachers, men or women-common?

Common!

Come they from any universitie?

Citie!

Do they not learning from their doctrine sever?

Ever!

Yet they pretend that they do edifie;

O fie!

What do you call it then, to fructify?

Ay!

What church have they, and what pulpits

Pitts!

But now in chambers the conventicle;

Tickle!

The godly sisters shrewdly are belied.

Bellied!

The godly number then will soon transcend.

End!

As for the temples they with zeal embrace them.

Rase them!

What do they make of bishop's hierarchy?

Archie.

Are crosses, images, ornaments their scandall?

All!

Nor will they leave us many ceremonies.

Monies!

Must even religion down for satisfaction.

Faction!

How stand they affected to the government civil?

Evil!

But to the king they say they are most loyal.

Lye all!

Then God keep king and state from these same men.

Amen!

THE UPSTART.

There was a friend of my own,—if we may take his own word for it, a left-handed branch of the Plantagenets, but, when I first knew him, one of the dullest dogs in all Noodledum,—grave as a justice of peace, solemn as an undertaker, and as silent as a quaker deserted by the spirit. Though a high-church Tory, you might have taken the family fireside for a nonconformist conventicle, so simple and unadorned was the conversation: at present, every one of its members might be bound up “to face the title” of Colman's Broad Grins. For you are to know that it pleased heaven, and an eighty-horse powered steam-engine, to make a man of a small cotton-spinner, residing in a neighbouring town. This honest tradesman, as he grew rich, grew ambitious. He built a handsome square mansion, which he (being of Cockney origin) christened “The *All*,” and he turned an oak fence round six acres of meadow, which he dubbed “The Park.” He rode likewise in his coach and four, and, agreeably to the dictum of Mons. Cottu, got himself enlisted on the grand jury. Certain pecuniary obligations conferred by old Twist upon my friend Blackacre enforced an invitation of the former to the manor-house, which has since grown, not without substantial reasons, into an intimacy; and though old Twist is himself as dull as a post, yet has he discovered to the Blackacres a mine of wit and fun, which in their whole previous lives they “had never dreamed of in their philosophy.” “Twist's *All*” stands very high, and commands an extensive prospect; on the very first visit the Blackacres were called on to admire its *city*-ation; and ever since it has been a standing joke in the family to make old Twist recur twenty times a-day to the *city*ation of his house, the *city*ation of public affairs, or the *city*ation of any thing else, that can press into the service the ill-

An allusion probably to Archibald Armstrong, the fool privileged jester of Charles I. usually called *Archy*, who had a quarrel with archbishop Laud, and of whom many archy-isms are on record: there is a little jest-book very highly-esteemed and of little worth which bears the title of *Archy's* H.

fated but obsequious polysyllable. The eldest Miss Twist has likewise an unfortunate predilection for the French word *naïveté*, though two hundred per annum spent during six years at a French boarding-school failed in purchasing its right pronunciation. Sometimes she admires *navette* in the abstract; sometimes she praises her sisters for their great *naviété*; but most frequently she gives herself credit for an extraordinary share of *navitie*;—so ingeniously does she go wide of her mark! This little bit of slip-slop is the source of inextinguishable mirth to the Blackacres; the girls take off “the Twists” in every possible mode of malaprop accentuation; and the father invariably brings up the rear with a customary doubt of the genuineness of the article; affirming that the lady is as cunning as a fox, and that her *navietic* is, in plain English, nothing more than mere knavery. In this manner has the spectacle of the inferiority of the Twists roused the Blackacres to a sense of their own wit and spirit. The *lapsus lingua* of the manufacturers keep the tongues of the agriculturalists in incessant activity. The incongruities in their dress and furniture preserve their gentle-blooded neighbours in perpetual good-humour with themselves; and old Twist’s mismanagement of his land, which he will farm himself at a loss of thirty per cent. has almost reconciled Blackacre to the idea that the ground is no longer his own.

SHERIDAN’S ANCESTORS.

Sheridan’s father one day descanting on the pedigree of his family, was regretting that they were no longer styled O’Sheridan, as they had been formerly; “Indeed, father,” replied the late celebrated character, then a boy, “we *have* more right to the O than any one else—for we *owe* every body.”

BILLIARDS.

A Scene from Nightmare Abbey.

The Rev. Mr. Larynx approached the sofa, and proposed a game at billiards.

The Hon. Mr. Listless.—Billiards! really I should

be very happy; but in my present exhausted state, I fear the exertion would be too much for me. I do not know when I have been equal to such an effort. (He rang for his valet, Fatout entered.)—Fatout, when did I play at billiards last?

Fatout.—De fourteenth December, de last year, Monsieur.—(Fatout bowed and retired.)

The Hon. Mr. Listless.—So it was seven months ago. You see Mr. Larynx, you see, sir. My nerves, Miss O’Carroll, my nerves are shattered. I have been advised to try Bath. Some of the faculties commend Cheltenham. I think of trying both, as the seasons don’t clash. The season you know Mr. Larynx—the season, Miss O’Carroll—the season is every thing.

Marionetta.—And health is something, n’est ce pas, Larynx?

The Rev. Mr. Larynx.—Most assuredly Miss O’Carroll—for however reasoners may dispute about the *summum bonum*, none of them will deny that a very good dinner is a very good thing, and what is a good dinner without a good appetite? and whence is a good appetite but from good health? Now Cheltenham, Mr. Listless, is famous for good appetites.

The Hon. Mr. Listless.—The best piece of logic I ever heard. Mr. Larynx, the very best I assure you. I have thought very seriously and profoundly, I have thought of it—let me see—when did I think of it? (he rang again, and Fatout re-appeared.) Fatout! when did I think of going to Cheltenham, and did not go?

Fatout.—De Juillet twenty-one de last summer, Monsieur. (Fatout retired.)

The Hon. Mr. Listless.—So it was. An invaluable fellow that, Mr. Larynx—invaluable, Miss O’Carroll.

Marionetta.—So I should judge, indeed. He seems to serve you as a walking memory, and to be a living chronicle not of your actions only, but of your thoughts.

The Hon. Mr. Listless.—An excellent definition of the fellow. Miss O’Carroll—excellent, upon my honour—Ha! ha! ha! Heigh ho! laughter is a pleasure, but the exertion of it is too much for me.

PHYSIOGNOMY DECEITFUL.

A gentleman presenting, familiarly, Mr. Penn, the pedestrian, to a lady of his acquaintance, "Madam, (said he) this is the queer Penn, that walked against Danvers Butler, and he is not so great a fool as he looks to be."—"Madam, (answered Penn) there lies the difference between him and me."

STANZAS TO PUNCHINELLO.

Thou *lignum-vitæ* Roscius, who
Dost the old vagrant stage renew,
Peerless, inimitable Punchinello !
The queen of smiles is quite undone
By thee, all-glorious king of fun,
Thou grinning, giggling, laugh-extorting fellow !
At other times mine ear is wrang,
Whene'er I hear the trumpet's tongue
Waking associations melancholic ;
But that which heralds thee, recalls
All childhood's joys and festivals,
And makes the heart rebound with freak and frolic.
Ere of thy face I get a snatch,
O with what boyish glee I catch
Thy twittering, cackling, bubbling, squeaking
gibber—
Sweeter than siren voices—fraught
With richer merriment than aught
That drops from winking mouths, though utter'd
glibber !
What wag was ever known before
To keep the circle in a roar,
Nor wound the feelings of a single hearer ?
Engrossing all the jibes and jokes,
Unenvied by the duller folks,
A harmless wit—an unmalignant jeerer.
The upturn'd eyes I love to trace
Of wondering mortals, when their face
Is all alight with an expectant gladness ;
To mark the flickering giggle first,
The growing grin—the sudden burst,
And universal shout of merry madness.

I love those sounds to analyze,
From childhood's shrill ecstatic cries,
To age's chuckle with its coughing after ;
To see the grave and the genteel
Rein in awhile the mirth they feel,
Then loose their muscles, and let out the laughter.
Sometimes I note a hen-peck'd wight,
Enjoying thy marital might,
To him a beatific *beau idéal* ;
He counts each crack on Judy's pate,
Then homeward creeps to cogitate
The difference 'twixt dramatic wives and real.
But, Punch, thou'rt ungallant and rude
In plying thy persuasive wood ;
Remember that thy cudgel's girth is good,
Than that compassionate, thumb-thick.
Establish'd wife-compelling stick,
Made legal by the dictum of judge Buller.
When the officious doctor hies
To cure thy spouse, there's no surprise
Thou shouldst receive him with nose-tweaking
grappling
Nor can we wonder that the mob
Encores each crack upon his nob,
When thou art feeling him with oaken sapling.
As for our common enemy
Old Nick, we all rejoice to see
The *coup de grace* that silences his wrangle ;
But, lo, Jack Ketch !—ah, welladay !
Dramatic justice claims its prey,
And thou in hempen handkerchief must dangle.
Now helpless hang those arms which once
Rattled such music on the scone ;
Hush'd is that tongue which late out-jested Yorick ;
That hunch behind is shrugg'd no more,
No longer heaves that paunch before,
Which swagg'd with such a pleasantry plethoric.
But Thespian deaths are transient woes,
And still less durable are those
Suffer'd by *lignum-vitæ* malefactors ;
Thou wilt return, alert, alive,
And long, oh long may'st thou survive,
First of head-breaking and side-splitting actors !

THE SCRIBBLERUS CLUB.

The Scribblers Club, which consisted of Pope, Gay, Swift, Arbuthnot, Parnell, &c. &c. when the members were in town, were seldom asunder, and they often made excursions together into the country, and generally on foot. Swift was usually the butt of the company, and if a trick was played, he was always the sufferer. The whole party once agreed to walk down to the house of lord B——, whose seat was about twelve miles from town. As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking, soon left all the rest behind him, fully resolved, upon his arrival, to choose the very best bed for himself, for that was his custom. In the mean time Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions, and, taking a horse, arrived at lord B——'s by another way, long before him. Having apprized his lordship of Swift's design, it was resolved, at any rate, to keep him out of the house, but how to effect this was the question. Swift never had the small-pox, and was very much afraid of catching it: as soon, therefore, as he appeared striding along, at some distance from the house, one of his lordship's servants was despatched to acquaint him, that the small-pox was then making great ravages in the family, but that there was a summer-house with a field bed at his service, at the end of the garden. There the disappointed dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold supper that was sent out to him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last they took compassion on him, and upon his promising never to choose the best bed again, they permitted him to make one of the company. There is something satisfactory in these accounts of the follies of the wise; they give a natural air to the picture, and reconcile us to our own. There have been few poetical societies more talked of, or productive of a greater variety of whimsical concerts, than this of the Scribblers Club; but how long it lasted is not known. The whole of Parnell's poetical existence was not of more than eight or ten years continuance; his first excursion to England began about the year 1706, and he died in the year 1718, so that it is probable the club began with him, and his death ended the connection.

DEAN SWIFT.

An accomplished and beautiful new-married lady, being once in company with Swift, spoke of her husband in very high terms, and, as the dean thought, gave him rather more praise than he deserved; he, however, let it pass; but, finding her disposed to renew the subject on another occasion, he changed it, by the following elegant impromptu:—

“ You always are making a god of your spouse;
But this neither reason nor conscience allows:—
Perhaps you will say, 'tis to gratitude due,
And you adore him, because he adores *you*.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For *you*, by this rule, must adore *all mankind*.”

A CATCH.

A musical gentleman, while performing, was arrested by *two* bailiffs, who requested him to join them in a *trio*.—“ I should rather imagine (said the unfortunate gentleman) you wish for a *catch*.”

DAILY MORTIFICATIONS IN DRESS.

My shoemaker always gives me boots which pinch my ankle, and are too wide in the calf of the leg.—His shoes are too tight at the toe, while at the heel I am slipshod. Nevertheless he is called an excellent workman.—My tailor, though a very celebrated man, makes me coats which slip from my shoulders; if I button them they confine my breast, though I have a particular dislike to that; but at the bottom they are quite slack, though I particularly wish to have them tight round my middle. Notwithstanding all this, every one says how well my clothes are made, because they only see, while I feel.—My seamstress, whatever directions I give her on the subject, has a strange predilection for making the collars of my shirts too high; my washerwoman starches them, and all day long they fret me, and rub the skin off my ears.—My hatter takes the size of my head with great care, and yet he always sends me hats which are too small; I order light hats, and he sends me heavy ones; I ask to have the brims made flat, and he sends them always turned up.

THE PARTNERSHIP.

The marquis Della Scalas, an Italian nobleman, having invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, some of the company arrived very early, to pay their respects to his excellency. Soon after, the steward entering the dining-room in a great hurry, told the marquis that there was a most wonderful fisherman below, who had brought one of the finest fish in all Italy; for which, however, he demanded a most extravagant price. "Regard not his price," cried the marquis; "pay him the money directly."—"So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take any money."—"What, then, would the fellow have?"—"A hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord; he says he will not bate a single blow." On this the whole company ran down stairs, to see so singular a man. "A fine fish!" cried the marquis: "what is your demand, my friend?"—"Not a quatrini, my lord," answered the fisherman: "I will not take money. If your lordship wishes to have the fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado on my naked back; otherwise I shall apply elsewhere."—"Rather than lose the fish," said the marquis, "we must e'en let this fellow have his humour.—Here!" cried he, to one of his grooms, "discharge this honest man's demand, but don't lay on too hard; don't hurt the poor devil very much!" The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to execute his lordship's orders. "Now, my friend," said the fisherman, "keep an exact account, I beseech you; for I don't desire a single stroke more than my due." The whole company were astonished at the fortitude with which the man submitted to the operation, till he had received the fiftieth lash; when, addressing himself to the servant—"Hold, my friend," cried the fisherman, "I have now had my full share of the price."—"Your share!" exclaimed the marquis; "what is the meaning of all this?"—"My lord," returned the fisherman, "I have a partner, to whom my honour is engaged that he shall have his full half of whatever I receive for the fish; and your lordship, I dare venture to say, will by and by own that it would be a

thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke."—"And pray, honest friend," said the marquis, "who is this partner?"—"Your porter, my lord," answered the fisherman, "who keeps the outer-gate, and refused to admit me, unless I would promise him half what I should obtain for the fish."—"Ho! ho!" exclaimed the marquis, laughing heartily, "by the blessing of heaven, he shall have double his demand in full tale!" The porter was accordingly sent for; and, being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The marquis then ordered his steward to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; desiring him to call annually for the like sum, as a recompense for the friendly service he had rendered him.

REJECTED LOVE.

I prithee send me back my heart,
 Since I cannot have thine;
 For if from yours you will not part,
 Why then shouldest thou have mine?
 Yet, now I think on't, let it lie,
 To find it were in vain,
 For thou'st a thief in either eye
 Would steal it back again.
 Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
 And yet not lodge together?
 O love, where is thy sympathy
 If thus our breasts you sever?
 But love is such a mystery
 I cannot find it out;
 For when I think I'm best resolved,
 I then am most in doubt.
 Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
 I will no longer pine,
 For I'll believe I have her heart
 As much as she has mine.

HAMLET'S REFLECTIONS ON YORICK'S SCULL.

Grave-digger. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.
Ham. This? *[Takes the scull.]*

Grave-digger. E'en that.

Ham. Alas ! poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest ; of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chap-fallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that.

THE BREWER AND NEGRO.

A brewer in a country town
Had got a monstrous reputation ;
No other beer but his went down—
The hosts of the surrounding station
Carving his name upon their mugs,
And painting it on every shutter ;
And tho' some envious folks would utter
Hints that its flavour came from drugs,
Others maintain'd 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.
His foreman was a lusty black,
An honest fellow ;
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brew'd,
Till he was stupified and mellow.
One day in this top-heavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
(Just then with boiling beer supplied,)
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he
Reel'd—fell in—and nothing more said,
But in his favourite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.
In all directions round about
The negro absentee was sought,
But as no human noddle thought
That our fat Black was now Brown Stout,

They settled that the negro had left
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.
Meanwhile the beer was day by day
Drawn into casks and sent away
Until the lees flow'd thick and thicker,
When, lo ! outstretch'd upon the ground,
Once more their missing friend they found,
As they had often done—in liquor.
See, cried his moralizing master,
I always knew the fellow drank hard,
And prophesied some sad disaster ;
His fate should other tipplers strike,
Poor Mungo ! there he walters, like
A toast at bottom of a tankard

Next morn, a publican, whose tap
Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply.
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd,
Possessing a much richer *gusto*
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging, as a special favour,
Some more of the exact same flavour.
Zounds ! cried the brewer, that's a task
More difficult to grant than ask.
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a Black,
And boil him down at every brewing ?

CURE FOR GAMING.

Tom King meeting with a sporting gentlemen under the Piazza, in Covent Garden, they retired to an adjacent tavern to take a main at hazard for five guineas. Tom soon lost his first stake, and with much resignation eat his supper and drank his bottle. His adversary, however, after supper, proposed to him a second main, which Tom at first refused engaging in, saying he had not, he believed, money enough about him to answer the bet ; but this was overruled by his adversary replying, his word was sufficient for a hundred.—They renewed the party,

and in a few hours Tom won two thousand four hundred guineas. Tom's wife had sat up all night as usual, after having sent every where in search of him, without being able to gain any tidings; when he returned from his lucky vigil. Her inquiries were naturally very pressing, to know where he had been, and what had kept him out so long; to all which he made no other answer than very peremptorily saying, "Bring me a bible."—"A bible!" she re-echoed with some ejaculation, "I hope you have not poisoned yourself?"—"Bring me a bible," continued Tom—"I suppose," she resumed, "you've lost some great sum—never mind, we can work for more." "Bring me a bible, I say," still uttered Tom—"Good Lord, what can be the matter?" said Mrs. King. "I don't believe there's such a thing in the house, without it be in the maid's room." Thither she went, and found part of one, without a cover; when, having brought it to Tom, he fell upon his knees, and made a most fervent oath never to touch a die or card again; whilst she all the time endeavoured to alleviate his grief, of which she considered this as the effusion, owing to some very considerable loss. When he had finished, and rose up, he flung fourteen hundred pounds in bank-notes upon the table, saying, "There, my dear, here's fourteen hundred pounds for you I've won to-night, and I shall receive a thousand more by to-morrow noon, and I'll be d—d if I ever risk a guinea if it again."

A MOUTHFUL OF SENSE.

It was some years ago said in the Parliament house at Edinburgh, that a gentleman (who was known to have a pretty good appetite) had eaten away his senses. "Poh!" replied Henry Erskine, they would not be a *mouthful* to him."

QUALITIES OF A GOOD WIFE.

A good wife should be like three things, which *three things* she should not be like.—First—she should be like a *snail*, always keep within her own house; but she should not be like a *snail*, to carry all she has upon her back.—Secondly, she should be like an *echo*, to speak when she is spoke to: but she should not be

like an *echo*, always to have the last word.—Thirdly, she should be like a *town-clock*, always keep time and regularity; but she should not be like a *town-clock*, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

CLERICAL COMPLIMENT.

Dr. Balguy, a preacher of great celebrity, after having preached an excellent discourse at Winchester cathedral, the text of which was "All wisdom is sorrow," received the following eloquent compliment from Dr. Wharton, then at Winchester school:—

"If what you advance, dear doctor, be true,
That *wisdom* is sorrow,—how wretched are you?"

LOOSE READINGS.

A literary lady expressing to Dr. Johnson her approbation of his Dictionary, and in particular her satisfaction at his not admitting into it any *improper words*. "No, Madam," replied he "I hope I have not soiled my fingers: *I find, however, that you have been looking for them.*"

FASHIONABLE DINNER PARTY.

Thus to his mate Sir Robert spoke—

"The House is up; from London smoke

All fly, the Park grows thinner;

The friends, who fed us, will condemn

Our backward board; we must feed them:

My dear, let's give a dinner."

"Agreed," his lady cries, "and first
Put down Sir George and Lady Hurst."

"Done! now I name—the Gatties!"

"My dear, they're rather stupid."—"Stuff!

We dine with them, and that's enough:

Besides I like their patties."

"Who next?" "Sir James and Lady Dunn."

"Oh no."—"Why not?"—"They'll bring their son;

That regular tormentor;

A couple, with one child, are sure

To bring three fools outside their door,

Whene'er abroad they venture."

"Who next?"—"John Yates."—"What! M.P.
Yates;

Who o'er the bottle, stale debates
Drags forth ten times a minute?"
"He's like the rest: whoever *fails*,
Out of St. Stephen's school tell tales
He'd quake to utter in it."

"Well, have him if you will."—"The Grants."
"My dear, remember, at your aunt's
I view'd them with abhorrence."
"Why so?"—"Why, since they've come from Lisle,
(Which they call *Leet*) they bore our isle
With Brussels, Tours, and Florence."

"Where could you meet them?"—"At the Nore."
"Who next!"—"The Lanes." "We want two
more,—

Lieutenant General Dizzy."
"He's deaf." "But then he'll bring Tom White."
"True! ask them both: the boy's a bite;
We'll place him next to Lizzy."

'Tis seven—the Hursts, the Dunns, Jack Yates,
The Grants assemble: dinner waits:
In march the Lanes, the Gatties;
Objections, taunts, rebukes are fled,
Hate, scorn, and ridicule lie dead
As if so many Donatties.

Yates carves the turbot, Lane the lamb,
Sir George the fowls, Sir James the ham,
Dunn with the beef is busy,
His helpmate pats her darling boy,
And, to complete a mother's joy,
Tom White sits next to Lizzy.

All trot their hobbies round the room;
They talk of routs, retrenchments, Hume,
The bard who won't lie fallow,
The Turks, the statue in the Park,
Which both the Grants, at once, remark
Jump'd down from Mount Cavallo.

They talk of dances, operas, dress,
They nod, they smile, they acquiesce;

None pout; all seem delighted:
Heavens! can this be the self-same set,
So courteously received, when met;
So taunted, when invited?
So have I seen, at Drury-lane,
A play rehearsed: the Thespian train
In arms; the bard astounded:
Scenes cut; parts shifted; songs displaced;
Jokes mangled; characters effaced;
"Confusion worse confounded."

But, on the night, with seeming hearts,
The warring tribe their several parts
Enact with due decorum.
Such is the gulf that intervenes
'Twixt those who get behind the scenes,
And those who sit before 'em!

THE CAPTAIN'S WHISKERS.

By Mr. Holcroft.

A Swiss captain of grenadiers, whose company had been cashiered, was determined, since Mars had no more employment for him, to try if he could not procure a commission in the corps of Venus; or in other words, if he could not get a wife: and as he had no fortune of his own, he reasoned, and reasoned very rightly, that it was quite necessary his intended should have enough for them both. The Captain was one of those kind of heroes, to whom the epithet of hectoring blade might readily be applied. He was near six feet high, and wore a long sword, and a fierce cocked hat: add to which, that he was allowed to have had the most martial pair of whiskers of any grenadier in the company to which he belonged. To curl these whiskers, to comb and twist them round his fore-finger, and to admire them in the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life. A man of these accomplishments, with the addition of bronze and rodomontade, of which he had a superfluity, stands, at all times, and in all countries, a good chance with the ladies, as the experience of I know not how many thousand years has confirmed.

Accordingly, after a little diligent attention, and artful inquiry, a young lady was found, exactly such

as one as we may well suppose a person with his views would be glad to find.—She was tolerably handsome; not more than three-and-twenty; with a good fortune; and what was the best part of the story, this fortune was entirely at her own disposal.

Our Captain, who thought now or never was the time, having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his cause. His tongue was eternally running in praise of her super-superlative, never-to-be-described charms; and in hyperbolical accounts of the flames, darts, and daggers, by which his lungs, liver, and midriff, were burnt up, transfixed, and gnawn away. He who, in writing a song to his sweetheart, described his heart to be without one drop of gravy, like an over-done mutton-chop, was a fool at a simile, when compared to our hero!

One day as he was ranting, kneeling, and beseeching his goddess to send him of an errand to pluck the diamond from the nose of the great mogul, and present it to her divinityship; or suffer him to step and steal the empress of China's enchanted slipper, or the queen of Sheba's cockatoo; as a small testimony of what he would undertake to prove his love! he, after a little hesitation addressed him thus:—

"The protestations which you daily make, Captain, as well as what you say at present, convince me that there is nothing you would not do to oblige me: I, therefore, do not find much difficulty in telling you that I am willing to be yours, if you will perform one thing which I shall request of you."

"Tell me, immaculate angel!" cried our son of gunpowder; "tell me what it is! Though, before you speak, be certain it is already done. Is it to find the ring of Solomon? to catch the phoenix? or draw your chariot to church with unicorns? What is the impossible act that I will not undertake?"

"No, Captain," replied the fair one, "I shall enjoin nothing impossible. The thing I desire, you can do with the utmost ease; it will not cost you five minutes trouble: and yet, were it not for your so positive assurances, from what I have observed, I should almost doubt of your compliance."

"Ah, Madam!" returned he, "wrong not your

slave thus; deem it not possible, that he, who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life, from the light of your eyes, can ever demur the thousandth part of a semi-second to execute your omnipotent behests! Speak! say! what, empress of my parched entrails, what must I perform?"

"Nay, for that matter, it is a mere trifle!—Only to cut off your whiskers, Captain; that's all."

"Madam! [Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the Captain's utter astonishment.]—"My whiskers! Cut off my whiskers!—Excuse me! Cut off my whiskers!—Pardon me, Madam.—Any thing else—any thing that mind can or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. Bid me fetch you Prester John's beard, a hair at a time, and it's done. But, for my whiskers! you must grant me a salvo there!"

"And why so, good Captain?—Surely any gentleman who had but the tithe of the passion you express, would not stand on such a trifle!"

"A trifle, Madam!—My whiskers a trifle!—No, Madam, no!—My whiskers are no trifle. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whiskered like me, I myself would be the Grand-Turk of Constantinople.—My whiskers, Madam, are the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice.—There is not a woman, married or single,—maid, wife, or widow—that does not admire my whiskers!"

"May be so, sir; but if you marry me, you must cut them off!"

"And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you, unless I part with my whiskers?"

"Never!"

"Why then, Madam, farewell. I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers, if Catherine, the czarina, empress of all the Russias, would make me king of the Calmucs; and so, good morning to you!"

Had all young ladies, in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered; they all have their whiskers: and seek for fortunes, to be able to cultivate, not cut them off.

EPILOGUE TO THE LYING VALET

That I'm a lying rogue, you all agree ;
 And yet, look round the world, and you shall see
 That many more, my betters, *lie* as fast as me.
 Against this vice we all are ever railing ;
 And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,
 You'll find but few without this useful failing.
 Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
 The *lie* goes round, and the ball's never still.
 My lies were harmless, told to show my parts,
 And not like those when tongues belie their hearts.
 In all professions you will find this flaw ;
 And in the gravest too, in physic and in law.
 The gouty sergeant cries, with formal pause,
 " Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve the
 cause : "

But when my lord decrees for t'other side,
 Your costs of suit convince you—that he lied.
 A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,
 First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows your
 case ;

" Your fever's slight, not dangerous, I assure you ;
 Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, sir, will cure
 you."

Around the bed next day his friends are crying ;
 The patient dies, the doctor's paid for lying.

The poet, willing to secure the pit,
 Gives out, his play has humour, taste, and wit .

The cause comes on, and while the judges try,
 Each groan and cat-call gives the bard the lie.

Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do ?

They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.

" Lord ! " says the prude (her face behind her fan)

How can our sex have any joy in man ?

As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive me ;

And were the race extinct, 'twould never grieve
 me :

Their sight is odious, but their touch—O gad !

The thought of that's enough to drive one mad.

Thus rails at man the squeamish Lady Dainty,

Yet weds at fifty-five a rake of twenty.

In short, a beau's intrigues, a lover's sighs,

The courtier's promise, the rich widow's cries,

— And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lies.

Sometimes you'll see a man belie his nation,
 Nor to his country show the least relation.
 For instance, now——
 A cleanly Dutchman or a Frenchman grave,
 A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,
 An Englishman, a coward or a slave.
 Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art ;
 I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part :
 Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the lying crew,
 For, though my tongue was false, my heart was true.

GARRICK.

WONDER FOR WONDER.

A few days after the blowing up of the powder-mills at Hounslow, Foote was in a company where the accident became the subject of discussion. Many extraordinary stories were related of the effects produced by the explosion ; and among others, an ensign of the guards declared that as he was sitting in his apartments, having his hair dressed, his servant and himself were thrown out of the dressing room into the bed room, where they broke a large mirror to pieces. The company smiled at the story as somewhat incredible ; when Foote observed, " he was not at all surprised at the circumstance, as he himself was forced forty feet from the place where he sat at breakfast, by the shock he received, and lighted in the midst of a whole assortment of china, which he broke to pieces." " Aye," exclaimed the ensign, " that was more extraordinary—wonderful indeed." " Not at all," replied the wit, " for on finding the house shake, I became so greatly alarmed, that in three strides I made into the street, and that you know is full forty feet and more ; and running up to an old woman, who was passing with a basket of china on her head, to inquire what was the matter, such was my hurry and trepidation—yes, gentlemen, such was my hurry and trepidation, that I overset the woman, overset the basket, and broke all the china."

THE JEW'S EXPOSTULATION.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
 In the Rialto you have rated me

About my monies, and my usances :
 Still have I borne it with a patient abrug ;
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe ;
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help :
 Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies ; You say so ;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold : Monies is your suit.
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money ? Is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? or
 Shall I bend low, and, in a bondsman's key,
 With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 Say this—
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

• INSPIRATION OF PUNCH.

Curran attributes the first impulse of his genius to the inspiration of punch. His first effort to speak in public, was at a debating society ; where he failed so completely, that his friend Mr. Apjohn advised him not to aspire higher than a chamber counsel, as nature never intended him for an orator. His own account is thus :

"Apjohn dined with me that day ; and when the leg of mutton, or rather the bone, was removed, we offered up the libation of an additional glass of punch. In the evening, we repaired to 'the Devil.' One of them was upon his legs ; a highly gifted gentleman, with dirty cravat, and greasy pantaloons. I found this learned personage calumniating craniology, by the most preposterous anachronisms ; and traducing the illustrious dead. He descanted upon Demosthenes, the glory of the Roman forum ; spoke of Tully as the famous contemporary and rival of Cicero ; and in the short space of one half hour, transported the

plains of Marathon three several times to the straits of Thermopylæ. Thinking that I had a right to know something of these matters, I looked at him with surprise ; and whether it was my classical rivalry, or, the supplemental tumbler of punch, that gave my face a smirk of saucy confidence, when our eyes met, the erudite gentleman changed his invective against antiquity, into an invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel to 'Orator Mum,' who, he doubted not, possessed wonderful talents for eloquence, although he would recommend him to show it in future by some more popular method than silence. I followed his advice, and I believe not entirely without effect ; for, when, upon sitting down, I whispered my friend, that I hoped he did not think my dirty antagonist had come quite clear off. "On the contrary, my dear fellow," said he, "every one around me is declaring, that it is the first time they ever saw him so well dressed."

TO MR. ———, ON RECEIVING A BLANK LETTER
 FROM HIM ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.

I pardon, sir, the trick you've play'd me,
 When an *April Fool* you made me ;
 Since *one day* only I appear,
 What you, alas ! do *all the year*.

PREACHING AND SPELLING.

Of six and thirty persons, (sectarians,) who obtained licenses to preach, at one session of the Middlesex magistrates, six spelled "ministers of the gospel" in six different ways, and seven signed their mark thus x, (i. e. their cross.) One fellow, who applied for a license, being asked if he could read, replied, "Mother reads, and I 'spounds and 'splains."

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO COMPLAINED OF HAVING
 LOST HIS GOLD WATCH.

Fret not, my friend, or peevish say
 Your fate is worse than common ;
 For gold takes wings, and flies away,
 And time will stay for no man.

THE HUMOROUS MAN.

You shall know the man of humour by the vivacity of his eyes, the "morn-elastic" tread of his foot, the lightness of his brow, and the dawning smile of pleasantry in his countenance. He is a man who cares for nothing so much as a "mirth-moving jest;" give him that, and he has "food and raiment." He *will* not see what men have to cark and care for, beyond to-day; he is for to-morrow's providing for himself. He is for a new reading of Ben Jonson's old play of "*Every Man in his Humour*," he would have it "*Every Man in Humour*." He leaves money and misery, to misers; ambition and blood, to great warriors and low highwaymen; fame, to court-laureates and lord-mayors; honours, to court-panders and city knights; the dread of death, to such as are not worthy of life; the dread of heaven, to those who are not good enough even for earth; the grave, to the parish-clerk and undertakers; tombs, to proud worms; and palaces to paupers. It is enough for him if he may laugh the "hours away;" and break a jest, where tempers more *humorous* break a head. He would not barter with you one wakeful jest for a hundred sleepy sermons; or one laugh for a thousand sighs. If he could allow himself to sigh about any thing, it would be that he had been serious when he might have laughed; if he could weep for any thing, it would be for mankind, because they will not laugh more and mourn less. Yet he hath tears for the pitiable, the afflicted, the orphan, and the unhappy; but his tears die where they are born,—in his heart; he makes no show of them; like April showers, they refresh where they fall, and turn to smiles, as all tears will, that are not selfish. His grief has a humanity in it, which is not satisfied with tears only; it teaches him

—— the disparity

"Tween poor and rich, weal and want, and moves
His heart to truth, his hands to charity.

He loves no face more than a smiling one; a needlessly serious one serveth him for the whetting of his wit,—as cold flints strike out quick sparks of fire.

His humour shows itself to all things and on all

occasions. I found him once bowing on the stairs to a poor alarmed devil of a rat, who was cowering up in a corner; he was politely offering him the retreat honourable, with an "After you sir, if you would honour me." I settled the point of etiquette, by kicking the rat down stairs, and received a frown from my humane friend, for my impatient inhumanity.

His opinions of men and things have some spice of singularity in them. He conceives it to be a kind of *puppyism* in pigs that they wear *tails*—He defines a great coat to be "a *Spencer*, folio edition, with *tail-pieces*." He calls Hercules a man-midwife, in a small way of business; because he had but twelve *labours*. He can tell you why Horace ran away from the battle of Philippi: it was to prove to the Romans that he was not a *lame* poet. He describes your critics to be a species of door-porters to the temple of fame; and says it is their business to see that no persons slip in with holes in their stockings, or paste buckles for diamond ones; not that they always perform this duty honestly. He calls the sun "the *yellow hair'd laddie*;" the prince of darkness, "the *Black Prince*;" or, when he displeases his sense of virtue, "*Monsieur De Vil*." He will ask you, "What is the distinctive difference between a *sigh-heaver* and a *coal heaver*?" You cannot divine; he tells you, "a *coal-heaver* has a load at his back, which he *can* carry; a *sigh-heaver* has one at his heart, which he *can not* carry."

If he quotes a proverb at all, it is "with a difference;" such as "Cobbler, stick to your *war*,"—a thing more practicable than sticking to his *last*, as the old proverb adviseth. He will say, "What is bred in the bone will not come out *with the shower*,"—which, to those Epicurean persons who have the magpie propensity of prying into marrow-bones, must simplify the proverb to their fatheaded comprehensions. Some one used that very trite old proverb in his hearing, of *necessity having no laws*: upon which, wilfully misunderstanding it, he remarked, "I am very sorry for it; it is surely a pity, considering the number of "the learned clerks" she might give employ to, if she had. Her chancellor would have no *sinocure* of it, I trow; hearing the petitions of

her poor, broken-fortuned, and bankrupt subjects, would take up all his terms, though every term were a year, and every year a term."

He is a polite man, though a wit; which is not what wits usually are; they would rather lose a life than a joke. I have heard him express his detestation of those wits who sport with venomous weapons, and wish them the fate of Laertes, who, in his encounter with Hamlet, got his weapon changed, and was himself wounded with the poisoned foil he had designed for his antagonist. I mean by saying he is a polite man, that he is naturally, not artificially, polite; for the one is but a handsome, frank-looking mask, under which you conceal the contempt you feel for the person you seem most diligent to please; it is a gilt-edged envelope to a blank valentine; a shell without a nut; a courtesan in a fair Quaker's chaste *satinity* and smooth sleekness; the arch devil in a domino;—the other is, as he describes it, taking the hat and cloak of your heart off, and standing uncovered and unconcealed in the presence of worth, beauty, or any one amiable quality.

In short, he is a humane man; and humanity is your only true politeness. I have seen him ridicule that politeness which contents itself with bowing and back-bending, very humorously. In walking through his garden, a tree or tall flower, touched by the passing wind, bowed its head towards him; his hat was off, and the bow was returned with an old-school ceremoniousness and etiquette that would, perhaps, have cured Lord Chesterfield, that fine polisher of exteriors, of some of his hollow-nutted notions of manners. In this spirit, I saw him bow very profoundly to the giants, as he passed by St. Dunstan's church.—He had asked his friend Hobbes or Dobbs (I know not which) what was the hour? Before Hobbes could reply, the giants had informed him. "Thank you, gentlemen," said he, bowing to them with a graceful humour.

I have said he is a humane man. He once detected an unattractive cat picking his cold mutton, "on a day, alack the day!" for he was then too poor to spare it well. Some men would have thrown a poker at her; others would have squandered away a gen-

tlemanly income of oaths, and then have sworn by private subscription; an absent man, had he been present, would perhaps have thrown his young son and heir, or his gold watch and seals, at her; another, perhaps, his wig;—he contented himself with saying, "I have two or three doubts, (which I shall put forth as much in the shape of a half-crown pamphlet as possible,) as to the propriety of your conduct in eating my mutton;" and then he brushed her off with his handkerchief, supped on half a French roll and a gooseberry, and went happy to bed.

Some of his jokes have a practicality about them; but they neither have the quarter-staff jocoseness of Robin Hood, that brake heads let them be never so obtuse and profound; nor the striking effect of that flourishing sprig of the Green Isle, that knocks down friend and foe with a partiality truly impartial.

He is no respecter of persons: the beggar may have a joke of him, (and something better,) though they do not happen to apply exactly "between the hours of eleven and four." Those handmaids of Pomona, who vend their fruits about the streets, seem, by their voices, to be legitimate daughters of old Stentor; more especially shall I specify those damsels who sell *walnuts*. To one of these our humorist once addressed himself "to the effect following:"—"Pray, Mrs. Jones, will you crack me fifty walnuts with the same voice you cry them with?"

At dinner there is purposely but one glass on the table; his lady apologizes for her seeming negligence;—"Time, my dear, hath no more than one glass; and yet he contrives to see all his guests under the table—kings, lord-mayors, and pot-boys."

If he lends you a book, for the humour of the thing, he will request you, as you love clean shoes on a lord-mayor's day, to make no *thumb-and-butter references* in the margin; and will, moreover, ask you whether you have studied that modern "*art of book-keeping*," which has superseded the "*Italian method*," viz. of never returning the books you borrow?

He has a very ingenious mode of putting names and significations on what he calls the *brain-rack*, and dislocating their joints into words: thus tortured

and broke into pieces, *Themistocles* loses his quality, but increases his quantity, and becomes *the Miss Tokeleys*; the *Cyclades*, by the same disorder, become *sick ladies*; a "*delectable*, enjoyment" is a *deal-legged-table* pleasure; &c. &c. pun without end. These are what he denominates *punlings*.

For his puns, they fall as thick from him as leaves from autumn-bowers. Sometime since, he talked of petitioning for the office of *pun-purveyor* to his majesty; but ere he had written "and your petitioner shall ever" *pun*, it was bestowed on the yeoman of the guard. He still, however, talks of opening business as "*pun-wright* in general to his Majesty's subjects," for the diffusion of that pleasant small-ware of wit; and intends to advertise "*puns* wholesale, retail, and for exportation. N. B. 1.—A liberal allowance made to captains and gentlemen going to the East or West Indies. Hooks, Peakes, and Pockocks, supplied on moderate terms. Worn-out sentiments and clap-traps taken in exchange. N. B. 2.—May be had in a *large* quantity in a *great deal* box, price five acts of sterling comedy, per packet; or in small quantities in court-plaster-sized boxes, price one melodrama and an interlude, per box—N. B. 3.—The genuine are sealed with a *Munden grin*; all others are counterfeits. *Long live Apollo!*" &c. &c.

CHEERFULNESS.

Let me play the fool :

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ?

THE DEAD ALIVE.

An hypochondriac, after ringing the change of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead, actually dead. Dr. Stevenson having been sent for one morning in great haste, by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bedside, where he found him stretched out at

full length, his hands across his breast, his toes in contact, his eyes and mouth closely shut, and his looks cadaverous.

"Well, sir, how do you do, this morning ?" asked Dr. Stevenson, in a jocular way, approaching his bed. "How do I do ?" replied the hypochondriac faintly ; "a pretty question to ask a dead man." "Dead !" replied the doctor. "Yes, sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night about twelve o'clock."

Dr. Stevenson putting his hand gently on the forehead of the hypochondriac, as if to ascertain whether it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed in a doleful note, "Yes, the poor man is dead enough ; 'tis all over with him, and now the sooner he can be buried the better." Then stepping up to his wife, and whispering to her not to be frightened at the measures he was about to take, he called to the servant ; "My boy, your poor master is dead ; and the sooner he can be put in the ground the better. Run to C—m, for I know he always keeps New England coffins by him ready made ; and do you hear, bring a coffin of the largest size, for your master makes a stout corpse, and having died last night, and the weather being warm, he will not keep long."

Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family having got their lesson from the doctor, gathered around him, and howled not a little while they were putting the body in the coffin. Presently the pall-bearers, who were quickly provided and let into the secret, started with the hypochondriac for the church-yard. They had not gone far, before they were met by one of the town's people, who, having been properly drilled by Stevenson, cried out, "Ah, doctor, what poor soul have you got there ?"

"Poor Mr. B——," sighed the doctor, "left us last night."

"Great pity he had not left us twenty years ago," replied the other ; "he was a bad man."

Presently another of the townsmen met them with the same question, "And what poor soul have you got there, doctor ?"

"Poor Mr. B——," answered the doctor again, "is dead."

"Ah! indeed," said the other; "and so he is gone to meet his deserts at last."

"O, villain!" exclaimed the man in the coffin.

Soon after this, while the pall-bearers were resting themselves near the church-yard, another stepped up with the old question again, "What poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," he replied, "is gone."

"Yes and to the bottomless pit," said the other; "for if he is not gone there, I see not what use there is for such a place." Here the dead man, bursting off the lid of the coffin, which had been purposely left loose, leaped out, exclaiming, "O, you villain! I am gone to the bottomless pit am I? Well, I have come back again, to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are." A chase was immediately commenced, by the dead man after the living, to the petrifying consternation of many of the spectators, at sight of a corpse, in all the horrors of the winding sheet, running through the streets. After having exercised himself into a copious perspiration by the fantastic race, the hypochondriac was brought home by Dr. Stevenson, freed from all his complaints; and by strengthening food, generous wine, cheerful company, and moderate exercise, was soon restored to perfect health.

PROLOGUE TO BARBAROSSA.

Spoken by Garrick, in the character of a Country Boy.

Measter! measter!

Is not my measter here among you, pray?

Nay speak—my measter wrote this fine new play——

The actor-folks are making such a clatter!

They want the pro-log—I know nought o' the matter:

He must be there among you—look about——

A weezen pale fac'd mon—do find him out.

Pray, measter, come, or all will fall to sheame;

Call Mister—Hold—I must not tell his neame.

La! what a crowd is here! what noise and pother!

Fine lads and lasses! one o' top o' other.

[Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.]

I could for ever here with wonder gaze;

I ne'er saw a church so full, in all my days!—

Your servant, sirs—What do you laugh for, eh?

You donna take me sure for one o' the play?

You should not flout an honest country lad—

You think me fool, and I think you half mad:

You're all as strange as I, and stranger too;

And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.

[Laughing.]

I donna like your London tricks, not I;

And, since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why:

And, if you wull, since now I am before ye,

For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,

And get a place among the rich and great:

But troth I'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en;

I like it not—would I were whoame again!

First, in the city I took up my station,

And got a place with one o' th' corporation.

A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal;

Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!

But long with him I could not make abode,

For, could you think't?—he eat a great sea-toad!

It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me;

He call'd it *belly-patch*, and *càp-a-pee*:

La! how I star'd!—I thought—who knows, but I,

For want of monsters, may be made a pie!

Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,

I'll back to whoame and country fare again.

I left toad-eater; then I serv'd a lord,

And there they promis'd!—but ne'er kept their word.

While 'mong the great this geaming work the trade is,

They mind no more poor servants—than their ladies.

A lady next, who lik't a smart young lad,

Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad.

She turn'd the world top-down, as I may say,

She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!

I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,

She wore her gear so short, so low her stays—

Fine folks show all for nothing now-a-days!

Now I'm the poet's mon—I find with wits

There's nothing sartain—nay, we eat by fits.

Our meals, indeed, are slender—what of that ?
There are but three on's—measter, I, and cat.
Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
You'd scarcely say which of the three is thinner.

My wages all depend on this night's piece ;
But should you find that all our swans are geese !
'Efect, I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all and whistle whoame again.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

*Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the character of a
fine Gentleman.*

[Speaking without.

'Pshaw ! damn your epilogue, and hold your tongue—
Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong ?
Had you ten epilogues, you should not speak 'em,
Tho' he had writ them all in linguum Grecum.
I'll do't, by all the gods ! (you must excuse me)
Tho' author, actors, audiencé, all abuse me !

[To the audience.

Behold a gentleman !—and that's enough !
Laugh if you please—I'll take a pinch of snuff !
I come to tell you (let me not surprise you)
That I'm a wit—and worthy to advise you.
How could you suffer that same country booby,
That pro-log speaking savage, that great looby,
To talk his nonsense ?—give me leave to say,
'Twas low ! damn'd low !—but save the fellow's play :
Let the poor devil eat ; allow him that,
And give a meal to measter, mon, and cat !
But why attack the fashions ? senseless rogue !
We have no joys but what result from vogue :
The mode should all controul !—nay, ev'ry passion,
Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion :
I hate as much as he a turtle-feast,
But 'till the present turtle-rage is ceas'd,
I'd ride a hundred miles to make myself a beast.
I have no ears ; yet op'ras I adore !
Always prepar'd to die—to sleep—no more !
The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dress,
He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good queen Bess !
They are, forsooth, too much expos'd and free :
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I see,
For more or less, 'tis all the same to me.

Poor gaming too, was maul'd among the rest,
That precious cordial to a high-life breast !
When thoughts arise, I always game or drink,
An English gentleman should never think—
The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit on—
What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton.
In us reflection breeds a sober madness,
Which always ends in politics or sadness,
I therefore now propose, by your command,
That tragedies no more shall cloud this land ;
Send o'er your Shakspeares to the sons of France,
Let them grow grave—let us begin to dance !
Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
Reserve alone, to bless these golden times,
A Farce or two—and Woodward's pantomimes.

GARRICK

LOQUACITY.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
than any man in all Venice : his reasons are as two
grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you shall
seek all day ere you find them : and when you have
them, they are not worth the search.

SCOTTICISMS.

Step in to the fire, (sometimes pronounced hastily,
step into the fire,) means, in Scotland, come or go
to the fire.

A Scotch woman said, 'She never minded ser-
mons : ' meaning she never remembered sermons.

He stays in the Lawn-market ; i. e. he lives there.

To cry upon a person, means, to call him, not to
drown him with tears.

To cast out with a person, means, to fall out with
him.

He is turned a fine boy, means he is become a fine
boy.

He dines at home for ordinary, read, he commonly
dines at home.

He has cut out his hair, for, he has cut off his hair.
I cannot go the day, for, I cannot go to-day.

To look over the window, for, look out of the
window.

To be at home, does not mean, in Scotland, to be

in one's own house ; but it means to be at no great distance, or not out of town.—Is Mr. Bell at home ?
Yes, sir ! he is at home, but he is not within, or he is not in.

He stuck among the clay, instead of, in the clay.

Have you a knife upon you ? for, about you.

Mr. A. is married upon Miss B.

Make a pen to me, buy a knife to me, instead of for.

He insisted for it ; he insisted to have it.

Take tent, is the Scotch for take care. “ If you don't take tent,” said a Scotch physician, in Jamaica, to his patient, “ it will be soon all over with you.” The family, thinking that the doctor meant to recommend the use of the wine called tent, despatched the house-negroes in all directions to procure some of it. But when the doctor next came, they found that they had only mistaken one of his Caledonian phrases.

MODERN EPICURISM.

Great things are now to be achieved at table,

With massy plate for armour, knives and forks
 For weapons ; but what Muse since Homer's able

(His feasts are not the worst part of his works)
 To draw up in array a single day-bill

Of modern dinners ? where more mystery lurks
 In soups or sauces, or a sole ragoût,
 Than witches, b—ches, or physicians brew.

There was a goodly “ *soupe à la bonne femme,*”

Though God knows whence it came from ; there
 was too

A turbot for relief of those who cram,

Relieved with dindon à la Parigieux ;

There also was—the sinner that I am !

How shall I get this gourmand stanza through ?—

Soupe à la Beauveau, whose relief was Dory,
 Relieved itself by pork, for greater glory.

But I must crowd all into one grand mess

Or mass ; for should I stretch into detail,

My Muse would run much more into excess,

Than when some squeamish people deem her frail.

But though a “ *bonne vivante,*” I must confess

Her stomach's not her peccant part ; this tale

However doth require some slight refection,

Just to relieve her spirits from dejection.

Fowls à la Condé, slices eke of salmon,

With sauces Genevoises, and haunch of venison ;
 Wines too which might again have slain young

Ammon—

A man like whom I hope we shan't see many soon ;
 They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,

Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison ;
 And then there was Champagne with foaming whirls,
 As white as Cleopatra's melted pearls.

Then there was God knows what “ à l'Allemande,”

“ A l'Espagnole,” “ timballe,” and “ salpicon”—

With things I can't withstand or understand,

Though swallow'd with much zest upon the whole ;
 And “ entrémets” to piddle with at hand,

Gently to lull down the subsiding soul ;
 While great Lucullus' (*Rôbe triumphal*) muffles—

(*There's Fame*)—young Partridge fillets, deck'd with
 truffles.

What are the *fillets* on the victor's brow

To these ? They are rags or dust. Where is the ark
 Which nodded to the nation's spoils below

Where the triumphal chariot's haughty march ?
 Gone to where victories must like dinners go.

Further I shall not follow the research :

But oh ! ye modern heroes with your cartridges,
 When will your names lend lustre even to partridges ?

Those truffles too are no bad accessories,

Follow'd by “ *Petits puits d'amour*”—a dish
 Of which perhaps the cookery rather varies,

So every one may dress it to his wish,
 According to the best of dictionaries,

Which encyclopedize both flesh and fish ;
 But even sans “ *confitures,*” it no less true is,
 There's pretty picking in those “ *petits puits.*”

The mind is lost in mighty contemplation

Of intellect expended on two courses ;

And indigestion's grand multiplication

Requires arithmetic beyond my forces.

Who would suppose, from Adam's simple ration,

That cookery could have call'd forth such resources,
 As form a science and a nomenclature

From out the commonest demands of nature ?

The glasses jingled, and the palates tingled ;
 The diners of celebrity dined well ;
 The ladies with more moderation mingled
 In the feast, pecking less than I can tell ;
 Also the younger men too ; for a springald
 Can't like ripe age in gourmandise excel,
 But think less of good eating than the whisper
 (When seated next him) of some pretty lisper.
 Alas ! I must leave undescribed the gibier,
 The salmi, the consommé, the purée,
 All which I use to make my rhymes run glibber
 Than could roast beef in our rough John Bull way ;
 I must not introduce even a spare rib here,
 "Bubble and squeak" would spoil my liquid lay ;
 But I have dined, and must forego, alas !
 The chaste description even of a "bécasse,"
 And fruits, and ice, and all that art refines
 From nature for the service of the gout—
Taste or the *gout*,—pronounce it as inclines
 Your stomach ! Ere you dine, the French will do ;
 But *after*, there are sometimes certain signs
 Which prove plain English truer of the two.
 Hast ever *had* the *gout* ? I have not had it—
 But I may have, and you too, reader, dread it.
 The simple olives, best allies of wine,
 Must I pass over in my bill of fare ?
 I must, although a favourite "plat" of mine
 In Spain, and Lucca, Athens, every where :
 On them and bread 'twas oft my luck to dine,
 The grass my table-cloth, in open air,
 On Sunium or Hymettus, like Diogenes,
 Of whom half my philosophy the progeny is.
 Amidst this tumult of fish, flesh, and fowl,
 And vegetables, all in masquerade,
 The guests were placed according to their roll,
 But various as the various meats display'd.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

The English abroad can never get to look as if they were at home. The Irish and Scotch, after being some time in a place, get the air of the natives ; but an Englishman, in any foreign court, looks about him as if he was going to steal a tankard.

SWIFT'S OBJECTION TO MATRIMONY.

Though the dean was the best of company, and one of the liveliest men in England of his age, he said, (when in no ill humour,) "The best of life is but just tolerable : 'tis the most we can make of it." He observed that it was very apt to be a misfortune to be used to the best company : and gave as a reason for his not marrying, that he had always been used to converse with women of the higher class, and that he might as well think of marrying a princess as one of them.—"A competence" said he "enables me, single as I am, to keep as good company as I have been used to, but with a wife of this kind and a family what should I have done ?"

ART OF CONVERSATION.

No one will ever shine in conversation, who thinks of saying fine things : to please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad.

TO DEATH.

Oh, Death ! thou dunnest of all duns ! thou daily
 Knockest at doors, at first with modest tap,
 Like a meek tradesman when approaching palely
 Some splendid debtor he would take by sap :
 But oft denied, as patience 'gins to fail, he
 Advances with exasperated rap,
 And (if let in) insists, in terms unhandsome,
 On ready money or "a draft on Ransom."
 Whate'er thou takest, spare awhile poor Beauty !
 She is so rare, and thou hast so much prey.
 What though she now and then may slip from duty,
 The more's the reason why you ought to stay.
 Gaunt Gourmand ! with whole nations for your booty,
 You should be civil in a modest way :
 Suppress then some slight feminine diseases,
 And take as many heroes as heaven pleases.

REMEDY FOR BULNESS.

Lord Dorset used to say of a very goodnatured dull fellow, "Tis a thousand pities that man is not ill-natured ! that one might kick him out of company."

MERCANTILE INDIGESTION, WITH THE PRESCRIPTIONS OF AN EDINBURGH PROFESSOR.

Scene—*Doctor's study. Enter a douce-looking Glasgow Merchant*

Patient—Good morning, doctor; I'm just come in o Edinburgh about some law business, and I thought when I was here at ony rate I might just as weel tak your advice, sir, anent my trouble.

Doctor.—And pray what may your trouble be, my good sir?

Pa.—'Deed, doctor, I'm no very sure; but I'm thinking it's a kind of weakness that makes me dizzy times, and a kind of pinkling about my stomach—no right.

Dr.—You'r from the west country I should suppose, sir?

Pa.—Yes, sir, from Glasgow.

Dr.—Aye. Pray, sir, are you a gourmand—autton?

Pa.—God forbid, sir, I'm one of the plainest men living in all the west country.

Dr.—Then perhaps you're a drunkard?

Pa.—No, doctor, thank God no one can accuse me o that; I'm o the Dissenting persuasion, doctor, and a selder, so ye may suppose I'm nae drunkard.

Dr.—Aside—(I'll suppose no such thing till you tell me your mode o life.) I'm so much puzzled by your symptoms, sir, that I should wish to hear in detail what you do eat and drink. When do you breakfast, and what do you take to it?

Pa.—I breakfast at nine o'clock. I tak a cup o coffee, and one or two cups o tea; a couple o eggs, and a bit o ham or kipper'd salmon, or may be both, they're good, and two or three rolls and butter.

Dr.—Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, to breakfast?

Pa.—O yes, sir, but I don't count that as any thing.

Dr.—Come, this is a very moderate breakfast. What kind o dinner do you make?

Pa.—Oh, sir, I eat a very plain dinner indeed. Some soup, and some fish, and a little plain roast or

boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes; I think some way they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr.—You take a little pudding then, and afterwards some cheese?

Pa.—O yes; though I don't care much about them.

Dr.—You take a glass o ale or porter with your cheese?

Pa.—Yes, one o the other, but seldom both.

Dr.—You west-country people generally take a glass o Highland whiskey after dinner.

Pa.—Yes, we do; it's good for digestion.

Dr.—Do you take any wine during dinner?

Pa.—Yes, a glass or two o sherry; but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deal o beer.

Dr.—What quantity o port do you drink?

Pa.—Oh, very little; not above half a dozen glasses or so.

Dr.—In the west country it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch!

Pa.—Yes, sir, indeed 'tis punch we drink chiefly; but for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me I never tak more than a couple o tumblers or so, and that's moderate.

Dr.—Oh, exceedingly moderate indeed! You then after this slight repast, take some tea and bread and butter?

Pa.—Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

Dr.—And on your return you take supper, I suppose?

Pa.—No, sir, I canna be said to tak supper; just something before going to bed: a rizzer'd haddock, or a bit o toasted cheese, or half a hundred o oysters, or the like o that; and, may be, two-thirds o a bottle o ale; but I tak no regular supper.

Dr.—But you take a little more punch after that.

Pa.—No, sir, punch does not agree with me at bed time. I tak a tumbler o warm whiskey toddy at night; it's lighter to sleep on.

Dr.—So it must be, no doubt. This you say, is your every-day life; but upon great occasions you perhaps exceed a little?

Pa.—No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr.—Not above twice a-week?

Pa.—No; not oftener.

Dr.—Of course you sleep well, and have a good appetite?

Pa.—Yes, sir—thank God I have—indeed, any wee harl o'health that I hae is about meal time.

Dr.—(Assuming a severe look, knitting his brows, and lowering his eye-brows.)—Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow, indeed; you come here and tell me that you are a moderate man, and I might have believed you, did I not know the nature of the people in your part of the country; but upon examination I find by your own showing, that you are a most voracious glutton; you breakfast in the morning in a style that would serve a moderate man for dinner; and from five o'clock in the afternoon you undergo one almost uninterrupted loading of your stomach till you go to bed. This is your moderation!—You told me too another falsehood—you said you were a sober man, yet by your own showing you are a beer swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine-bibber, and a guzzler of Glasgow punch; a liquor, the name of which is associated, in my mind, only with the ideas of low company and beastly intoxication. You *tell me* you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep—I see that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this?—Go home, sir, and leave off your present course of riotous living—take some dry toast and tea to your breakfast—some plain meat and soup for dinner, without adding to it any thing to spur on your flagging appetite; you may take a cup of tea in the evening, but never let me hear of haddocks and toasted cheese, and oysters, with their accompaniments of ale and toddy at night; give up chewing that vile—narcotic—nauseous—abomination, and there are some hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health like your neighbours.

Pa.—I'm sure, doctor, I'm very much obliged to you—(taking out a bunch of Bank-notes)—I shall endeavour to—

Dr.—Sir, you are not obliged to me—put up your money, sir.—Do you think I'll take a fee from you for telling you what you knew as well as myself! Though you're no physician, sir, you are not altogether a fool. You have read your Bible, and must know that drunkenness and gluttony are both sinful and dangerous, and whatever you may think, you have this day confessed to me that you are a notorious glutton and drunkard. Go home, sir, and reform, or take my word for it your life is not worth half a year's purchase.

(Exit Patient, dum-founded and looking blue.)

Dr.—(Solus.) Sober and temperate!—Dr. Watt tried to live in Glasgow, and make his patients live moderately, and purged and bled them when they were sick; but it would not do. Let the Glasgow doctors prescribe beef-steaks and rum punch, and their fortune is made.

UPON A CERTAIN LORD'S GIVING SOME THOUSANDS FOR A HOUSE.—BY MR. GARRICK.

So many thousands for a house
For you—of all the world—Lord Mouse!
A little house would best accord,
With you, my very little lord;
And then exactly match'd would be
Your house and hospitality.

ORIGIN OF BUMPER.

When the English were good Catholics, they usually drank the Pope's health in a full glass at dinner: *au bon père*; whence our bumper.

THE PULPIT AND THE STAGE.

One day, when Betterton called on Archbishop Tillotson, at Lambeth, the prelate asked him; "How it came about, that after he had made the most moving discourse that he could, was touched deeply with it himself, and spoke it as feelingly as he was able; yet he could never move people in the church, not so much as the other did on the stage?"—"That," says Betterton, "I think is easy to be accounted for: it is because you are only telling them a story, and I am showing them facts."

POOR ROBIN'S PROPHECY.

When girls prefer old lovers,
 When merchants scoff at gain,
 When Porson's skull discovers
 What pass'd in Porson's brain :
 When farms contain no growlers,
 No pig-tail Wapping-wall,
 Then spread your lark-nets, fowlers,
 For sure the sky will fall.

When Boston men love banter,
 When loan contractors sleep,
 When Chancery pleadings canter,
 And common-law ones creep .
 When toppers swear that claret's
 The vilest drink of all ;
 Then housemaids, quit your garrets,
 For sure the sky will fall.

When Southey leagues with Wooller
 When dandies show no shape,
 When fiddler's heads are fuller
 Than that whereon they scrape :
 When doers turn to talkers,
 And Quakers love a ball ;
 Then hurry home, street-walkers,
 For sure the sky will fall.

When lads from Cork or Newry
 Won't broach a whisky flask,
 When comedy at Drury
 Again shall lift her mask :
 When peerless Kitty utters
 Her airs in tuneless squall,
 Then, cats, desert your gutters,
 For sure the sky will fall.

When worth dreads no detractor,
 Wit thrives at Amsterdam,
 And manager and actor
 Lie down like kid and lamb ;
 When bard with bard embraces,
 And critics cease to maul,
 Then, travellers, mend your paces,
 For sure the sky will fall.

When men who leave off business
 With butter-cups to play,
 Find in their heads no dizziness,
 Nor long for " melting day ;"
 When cits their pert Mount-pleasants
 Deprive of poplars tall ;
 Then, poachers, prowl for pheasants,
 For sure the sky will fall.

A FLAT REFUSAL.

Salvini the Spaniard was an odd sort of man, subject to gross absences, and a very great sloven. His behaviour in his last hours was as odd as any of his actions in all his lifetime before could have been. Just as he was departing, he cried out in a great passion, " I will not die ! I will not die, that's flat."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

" Can you, by any means, the cause divine,
 That U and I, together ne'er can dine ?"
 " O yes, the reason all must plainly see,
 Who know, that U can't come till after T."

ITALIAN PLAY AND BARBER SURGEON.

Spence, the friend and contemporary of Pope, in a letter to his mother, from Turin, in 1739, gives the following account of an Italian entertainment :
 " Here under the porticoes of the charitable Hospital for such as have the Venereal Disease, will be represented this evening, *The Damned Soul* : with proper decorations." " As this seemed to be one of the greatest curiosities I could possibly meet with in my travels, I immediately paid my threepence, was showed in with great civility, and took my seat among a number of people, who seemed to expect the tragedy of the night with great seriousness.

" At length the curtain drew up, and discovered the *Damned Soul*, all alone, with a melancholy aspect. She was (for what reason I don't know) drest like a fine lady, in a gown of flame-coloured satin. She held a white handkerchief in her hand, which she applied often to her eyes ; and in this attitude, with a lamentable voice, began a prayer (to the holy and

ever blessed Trinity) to enable her to speak her part well: afterwards she addressed herself to all the good Christians in the room; begged them to attend carefully to what she had to say, and heartily wished they would be the better for it: she then gave an account of her life; and, by her own confession, appeared to have been a very naughty woman in her time.

"This was the first scene. At the second, a back curtain was drawn; and gave us a sight of our Saviour and the blessed Virgin, amidst the clouds. The poor soul addressed herself to our Saviour first, who rattled her extremely, and was indeed all the while very severe. All she desired was to be sent to purgatory, instead of going to hell: and she at last begged very hard to be sent into the fire of the former, for as many years as there are drops of water in the sea. As no favour was shown her on that side, she turned to the Virgin and begged her to intercede for her. The Virgin was a very decent woman, and answered her gravely but steadily, 'That she had enraged her son so much, that she could do nothing for her:' and on this, they both went away together.

"The third scene consisted of three little angels and the damned soul. She had no better luck with them: nor with St. John the Baptist and all the saints in the fourth: so, in the fifth, she was left to two devils; seemingly to do what they would with her. One of these devils was very ill-natured and fierce to her; the other was of the droll kind, and, for a devil, I can't say but what he was good-natured enough: though he delighted in vexing the poor lady rather too much.

"In the sixth scene, matters began to mend a little. St. John the Baptist (who had been with our Saviour I believe behind the scenes) told her, if she would continue her entreaties, there was yet some hope for her. She on this again besought our Saviour and the Virgin to have compassion on her: the Virgin was melted with her tears, and desired her son to have pity on her; on which it was granted, that she should go into the fire, only for sixteen or seventeen hundred

thousand years; and she was very thankful for the mildness of the sentence.

"The seventh (and last) scene was a contest between the two infernal devils above-mentioned, and her guardian angel. They came in again, one grinning, and the other open-mouthed to devour her. The angel told them, that they should get about their business. He with some difficulty at last drove them off the stage, and handed off the good lady; in assuring her that all would be very well, after some hundreds of thousand of years, with her.

"All this while, in spite of the excellence of the actors, the greatest part of the entertainment to me was the countenances of the people in the pit and boxes. When the devils were like to carry her off, every body was in the utmost consternation; and when St. John spoke so obligingly to her, they were ready to cry out for joy. When the Virgin appeared on the stage, every body looked respectful; and on several words spoke by the actors, they pulled off their hats, and crossed themselves. What can you think of a people, where their very farces are religious, and where they are so religiously received! May you be the better for reading of it, as I was for seeing it!

"There was but one thing that offended me. All the actors, except the devils, were women: and the person who represented the most venerable character in the whole play, just after the representation, came into the pit, and fell a kissing a barber of her acquaintance, before she had changed her dress. She did me the honour to speak to me too; but I would have nothing to say to her.

"My old surgeon," continues Spence, "I found to be the oddest figure, and one of the oddest men, that ever I met with in my life. He is a mountaineer, born amidst the Alps, and as learned as the people generally are among wild mountains. He is a short man, fat, and clumsy, with a great pair of Dutch trousers to his posteriors, and with a face, that does not at all yield, for breadth or swarthinness, to the place above-mentioned. His face was overrun with beard; for he said he was obliged to go to mass, and so had not

time to be shaved. In his face, or his upper breech, whichever you please to call it, were a pair of little merry eyes, deep in his head, but yet with a droll gay air in them: and the two little caves that go down to them are wrinkled all the way up to his forehead and his temple. Whenever he laughs, (which is very often,) all these wrinkles are in motion together, and make one of the most diverting sights that can be imagined. When we were a little seated together, and jolted into our proper places by the chaise; 'Is it a long time, master Claude, (says I) that you have been in this sort of business?' Yes, says he, I have been in it for several generations. Upon this I thought myself with the travelling Jew; and blessed heaven for bringing me acquainted with a man, that I had so long wished to meet with. 'For several generations, master Claude? I don't understand you.' Why, Sir, says he, our family have always been barber-surgeons; from father to son, without any interruption, for these twenty-eight generations; my son, who is a promising youth, and is scarce fifty yet, is the twenty-ninth. I am but seventy-five; and I have had this plaguy gout these twelve years. Will you be so good as to let me replace my foot again; for that last jolt has quite put me out of order. 'And how old was your father, master Claude, when he died?' Ah, poor man, he died at a hundred and three: but it was by a fall from his horse, in going to visit a patient. He was hurried out of the world: rest his soul!—'At this rate, the first surgeon in your family, might have been surgeon to Noah, and the good people in the ark.'—This set all his wrinkles in motion. Oh no, (says he,) we are not of so great antiquity as that comes to: at least, our accounts don't reach up so far—'Have you a history then of the twenty-seven surgeons, your predecessors?'—Have I, says he! yes, that I have; and I would rather lose my legs, than lose it. But that does not go so far as I could wish: the furthest thing back, of a remarkable thing, that I find in it, is that the fifth surgeon of our family shaved Hannibal, the night he lay at Lamburg, in his passage over the Alps: I wish he had cut his throat! for he did a

deal of mischief here at Turin.—'And did he shave ever a one of his elephants, master Claude?'—Not that I know of, says he; but our day-book says, that this same Hannibal had to do with the devil; that he put life into castles; and made the castles walk over the mountains with him against the Romans: and he says, in a note on the side, that he heard afterwards, that these castles fought like mad things; and that any one of them that had not killed his hundred of Romans, was very little regarded in the army. He then took out a prayer-book; and prayed aloud, as he had done at every cross, or old statue, we had passed by the road side.—'I don't see a Virgin Mary; why are you praying, master Claude?'—I'm saying a devotion, to pray poor Hannibal's soul out of purgatory, (says he) he was a great thief and murtheer, and may very probably be there still; but he paid my ancestors well, and so I am bound to pray for him. You see that house there! it was built by a Savoyard: he put his collar bone out, and I set it. Lord have mercy upon poor Hannibal! Will you have another pinch of snuff? This snuffbox was given me by the *maréchal de Crequi*—'You have travelled then?'—Ay, sir, nobody is regarded in our country, unless they have rolled over the world. I lived twenty years in France and Germany; I was barber-surgeon to the *maréchal*, and was with him when he received his death's wound.—'And is it true that the ball that kill'd him was directed, *To the maréchal de Crequi*?'—No, sir, says he, that I can assure you it was not; for it was these fingers took it out of his body.—Just as he said this, we came to our journey's end."

A NEW WAY OF PAYING OLD DEBTS.

"Pay me my money!" Robin cry'd,
To Richard, whom he quickly spy'd;
And by the collar seiz'd the blade,
Swearing he'd be that moment paid:
Base Richard instant made reply,
(And struck poor Robin in the eye)
"There's my own hand in black and white,
A note of *hand*, and paid at *sight*."

FALSTAFF.

The character of Sir John Falstaff is made up by Shakspeare wholly of incongruities :—a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality ; a knave without malice, a liar without deceit ; and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier, without either dignity, decency, or honour : this is a character, which, though it may be decomposed, could not have been formed, nor the ingredients of it duly mingled, upon any receipt whatever : it required the hand of Shakspeare himself to give to every particular part a relish of the whole, and of the whole to every particular part ;—alike the same incongruous, identical, Falstaff, whether, to the grave chief justice, he vainly talks of his youth, and offers to *caper for a thousand* ; or cries to Mrs. Doll, "*I am old, I am old*," though she is seated on his lap, and he is courting her for busses.

ON A CELEBRATED PHYSICIAN, WHO THOUGH NOT A GOOD SHOT, WAS A GREAT SHOOTER.

Doctor—all game you either ought to shun,
Or sport no longer with th' unsteady gun :
But, like physicians of undoubted skill ;
Gladly attempt what never fails to kill ;
Not *lead's* uncertain drop, but *physic's* deadly pill.

MAJOR LONGBOW.

Major Longbow was the most poetical proser of his day, a complete egotist ; his subject himself ; his maxim, I by myself I ; and called by his friends the modern Munchausen ; and has been, as he said, at every battle from the taking of Seringapatam to the O. P. war at Covent-garden theatre. But his maxims are not to be told, let him speak for himself in the following dialogue :—"How do you do, major ?" "How do I do ; how should I do ! eh ? Better than any man living—there's muscle, strongest man living. How do I do, poh ! no man so well as I am. I am reckoned the finest piece of anatomy that was ever sent upon the face of the earth. Upon my life it's true ; what will you lay it's a lie ? Hit me with a sledge ham-

mer if you like, can't hurt me, there's muscle." "Are you inclined to go up, major ?" "Up ! What in that thingumy, a balloon ? why I can walk up higher than you'll go in that thing. When I was in India, I walked up an inaccessible mountain ;—walked for five days running, four hours every day ; took me seven days coming down ; run the whole of the last day, and danced at the governor's ball at night. Upon my life it's true ; what will you lay it's a lie ?" "But now, major, you have an opportunity of purchasing notoriety at prime cost." "Prime cost, trouble you not to mention prime cost." "Why ?" "I tell you what : a few weeks ago I bought a Tilbury at prime cost. As I was driving through the streets of London, a beautiful blood mare down Hayhill." "Sire Munchausen, I suppose." "Poh, don't be foolish : well, sir, I was driving at the rate of nine and twenty miles an hour." "Nine and twenty, surely major." "D—e, do you doubt me. I repeat it, *nine and thirty* miles an hour. Well, sir, I was driving at the rate of *nine and forty* miles an hour, my usual pace, I met an infernal coal cart, seven horses in a string, all as fat as Falstaff, came goes my wheel against the coal-cart—upset me—away went poor prime cost into a million of shivers up spins I—made three somersets in the air—came feet foremost through the bow-window of the post-cook's shop, corner of Berkley-street, flat upon my feet, and said with the utmost coolness to Mrs. Gutter, who was seated behind her own counter, Madam, your most obedient, how do you do ? never saw a woman more astonished—Was'nt hurt a bit ; there's muscle.—Upon my life it's true : what will you lay it's a lie."

THE COUNTY JUSTICE.

Now justices of peace must judge all pieces
Of mischief of all kinds, and keep the game
And morals of the country from caprices
Of those who have not a licence for the same
And of all things, excepting tithes and leases,
Perhaps these are most difficult to tame
Preserving partridges and pretty wenches
Are puzzles to the most precautions benches.

NEWSPAPER INNOVATIONS.

Amongst all the improvements of the age, none perhaps are more striking than those which have recently been made, and indeed are at present making, in the language of ordinary life. Who in these days ever reads of boarding-schools?—Nobody: they are transformed into academies for boys and seminaries for girls; the higher classes are "*Establishments*;" a coach-maker's shop is a "*Repository for Carriages*;" a milliner's a "*Depot*;" a thread-seller's an "*Emporium*." One buys drugs at a "*Medical Hall*," wines of a "*Company*," and shoes at a "*Mart*," blacking is dispensed from an "*Institution*," and meat from a "*Purveyor*."

Instead of reading in our newspapers, that after a ball the company did not go away till daylight, we are told that "the joyous group continued tripping on the light fantastic toe until Sol gave them warning to depart." If one of the company happened on his way to tumble into a ditch, we should be informed that "his foot slipped, and he was immersed in the liquid element." A good supper is described as making the "tables groan with every delicacy of the season." A crowd of briefless lawyers, unbefitted clergymen, and half-pay officers, are enumerated as a "host of fashion" at a watering-place, where we are also informed that ladies, instead of taking a dip before breakfast, "plunge themselves fearlessly into the bosom of Neptune."

A sheep killed by lightning is a thing unheard of: the animal may be destroyed by the "electric fluid;" but, even then, we should not be told that it was *dead*: we should be informed that "the vital spark had fled for ever." If the carcass were picked up by a carpenter or shoemaker, we never should hear that a journeyman tradesman had found it: we should be told that its remains had been discovered by an "operative artisan."

All little girls, be their faces ever so plain, pitted or pitiable, if they appear at a public office to complain of robbery, or ill-treatment, are invariably "intelligent and interesting;" if they have proceeded very far in crime, they are called "unfortunate fe-

males;" should they by any accident have a prospect of becoming mothers, we are informed "that they are in a way that ladies wish to be who love their lords." Child-murder is elegantly termed "infanticide;" and when it is punished capitally, we hear, not that the unnatural mother was hanged, but that "the unfortunate culprit underwent the last sentence of the law, and was launched into eternity."

No person reads in the newspapers, that a house has been burnt down: he perhaps will find "that the house fell a sacrifice to the flames." In an account of a launch we learn, not that a ship went off the slip without any accident, but that "she glided securely and majestically into her *native* element," the said native element being one in which the said ship never was before.

To send for a surgeon if one's leg be broken, is out of the question; a man indeed "may be despatched for medical aid." There are now no public singers at tavern dinners—they are "the professional gentlemen;" and actors are all "professors of the histrionic art." Widows themselves are scarce: these are all "interesting relicts;" and as for nursery-maids, they are now a days universally transformed into "young persons who superintend the junior branches of the family."

MATCH MAKING.

Lord Chesterfield being told that a certain ter-magant and scold was married to a gamester; replied, "that cards and brimstone made the best matches."

THE WORLD.

There was formerly a club held at the King's Head in Pall Mall, arrogantly called "The World." Epigrams were proposed to be written on the glasses, by each member after dinner; once when Dr. Young was invited thither, the doctor would have declined writing, because he had no diamond: Lord Stanhope lent him his, and he wrote immediately—

"Accept a miracle, instead of wit;

See two dull lines, with Stanhope's pencil writ."

THE POETICAL LANDLORD.

A gentleman passing through Seven Oaks, in Kent, observed on a sign in the road the following lines, which on inquiry he found to be the offspring of the landlord's brain :

" I John Stubbs livith here,
Sells good brandy, gin, and beer ;
I mead my borde a letel whyder,
To lette you nowe I sell good syder."

INS AND OUTS.

In promise rich, but poor in pay,
In the King's Bench a *Talent* lay ;
" Why, *In ?*" cried *Coltn Clout*.
His visions fled—his fortunes crost,
Broad-bottom answer'd—" Borough lost,
" I'm *in*—because I'm *out*."

ECCENTRIC RECOMMENDATION.

Swift once gave a gentleman of very good character and fortune, a letter of recommendation to Pope, couched in the following terms.—" Dear Pope, Though the little fellow that brings this, be a justice of peace, and a member of our Irish House of Commons, yet he may not be altogether unworthy of your acquaintance."

THE VICAR AND MOSES

At the sign of the Horse, old Spintext of course,
Each night took his pipe and his pot ;
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
Was placed this canonical sot.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due, and submission,
First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing preferr'd his petition.

I'm come sir, says he, to beg, look d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with my lanthorn before ye.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry !
Why lord, sir, the corpse it does stay.

You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, saying, sir, a small child
Cannot long delay your intentions ;
Why that's true by St. Paul, a dead child that is small
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear,
I hate to be call'd from my liquor ;
Come Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible shower.
Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger that
plain,

But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, sir, the clock has struck one,
Pray master look up at the hand,
Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
A man for to go, that can't stand.

At length hat and cloak, old Orthodox took,
But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid :
Each tipp'd off a gill, for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a stave
While the surplice was wrapp'd round the priest,
Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people let's pray ; put the corpse t'other way
Or perchance I shall over it stumble,
'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A mortuum caput can't tremble.

Woman that's born of man ; that's wrong, the leaf's
Oh ! Man that is born of a woman, [true,
Can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a flower,
You see, Moses, death spareth no man,

Here Moses do look, what a confounded book,
 Sure the letters are turned upside down,
 Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
 That this fellow should print for the crown.

Prithee Moses you read, for I cannot proceed,
 And bury the corpse in my stead. Amen, Amen.
 Why Moses you're wrong, pray hold still your tongue
 You've taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy sting death, put the corpse in the earth,
 For believe me 'tis terrible weather.
 So the corpse was interr'd without praying a word,
 And away they both stagger'd together.
 Singing *tol de rol, &c.*

LETTER FROM AN ACTRESS.

My dear Sir,—I am a tragedy actress, but I really in my heart love fun. There is a whimsicality in your letter that pleases me, and (*win or lose*) please GOD I will be with you on your present proposition, viz. five nights at Brighton—the last my own night—a clear half of the house—and four at Worthing—the fourth my own. I will give you the whole strength and force of my talent and spirit. You give me all the consequence that in these cases are given, where a London constellation comes down to glitter (sometimes with a *false glare*) over those who may be less fortunate but not always less worthy than themselves. Miss O'Neil came to a prosperous house, and therefore all went well with her. I came in support of a falling ruin; and as I am not an *Atlas*, why I have been obliged to be—a *woman*. I play Lady Macbeth on Monday—my last appearance this season; so I may now make my own arrangements. Let me know when you wish me to be with you, and I will arrange accordingly. Let me know, as soon as you can, whether you want me by the fifteenth of July. I had rather not *open* the theatre if you can avoid it. Let Imogene be my first character. Will there be time for the manuscript play I mentioned, to be got up for my night, if I play the four nights in one week? I send this off immediately on the receipt of yours—uncertain if you will get it to-night, as I have not a messenger. But I suppose these letters will be for-

warded to you at Grayesend. I shall feel obliged by hearing from you as to the time, as I have some *literary* arrangements to make that I am pledged for the finishing of in a stated time.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient, —;

BRUNKARDS.

In the cathedral of Sienna, celebrated for its floor, inlaid with the History of the New Testament, is the following singular epitaph, probably placed there as a memento to Italian Toby Philpots.

"Wine gives life; it was death to me; I could not behold the dawn of morning in a sober state. Even my bones are now thirsty. Stranger! sprinkle my grave with wine; empty the flaggons and come. Farewell drinkers!"

TOM-A-BEDLAM SONG.

From the hag and hungry goblin
 That into rags would rend ye,
 All the spirits that stand
 By the naked man,
 In the book of moons defend ye!
 That of your five sound senses
 You never be forsaken;
 Nor travel from
 Yourselves with Tom
 Abroad to beg your bacon.

CHORUS.

Nor never sing any food and feeding,
 Money, drink, or clothing;
 Come dame or maid,
 Be not afraid,
 For Tom will injure nothing.
 Of thirty bare years have I
 Twice twenty been enraged;
 And of forty been
 Three times fifteen
 In durance soundly caged.
 In the lovely lofts of Bedlam,
 In stubble soft and dainty,
 Brave bracelets strong,
 Sweet whips ding, dong
 And a wholesome hunger plenty.

With a thought I took for Maudlin,
 And a cruise of cockle pottage,
 And a thing thus—tall,
 Sky bless you all,
 I fell into this dotage.
 I slept not till the Conquest;
 Till then I never waked;
 Till the roguish boy
 Of love where I lay,
 Me found, and stript me naked.
 When short I have shorn my sow's face,
 And swigg'd my horned barrel;
 In an oaken inn
 Do I pawn my skin,
 As a suit of gilt apparel:
 The morn's my constant mistress,
 And the lovely owl my morrow;
 The flaming drake,
 And the night-crow, make
 Me music, to my sorrow.
 The palsie plague these pounces,
 When I prig your pigs or pullen;
 Your culvers take
 Or mateless make
 Your chanticleer and sullen;
 When I want provant with *Humphrey* I sup,
 And when benighted,
 To repose in Paul's
 With waking souls
 I never am affrighted.
 I know more than Apollo;
 For, oft when he lies sleeping,
 I behold the stars
 At mortal wars,
 And the rounded welkin weeping;
 The moon embraces her shepherd,
 And the Queen of Love her warrior
 While the first does horn
 The stars of the morn,
 And the next the heavenly farrier.
 With a heart of furious fancies,
 Whereof I am commander:
 With a burning spear,
 And a horse of air,
 To the wilderness I wander;

With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
 I summoned am to Tourney:
 Ten leagues beyond
 The wide world's end;
 Methinks it is no journey!

NATIONAL COMPLAINTS.

The Englishmen at Paris find fault with the *French roast beef*; the Frenchmen in London complain of the *British brandy*.

The English who visit Paris, imagine that the tavern-keepers have served in the *cavalry*, as they are so expert in *making a charge*.

A foreigner inquiring the way to a friend's lodging, whom he said lived at *Mr. Bailey's, senior*, was shown to the *Old Bailey*, by a Bow-street officer. When he entered the court he imagined that it was his friend's levee.

POLITICAL LEGACIES.

When William Pitt went to the grave,
 For his and our repose,
 His *mantle* he to Canning gave,
 His *walking-stick* to Rose.
 Satiric rogue! he knew his men;
 And thought some clumsy joke,
 Would Canning quite undo, and then
 How much he'd want a *cloak*!

PLEBEIAN HUMOUR.

When the king of France fled from Paris, a boy wrote against the corner of the street in chalk, "*On est prié d'arrêter un gros cochon qui s'enfuit. On en sera dédommagé de ses peines par un Louis.*"

CHOICE COMPANY.

I'll send you my bill of fare, said Lord B. when trying to persuade Dr. Swift to dine with him.—"Send me your bill of company," was Swift's answer to him.

GOLD AND GREATNESS.

Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew, (said Sir Godfrey,) you have the honour of

seeing the two greatest men in the world."—"I don't know how great you may be, (said the Guinea-man,) but I don't like your looks: I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas."

TO MY BARN.

To thee the wandering tribes were wont to rove,
Each jovial gipsy with his merry mate,
With dark futurity quite hand in glove,
Foretelling, for a penny, folks their fate.
To thee, through wind and rain, the good king
Patch,*

To get a warm straw-bed, was known to trudge it,
Of simple knights, who never made a batch,
Nor drain'd his people's purses by a budget.
Where are the tribes that worshipp'd not his name?
King Patch, what music to a gipsy's ear!
What gipsy wishes not for half his fame,

Or reads his dying speech without a tear!
In thee the royal Bampfylde,† many a time,
Enjoy'd his feast and dance, and sunk to sleep,
Who, like Ulysses, roam'd from clime to clime
In search of wisdom, on the land and deep.
By slander, parent of the blackest lies,

The radiant form of truth was never courted,
That he for wisdom travell'd, she denies,
And swears he only travell'd—when transported.
Pleas'd have I seen this celebrated king,

With brighter talents than most monarchs born;
Pleas'd have I heard him Chase of Cheviot sing,
And Robin Hood, and wind his bugle horn.
Fax'd are the gipsies too, by foul-mouth'd slander,
With taking, but without the grace to pay,
Fig, fowl, duck, turkey, gosling, goose, and gander,
Their fingers fish-hooks, angling every day.

Say, truth, if ever once a gipsy stole
From me, the bard, the value of a grig,
Goose, gander, gosling, turkey, duck, or fowl,
Or from the sow purloin'd her baby-pig.

* The designation of one of the gipsy sovereigns.

† The celebrated Bamp'ylde Moore Carew.

I, too, have felt the force of slander's tongue,
And scorn'd her rage, her lying prose and metre,
While Hawkins yields a plaudit to my song,
The snakes of envy hiss in vain at Peter.
Thus have I dar'd defend an injur'd race,
Call'd by a wicked world a thieving crew,
Here let not justice blush to show her face,
What says the proverb?—"Give the devil his due."

Farewell, my barn! should men thy frame destroy,
May birds of darkness on his roof alight,
Owls break his slumbers with portentous cry,
And groans of gipsy-ghosts his soul affright!

POETRY AND PAINTING.

What the monk said of Virgil's *Æneid*, "that it would make an excellent poem if it were only put into rhyme;" is just as if a Frenchman should say of a beauty, "Oh, what a fine woman that would be, if she was but painted!"

THE SUICIDE.

Basta.—I'll think no more about it. I have closed the accounts, and bring myself in debtor to death. All that remains to be considered is, how I am to do the business. I have been reading all the suicides I could gather, during the last week, and I do not find one exactly conformable to my ideas on the subject.

Shall I blow my brains out?—It is well my uncle Nicholas is not present, for the old rogue used always to say that I had none; but he was ever a calumniator. No, I shall not blow my brains out, even supposing I have any. It is a dirty way: a man's collar is quite disarranged, and his shirt most disagreeably stained with batter and blood. Then you are quite a disgusting looking devil, actually a bore to a sensitive coroner and a sympathetic court of pie-powder. Besides, after all, you are not sure. Robespierre for instance, as we all know, disfigured himself awfully, and yet lived long enough to gratify the kind people of Paris with a guillotine exhibition, *à fresco*, at his expense. If you miss, the cursed report of the pistol calls up the household, and you are restrained by their civil interference from committing the "rash act;"

and in any case, you fill the room with a filthy smoke, smelling most diabolically of sulphur. There is not a cook maid in my kitchen but would say, "Ay, ay, poor master was wanted, sure enough—the old 'un was looking for him. When he called, he could not help coming, poor gentleman? there was a smell of brimstone, my dear, in the room, that would knock down a horse." On which coaches would remark, "No doubt on't, Molly; he has gone bang four in hand to where he will get enough of that 'ere commodity." It is then a ruled point that I shall not blow my brains out.—Cut my throat? No bad notion. Yet stop awhile. Does not the objection of bedaubing myself hold here also? O surely, and in a tenfold degree; you must, besides, give yourself the trouble of taking off your cravat; and you may miss there too. I have known people to slit the wesand, and yet have the wound cobbled up by some tailoring surgeon, and live, as the newspapers have it, respectable members of society. I never could hit the carotid, for I do not know where it is: and if I did, there would be some cit lying perdu with his jest, ready to call me "Carotid artery cutting so—and—so." I am, moreover of opinion that it must hurt a man sadly to cut his throat. I remember once upon a time how a barber cut me into the bone while shaving me, and I was so stung with the pain that I got up and knocked him down. Should not I then be a jackass of the first ear to hurt myself ten times worse than the knight of the pole? Just think of a jagged razor going through your windpipe! The mere thought is hideous. Razor, avaunt! I'd not cut my throat for a thousand pounds. Shall I poison myself? What! die the death of a rat? Not I, I thank you. That were descending in the scale of creation most scandalously. Then what a pretty account of my personal appearance there would be in the reports! "The body of the unfortunate gentleman was blown up like a tun, and there were livid and pea-green spots all over his countenance. His right eye was drawn down to his mouth, and his left twisted up over his eyebrow." A pretty picture in truth! And just take up a sheet medically descriptive of poisons,

with their effects, symptoms, &c. Gripping of the guts, burning of the stomach, parching of the throat, shivering of the sides, lolling out of the tongue, twisting of the mouth, and ten thousand other disagreeable abominations. Besides you would, during the time of the operation, be wishing yourself all manner of ill wishes for being so great a goose, and praying the deed undone. Believe me you would repent it sadly. If you were discovered, what a tumult there would be, and what a vehicle for all kind of uncleanly draughts your unfortunate windpipe would be made. "Pour down a tureenful of melted butter," one fellow would exclaim,—“pour it down without a moment's delay.” “If it be an alkali poison he has swallowed,” another would put in his word, “neutralize it with an acid.”—All my life long I hated the jargon of the chemists. “Give him tartarized antimony,” would be the cry of a third. “Nothing in the whole world is so efficacious in such misfortunes,” a fourth would exclaim, “as the tincture of poluphloisbolo.” [N.B. This fellow would be a quack doctor, who had taken out a patent for the tincture—a composition of brandy and tobacco water.] In Japan, a gentleman when he falls into disgrace at court, has the privilege of taking a sword and ripping out his bowels. What is to be thought of that? Cato of Utica did the same.

“What Cato did and Addison approved,
Cannot be wrong!”

said Eustace Budgell, and flung himself over the side of a wherry into the Thames, with a couple of nine pound balls in his coat pockets. It was rather a queer way, after all, of imitating Cato. If I had written these lines, I should have done what the old Uticanian did *au pied de la lettre*. But, in good truth, I have no such notion. Faugh! a man to die with his puddings out, like the foolish two-headed giant deluded by Jack-the-giant-killer. I never approved of Cato's principles, having been all my life a Tory, who, if I had breathed the vital air in the days of Julius Cæsar, would have voted for him through thick and thin. I therefore do not find myself at all bound to follow Cato's practice. As for the Japanese, there is nobody in these parts of the world that I

know of bound to follow their example, except R. Warren, of No. 30, Strand. *He* may embowel himself, if he likes—I shall not. Hanging is obviously not even to be named. It does not accord with a gentleman's ideas. I have always lived independent, and have no fancy for dying dependent on any thing. A man is a long time in suspense. I hate your *passion* upon nothing, and never should wish to earn thirteence halfpenny by such a plebeian occupation, particularly when executed upon myself. I do not see, moreover, but it would be an unfair and poaching kind of intrusion on the office of the king's assal magistrate. Sheriff Laurie—I beg his pardon—Sir Peter Laurie would have cause of indignation against me, if I were to cheat his new drop of its legal right to turn off all pensile people, within his bailiwicks of London and Middlesex.—There must be a great many disagreeable sensations about being hanged. I knew a man once, who had escaped the gallows after having been turned off, and he told me that you felt as if a lump of something edible stuck in your gullet, while you were at the same time knocked with a chuck down an interminable precipice. Then you saw all kind of flashing fires before your eyes, and after you were at rest, a flaming bolt appeared to enter each of the soles of your feet, and to make way up rapidly, but gradually, to your perianium. Who could feel pleasure in a posture of his kind? Your neck-attitude, too, is mighty unseemly. Look at the picture of Lord Coleraine—eretofore George Hanger—in the second page of his memoirs, or of old Izaak Walton, in the present exhibition at Somerset-House, and you will see how awkward a crick-in-th'-neck-like position it is. Why a lawwright thought proper to exhibit old Izaak as just her being hanged, I do not know, and firmly believe that he has no warrant for it in any biography of the piscator; but look at No. 268, in the above exhibition, and you will see him there evidently with the crick-in-th'-neck twist of the gallows about him. In a word, do not choose to be strung up. Hang puppies and highwaymen with all my heart. Drown myself? The sun is shining bright on the Thames, as I see it

from one of my windows in the Temple. It looks tempting.

“Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,
And you may have the tide.”

So sung Katharine Haynes a hundred years ago—but so sing not I. There are many grave objections to drowning a man's self. First, you are choked with water, and I never could prevail on myself to swallow as much as a half pint of that liquid.

“Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his
brine, -

Would have filled the vast ocean with generous wine.”

In that case there might have been a difference in my ideas; but water—and Thames water too—the thought is intolerable. If you succeed, what a neat article you are when you are found. In nine days, I am told, a body inevitably rises, and *how* does it rise? A colony of prawns and shrimps have fastened themselves on you, and are making free with your person in the most gourmand fashion. A crab has eaten out your eyes—a cod is fattening his sounds on the drums of your ears—and a turbot has revenged himself for all the liberties you have taken with his tribe, by making your face as flat as his own spine. As one of our poets—I forget his name—says on a similar occasion:

“The perch did perch between his ribs; the sole,
Sole reveller, feasted on his nibbled jowl;
The plaice was placed where'er he pleased; the pike
Shouldered itself, yet lay levelled in act to strike;
A maiden sought his hand, but sooth to say,
That amorous maiden was a maiden ray.” &c.

I never could agree with old Demouax in Lucian, that it is merely an act of gratitude to let the fishes eat *you*, after you have eaten so many of *them*. Then too, there are many chances of your *not* succeeding. There is the whole body of the Humane Society, including Alexander of Russia, regularly leagued and bonded to pull people out of the vasty deep volentes

volentes. How awkward you would look on awaking, to find yourself stretched out upon a table, with a fellow puffing a bellows into your very nostrils, or rubbing you with a hot cloth! As for jumping off the Monument, "like Levi the Jew," (Rejected Addresses, hem!) or any other height, that is quite out of the question. I get giddy even looking out of three pair of stairs window; how odious to my nerves it must be, therefore, to jump from one! Poor Levi, I understand, after he was fairly off, made a grasp with his hand back again at the balustrade of the Monument. How he must have felt during that second, when perfectly conscious of the entire desperation of his case! I shudder to think of it just now, and am obliged to shut the window through mere nervousness. And when you are down, what a pretty looking lump of smash and abomination! You are lying on the ground like a lump of bloody mortar, prepared for dashing the front of the house of some Ogre-like King of Dahomey. Nor would starvation at all agree with me. I fasted one day on a pound of beef and a half quartern, and I could have cried when evening came on. Oh, no! whenever or however I die, let me go out of the world with a full stomach. When a man is hungry, hideous and beggarly ideas are apt to get into his head, and he cannot see his way clearly before him. A windy vapour rises from the stomach, which fills the brain with odious chimeras. I never could stand it. All my firmly fixed resolves on death, if I were to attempt it that way, would be knocked up by the smell of the first cook's shop, or the distant prospect of an alderman waddling up Fleet-street. It is impossible. Well then, shall I stab myself *more majorem*? Die in a Roman fashion, sheathing a dagger in my bosom like Lucretia, or falling on my sword like Brutus. It would be something pathological and romantic. I am afraid, however, that the days of pathos and romance are most considerably gone by. To confess the fact honestly, I do not think, I could ever muster up courage to drive a long spit of cold steel into my breast; and as to falling on my sword, in the first place I have not a sword to fall on, and it would be

quite absurd to buy one for such a purpose; and in the second place, if I had one, I am perfectly certain that I should miss it, or make some other fatal blunder—or rather some blunder which would not be fatal—if I attempted to fling myself on it. Then how like an unfortunate gaby I should look! Let me cogitate for a short while. I have dismissed as unpracticable, shooting, throat cutting, poisoning, ur-bowelling, hanging, drowning, tumbling, starving, and stabbing. What remains? Softly awhile. My uncle Nicholas used always to say, that many a man killed himself by drinking—and my uncle Nicholas was a man of observation. Perhaps that would be an easy, comfortable, cosey kind of way of doing the business, after all, without tumult or stuff. However, I have no idea of doing it at a glass, and going before a coroner stretched upon a door, smelling like a rum cask, and open to the opprobrious verdict of "Died by excessive drinking." That is evidently low. I, on the contrary, shall try if my uncle's prediction of such suicide being slow but sure, were right, and if it poisons me, let it operate on me like a slow poison—

"So glides the meteor through the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train,
But when its short-lived beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again."

Is not that very pretty and very poetic? Here then, Anthony, get you down to the Rainbow, and fetch me a stoup of liquor, as the grave-digger in Hamlet has it. I am bent on death.

"Come fill me a glass, fill it high,
A bumper, a bumper, I'll have—
He's a fool that will flinch,
I'll not bate him an inch,

Though I drink myself into the grave."
I am bent on death. Perhaps, too, I may have the good luck to go off in a flash of flame, or be burnt to death by voluntary combustion, thereby to afford a subject for a new novel by a new Brockden Brown. So now

"Farewell, fair world! and light of day, farewell!"
for I have closed the shutters.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH IN LANGHAM PLACE,
REGENT-STREET.

"Whoever walks through London streets,"

Said Momus to the son of Saturn,

"Each day new edifices meets,

Of queer proportion, queerer pattern :

If thou, O cloud-compelling god,

Wilt aid me with thy special grace,

I, too, will wield my motley hod,

And build a church in Langham-place,"

"Agreed," the Thunderer cries ; "go plant

Thine edifice, I care not how ill ;

Take notice, Earth, I hereby grant

Carte blanche of mortar, stone, and trowel.

Go, Hermes, Hercules, and Mars,

Fraught with these bills on Henry Hase,

Drop with you jester from the stars,

And build a church in Langham-place."

Down, four in hand, to earth they go,

Pass by Palladio, Wren, and Inigo,

Contracting for their job, to show

How far four gods can make a guinea go.

This plan was Doric, ergo bad,

And that Ionic, ergo base :

No proper model could be had,

To shape this church in Langham-place.

In deep confab they pass'd two hours ;

Alcides on his club of tough oak

Leant, and exclaim'd, "Martello towers

Lie scatter'd on the coast of Suffolk .

Let one of those toward London swerve,

Mars, out of war, they're out of place ;

What can they better do, than serve

To form a church in Langham-place ?"

The word was said, the deed was done,

Light Hermes toil'd in vain to stir it,

When, with a kick, Alcmena's son

Soon tilted down the granite turret.

Like a huge hog'shead up to town

The martial structure roll'd apace,

And, mortar-coated, settled down

Into a church in Langham-place.

But, ere with belfry or with bell

They graced its top, its side with casement,

They found an unexploded shell

Alive and burning at its basement.

The channell'd air now upward drew

Flame after flame, in lurid race,

And gave a sort of glass-house hue

To their new church in Langham-place.

"'Twill never do," Alcides cried,

"The Atlas will indict for arson,"

While Momus carelessly replied—

"Phoo ! never mind it—smoke the parson !"

Mars, at a push, had wit at will,

And said, "Your joint misgivings chase,

This round Martello tower shall still

Be a new church in Langham-place."

To Ætna's red Vulcanian steeps,

Fly Mercury on feather'd sandal,

And, when the giant Titan sleeps,

Snatch, god of thieves, his huge bed-candle :

Bear thence its tall extinguisher,

This conflagration to efface,

'Twill added dignity confer

On our new church in Langham-place.

The cone up-tilted, Momus bawls—

"Attention, all our loving people,

Here Mars's tower affords us walls,

And Titan's candlestick a steeple :

Our fane, thus martially endow'd,

Soon may some Boanerges grace,

And 'Son of Thunder,' draw the crowd

To our new church in Langham-place !"

DINNER IN THE STEAM-BOAT.

"Come, Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Hoggins, Mrs. Sweet-bread, Mrs. Cleaver ! dinner's ready ; shall I show you the way down to the cabin ? we mustn't spoil good victuals though we are sure of good company. Lauk ! what a monstrous deal of smoke comes out of the chimney. I suppose they are dressing the second course ; every thing's roasted by steam, they say,—how exceedingly clever ! As to Mrs. Dip, since she's

so high and mighty, she may find her own way down. What! she's afraid of spoiling her fine shawl, I reckon, though you and I remember Mrs. Hoggins, when her five-shilling Welsh-wittle was kept for Sunday's church, and good enough too, for we all know what her mother was. Good Heavens! here comes Undertaker Croak, looking as down in the mouth as the root of my tongue; do let me get out of his way; I wouldn't sit next to him for a rump and dozen, he does tell such dismal stories that it quite gives one the blue devils. He is like a nightmare, isn't he Mr. Smart? "He may be like a mare by night," replied Mr. Smart, with a smirking chuckle, "but I consider him more like an ass by day.—He! he! he!" Looking round for applause at this sally, he held out his elbows, and taking a lady, or rather a female, under each arm, he danced towards the hatchway, exclaiming, "Now I am ready trussed for table, liver under one wing and gizzard under the other." "Keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Smart; I don't quite understand being called a liver—look at the sparks coming out of the chimney, I declare I'm frightened to death." "Well, then you are of course no longer a liver," resumed the facetious Mr. Smart; "so we may as well apply to Mr. Croak to bury you." "O Gemini! don't talk so shocking; I had rather never die at all, than have such a fellow as that to bury me." "Dickey, my dear!" cried Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who was leaning over the ship's side with a most woe-begone and emetical expression of countenance, "hadn't you better come down to dinner? There's a nice silver side of a round o' beef, and the chump end of a *line* o' mutton, besides a rare hock of bacon, which I dare say will settle your stomach." "O mother," replied the young cockney, "that 'ere cold beef-steak and inguns vat you put in the pocket-handkerchief, wasn't good, I do believe, for all my hinsides are of a work." "Tell 'em it's a holiday," cried Smart. "O dear, O dear!" continued Dick, whose usual brazen tone was subdued into a lackadaisical whine, "I vant to reach and I can't—vat shall I do, mother?" "Stand on tiptoe, my darling," replied Smart, imitating the voice of Mrs. Cleaver,

who began to take in high dudgoun this horse-play of her neighbour, and was proceeding to manifest her displeasure in no very measured terms, when she was fortunately separated from her antagonist, and borne down the hatchway by the dinner-desiring crowd, though sundry echoes of the words "jackanapes!" and "imperent fellow?" continued audible above the confused gabble of the gangway.

"Well, but Mr. Smart," cried Mrs. Suet, as soon as she had satisfied the first cravings of her appetite, "you promised to tell me all about the steam, and explain what it is that makes them wheels go round and round as fast as those of our one-horse chay, when Jem Ball drives the trotting mare." "Why, ma'am, you must understand—" "Who called for sandwiches and a tumbler of negus?" bawled the steward.—"Who called for savages and a tumbling negres?" repeated Mr. Smart.—"Yes, ma'am, you saw the machinery, I believe—(capital boiled beef) there's a thing goes up and a thing goes down, all made of iron; well, that's the hydrostatic principle; then you put into the boiler—(a nice leg of mutton, Mrs. Sweetbread)—let me see, where was I?—In the boiler, I believe. Ah! it's an old trick of mine to be getting into hot water. So, ma'am, you see they turn all the smoke that comes from the fire on to the wheels, and that makes them spin round, just as the smoke-jack in our chimnies turns the spit; and then there's the safety-valve in case of danger, which lets all the water into the fire, and so puts out the steam at once. You see, ma'am, it's very simple, when once you understand the trigonometry of it." "O perfectly, but I never had it properly explained to me before. It's vastly clever, isn't it? How could they think of it?" "Shall I give you a little of the sallad?" "La, it isn't dressed; what a shame!"

"Not at all," cried Smart, "none of us dressed for dinner, so that we can hardly expect it to be dressed for us. He! he! he!" "Did you hear that, Mrs. H?" exclaimed Mrs. Suet, turning to Mrs. Hoggins, "that was a good one, warn't it? Drat it, Smart, you *are* a droll one."

Here the company were alarmed by a terrified

span from Mr. Croak, who ejaculated, "Heaven have mercy upon us! did you hear that whizzing noise?—there it is again! there's something wrong in the boiler—if it bursts, we shall all be in heaven in five minutes." "The Lord forbid!" ejaculated two or three voices, while others began to scream, and were preparing to quit their places, when the steward informed them it was nothing in the world but the spare steam which they were letting off. "Ah, so they always say," resumed Croak, with an incredulous tone and woe-begone look; "but it was just the same on board the American steam-boat that was telling you of—fifty-two souls sitting at dinner, laughing and chatting for all the world as we are now, when there comes a whiz, such as we heard a while ago—God help us! there it is once more—and bang! up blew the boiler—fourteen people scalded to death—large pieces of their flesh found upon the banks of the river, and a little finger picked up next day in an oyster-shell, which by the ring upon it was known to be the captain's. But don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, I dare say we shall escape any mishap, as we're all in the cabin, and so we shall only go to the bottom smack! Indeed we *may* arrive safe—they do sometimes, and I wish we may now, for nobody loves a party of pleasure more than I do. I hate to look upon the gloomy side of things when we are all happy together, (here another groan,) and I hope I haven't said any thing to lower the spirits of the company."

"There's no occasion," cried Smart, "for I saw the steward putting water into every bottle of brandy." He laugh excited by this *bon-mot* tended in some degree to dissipate the alarm and gloom which the dining Mr. Croak had been infusing into the party; and Smart, by way of fortifying their courage, bade them remark that the sailors were obviously under no sort of apprehension. "Ay," resumed the persevering Mr. Croak, "they are used to it—it is their business they are bred to sea." "But they don't want to be bread to the fishes, any more than you or I," retorted Smart, chuckling at his having the best of the nonsense.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Sweetbread, "I never tasted such beer as this—flat as ditch-water, they should have put it upon the cullender to let the water run out; and yet you have been drinking it, Smart, and never said any thing about it." "Madam," replied the party thus addressed, laying his hand upon his heart, and looking very serious, "I make it a rule never to speak ill of the dead. I am eating the ham, you see, and yet it would be much better if I were to let it exemplify one of Shakspeare's soliloquies—Ham-let alone."—"La! you're such a wag," cried Mrs. Hoggins, "there's no being up to you; but if you don't like the ham, take a slice of this edge-bone—nothing's better than cold beef." "I beg your pardon, Madam," replied the indefatigable joker—"cold beef's better than nothing—Ha! ha! ha!"

"How do you find yourself now, my darling?" said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on because, as he said, his 'air was quite vet. "Vy, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm bang up now, and so peckish that I feel as if I could heat any thing." "Then just warm these potatoes," said Smart, handing him the dish, "for they are almost cold." "I'll thank you not to run your rigs upon me," quoth the young cockney, looking glumpish, "or I shall fetch you a vipe with this here hash-stick. If one gives you a hinch, you take a hell." "Never mind him, my dear," cried his mother "eat this mutton-chop, it will do you good; there's no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself. Haw! haw! haw!"—"Very good!" exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands, "egad! Ma'am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin." This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and as the fat dame was at that moment handing the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard. Dick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor, an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not in the least surprised, as the young man, when first he came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presently taken a place at the table, and began attacking a buttock of beef with

great vigour and vivacity, protesting he had got a famous "happetite," and felt "as ungry as an ound." "I never say any thing to discourage any body," said Mr. Croak, "particularly young people; it's a thing I hate, but t'other day a fine lad sate down to his dinner in this very packet, after being sea-sick, just as you may be doing now, when it turned out he had broke a blood-vessel, and in twelve hours he was a corpse, and a very pretty one he made."

"I'm not going to be choused out of my dinner for all that," replied the youth, munching away with great industry, and at the same time calling out—"Steward! take away this porter-pot, it runs."—"I doubt that," cried Smart—"I say it does," resumed Dick angrily, "the table-cloth is all of a sop."—"I'll bet you half a crown it doesn't." Done! and done! were hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart, looking round with a smirk, exclaimed—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the pot has not been perfectly still, and nothing has been running but the beer." This elicited a shout at poor Dick's expense, who sullenly muttered, "I'm not going to be bamboozled out of an 'alf-crown in that there vay, and vat's more, I von't be made a standing joke by no man." "I don't see how you can," replied his antagonist, "so long as you are sitting."—"Vy are you like a case of ketchup?" cried Dick, venturing for once to become the assailant, and immediately replying to his own inquiry, "because you are a saucebox."—"Haw! haw!" roared his mother, "bravo, Dick! well done, Dick—there's a proper rap for you, Mr. Smart." Dick now changed the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be "igh-water in the harbour when they arrived."—"Then I recommend you by all means to use some of it," said the pertinacious Mr. Smart, "perhaps it may cure your squint."

Both mother and son rose up in wrath at this personality, and there would infallibly have been a *bourrasque* (as the French say) in the hold, but that there was then a tremendous concussion upon the deck, occasioned by the fall of the main-boom, and followed by squeaks and screams, of all calibres, from

the panic-stricken company at the dinner-table. "Lord have mercy upon us!" ejaculated Croak with a deep groan—"it's all over with us—we are going to the bottom—I like to make the best of every thing—it's my way, and therefore hope that no lady or gentleman will be in the least alarmed, for I believe drowning is a much less painful death than is generally supposed."

AFFECTED GRAVITY.

I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing.

A FAIR BARGAIN.

A Norman priest, many of whose parishioners had not made the most honourable exit out of this world, insisted, when he was baptizing one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as those of baptism; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, "Because I know, as soon as he is grown up, he will cheat me of my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged."

THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.

At Trin. Coll. Cam,—which means, in proper spelling, Trinity College, Cambridge,—there resided One Harry Dashington—a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided
For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education:—
That is—he understood computing

The odds at any race or match ;
 Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting ;
 Could kick up rows—knock down the watch—
 Play truant and the rake at random—
 Drink—tie cravats—and drive a tandem.
 Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
 So far from working reformation,
 Seem'd but to make his lapses greater,
 Till he was warn'd that next offence
 Would have this certain consequence—
 Expulsion from his Alma Mater.
 One need not be a necromancer
 To guess that, with so wild a wight,
 The next offence occur'd next night ;
 When our Incurable came rolling
 Home as the midnight chimes were tolling,
 And rang the College bell.—No answer.—
 The second peal was vain—the third
 Made the street echo its alarm ;
 When to his great delight he heard
 The sordid Janitor, old Ben,
 Coughing and growling in his den.
 "Who's there ? I s'pose young Harum-scarum."
 "'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry."
 Ay, so I thought, and there you'll tarry.
 'Tis past the hour—the gates are closed,
 You know my orders—I shall lose
 My place if I undo the door."—
 And P— (young Hopeful interposed)
 "Shall be expell'd if you refuse,
 prithee"—Ben began to snore.—
 "I'm wet," cried Harry, "to the skin,
 Hip ! hallo ! Ben !—don't be a ninny ;
 Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,
 tumble out and let me in,"
 "Lumph !" growl'd the greedy old curmudgeon,
 If overjoy'd and half in dudgeon,
 How you may pass ; but make no fuss,
 On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate."—
 Look on the stones, old Cerberus,"
 cried Harry as he passed the gate,
 "I've dropp'd a shilling—take the light,
 I'll find it just outside—good night."

Behold the porter in his shirt,
 Cursing the rain which never stopp'd.
 Groping and raking in the dirt,
 And all without success ; but that
 Is hardly to be wonder'd at,
 Because no shilling had been dropp'd ;
 So he gave o'er the search at last,
 Regain'd the door, and found it fast !—
 With sundry oaths and growls and groans,
 He rang once—twice—and thrice ; and then,
 Mingled with giggling heard the tones
 Of Harry mimicking old Ben.—
 "Who's there ?—'Tis really a disgrace
 To ring so loud—I've lock'd the gate—
 I know my duty—'Tis too late—
 You wouldn't have me lose my place."
 "Psha ! Mr. Dashington : remember,
 This is the middle of November.
 I'm stripp'd ;—'tis raining cats and dogs."
 "Hush, hush !" quoth Hal ; "I'm fast asleep ;"
 And then he snored as loud and deep
 As a whole company of hogs.
 "But, harkye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
 At the same rate I paid myself."
 "Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
 Replied the avaricious elf.
 "No : all, or none—a full acquittance—
 The terms, I know, are somewhat high ;
 But you have fix'd the price, not I—
 I won't take less ;—I can't afford it."
 So finding all his haggling vain,
 Ben with an oath and groan of pain
 Drew out the guinea, and restored it."
 "Surely you'll give me," growl'd the outwitted
 Porter, when again admitted,
 "Something, now you've done your joking,
 For all this trouble, time, and soaking."
 "Oh, surely—surely," Harry said ;
 "Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
 And you're half drown'd, and quite undress'd,
 I'll give you—leave to go to bed."

DEFINITION OF WIT.

A certain bishop said to his chaplain: "What is wit?" The chaplain replied, "The rectory of A. . . . is vacant, give it to me, and that will be wit." "Prove it," said his lordship, "and you shall have it." "*It would be a good thing well applied,*" rejoined the chaplain. The dinner daily prepared for the royal chaplains at St. James's was reprieved, *for a time*, from *suspension*, by an effort of wit. King Charles had appointed a day for dining with his chaplains; and it was understood that this step was adopted as the least *unpalatable* mode of putting an end to the dinner. It was Dr. South's turn to say the grace: and whenever the king honoured his chaplains with his presence, the prescribed formula ran thus: "God save the king; and bless the dinner." Our witty divine took the liberty of transposing the words, by saying, "God *bless* the king, and *save* the dinner." "*And it shall be saved,*" said the monarch.

The blaze of wit in the School for Scandal astonishes us less when we remember that the writer had it in his power to frame both the question and the answer; the reply and the rejoinder; the time and the place. He must be a poor proficient, who cannot keep up the game, when both the ball, the wall, and the racket, are at his *sole* command.

NELSON'S VANITY.

Nelson, when young, was piqued at not being noticed, in a certain paragraph of the newspapers, which detailed an action, wherein he had assisted; "But never mind," said he, "I will one day have a Gazette of my own."

PROLOGUE TO THE WINTER'S TALE, AND
CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

To various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:
This night, for want of better simile,
Let this our theatre a tavern be:
The poets vintners, and waiters we.
So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,
You're welcome, gem'men, kindly welcome ladies.

To draw in customers, our bills are spread;
You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakspeare's Head.
From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
For different palates springs a different wine;
In which no tricks to strengthen or to thin 'em—
Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em—
Hence for the choicest spirits flows Champagne,
Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every vein,
Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd brain!
Hence flow for martial minds potations strong,
And sweet love-potions for the fair and young:
For you my hearts of oak, for your regale,

[To the upper gallery.

There's good old English stingo, mild and stale.
For high, luxurious souls, with luscious smack,
There's Sir John Falstaff in a butt of sack;
And if the stronger liquors more invite ye,
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua vitæ.
But should you call for Falstaff, where to find him,
He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind him.
Sunk in his elbow chair, no more he'll roam,
No more with merry wags to Eastcheap come;
He's gone—to jest and laugh, and give us sack at home.

As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and catching fall asleep;
Who in the storms of passion, hum and haw!
For such our master will no liquor draw—
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfey's for the Shakspeare's Head.
A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much Perry for the best Champagne.
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights—what's that—when wine
is pure?

"Come, fill a bumper, Jack."—"I will, my Lord."
"Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense!—upon
my word!
Sir William, what say you?"—"The best, believe
me."

"In this—eh, Jack?—the devil can't deceive me."
Thus the wise critic too, mistakes his wine;
Cries out, with lifted hands—'Tis great! divine!

Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonder strikes him,
This Shakspeare! Shakspeare!—Oh, there's no-
thing like him!

In this night's various and enchanted cup
Some little perry's mix'd, for filling up.
The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
Stretch'd out to sixteen years,* lay by, forsaken;
Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,
Is now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!

GARRICK.

CALAMITIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

There are three difficulties in authorship;—to write
any thing worth the publishing—to find honest men
to publish it—and to get sensible men to read it.
Literature has now become a game; in which the
booksellers are the kings; the critics, the knaves;
the public, the pack; and the poor author, the mere
table, or *thing played upon*.

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been
love's whip;
A very beadle to a humours sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy.
A man whom no mortal so magnificent!
His wimpled, wining, purblind, wayward boy;
His senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Don Cupid;
Agent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
The king of all loiterers and malcontents,
The read prince of plackets, king of couplets,
The emperor and great general
Of trotting paritors.—O my little heart.—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

The action of the *Winter's Tale*, as written by Shakspeare,
comprehends sixteen years.

A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing: ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?

ASTROLOGY.

This is the excellent foppery of the world! that
when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our
own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the
sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains
by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves,
thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance;
drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obe-
dience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil
in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion
of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to
the charge of a star! My father compounded with
my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity
was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough
and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am,
had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled at
my bastardizing.

VARIOUS KINDS OF GOODNESS.

Whatever diversity of opinions may prevail respect-
ing *goodness in general*, few people disallow the
marks of this valuable quality, as they are found to
exist in particular bodies of men, or in certain indi-
viduals; and, perhaps, an enumeration of these traits
may include every thing new that can be well said
on the subject.

A good king, for example, is one who has the gift
of pleasing both the ins and the outs; and who, not
being permitted to do *any thing*, is able to do *every
thing*.

A good minister is one who is capable of conduct-
ing the affairs of a great nation, without levying any
taxes on the public.

A good patriot is one who possesses excellent
lungs, and is not afraid of availing himself of the
freedom of speech allowed in parliament, to abuse
every person, and oppose every measure, till he makes
the situation of an upright minister sufficiently un-

comfortable to force him to a resignation ; when he seizes on his place, and actually performs himself the very part which he had impudently and wrongfully accused his predecessor of acting.

A good magistrate is one who takes care to keep the price of bread as low as possible without regarding any advance in that of flour, for the sake of establishing his character among the vulgar, whom he is wise enough to know are the bulk of mankind. This knowledge, and these motives, lead him also to make an example, once or twice in his life, of some honest butcher, baker, or publican, if any such beings should chance to reside in his district, for accidentally selling short weight or measure : and he seldom or never commits any one to prison ; except, to please his patron, some poor fellow who has killed a hare, a pheasant, or a partridge.

A good divine is one who preaches short sermons remarkably loud, and who not only permits his parishioners to pursue, at their pleasure, whoring, drinking, feasting, gambling, and swearing, without receiving the smallest intimation of the impropriety of their conduct ; but who himself actually joins them, on every convenient occasion, in the practice of these innocent amusements.

A good lawyer is one who knows how to brow-beat timid witnesses, and to rouse the feelings, and enlarge on the vast consequence of silly jurymen, (who always look wisest when they are in reality the greatest fools,) so as to procure a verdict for his client, though honesty and integrity are in consequence doomed to starve in prison.

A good physician is one who, having no real business to employ him, generously begins life with giving his advice to the poor gratis : at the same time taking care to direct all his prescriptions to some honest apothecary, who allows him thirty per cent. on the price of the medicines. If this fails to procure him better practice, he engages his friends to institute a public dispensary, and appoint him the physician ; when, to ingratiate himself with the principal subscribers, by great apparent humanity, and of course to secure their own private custom, he engages to attend

their servants gratis, till he has fully established himself in snug practice ; after which, he soon leaves off all gratis prescriptions, and resigns in favour of some pupil who is capable of complimenting him with a few hundreds for so excellent an opportunity of following his steps, and obtaining both the character and emoluments of a *good physician*.

A good man, generally speaking, is one who now and then gives his poor neighbours and dependents a very small portion of what he has previously obtained from their labour, for which he paid them so scantily that they might well become proper objects in the eye of real benevolence. *A very good man* usually subscribes about twenty guineas a year to a dozen or more different hospitals and charity-schools ; to which he contrives to send necessitous relations, who might otherwise be more burdensome. With respect to the general conduct in life of a *good man*, it is only necessary that he has never been publicly known to have committed any action remarkably *bad*.

A good man, in the commercial world, is one who has money enough to answer all demands ; and who, knowing he must pay bills when due, or be liable to personal inconveniencies, and particularly to pay lawyers' and bailiffs' fees, takes care to discharge in time all pecuniary obligations. N. B. It is of no sort of importance by what means he acquires the ability to effect this solely necessary purpose ; and though he be a grinder of the poor, a defrauder of the rich, a base guardian of orphans, a Jew usurer, or a christian miser, still he is a good man in the city, as long as he can pay every one twenty shillings in the pound of what they can *prove* to be their due.

A good citizen is one who jogs on quietly through life, pays scot and lot without ever inquiring for what, and never attends common halls, or ward or vestry meetings, but submits quietly to have his pocket picked by those who do ; always thinking that the presence of *one more*, and him clearly of little weight or consequence, whatever natural rectitude he may possess, would make no material difference.

A good friend is one who procures a man some comfortable post under government, to assist him in

making provision for the large family he has provided him, by debauching his wife, daughter, or sister.

A good fellow is one who borrows money of all those persons who are weak enough to trust him, without ever giving himself the smallest concern about repayment, which he spends freely, or gives away, during the little time it lasts; and who ruins more girls, drinks more liquor, sings more songs, gives more toasts, belongs to more drunken societies, and sits up more nights, than any other person whatever. N. B. When he happens to have in possession a good deal of property of his own, he is, while it lasts, usually and emphatically called, a *good fellow*: but when his money and credit are both exhausted, so that he is obliged to sing, drink and tell stories, for the entertainment of those who pay his shot, he degenerates into a *good companion*.

A good husband is one who never opposes his wife's inclinations, or arraigns her conduct, however absurd or unreasonable.

A good wife is one who never opposes her husband's inclinations, or arraigns his conduct, however absurd or unreasonable.

There are, besides these, a variety of other *good folks*, the characteristics of whom will readily occur to most readers, though no extraordinary quantity of living models have perhaps lately appeared: such as *good* generals, *good* admirals, *good* authors, *good* players, *good* critics, and a variety of others. But the specimens already produced will abundantly prove that the world is not so destitute of *goodness* as some pretended moralists have dared to insinuate.

RELIGION.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but—*live* for it.

ANCESTRAL ENORMITIES.

Three thousand years, if I count right,
Have heard the critics Homer cite,

(His poem's good 'tis true;)
But what can hide the poet's shame,—
No one can tell from whence he came—
The son of lord-knows-who!

Virgil, who sang of war and farming,
His case is nearly as alarming,

Though Cæsar spoke him well:
Much did the thoughtless muse mistake her,
Who chose the issue of a baker
Such wondrous tales to tell.

Alas! who into hist'ry pushes
Will find perpetual cause for blushes—

There's Athens—shocking place!
Demosthenes declaim'd with pith,
But he was gotten by a smith,
To Attica's disgrace.

I'm really puzzled to proceed;—
To write what 'tis n't fit to read

All decent pens refuse:
There's Socrates, so wise and pure,
Was born of an old *accoucheur*,—
I should say *accoucheuse*.

So with the ancients let's have done,
Who, every man and mother's son,
Were but of yesterday;
One more—that Esop—was there ever!—
A *slave* write fables!—I shall never!—
'Tis now high time to stay!

But with the moderns shall we gain?
Faith that's a case that's not quite plain;

Piron's papa sold drugs;
A mere upholsterer got Moliere,
And Rollin was a cutler's heir,
And What's-his-name made jugs.

Rousseau—(not Jacques, but Jean Baptiste)
Whose odes to read are quite a feast—

His ancestor made shoes:
And is not Jaques himself as bad,
Who took a watchmaker for dad,
Our patience to abuse?

At home, if curious to know
The parent-stocks of So-and-so,
We'll find the bad turn'd worse;
Milton, for all his epic fire,
Claims but a scriv'ner for his sire—
And *he* to write blank verse!

Some folks affirm the proof is full,
That Shakspeare senior dealt in wool—

Let's hope it is the case :

For, though one scorns in fleece to deal,
Where he a *butcher** all must feel

'Twould his poor son disgrace.

I'm glad to find there is a doubt
From what trunk Chaucer was a sprout ;—

A noble one some say :

But whispers go, that Chaucer's father
A vintner was—or cobbler rather—

Hence his French name—*Chaucier*.

In short, the man of generous mind
Who views the world, must loathe his kind ;

Such facts his feelings hurting ;

The elder Pope, whose boy wrote satires,
Kept a cheap warehouse, next a hatter's,

Where he sold Irish shirting !

Nought then remains, but hope—which still
Lurks, as of old, behind each ill,

Close to the box's bottom :

And, after all, the hazard runs,
That, though they're all their mother's sons,
Their fathers mayn't have got 'em !

EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF AN EARL OF
PEMBROKE.

Imprimis.—For my soul, I confess, I have heard very much of souls, but what they are, or who they are, or what they are for, God knows, I know not ; they tell me now of another world, where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither. While the king stood, I was of his religion, made my son wear a cassock, and thought to make him a bishop ; but then came the Scots and made me a presbyterian ; and since Cromwell entered I have been an independent. These, I believe, are the kingdom's three estates, and if any of these can save a soul, I may claim one ; therefore if my executors do find I have a soul, I give it to him who gave it to me.

Item.—I give my body, for I cannot keep it, to be

* Some give it for the wool-merchant, others for the butcher.

buried. Do not lay me in the church porch, for I was a lord, and would not be buried where Colox Pride was born.

Item.—My will is, that I have no monument, so then I must have epitaphs and verses, and all my life long I had too much of them.

Item.—I give all my deer to the Earl of Salisbury who I know will preserve them, because he denies the king a buck out of one of his own parks.

Item.—I give nothing to Lord Say ; which legacy I give him because I know he will bestow it on the poor.

Item.—To Tom May I give 5s. I intended him more ; but whoever has seen his History of the Parliament, thinks 5s. too much.

Item.—I give Lieutenant-Colonel Cromwell one word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own.

Item.—I give up the ghost.—*Concordet cum Originali*.

EGAN AND CURRAN.

In the election for the borough of Tallagh, John Egan was an unsuccessful candidate—he, however, appealed from the decision, and the appeal came of course before a committee of the House of Commons. It was in the heat of a very warm summer, Egan was struggling through the crowd, his handkerchief in one hand, his wig in the other, and his whole countenance raging like the dogstar, when he met Curran—"I'm sorry for you, my dear fellow," said Curran—"Sorry! why so, Jack—why so?—I'm perfectly at my ease."—"Alas, Egan, it's but too visible to every one that you're losing *tallow* (*Tallagh*) fast."

SIC VITA.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are ;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue ;
Or silver drops of morning dew ;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood ;
Or bubbles which on waters stood :
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.

*The wind blows out; the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the star is shot:
The flight is past, and man forget.*

ON A FAT MAN.

If fat men ride, they tire the horse,
And if they walk, themselves—that's worse:
Travel at all, they are at best,
Either oppressors—or oppressed.

VOYAGE TO TARTARUS.

I do remember—not a 'pothecary
But one warm evening when well fill'd with
drink,
And having found my wine too hot to carry,
I laid myself most merry in a sink;
And there when Somnus plac'd his leaden hand
Upon my eyes, and call'd Squire Morpheus in,
I had such dreams, so glorious and so grand,
That to conceal them were a grievous sin;
And therefore, with all due and meet celerity,
I dedicate them hereby to posterity.

Whether they issued from the iron gate,
Or gate of horn, I stop not to inquire,
Hereafter let my commentators prate,
And full of learned notes fill quire on quire.
I only shall relate the naked fact,
Of which my gentle reader need not doubt,
Which was, that as I snor'd and lay compact,
Good drink within, and puddle all without,
The muse, descending from Parnassian station,
Inspir'd my soul with heavenly contemplation.

We are obliged to leave out some verses on the
age, and come to where they get in sight of the
st.]

The joyful sailor, from the mast-head high,
Shouted aloud "Hell, we're in sight of Hell!"
"Hell," says the helmsman, turning up his eye,
"Cheerly, my lads, a pleasant breeze, all's well."

"Hell," says the captain, "keep an eye a-head,
Clew up the topsails, 'tis a steady gale,
Watch well your soundings—damn you, heave the
lead—

Jack, north north-east;—Jem, yonder pilot hail,
And Jack, I say, hide the run brandy well,
Gaugers are devils on earth—what must they be in
Hell?"

[Three or four stanzas are omitted here, describing
the coast in the manner of the voyage to Loo Choo.]

There was Azazel, drunk as any lord,
His mast-high standard flagging in his hand;
Belphegor, too, like him of Perigord,
Limp'd nimbly up and down along the strand,
And there was Beelzebub and Lucifer,
And many other gentlemen beside,
For all the quality of Hell came there,
As decent people as I ever spied.
Room to relate their names I cannot spare,
Besides, I don't remember what they were.
And some in flour-of-brimstone arbours sat,
And play'd angelical, as Milton says,
(Book second, line five hundred forty-eight,)
Infernal music to infernal lays.

Glad was my soul, and straight I cock'd my ear.
For fourth, fifth, octave, sixth, and either third,
Hoping to make it presently appear

The style of *modern* Hell was most absurd;
And then to write a learn'd convincing letter,
To prove their ancient music was much better.
But I shall speak the truth and shame the devil,
Although from Hell I've only made a sortie—
For I must say their playing was not evil,
And savoured more of *accent* than of *forte*.
Such as of yore they play'd in ancient Greece,
When old Timotheus tickled Alexander,
And I was much delighted with a piece,
Droned on the bag-pipes by a Salamander.
Besides when asked which concord had most worth
The fourth or fifth? they all sung out the fourth!

[The remaining stanzas contain remarks on the
Literature and State of the Fine Arts in Hell, Stage

Criticism, and the political intrigues of the Cabinet Ministers of his Infernal Majesty, at Pandemonium, the capital of the Infernal Regions.]

BULLUM versus BOATUM.

There were two farmers, farmer A, and farmer B. Farmer A was seized or possessed of a bull; farmer B was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay twisted rope fashion, or as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went *up town* to dinner; farmer B's bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came *down town* to look for a dinner; and the bull observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat—he eat up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, he fell at work upon the hay-band: the boat being eat from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock—beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard: whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull: the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull, for running away with the boat. And thus notice of trial was given *Bullum versus Boatum, Boatum versus Bullum*. Now the counsel for the bull began by saying, “My lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull.—We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? how can we eat what is not eatable? or how can we drink what is not drinkable? or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull.”

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be nonsuited, because in his declaration he had not specified what colour he was; for thus wisely and thus learnedly spoke the counsel.—“My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour, and if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be?” This motion was overruled, by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour: besides, as was urged, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour any thing. This case being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away; upon which an opinion was given, that as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

This opinion being taken, an action was issued, and upon the traverse, this point of law arose, how, wherefore, and whither, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a competent evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled by boatum's attorney declaring, that for his client he would swear any thing.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record in true law Latin, which set forth in their declaration that they were carried away either by the tide of flood or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows: *Abbas baliffi est magistratus in choisi, sapor omnibus, finibus, qui habuerunt finnos, et scalos, claws, shells, talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus rivulicis, pondis, canalibus et well boats, sive eorum prawni, whitini, shrimp, turbutus solus. That not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood to avoid quibbling; but being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but*

actly upon the top of high water, they were non-suited ; but such was the lenity of the court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again, *de novo*.

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A POP.

But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home ;
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again ;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff :—and still he smil'd and talk'd ;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the
mark !)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly : and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

A scolding wife, a sullen son, a bill
To pay, unpaid, protested, or discounted
At a per-centage ; a child cross, dog ill,
A favourite horse fallen lame just as he's mounted ;
A bad old woman making a worse will,
Which leaves you minus of the cash you counted
As certain ;—these are paltry things, and yet
We rarely see the man they do not fret.

QUID PRO QUO.

A sprightly lady, young and fair,
With *arms all nude*, and *neck all bare*,
At dinner near a Quaker sat ;
And feeling much disposed to joke,
In playful accents thus she spoke ;—
“ See, friend, *I toast thy broad-brim'd hat.*”
The Quaker smil'd and said, “ Thou know'st
I ne'er use healths, nor give a toast,
Else from thy challenge I'd not shrink ;
Inclin'd to please so kind a lass,
I cheerfully would take my glass,
And to thy absent *'kerchief' drink.*”

HABIT OF ANTICIPATION.

Lord Avonmore was apt to take up a first impression of a cause, and it was very difficult afterwards to obliterate it. Curran was one day most seriously annoyed by this habit of Lord Avonmore, and he took the following whimsical method of correcting it. He and Curran were to dine together at the house of a mutual friend, and a large party was assembled, many of whom witnessed the occurrences of the morning. Curran, contrary to all his usual habits, was late for dinner, and at length arrived in the most admirably affected agitation. “ Why, Mr. Curran, you have kept us a full hour waiting dinner for you,” grumbled out Lord Avonmore. “ Oh, my dear lord, I regret it much—you must know it is not my custom, but—I've just been witness to a most melancholy occurrence.”—“ My God !—you seem terribly moved by it—take a glass of wine—what was it—

what was it?"—"I will tell you, my lord, the moment I can collect myself—I had been detained at court—in the court of chancery—your lordship knows the chancellor sits late."—"I do—I do—but go on."—"Well, my lord, I was hurrying here as fast as ever I could—I did not even change my dress—I hope I shall be excused for coming in my boots?"—"Poh, poh—never mind your boots—the point—come at once to the point of the story."—"Oh—I will, my good lord, in a moment—I walked here—I would not even wait to get the carriage ready—it would have taken time, you know—now there is a market exactly in the road by which I had to pass—your lordship may perhaps recollect the market—do you?"—"To be sure I do—go on, Curran—go on with the story."—"I am very glad your lordship remembers the market, for I totally forget the name of it—the name—the name—"—"What the devil signifies the name of it, sir?—it's the Castle Market."—"Your lordship is perfectly right—it is called the Castle Market.—Well, I was passing through that very identical Castle Market, when I observed a butcher preparing to kill a calf—he had a huge knife in his hand—it was as sharp as a razor—the calf was standing beside him—he drew the knife to plunge it into the animal—just as he was in the act of doing so, a little boy about four years old—his only son—the loveliest little baby I ever saw, ran suddenly across his path—and he killed! O! my God, he killed———"The child!—the child!—the child!"—vociferated Lord Avonmore.—"No, my Lord, *the calf*," continued Curran, very coolly—"he killed the calf—but—*your lordship is in the habit of anticipating.*"

FAIR PLAY

A captain who knew the world, was playing at piquet with a sharper, and saw him shuffling and placing the cards very adroitly. The captain immediately did the same, but openly and very deliberately; which the sharper telling him of, he replied, it was very true he did so, because he thought it was the sharper's common mode of playing, to which he

had no objection; but if he preferred the fair game, so be it, he was agreeable to either.

GARRICK AND STERNE.

Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope *your* house is insured."

THE TURKISH SULTAN.

His highness was a man of solemn port,
Shawl'd to the nose, and bearded to the eyes,
Snatch'd from a prison to preside at court,
His lately bowstrung brother caused his rise;
He was as good a sovereign of the sort
As any mention'd in the histories
Of Cantemir, or Knolles, where few shine
Save Solyman, the glory of their line.
He went to mosque in state, and said his prayers
With more than "Oriental scrupulosity";
He left to his vizier all state affairs,
And show'd but little royal curiosity:
I know not if he had domestic cares—
No process proved connubial animosity;
Four wives and twice five hundred maids, unseen,
Were ruled as calmly as a christian queen.
If now and then there happen'd a slight slip
Little was heard of criminal or crime;
The story scarcely pass'd a single lip—
The sack and sea had settled all in time,
From which the secret nobody could rip:
The public knew no more than does this rhyme;
No scandals made the daily press a curse—
Morals were better, and the fish no worse.
He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
Was also certain that the earth was square,
Because he had journey'd fifty miles and found
No sign that it was circular any where;

His empire also was without a bound :

'Tis true, a little troubled here and there,
By rebel pachas, and encroaching giaours,
But then they never came to "the Seven Towers ;"

Except in shape of envoys, who were sent

To lodge there when a war broke out, according
To the true law of nations, which ne'er meant

Those scoundrels, who have never had a sword in
Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent

Their spleen in making strife, and safely wording
Their lies, yclep'd despatches, without risk or
'The singeing of a single inky whisker.

He had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,

Of whom all such as came of age were stōw'd,
The former in a palace, where like nuns

They lived till some bashaw was sent abroad,
When she, whose turn it was, wedded at once,

Sometimes at six years old—though this seems odd,
'Tis true ; the reason is, that the Bashaw
Must make a present to his sire in law.

His sons were kept in prison, till they grew

Of years to fill a bowstring or the throne,
One or the other, but which of the two

Could yet be known unto the Fates alone ;
Meantime the education they went through

Was princely, as the proofs have always shown :
So that the heir apparent still was found
No less deserving to be hang'd than crown'd.

LEGAL PEARL-DIVERS.

Every barrister can "shake his head," and too often, like Sheridan's Lord Burleigh, it is the only proof he vouchsafes of his wisdom. Curran used to call these fellows "legal pearl-divers."—"You may observe them," he would say, "their heads barely under water—their eyes shut, and an index floating behind them, displaying the precise degree of their purity and their depth."

WINE AND WIT.

Wine is such a whetstone for wit, that if it be often set thereon, it will quickly grind all the steel out, and scarcely leave a back where it found an edge.

FAMILIARITY AND RESERVE.

Curran once observing a very pompous and solemn blockhead, who endeavoured, with a most ludicrous gravity, to conceal his insignificance, he suddenly stopped short—"Observe that fellow," said he, "if you dined and breakfasted with him for an hundred years, you could not be intimate with him.—By heavens he wouldn't even be seen to smile, lest the world should think he was *too familiar with himself*."

FALSTAFF'S CATECHISM.

Well, 'tis no matter : honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on ? how then ? Can honour set to a leg ? No. Or an arm ? No. Or take away the grief of a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then ? No. What is honour ? A word. What is in that word ? Honour. What is that honour ? Air. A trim reckoning.—Who hath it ? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. Is it insensible then ? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living ? No. Why ? Detraction will not suffer it :—therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere escutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

AN ODD FISH.

Egan, the Irish barrister, was once engaged in a violent controversy with Mr. Grattan, in which the latter designated Mr. E. a *black soul writhing in torments*. After this dispute there was not a waiter in any considerable town upon the circuit, whose first question to the passenger on his entrance to the hotel was not invariably—"Sir, would your honour dine—you can have any fish your honour pleases—perhaps your honour would prefer an EGAN."—"An Egan, friend, what's an Egan ?"—"Lord, sir, I thought Mr. Grattan told every one what an Egan was. It is a *black soul* (sole) fried."

THE FAITHFUL MINIATURE.

The miniature, Phyllis, you're showing us now,
Proves the artist with you well acquainted ;
That 'tis monstrously like you, we all must allow,
When we see, as we do, that 'tis *painted*.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MISS B. BLACK WITH
MR. T. WHITE.

(Written immediately after the Ceremony.)

Mankind may now all error shun ;—

Nay, set Dame Nature right ;

For I—as *Lawyers oft have done*,

Can prove that *Black is White*.

BAD HABITS.

Said a harsh parish overseer, rude and unfeeling,
To a pauper, for alms near the vestry appealing,
“Hence, wretch ! mend your habits, nor dare this
place haunt.”

“Amendment (said Lazarus) both of us want ;
But as to my *habits*, your worship offending,
They are mere *shreds* and *tatters*, and not worth
the mending.”

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce it to
you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it,
as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier
spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much
with your hand, thus : but use all gently : for in the
very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind
of your passion, you must acquire and beget a tem-
perance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends
me to the soul, to hear a robustious perriwig-pated
fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split
the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part,
are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows
and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for
out-doing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod. Pray
you, avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own
discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word,
the word to the action ; with this special observance,
that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : for any
thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing,
whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to
hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue
her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very

age and body of the time his form and pressure.
Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make
the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious
grieve ; the censure of which one, must, in your
allowance, overweigh a whole theatre of others. O,
there be players, that I have seen play, and heard
others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it pro-
fanely, that, neither having the accent of christian,
nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so
strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of
nature's journeymen had made men, and not made
them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently
with us.

Ham O, reform it altogether. And let those that
play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for
them : for there be of them, that will themselves
laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators
to laugh too ; though, in the mean time, some neces-
sary question of the play be then to be considered :
that's villainous ; and shows a most pitiful ambition
in the fool that uses it.

CATCHING AN ACCENT.

A gentleman visited Cheltenham, and during his
stay there acquired a most extraordinary habit of
perpetually lolling his tongue out of his mouth !
“What can he mean by it ?” said somebody to Cur-
ran.—“Mean by it,” said Curran ; “why he means,
if he can, to catch the *English accent*.”

WITLINGS.

As empty vessels make the loudest sound, so men
of bad wit are the greatest babblers. Many by wit
get wealth, but none by wealth purchase wit.

CHARMS OF A DUEL.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so,
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe ;
But after being fired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

THE OLD WHIG POET TO HIS OLD BUFF WAISTCOAT.

By Captain Morris.

Farewell, thou poor rag of the muse !
 In the bag of the clothesman go lie :
 A sixpence thou'lt fetch from the Jews,
 Which the hardhearted Christians deny.
 Twenty years, in adversity's spite,
 I bore thee most proudly along :
 Stood jovially *buff* to the fight,
 And won the world's ear with my song.
 But, prosperity's humbled thy case :
 Thy friends in full banquet I see,
 And the door kindly shut in my face,
 Thou'st become a *soul's garment* to me !
 Poor rag ! thou art welcome no more,
 The days of thy *service* are past,
 Thy toils and thy glories are o'er,
 And thou and thy master are *cast*.
 But, though thou'rt forgot and betrayed,
 'Twill ne'er be forgotten by me,
 How my old lungs within thee have play'd,
 And my spirits have swell'd thee with glee.
 Perhaps they could swell thee no more,
 For Time's icy hand's on my head ;
 My spirits are weary and sore,
 And the impulse of Friendship is dead.
 Ben adieu ! tho' I cannot but fret
 That my constancy with thee must part,
 For thou hast not a hole in thee yet,
 Though through *thee* they have wounded my heart.
 Change thee for sable more sage,
 To mourn the hard lot I abide ;
 And mark upon *gratitude's* page,
 A *dot* that hath buried my *pride*.
 Ah ! who would believe in these lands
 From the *Whigs* I should suffer a wrong ?
 Had they seen how with hearts and with hands
 They followed in frenzy my song.
 Who'd have thought, though so eager their claws,
 They'd condemn me *thus hardly* to plead ?
 Through my *prime*, I have toiled for your cause
 And you've left me, when aged, in need,

Could ye not midst the favours of fate,
 Drop a mite where all own it is due ?
 Could ye not from the *feast* of the *state*
 Throw a *crumb* to a servant so true ?
 In your *scramble* I stirred not a jot,
 Too proud for rapacity's strife ;
 And sure that all hearts would allot
 A scrap to the *claims* of my *life*.
 But go, faded rag, and while gone
 I'll turn thy hard fate to my ease ;
 For the hand of kind heaven hath shown
 All crosses have colours that please.
 Thus a *bliss* from thy shame I receive,
 Though my body's met treatment so foul,
 I can suffer, forget, and forgive,
 And get comfort, more worth for my *soul*.
 And when seen on the rag-sellers rope,
 They who knew thee'll say ready enough
 " There service hangs jilted by hope,
 This once was poor Morris's buff."
 If they let them give virtue her name
 And yield an example to teach,
 Poor rag, thou hast served in thy *shame*
 Better ends than thy *honours* could reach.
 But, though the soul gain by the loss,
 The stomach and pocket still say,
 " Pray what shall we do in this cross ?"
 I answer, " Be *poor* and be gay."
 Let the muse gather mirth from her wrong,
 Smooth her wing in *adversity's* shower ;
 To new ears and new hearts tune her song,
 And still look for a *sun-shining* hour !
 While I, a disbanded old Whig,
 Put up my discharge with a smile ;
 Face about—prime and load—take a swig,
 And march off—to the opposite file.

THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

A peasant newly arrived at Paris asked what building was that, pointing to the Palais de Justice, where the law courts are held. " It is a mill," said an attorney, to quiz the bumpkin. " I thought as much," replied the countryman, " for I see a good many asses at the door with sacks."

MATRIMONY.

Cries Nell to Tom, 'midst matrimonial strife,
 "Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife."
 "By all the powers, (said Tom) but that's too bad,
 You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

DEAN SWIFT'S RULES FOR SERVANTS IN GENERAL.

When your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no end of your drudgery: and masters themselves allow, that if a servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person; this will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

If you see your master wronged by any of your fellow-servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a tell-tale: however, there is one exception in case of a favourite servant, who is justly hated by the whole family; who therefore are bound in prudence to lay all the faults they can upon the favourite.

The cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man, and every other servant who is concerned in the expenses of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be a thousand pounds a year, he reasonably concludes, that a thousand pounds a year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing; the butler makes the same judgment, so may the groom and the coachman; and thus every branch of expense will be filled to your master's honour.

When you are chid before company, (which with submission to our masters and ladies is an unmanly practice) it often happens that some stranger will have the good nature to drop a word in your excuse; in such a case you will have a good title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chides you afterwards on other occasions, he may be in the wrong; in which opinion you will be the better confirmed by stating the case to your fellow-servants in your own way, who will cer-

tainly decide in your favour: therefore, as I have said before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

It often happens, that servants sent on messages are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the message requires, perhaps two, four, six, or eight hours, or some such trifle; for the temptation to be sure was great, and flesh and blood cannot always resist: when you return, the master storms, the lady scolds; stripping, cudgelling, and turning off, is the word. But here you ought to be provided with a set of excuses, enough to serve on all occasions; for instance, your uncle came fourscore miles to town this morning on purpose to see you, and goes back by break of day to-morrow: a brother-servant, that borrowed money of you when he was out of place, was running away to Ireland: you were taking leave of an old fellow-servant, who was shipping for Barbadoes: your father sent a cow to you to sell, and you could not get a chapman till nine at night: you were taking leave of a dear cousin, who is to be hanged on Saturday: you wrenched your foot against a stone and were forced to stay three hours in a shop, before you could stir a step: some filth was thrown at you out of a garret-window, and you were ashamed to come home before you were cleaned, and the servant went off: you were pressed for the sea-service, and carried before a justice of peace, who kept you three hours before he examined you, and you got off with much a-do: a bailiff by mistake seized you for a debtor, and kept you the whole evening in a spinning-house: you were told your master had gone to the tavern, and come to some mischance, and your grief was so great that you inquired for his honour in a hundred taverns between Pall Mall and Temple Bar.

Take all tradesmen's parts against your master, and when you are sent to buy any thing, never offer to cheapen it, but generously pay the full demand. This is highly to your master's honour, and may be some shillings in your pocket; and you are to consider if your master hath paid too much, he can better afford the loss than a poor tradesman.

Never submit to stir a finger in any business, but that for which you were particularly hired. For ex-

ample, if the groom be drunk, or absent, and the butler be ordered to shut the stable door, the answer is ready, "An please your honour, I don't understand horses." If a corner of the hanging wants a single nail to fasten it, and the footman be directed to tack it up, he may say he doth not understand that sort of work, but his honour may send for the upholsterer.

Masters and ladies are usually quarrelling with the servants for not shutting the doors after them: for neither masters nor ladies consider, that those doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the labour is double to open and shut the doors; therefore the best, the shortest, and easiest way is, to do neither. But if you are so often teased to shut the door, that you cannot easily forget it, then give the door such a clap as you go out, as will shake the whole room, and make every thing rattle in it, to put your master and lady in mind that you observe their directions.

If you find yourself to grow into favour with your master or lady, take some opportunity, in a very mild way, to give them warning; and when they ask the reason, and seem loath to part with you, answer that you would rather live with them than any body else, but a poor servant is not to be blamed if he strives to better himself; that service is no inheritance, that your work is great, and your wages very small. Upon which, if your master hath any generosity, he will add five or ten shillings a quarter rather than let you go; but if you are balked, and have no mind to go off, get some fellow-servant to tell your master that he hath prevailed upon you to stay.

Whatever good bits you can pilfer in the day, save them to junket with your fellow-servants at night; and take in the butler, provided he will give you drink.

Write your own name and your sweetheart's with the smoke of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen, or the servants'-hall, to show your learning.

If you are a young sightly fellow, whenever you whisper your mistress at the table, run your nose full in her cheek; or, if your breath be good, breathe full in her face: this I have known to have had very good consequences in some families.

Never come till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at the first whistle: and when the master calls, "Who's there?" no servant is bound to come; for Who's there is nobody's name.

When you have broken all your earthen drinking vessels below stairs, (which is usually done in a week,) the copper pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold small beer, or, in case of necessity, serve for a jorden; therefore apply it indifferently to all these uses; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

Although you are allowed knives for the servant's-hall at meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use only of your master's.

Let it be a constant rule, that no chair, stool, or table, in the servants'-hall, or the kitchen, shall have above three legs, which hath been the ancient and constant practice in all the families I ever knew, and is said to be founded upon two reasons; first, to show that servants are ever in a tottering condition; secondly, it was thought a point of humility, that the servants' chairs and tables should have at least one leg fewer than those of their masters. I grant there hath been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who by old custom was allowed an easy-chair to sleep in after dinner; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three legs. Now this epidemical lameness of servants' chairs is by philosophers imputed to two causes, which are observed to make the greatest revolutions in states and empires; I mean love and war. A stool, a chair, or a table, is the first weapon taken up in a general romping or skirmish; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being usually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

I could never endure to see maid-servants so ungenteel as to walk the streets with their petticoats pinned up; it is a foolish excuse to allege, their petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a remedy as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony servant in the same street, leave your own street-door open,

that you may get in without knocking when you come back ; otherwise your mistress may know you are gone out, and you must be chidden.

I do most earnestly exhort you all to unanimity and concord ; but mistake me not ; you may quarrel with each other as much as you please, only always bear in mind, that you have a common enemy, which is your master and lady, and you have a common cause to defend. Believe an old practitioner ; whoever, out of malice to a fellow-servant, carries a tale to his master, shall be ruined by a general confederacy against him.

The general place of rendezvous for all the servants, both in winter and summer, is the kitchen ; there the grand affairs of the family ought to be consulted ; whether they concern the stable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, the cellar, the nursery, the dining-room, or my lady's chamber ; there, as in your own proper element, you can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full security.

When any servant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your master, that he is gone to bed very sick ; upon which your lady will be so good-natured as to order some comfortable thing for the poor man or maid.

When your master and lady go abroad together to dinner, or on a visit for the evening, you need leave only one servant in the house, unless you have a blackguard boy to answer at the door, and attend the children, if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long cuts, and the stayer at home may be comforted by a visit from a sweetheart, without danger of being caught together. These opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes ; and all is safe enough while there is a servant in the house.

When your master or lady comes home, and wants a servant who happens to be abroad, your answer must be, that he had but just that minute stepped out, being sent for by a cousin who was dying.

If your master calls you by name, and you happen to answer at the fourth call, you need not hurry yourself ; and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say, you came no sooner because you did not know what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a fault, as you go out of the room and down stairs, mutter loud enough to be plainly heard ; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to visit your master or lady when they are abroad, never burden your memory with the person's name, for indeed you have too many other things to remember ; besides, it is a porter's business, and your master's fault he does not keep out, and who can remember names ? and you will certainly mistake them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a lie to your master or lady, unless you have some hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an hour. When a servant is turned off, all his faults must be told, although most of them were never known by his master or lady, and all mischiefs done by others, charge to him. [Excuse them.] And when they ask any of you, if you never acquainted them before ? the answer is, " Sir," or " Madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry ; and beside, perhaps, you might think of malice in me." Where there are little masters and misses in a house, they are usually great impediments to the diversions of the servants ; the only remedy is to bribe them with goodly goodies, that they will not tell tales to papa and mamma.

I advise you of the servants, whose master lives in the country, and who expect vales, always to stand rank and file when a stranger is taking his leave, that he must of necessity pass between you, and must have more confidence, or less money than usual, if any of you let him escape ; and according as he behaves himself, remember to treat him the next time he comes.

If you are sent with ready money to buy anything at a shop, and happen at that time to be out of pocket, sink the money, and take up the goods on your master's account. This is for the honour of your master and yourself ; for he becomes a man of credit at your recommendation.

When your lady sends for you up to her chamber, to give you any orders, be sure to stand at the door, and keep it open, fiddling with the lock all the while she is talking to you, and keep the button in your hand,

or fear you should forget to shut the door after you.

If your master or lady happen once in their lives to excuse you wrongfully, you are a happy servant ; for you have nothing more to do, than for every fault you commit while you are in their service to put them in mind of that false accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present case.

When you have a mind to leave your master, and are too bashful to break the matter for fear of offending him, the best way is to grow rude and saucy of a sudden, and beyond your usual behaviour, till he finds it necessary to turn you off ; and when you are gone, to revenge yourself, give him and his lady such a character to all your brother-servants who are out of place, that none will venture to offer their service. Some nice ladies who are afraid of catching cold, having observed that the maids and fellows below stairs often forget to shut the door after them, as they come in, or go out into the back-yards, have contrived at a pulley and a rope, with a large piece of lead at the end, should be so fixed, as to make the door shut of itself, and require a strong hand to open it, which is an immense toil to servants, whose business is to force them to go in and out fifty times in a morning : but ingenuity can do much ; for prudent servants have found out an effectual remedy against this insupportable grievance, by tying up the pulley in such a manner, that the weight of lead shall have no effect ; however, as to my own part, I would rather choose to keep the door always open by laying a heavy stone at the bottom of it.

The servants' candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last for ever. But you may find out many expedients ; you may conveniently stick your candle in a bottle, or with a lump of butter against the wainscot, in a powder-horn, or in an old shoe, or in a cleft-stick, or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon its edge, or grease on a table, in a coffee-cup, or a drinking-glass, a horn-can, a tea-pot, a twisted napkin, a mustard-pot, an inkhorn, a marrow-bone, a piece of rag, or you may cut a hole in the loaf, and stick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring servants to

junket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the kitchen-window, which you may hear, but not your master or lady, whom you must take care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable hours.

Lay all faults upon a lap-dog, or favourite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a child ; or on the servant who was last turned off : by this rule you will excuse yourself, do no hurt to any body else, and save your master or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

When you want proper instruments for any work you are about, use all expedients you can invent, rather than leave your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir the fire with the tongs ; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the fire-brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want paper to singe a fowl, tear the first book you see about the house. Wipe your shoes, for the want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damask napkin. Strip your livery-lace for garters. If the butler wants a jorden, he may use the great silver cup.

There are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all : you may run the candle end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately : you may lay it on the ground and tread the snuff out with your foot : you may hold it upside-down, until it is choked with its own grease : or cram it into the socket of the candlestick : you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out : when you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle-end into the ——— vase ; you may spit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the snuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's nose into the meal-tub, or the groom into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter : the housemaid may put out her candle by running it against a looking-glass, which nothing cleans so well as candle-snuff : but the quickest and best of all methods is, to blow it out with your breath, which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a family as a tell-tale, against whom it must be the principal business

of you all to unite: whatever office he serves in, take all opportunities to spoil the business he is about, and to cross him in every thing. For instance, if the butler be a tell-tale, break his glasses whenever he leaves the pantry-door open; or lock the cat or the mastiff in it, who will do as well: mislay a fork or a spoon, so that he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever she turns her back, throw a lump of soot, or a handful of salt, in the pot, or smoking coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roast-meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be suspected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery; or when he is going up with a dish of soup, let her follow him softly with a ladle-full, and dribble it all the way up stairs to the dining-room, and then let the house-maid make such a noise, that her lady may hear it. The waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault in hopes to ingratiate herself: in this case the laundress must be sure to tear her smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half; and, when she complains, tell all the house that she sweats so much, and her flesh is so rasty, that she fouls a smock more in one hour, than the kitchen-maid doth in a week.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S ARMY,
Raised for the Scottish War in 1639.

Sir John got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side a.
No errant knight ever went to fight
With half so gay a bravado,
Had you but seen his look, you'd have sworn on a
book,
Hee'd have conquered a whole armado.
The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight a,
And as he pass'd by, they began to cry,
Sir John, will you go fight a?
But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on,
His heart did not relent a;
For till he came there, he show'd no fear,
Till then, why shou'd he repent a?

The king, (God bless him,) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop a,
The Borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollow and whoop a.
None lik'd him so well as his own colonel,
Who took him for John de Weart a;
But when there were shows of gunning and blow,
My gallant was nothing so peart a,
For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all men prepar'd to fight a,
He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
He swore he must needs go ——— a.
The colonel sent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van a;
But Sir John did swear, he came not there,
To be kill'd the very first man a.
To cure his feat, he was sent to the rere,
Some ten miles back and more a;
Where he did play at tre trip for hay,
And nere saw the enemy more a.
But now there is peace, he's returned to incense
His money which lately he spent a;
But his lost honour must still lie in the dust,
At Barwick away it went a.

IN SELBY CHURCH-YARD, YORKSHIRE.
Here lies the body of poor *Frank Row*,
Parish clerk, and grave-stone cutter;
And this is writ to let you know,
What *Frank* for others us'd to do,
Is now for *Frank* done by another.

VILLAGE APOTHECARY.

I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.

CONFESSIONS OF THE INCONVENIENCES OF BEING
HANGED.

O, reader! guess at the wretch's misery who now writes this, when, with tears and burning blushes, he is obliged to confess that he has been——

HANGED——

Methinks I hear an involuntary exclamation burst from you, as your imagination presents to you fearful images of your correspondent unknown—*hanged!*

Fear not. No disembodied spirit has the honour of addressing you. I am flesh and blood, an unfortunate system of bones, muscles, sinews, arteries, like yourself.

Then, I presume, you mean to be pleasant. That expression of yours, must be taken somehow in a metaphorical sense——

In the plainest sense, without trope or figure—Yes, reader! this neck of mine has felt the fatal noose,—these hands have tremblingly held up the corroborative prayer-book,—these lips have sucked the moisture of the last consolatory orange,—this tongue has chanted the doleful cantata which no performer was ever called upon to repeat,—this face has had the veiling night-cap drawn over it——

But for no crime of mine.—Far be it from me to arraign the justice of my country, which, though tardy, did at length recognise my innocence. It is not for me to reflect upon judge or jury, now that eleven years have elapsed since the erroneous sentence was pronounced. Men will always be fallible, and perhaps circumstances did appear at the time a little strong——

Suffice it to say, that after hanging four minutes, (as the spectators were pleased to compute it,—a man that is being strangled, I know from experience, has altogether a different measure of time from his friends who are breathing leisurely about him,—I suppose the minutes lengthen as time approaches eternity, in the same manner as the miles get longer as you travel northward—,) after hanging four minutes, according to the best calculation of the bystanders, a reprieve came, and I was cut down——

Really I am ashamed of deforming your pages with

these technical phrases—if I knew how to express my meaning shorter——

But to proceed.—My first care after I had been brought to myself by the usual methods, (those methods that are so interesting to the operator and his assistants, who are pretty numerous on such occasions,—but which no patient was ever desirous of undergoing a second time for the benefit of science,) my first care was to provide myself with an enormous stock or cravat to hide the place—you understand me;—my next care was to procure a residence as distant as possible from that part of the country where I had suffered. For that reason I chose the metropolis, as the place where wounded honour (I had been told) could lurk with the least danger of exciting inquiry, and stigmatized innocence had the best chance of hiding her disgrace in a crowd. I sought out a new circle of acquaintance, and my circumstances happily enabling me to pursue my fancy in that respect, I endeavoured, by mingling in all the pleasures which the town affords, to efface the memory of what I had undergone.

But alas! such is the portentous and all-pervading chain of connection which links together this great community, my scheme of lying perdu was defeated almost at the outset. A countryman of mine, whom a foolish law-suit had brought to town, by chance met me, and the secret was soon blazoned about.

In a short time, I found myself deserted by most of those who had been my intimate friends. Not that any guilt was supposed to attach to my character. My officious countryman, to do him justice, had been candid enough to explain my perfect innocence. But, somehow or other, there is a want of strong virtue in mankind. We have plenty of the softer instincts, but the heroic character is gone. How else can I account for it, that of all my numerous acquaintance, among whom I had the honour of ranking sundry persons of education, talents, and worth, scarcely here and there one or two could be found, who had the courage to associate with a man that had been hanged.

Those few who did not desert me altogether, were

persons of strong but coarse minds; and from the absence of all delicacy in them I suffered almost as much as from the superabundance of a false species of it in the others. Those who stuck by me were the jokers, who thought themselves entitled, by the fidelity which they had shown towards me, to use me with what familiarity they pleased. Many and unfeeling are the jests that I have suffered from these rude (because faithful) Achateses. As they past me in the streets, one would nod significantly to his companion, and say, pointing to me, Smoke his cravat; and ask me if I had got a wen, that I was so solicitous to cover my neck. Another would inquire, What news from * * * Assizes? (which you may guess, reader, was the scene of my shame,) and whether the sessions was like to prove a maiden one? A third would offer to ensure me from drowning. A fourth would tease me with inquiries how I felt when I was swinging, whether I had not something like a blue flame dancing before my eyes? A fifth took a fancy never to call me any thing but *Lazarus*. And an eminent bookseller and publisher,—who, in his zeal to present the public with new facts, had he lived in those days, I am confident, would not have scrupled waiting upon the person himself last mentioned, at the most critical period of his existence, to solicit a *few facts relative to resuscitation*,—had the modesty to offer me sixteen guineas per sheet, if I would write, in his Magazine, a physiological account of my feelings upon coming to myself.

But these were evils which a moderate fortitude might have enabled me to struggle with. Alas! reader, the women,—whose good graces I had always most assiduously cultivated, from whose softer minds I had hoped a more delicate and generous sympathy than I found in the men,—the women began to shun me—this was the unkindest blow of all.

But is it to be wondered at? How couldst thou imagine, wretchedest of beings, that that tender creature Seraphina would fling her pretty arms about that neck which previous circumstances had rendered infamous? That she would put up with the refuse

of the rope, the leavings of the cord? Or that any analogy could subsist between the knot which binds two lovers, and the knot which ties malefactors?

I can forgive that pert baggage Flirtilla, who, when I complimented her one day on the execution which her eyes had done, replied, "that, to be sure, Mr. * * was a judge of those things." But from thy more exalted mind, Celestina, I expected a more unprejudiced decision.

The person whose true name I conceal under this appellation, of all the women that I was ever acquainted with, had the most manly turn of mind, which she had improved by reading and the best conversation. Her understanding was not more masculine than her manners and whole disposition were delicately and truly feminine. She was the daughter of an officer who had fallen in the service of his country, leaving his widow and Celestina, an only child, with a fortune sufficient to set them above want, but not to enable them to live in splendour. I had the mother's permission to pay my addresses to the young lady, and Celestina seemed to approve of my suit.

Often and often have I poured out my overcharged soul in the presence of Celestina, complaining of the hard and unfeeling prejudices of the world, and the sweet maid has again and again declared, that no irrational prejudice should hinder her from esteeming every man according to his intrinsic worth. Often has she repeated the consolatory assurance, that she could never consider as essentially ignominious an *accident*, which was indeed to be deprecated, but which might have happened to the most innocent of mankind. Then would she set forth some illustrious example, which her reading easily furnished, of a Phocion or a Socrates unjustly condemned; of a Raleigh or a Sir Thomas More, to whom late posterity had done justice; and by soothing my fancy with some such agreeable parallel, she would make me almost to triumph in my disgrace, and convert my shame into glory.

In such entertaining and instructive conversations the time passed on, till I importunately urged the

mistress of my affections to name a day for our union. To this she obligingly consented, and I thought myself the happiest of mankind. But how was I surprised one morning at the receipt of the following billet from my charmer :—

“SIR,

“You must not impute it to levity, or to a worse failing, ingratitude, if, with anguish of heart, I feel myself compelled by irresistible arguments to recall a vow which I fear I made with too little consideration. I never can be yours. The reasons of my decision, which is final, are in my own breast, and you must everlastingly remain a stranger to them. Assure yourself that I can never cease to esteem you as I ought.

CELESTINA.”

At the sight of this paper, I ran in frantic haste to Celestina's lodgings, where I learned, to my infinite mortification, that the mother and daughter were set off on a journey to a distant part of the country, to visit a relation, and were not expected to return in less than four months.

Stunned by this blow, which left me without the courage to solicit an explanation by letter, even if I had known where they were, (for the particular address was industriously concealed from me,) I waited with impatience the termination of the period, in the vain hope that I might be permitted to have a chance of softening the harsh decision by a personal interview with Celestina after her return. But before three months were at an end, I learned from the newspapers, that my beloved had—given her hand to another !

Heart-broken as I was, I was totally at a loss to account for the strange step which she had taken ; and it was not till some years after that I learned the true reason from a female relation of hers, to whom it seems Celestina had confessed in confidence, that it was no demerit of mine that had caused her to break off the match so abruptly, nor any preference which she might feel for any other person, for she preferred me (she was pleased to say) to all mankind ; but when she came to lay the matter closer to her

heart, she found that she should never be able to bear the sight (I give you her very words as they were detailed to me by her relation) the sight of a man in a nightcap, who had appeared on a public platform, it would lead to such a disagreeable association of ideas ! And to this punctilio I was sacrificed.

To pass over an infinite series of minor mortifications, behold me here, in the thirty-seventh year of my existence, (the twelfth, reckoning from my re-animation,) cut off from all respectable connections, rejected by the fairer half of the community,—who in my case alone seem to have laid aside the characteristic pity of their sex ; punished because I was once punished unjustly ; suffering for no other reason than because I once had the misfortune to suffer without any cause at all. In no other country, I think, but this, could a man have been subject to such a life-long persecution, when once his innocence had been clearly established.

Had I crawled forth a rescued victim from the rack in the horrible dungeons of the Inquisition,—had I heaved myself up from a half bastinado in China, or been torn from the just-entering, ghastly impaling-stake in Barbary,—had I dropt alive from the knout in Russia, or come off with a gashed neck from the half-mortal, scarce-in-time-retracted scimitar of an executioneering slave in Turkey,—I might have borne about the remnant of this frame (the mangled trophy of reprieved innocence) with credit to myself, in any of those barbarous countries. No scorn, at least, would have mingled with the pity (small as it might be) with which what was left of me would have been surveyed.

The singularity of my case has often led me to inquire into the reasons of the general levity with which the subject of hanging is treated as a topic in this country. I say as a topic : for let the very persons who speak so lightly of the thing at a distance be brought to view the real scene,—let the platform be bona fide exhibited, and the trembling culprit brought forth,—the case is changed : but as a topic of conversation, I appeal to the vulgar jokes which

pass current in every street. But why mention them, when the politest authors have agreed in making use of this subject as a source of the ridiculous. Swift, and Pope, and Prior, are fond of recurring to it. Gay has built an entire drama upon this single foundation. The whole interest of the *Beggar's Opera* may be said to hang upon it. To such writers as Fielding and Smollet it is a perfect *bonne bouche*.—Hear the facetious Tom Brown, in his *Comical View of London and Westminster*, describe the *Order of the Show at one of the Tyburn Executions* in his time.—“Mr. Ordinary visits his melancholy flock in Newgate by eight. Doleful procession up Holborn Hill about eleven. Men handsome and proper that were never thought so before, which is some comfort however. Arrive at the fatal place by twelve. Burnt brandy, women, and sabbath-breaking, repented of. Some few penitential drops fall under the gallows. Sheriff's men, parson, pickpockets, criminals, all very busy. The last concluding peremptory psalm struck up. Show over by one.”

One reason why the ludicrous never fails to intrude itself into our contemplations upon this mode of death, I suppose to be, the absurd posture into which a man is thrown who is condemned to dance, as the vulgar delight to express it, upon nothing. To see him whisking and wavering in the air,

As the wind you know will wave a man;

to behold the vacant carcass, from which the life is newly dislodged, shifting between earth and heaven, the sport of every gust; like a weathercock serving to show from which point the wind blows; like a maukin, fit only to scare away birds; like a nest left to swing upon a bough when the bird is flown: these are uses to which we cannot without a mixture of spleen and contempt behold the human carcass reduced. We string up dogs, foxes, bats, moles, weasels. Man surely deserves a steadier death.

Another reason why the ludicrous associates more forcibly with this than any other mode of punishment, I cannot help thinking to be, the senseless costume with which old prescription has thought fit to clothe

the exit of malefactors in this country. Let a man do what he will to abstract from his imagination all idea of the whimsical, something of it will come across him when he contemplates the figure of a fellow-creature in the daytime (in however distressing a situation) in a nightcap. Whether it be that this nocturnal addition has something discordant with daylight, or that it is the dress which we are seen in at those times when we are “seen,” as the angel in Milton expresses it, “least wise;” this I am afraid will always be the case; unless indeed, as in my instance, some strong personal feeling overpower the ludicrous altogether. To me, when I reflect upon the train of misfortunes which have pursued me through life, owing to that accursed drapery, the cap presents as purely frightful an object as the sleeveless yellow coat and devil-painted mitre of the San Benitos.—An ancestor of mine, who suffered for his loyalty in the time of the civil wars, was so sensible of the truth of what I am here advancing, that on the morning of execution, no entreaties could prevail upon him to submit to the odious dishabille, as he called it, but he insisted upon wearing, and actually suffered in, the identical flowing periwig which he is painted in, in the gallery belonging to my uncle's seat.

Suffer me, before I quit the subject, to say a word or two respecting the minister of justice in this country; in plain words I mean the hangman. It has always appeared to me that, in the mode of inflicting capital punishments with us, there is too much of the ministry of the human hand. The guillotine, as performing its functions more of itself and sparing human agency, though a cruel and disgusting exhibition, in my mind, has many ways the advantage over *our way*. In beheading, indeed, as it was formerly practised in England, and in whipping to death, as is sometimes practised now, the hand of man is no doubt sufficiently busy; but there is something less repugnant in these downright blows than in the officious barber-like ministrings of the *other*. To have a fellow with his hangman's hands fumbling about your collar, adjusting the thing as your waist

would regulate your cravat; valuing himself on his mental dexterity——

I never shall forget meeting my rascal,—I mean the fellow who officiated for me,—in London last winter, I think I see him now,—in a waistcoat that had been mine,—smirking along as if he knew me——

In some parts of Germany, that fellow's office is by law declared infamous, and his posterity incapable of being ennobled. They have hereditary hangmen, and had at least, in the same manner as they had hereditary other great officers of state; and the hangmen's families of two adjoining parishes intermarried with each other, to keep the breed entire. I wish something of the same kind were established in England.

QUEEN MAB.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
Upon the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
To thwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
Her courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
Her lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
Her ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

EPITAPH ON A COUNTRY INN-KEEPER.

Heu! hark ye, old friend! what, wilt pass, then
Without

Taking notice of *honest plump Jack*?
You see how 'tis with me, my light is burnt out,
And they've laid me here flat on my back.
That light in my nose, once so bright to behold,
That light is extinguish'd at last;
And I'm now put to bed in the dark and the cold,
With wicker, and so forth, made fast.
But now, wilt oblige me? then call for a quart
Of the *best*, from the house o'er the way;
Drink a part on't thyself, on my grave pour a part,
And walk on,—Friend, I wish thee good day.

TURKISH HARAM.

The Turks do well to shut—at least, sometimes—
The women up—because in sad reality,
Their chastity in these unhappy climes
Is not a thing of that astringent quality,
Which in the north prevents precarious crimes,
And makes our snow less pure than our morality;
The sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,
Has quite the contrary effect on vice.

MARKET DAY.

A market's the circle for frolic and glee
Where tastes of all kinds may be suited;
The dasher, the quiz, and the "up-to-all" he,
Pluck "sprees" from the plants in it rooted:

If the joker or queer one would fain learn a place,

Where they would wish for a morning to lark it;

They need go no farther than just show their face,
In that region of mirth, a large market.

Spoken.] Do you want 'are a basket woman, your honour?—No, no; I declare I've been so pestered by women.—Have you! by Jasus, I did not think *they* had such bad taste. Oh, dear oh!—What's the matter my dear?—I've sat down upon a lump of butter. Here make room for this *here* gentleman through them 'are sacks of potatoes. Buy a *leefe*, buy a *leefe*. Where are you shoving? I beg your pardon, sir; but you have put your wet umbrella in my waistcoat pocket.—Sir, I am very sorry, but it must remain there for the present; the market is so full I cannot move.—Well, I never received such *himperence* in all my life.—Then I think you've given more to the world than has been returned to you. Yes, ma'm, and *that boy* has taken more than he'll return to you. Oh! the little miscreant; he has stolen my reticule; catch him; there he goes; I have it—Oh! don't open it, there's all my cards fallen out, and—Cards ma'am, they appear to be *cards* of your *uncle's*.—Indeed! sir, it's nothing to you—No ma'am I see it's to a flannel petticoat. Do you want any peas, sir; or any gooseberry-*fool*? I say, Jack, twig that covey, he's just put a pottle of raspberries in his pocket.—Has he; come along Bill, a good squeeze and it's *raspberry jam*. Do you want any *cowcumpers*, ma'am?—No; don't annoy me.—Or any turnips, ma'am!—Turnips! no, she has just had them from her last place. Here's your flowers; here's your beauties. Dear me, how delightful; I declare I shall come here every morning and steal some odoriferous. I tell you *vat* my young'un if you steal any thing here, it will be a *hartichoke*.—What do you mean you dem rascal?—Mean! *why* I mean that I've *stood* here twenty years, and now I'm able to sit down, and do you knock me down if you can, so take that; there's a rum'un—I'll indict you.—Pho! don't talk to me, because you see

This is the place where we joke, laugh, and quiz,
And so you should know e'er you lark it;
So the next time, my covey, you here show your phiz,

Be up to the rigs of the market.

But those who would fain make the voyage of fun
To be found in a populous city,
Should just see the sports I've already begun,
And those at the end of my ditty;
So to those who view life—why a market-day night
Affords a prime region to lark it,
And many's the spree that a comical wight
May reap from the soil of a market.

Spoken.] What d'ye buy, what d'ye buy. Matches! buy a ha'porth of matches; hav'nt tasted food these sixteen days. Now, ma'am what will you buy?—Why, Mr. Butcher, what may be that *basom* of pork a pound?—What! the belly part you mean, ma'am; vy the belly—No; I mean the stomach, the—No-sense ma'am, do you think me a butcher, and a married man, don't know the belly from the stomach. Now, sir, what are you looking for?—Why I am looking for a calf's head—I'll fetch you a glass, sir. I don't wish any *reflections*. Pray, what fish are those *smelts*, ma'am.—Aye, I thought they were rather high.—O ma! I am so frightened.—What at, my love?—Why that great cod fish fixes his eyes on me so. La ma! look at those lobsters; they have got a *mouth* in every *hand*; what a droll colour they are, ma; they are all black. Yes, my dear, they are *finer* and more uncommon than the red ones. Look at that dog, he has taken that tongue out of the basket. No. Yes, he has. James, why don't you run after him. Yes, ma'am; which way shall I?—I say, Marrow-bone, that 'ere cove has boned a mutton chop. I, sir! its a *lie* sir. There, you *lie* in the gutter. A fool blow. No. There goes the dog that run away with the tongue. Where? There. I don't see him. Pray sir, have you met a dog with a tongue in his mouth? Here's a noise! A noise, to be sure!—Don't you know where this is? No, where? Where!—why

Where confusion and mobbing and chaff
 Pass on as we merrily lark it ;
 So if you e'er want a good squeezing and laugh
 Come on a full day to the market.

A MAD WEDDING.

When the priest
 Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he ; and swore so loud,
 That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book :
 And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
 The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
 That down fell priest and book, and book and priest ;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list*.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again ?
Gre. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamp'd,
 and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
 But after many ceremonies done,
 He calls for wine :—A *health*, quoth he ; as if
 He had been aboard carousing to his mates
 After a storm :—Quaff'd off the muscadel,
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face !
 Having no other reason,—
 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck ;
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
 That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

DRUNKENNESS AND ITS ENJOYMENTS.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk ;
 The best of life is but intoxication :
 Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk
 The hopes of all men, and of every nation ;
 Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk
 Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion :
 But to return,—Get very drunk ; and when
 You wake with head-ach, you shall see what then.
 Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
 Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know
 A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king ;
 For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow

Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
 Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
 After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
 Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.

On the first of September last crossing Kennington-common I met two cockney sportsmen, dressed out in proper style for the sports of the day. "Hollo !" my good fellow," said I, "have the kindness to turn the muzzle of your gun the other way, don't you see it's on full cock ?" "Vy to be sure it should, an't that 'ere the vay to carry one's gun ?" "Why, no ; not the way you ought to carry it. Don't you see the danger of it going off ?" "No, I can't say as how I do ; I keep it so on purpose." "The devil you do, why ?" "Why ? that's a good one, only look here : now, don't you see if this here flint should hit that there thing, it will strike fire ; and then the fire as comes from this here place, goes into that there place, and among this powder, and that makes the gun go off." "To be sure it does." "Vell then, the further off this flint is from that there iron, an't there less danger of hitting it ?" "Pray, sir," said the other, "might I make so bold as to ask an't a jackdaw fair game ?" "Umph ! not exactly, unless you could contrive to make the jackdaw white." "I say, Billy, that 'ere's a funny chap—that's what I calls a good joke." "Vhat a jack hass you must be to ax the gemmen such a question." "Vy not such a jack hass as you was to shoot a jack hass instead of an 'are." "Aye, but that vere all hacci-dent, for you know I never could see very vell since I burned my heyes on the last first of September." "Indeed ! how came that to pass ?" "All owing to the flash going in my face. I'll tell you how it vas ; you must know, sir, that on the last first of September, Billy Stitch, the tailor, and I, vent out that day in the morning, to have some sport ; so as we were a passing by the Surry theatre, some chaps says, there goes two cockneys ; so I turns round to Billy, Billy, says I, I've a great mind, says I, to go and lik'em, says I. So says Bill to me, says he, you had better, says he, let them 'ere chaps alone, says

he, and let's go on, says he. So away ve comes, and, then they says, there goes two cockneys; so ve left 'em; and when ve comes to the other side of the vater. No, that can't be; for this is the other—that is, the other side is this—and this is the other, and—No, that's not it neither—let me see—umph—umph!—that's wery strange—an't it. You know ve vere on the other side, that is, ve—ay, ve vere on this side then—No—that is, the other side vas then on this side, and ve vere on the other, and—No, that's not it yet—but it don't signify. Ve vere first on the other side, and when ve where on the other side, ve vere on this and then ve vere on the—” “Ha, ha, ha! was there ever any thing so puzzlifying, as not to be able to find out the other side from this, and this from the other.” “Vell sir, when ve got—ay, no matter; says I to Billy, says I, I'll lay you a tizzy, says I, that I hit some'at before ve are long out, says I. So, says Billy, says he, done, says he. So I puts my gun up my shoulder, so—and shutting my left eye for fear of the flash, Hold, says Billy, says he. What's the matter, Billy, says I? You have forgot to load her, says he. And sure enough, so I had; so I takes out my powder and shot, and loads her well, biting off a bit of paper you know, and ramming it tight down you know to keep all safe; so I puts up my gun again, Stop, stop, says Billy, says he. What's the matter, says I. You have left your ramrod in your gun, says he. And sure enough I had, and wery lucky it vas that I stopped, for when I looked, there vas Benjamin the Jew merchant, parched like a blackbird behind the hedge; poor Ben vas frightened out of his vits, as much as I vas. So ve com'd away up the side of the river, till ve comed to a gentleman's house with some trees a-growing aside it. So I sees some'at on a tree, and I thinks it vere a crow; so says I to Billy, says I, dash my buttons if a crow an't fair game, so here goes. Stop, says Billy, says he. Why, so, says I? That's the man's poll parrot, says he. I does'nt care, says I; so just as ve vere a speaking, the servant girl comes to the vindow and she's dusting away, and then she comes and stands before us. Get out of the way, says I. I shan't, says she. I'm going to

shoot, says I. I don't care if you do, says she. Why you'll be shot, says I. No danger, says she. I'm a going to shoot just where you are, says I. Ay, that's the wery reason I'm safe, says she. Now, sir, wa'n't that wery prowoking?” “Very much so indeed, said I, but pray why is your dog tied up so?” seeing him leading it by his pocket handkerchief, which he had tied round his neck. “Would not you find him of great use?” “Lord love you, sir, he's a wery good dog in his own way, if you keep him at home, but he's of no use at all out. Whenever he comes to the field, he runs about, and barks so that he frightens all the birds—then he stops short just over a whole flock of them, and they all fly away before I can get my gun to my eye; oh! he's of no use at all.” But it were in vain to attempt a detail of all his accidents and misfortunes, so I'll tell you a part of them in a song.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER; OR COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.

On the first of September, at five in the morn,
The weather quite cloudy, the prospect forlorn,
Bill Stitch and myself rigged as gay as two larks,
For the sports of the field took our way on—but
—bark?

Spoken.] Just as ve vere a passing along Blackfriars bridge, there vere ve assailed by a set of ragamuffin rascals, who meant to affront us by calling us cockneys. There they go, says they, there goes two rum ones. What'll they kill, says one? Some farmer's grunter, says another. No, that they wont, says a third, for if Gaffer Gammon's grunter vas within a yard of the gun, I'll bet two to one he could not hit it.

So the sports of the field is a cockney's delight,
On the first of September, all rigg'd out so tight.

Our pockets with powder and shot too were cram'd,
And sportsman like too, added chicken and ham.
Our dogs round us danc'd—aye, these were them all;
Towser, Tiger, a buli dog, little Gipsej and Ball.

Spoken.] My eye, as ve vere cros-ing a field, what should I see but a jackdaw sitting on the back of a cow.

dash my buttons, says I, but that there's a good shot says I, Bill; so I claps my gun to my shoulder, and shuts both my eyes, for fear of the flash blinding me. Stop, stop, says he, you'll shoot the old cow, says he. No, I vont, says I, for I doesn't see not neither the cow, nor the jackdaw now, as my eyes are both shut; so I pulls the trigger strong to make the mark sure; but I doesn't know how it was, poor Tiger was running by at the moment, and I had forgotten to take out my ramrod, and poor Tiger got it stuck in his lizard, and there he lay sprawling as dead as a penny nail.

So the sports of the field is a cockney's delight,
On the first of September, when rigg'd out so tight.

As he walked along, thinking of nothing at all,
Unfortunate Billy shot poor little Ball,
And I lam'd poor Towser, and home he did run,
And left only Gipseys to share in the fun.

Spoken.] Vell, I primes and loads again, and in a edge I hears a melodious sound, and says Billy, says he, My eyes there's a blackbird, are you loaded? Yes, says I. Then fire, says he. So I points my gun again, and shuts both my eyes of course, and lets fly. But my eye, vat a mistake I made, for instead of the bird I aim'd at, I hit poor Moses the Jew pedler, and knock'd off his beard. Moses vas in a terrible fright, and swore as how I had kill'd him. I offered Moses a tizzy for his fright, but Mo, with his back all on one side, told me as how I should make a bob. I can't, says I, Mister Moses, for I have it one tester left, and that one's bad. Let me she says Moses, ish it pad? Esh, it is very pad indeed, but I will colour him again, and you may come with—

The sports of the field is a cockney's delight,
On the first of September, when rigg'd out so tight.

COFFEE DRINKERS.

For men and Christians to turn Turks, and think
To excuse the crime, because 'tis in their drink!
Are English apes! ye may, for aught I know,
Could it but mode—learn to eat spiders too.

Should any of your grandsires' ghosts appear
In your wax-candle circles, and but hear
The name of coffee so much call'd upon;
Then see it drank like scalding Phlegethon;
Would they not startle, think ye, all agreed
'Twas conjuration both in word and deed;
Or Catiline's conspirators, as they stood
Sealing their oaths in draughts of blackest blood?
The merriest ghost of all your sires would say,
Your wine's much worse since his last yesterday.
He'd wonder how the club had given a hop
O'er tavern-bars into a farrier's shop,
Where he'd suppose, both by the smoke and stench,
Each man a horse, and each horse at his drench.
Sure you're no poets, nor their friends, for now,
Should Jonson's strenuous spirit, or the rare
Beaumont and Fletcher's in your rounds appear,
They would not find the air perfumed with one
Castalian drop, nor dew of Helicon;
When they but men would speak as the gods do,
They drank pure nectar as the gods drink too,
Sublim'd with rich Canary—say shall then
These less than coffee's self, the coffee-men;
These sons of nothing, that can hardly make
Their broth, for laughing how the jest does take;
Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
A loathsome potion, not yet understood,
Sirop of soot, or essence of old shoes,
Dasht with diurnals and the books of news."

AN AUTHOR'S EXPECTATIONS FROM CRITICS AND THE PUBLIC.

The public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect,
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral);
Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect
My epical pretensions to the laurel:
For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.
I sent it in a letter to the editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet if my gentle Muse he please to roast,

And break a promise after having made it her,
 Denying the receipt of what it cost,
 And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
 All I can say is—that he had the money.

I think that with this holy new alliance

I may ensure the public, and defy
 All other magazines of art or science,

Daily, or monthly, or three monthly, I
 Have not essay'd to multiply their clients,

Because they tell me 'twere in vain to try,
 And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
 Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

LOSING A PLACE.

Mr. Canning and another gentleman were looking
 at a picture of the Deluge: the ark was in the middle
 distance; in the foresea an elephant was seen strug-
 gling with his fate: "I wonder," said the gentleman,
 "that the elephant did not secure an inside place in
 the ark;"—"He was too late," replied Canning,
 "he was detained packing up his trunk."

THE STROLLER'S PROLOGUE.

Genteels! of old the prologue led the way,
 To lead, defend, and usher in the play;
 As saucy footmen run before the coach,
 And thunder at the door my lord's approach;
 But though they speak your entertainment near,
 Most prologues speed like other bills of fare;
 Seldom the languid stomach they excite,
 And oftener cloy, than whet the appetite.

As for our play—it is not worth our cares,
 Our prologue craves your mercy for the play'rs;
 That is—your money; for by heav'n I swear,
 White gloves and house rent are excessive dear.
 Since here are none but friends,—the truth to own;
 Though in a coach our company came down,
 Yet, I most shrewdly fear they must depart
 Ev'n in their old original a cart.

With pride inverted and fantastic pow'r,
 We strut the fancied sovereigns of an hour.
 While duns our emperors and heroes fear,
 And Cleomenes starves in earnest *here*.

The mightiest kings and queens we keep in pay,
 Support their pomp on eighteenpence a day.
 Our Cyrus has been forc'd to pawn his coat,
 And all our Cæsar's can't command a groat.
 Our Scipios, Anthonys and Pompeys break,
 And Cleopatra shifts but once a week.

To aggravate the case, we have not one
 Of all the new refinements of the town
 No moving statue, no lewd harlequins;
 No pasteboard play'rs, no actors in machines;
 No rosin to make lightning; ('twould exhaust us
 To buy a Devil and a Doctor Faustus :)
 No millers, windmills, dragoons, conjurers,
 To exercise your eyes, and spare your ears.
 No paper seas, no thunder from the skies;
 No witches to descend, no stage to rise;
 Scarce *one* for us the actors.—We can set
 Nothing before you but mere sense and wit;
 A bare downright old fashion'd English feast,
 Such as a Briton only can digest;
 Such as your homely fathers used to love,
 Who only came to *hear* and to *improve*.
 Humbly content and pleased with what was drest
 When Shakspeare, Lee, and Dryden ranged the
 feast.

AN IRISH RUBBER AT WHIST

We're seated now, so without row
 Begin and deal away;
 The night we'll pass with cards and glass—
 Why the devil don't you play?

And he that wouldn't stake on whist, a twenty shil-
 ling note,

Don't deserve a drop of whisky to wet his ugly throat.

Spoken.] I'll bet five to fifteen, roared out Mr. Pat-
 rick Macdeviltopay to his friend Teague O'Clan-
 cumlarry, who had just arrived with Miss Sheeh
 O'Docherty on a visit to Miss Judy Grachoshkenny.
 Now whist was the favourite game even with the
 ladies. I wonder, said an old lady, what's the
 origin of whist. Silence—now, ma'am; play away
 my jewel Och! by the powers, that's excellent,
 pretty well for a beginner; I never played with any

lady I liked better. I beg pardon, is that against us? Yes, sir. There, I've taken it with my Jack. That's a *knave's* trick of yours, Miss. You have no honour, I believe, ma'am. You remember, sir, you took it. Bless me! you've a curious hand, Miss. So have all our family, sir. Yes, but they were all good hands at whist. Dear me, what a number of hearts. I have not had one left these ten minutes. Sorry for that, Miss; I was going to solicit. How elegant! I wonder what Miss O'Regan's ear-rings are made of—the two of diamonds—No! Yes. Why then play away my jewel, this game you know we've won. Here bring a drop of whisky, if it's only out of fun.

Come deal more fast, the game that's past

Was played extremely well;

Cards quick sort—that's your sport,

Pray, sir, just pull the bell.

The stakes are laid all right, you led the spade I think,

That's mine—play on—the ten of hearts—a little more to drink.

Spoken.] Och beautiful! the river Liffy to a brew-drop that it's ours. I don't think the cards have been shuffled. I beg your pardon. I saw Miss Judy looking at the *tricks*. Look to your own tricks. Faith, miss, I've very few, no young man less at present: but if you allow me the *odd trick* you'll find me *une*. Odd trick! och! faith what a boy was Larry 'Dogherty for the odd trick. I hear he is married. Yes, very happy; loves his wife with—a club, they say. She's lately brought to bed. Indeed!—pray sir. Clancomlarry, what has she got? Faith I was so mad to get away, that I forgot to inquire whether I was an *uncle* or an *aunt*. Who turned up the Queen? I think it was—a trump if you please, sir. Come, miss, play. Your play first, sir, is it not? Oh, no, miss, you lay down, and I cover. I think I shall give your heart, Miss, now—If you play into my hand, you will, sir. O, damn the cards—horrid bad try;—och! shocking—I must have a new pack. A new pack, sir; not at all. But I shall, sir, because it's not fair—and—Not fair! there's my card, sir—and there's my card, sir. Oh! pray gentlemen don't

fight. I shall fight. Turn him out of doors—any man mean enough to cheat.—Cheat, sir; why you cheated at

Whist, the best and finest game of any in the pack. But never mind—there take my hand, and bring the whisky back.

NEW TITLES.

Good den, *sir Richard*,—*God-a-mercy, fellow*;—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:

For new-made honour doth forget men's names;

'Tis too respective, and-too sociable,

For your conversion. Now your traveller,—

He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise

My picked man of countries.—*My dear sir,*

(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)

I shall beseech you—That is question now:

And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—

O sir, says answer, *at your best command*;

At your employment; *at your service, sir*:—

No, sir, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours*:

And so, ere answer knows what question would

(Saving in dialogue of compliment,

And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,

The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)

It draws toward supper in conclusion so.

Now this is worshipful society.

THE BLUE STOCKING.

A learned lady, famed

For every branch of every science known—

In every christian language ever named,

With virtues equall'd by her wit alone,

She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,

And even the good with inward envy groan,

Finding themselves so very much exceeded

In their own way by all the things that she did.

Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart

All Calderon and greater part of Lope,

So that if any actor miss'd his part

She could have serv'd him for the prompter's copy;

For her Feinagle's were an useless art,

And he himself obliged to shut up shop—he

Could never make a memory so false as
 That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.
 Her favourite science was the mathematical,
 Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
 Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
 Her serious sayings darken'd to sublimity;
 In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
 A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,
 Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
 And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.
 She knew the Latin—that is, "the Lord's prayer,"
 And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly sure;
 She read some French romances here and there,
 Although her mode of speaking was not pure;
 For native Spanish she had no great care,
 At least her conversation was obscure;
 Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
 As if she deem'd that mystery would ennoble 'em.
 In short, she was a walking calculation,
 Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,
 Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
 Or "Cœlebs' Wife" set out in quest of lovers,
 Morality's prim personification,
 In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers,
 To others' share let "female errors fall,"
 For she had not even one—the worst of all.

THE ABSENT MAN.

Absence of mind may be defined to be a slowness of mind in speaking or action: the absent man is one who, when he is casting up accounts, and hath collected the *items*, will ask a bystander what the amount is: when he is engaged in a lawsuit, and the day of trial is come, he forgets it and goes into the country: he visits the theatre to see the play, and is left behind asleep on the benches. He takes any article and puts it away himself, then begins to look for it, and is never able to find it. If any one tell him of the death of a dear friend, and ask him to the funeral, with a sorrowful countenance and tears in his eyes, he exclaims, Good luck, good luck! It is his custom, when he receives, not when he pays, a debt, to call for witnesses. In winter, he quarrels with his ser-

vant for not purchasing cucumbers: he compels his children to wrestle and run till they faint with fatigue. In the country, when he is dressing his dinner of herbs, he throws in salt to season them till they are unfit to eat. If any one inquire of him, how many dead have been carried out through the sacred gate to burial? Would to God, he replies, you and I had so many!

THEOPHRASTUS.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign
 Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
 That love and marriage rarely can combine,
 Although they both are born in the same clime;
 Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—
 A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
 Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour
 Down to a very homely household savour.
 There's something of antipathy, as 'twere,
 Between their present and their future state;
 A kind of flattery that's hardly fair
 Is used until the truth arrives too late—
 Yet what can people do, except despair?
 The same things change their names at such a rate;
 For instance—passion in a lover's glorious,
 But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.
 Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;
 They sometimes also get a little tired,
 (But that, of course, is rare,) and then despond:
 The same things cannot always be admired,
 Yet 'tis "so nominated in the bond,"
 That both are tied till one shall have expired.
 Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was adorning
 Our days, and put one's servants into mourning.
 There's doubtless something in domestic doings,
 Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis;
 Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
 But only give a bust of marriages;
 For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,
 There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss.
 Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
 He would have written sonnets all his life?

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,
 All comedies are ended by a marriage;
 The future states of both are left to faith,
 For authors fear description might disparage
 The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
 And then both worlds would punish their mis-
 carriage;
 So leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready,
 They say no more of Death or of the Lady.
 The only two that in my recollection
 Have sung of heaven and hell, or marriage, are
 Dante and Milton, and of both the affection
 Was hapless in their nuptials, for some bar
 Of fault or temper ruin'd the connexion;
 (Such things, in fact, it don't ask much to mar;)
 But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve
 Were not drawn from their spouses, you conceive.

WITTY STORY OF AN OLD SCOTCH WOMAN.

"Hem! hem!—Ye ma'an ken, that my husband
 was the meenister o' the kirk, and a man, *universally*
respected, not only by the parishoners, but by the
 hale public at large!—Hem!—Well, I mind there
 was a time, when we had ha'en a week o' vary bad
 weather; nasty dreepin' wat weather; it had been
 vary wat indeed; and my puir dear honest man had
 been vary badly with a sair could he had cought; he
 was vary ill indeed, puir man, and he really was vary
 fractious, honest man, when ought ailed him; vary
 fractious indeed, and he gave me a great deal o'
 trouble. Hem! Weel, I mind, doctor Macglashan
 happened to ca' in to see my puir dear man yae day
 for the doctor was a guid feeling hearted honest
 body, 'twas he; and he used to distribute guid books
 amang the puir fol'k i' the parish, wha cou'dna' buy
 them. Ah! sirs! I wis there war mair o' them read
 by the rising generation that is. Weel, as I was
 telling ye, the doctor called to see my puir man; and
 says he to him, that is, says doctor Macglashan to
 my puir honest man, this has been vary wat weather,
 very wat indeed. So says my puir dear honest man
 to doctor Macglashan, My worthy colleague, I wish
 thou would gie the word for me at the kirk reist Sun-
 day forenoon. For you'll mind this, they took the

service between them, forenoon and afternoon, diet
 by diet; and it was my puir dear man's turn to gie
 the word that forenoon; and he said he wish'd he
 would gie the word for him, for he was really vary
 bad indeed. And he said, that is, doctor Macglashan
 said he would. And I was vary much obliged to
 him; for doctor Macglashan was a vary good natured
 body; and I thanked the doctor, for I was vary
 thankfu' to him. Hem! Weel, I mind Sunday was
 anither vary wat day; vary wat; a nasty, dreepin'
 wat day indeed; and doctor Macglashan ca'ad in
 on my puir dear honest man on his way to the kirk,
 and he sat him down twa minutes, for he was vary
 wat; and he says to him, Hem, that is, says my puir
 dear honest man to doctor Macglashan, I wish thee
 mayna' tak' could, for it's vary wat; and he dreeped
 the weat frae his coat tails, and he shook it aff his
 sleeves, and he dauded the rain frae the cocks o' his
 hat; for he really was extraordinary wat, puir man;
 vary wat indeed; and ye'll mind there were na um-
 berellas in thae days; and said doctor Macglashan,
 said he, I wish I were dry again. Hem! now mind
 this, for this is the great point of the story: Upon
 which, my puir dear man says, though in troth he was
 na much gien to joking, yet he cou'dna' vary weel
 reseest the opportunity: So, hem!—so says my puir
 dear worthy man; now mind ye this, for it's the
 point o' the joke—When the doctor said—that is,
 doctor Macglashan said, he wished he was *dry*, my
 puir dear honest body, (ch, he was a wag) said he
 to his worthy colleague, hem!—gang thy wa's up to
 the pu'pit, and thou'll be dry enough *therc*, I warrant
 thee."

EMPTINESS OF FAME.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper:
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour,
 For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
 And bards burn what they call their "midnight
 'taper,"
 To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

What are the hopes of man ? old Egypt's King
 Cheops erected the first pyramid
 And largest, thinking it was just the thing
 To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid ;
 But somebody or other rummaging,
 Burglariously broke his coffin's lid :
 Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
 Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

THE UNSEASONABLE MAN.

Unseasonableness is a method of accosting which is troublesome to the persons accosted. The unseasonable man is one who goes to communicate with his friend when he is immersed in business : he goes to revel with his mistress when she is lying ill with a fever : he runs to a man who has just been cast as bail for another, and entreats him to become his surety : as soon as a cause is decided, he is on the spot to give his testimony. If he is invited to a wedding, he inveighs against the whole female sex : he asks a man who is just returned from a long journey to take a walk with him. When an article is sold, he brings a purchaser who would give double the price. In a company he will give a detailed account from the very beginning of some subject which they have all heard and are thoroughly acquainted with : he is extremely anxious to do that for any person which they are unwilling should be done, but are ashamed to refuse. If he is present at the chastisement of a lad, he relates that a boy of his when so beaten went and hanged himself. If he is present at an arbitration, though both parties wish an accommodation, he sets them together by the ears : and lastly, when about to dance, he seizes a partner whose senses are not yet inflamed by intoxication.

THEOPHRASTUS.

WOMAN'S TONGUE.

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field ?
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang !
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ;
 That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?

THE NEWSPAPER GOSSIP.

This is one of those many thousands who swarm in and about London in time of war, and whose times and minds are divided between the affairs of state, and the affairs of a kitchen ; he is anxious after venison and politics ; he believes every cook to be a great genius, and to know how to dress a turtle comprehending all the arts and sciences together. He is always hunting after newspapers, to read about battles, and imagines soldiers and sailors are only made to be knock'd on the head, that he may read an account of it in the papers ; he reads every political pamphlet that is published on both sides of the question, and is always on his side whom he read last. And then he comes home in a good or ill temper, and calls for his night-cap, and pipes and tobacco, and sends for some neighbours to sit with him, and talk politics together.

"How do you do, Mr. Costive ? sit down, sit down ; ay, these times are hard times ; I can no more relish these times, than I can a haunch of venison without sweet sauce to it ; but, if you remember, I told you we should have warm work of it, when the cook threw down the Kian pepper. Ay, ay ; I think I know a thing or two ; I think I do, that's all. — But lord what signifies what one knows, they don't mind me ? You know I mentioned at our club the disturbances in America, and one of the company took me up, and said, "What signifies America, when we are all in a merry cue ?" so they all fell a laughing. — Now there's commons made lords, and there's lords made, the Lord knows what ; but that's nothing to us ; they make us pay our taxes ; they take care of that ; ay, ay, ay, they are sure of that ; pray, what have they done for these twenty years last past ? — why nothing at all ; they have only made a few turnpike roads, and kept the partridges alive 'till September ; that's all they have done for the good of their country. There were some great

people formerly, that loved their country, that did every thing for the good of their country; there were your Alexander the Great loved his country, and Julius Cæsar lov'd his country, and Charles of Sweedland lov'd his country, and Queen Semerimiss, she lov'd her country more than any of 'em; for she invented solomon gundy; that's the best eating in the whole world. Now, I'll show you my plan of operations, Mr. Costive; we'll suppose this drop of punch here to be the main ocean, or the sea; very well—these pieces of cork to be our men of war; very well—now where shall I raise my fortifications? I wish I had Mr. Major Moncrieff here; he's the best in the world at raising a fortification.—Oh! I have it,—we'll suppose them to be all the strong fortified places in the whole world; such as Fort Omoa, Tilbury Fort, Birgin op zoom, and Tower Ditch, and all the other fortified places all over the world. Now, I'd have all our horse-cavalry wear cork waistcoats, and all our foot infantry should wear air jackets. Then, sir, they'd cross the sea before you could say lack Robinson; and where do you think they should land, Mr. Costive; whisper me that; Ha!—What?—When?—How?—You don't know?—How should you?—Was you ever in Germany or Bohemia?—Now, I have; I understand jography; now they should land in America, under the line, close to the south-pole; there they should land every mother's abe of 'em; then there's the Catabaws, and there's the Catawawes; there's the Cherokees, and there's the *ruffs* and *rees*; they are the four great nations; when I takes my Catabaws all across the continent, from Jamaica to Bengal; then they should go to the Medeteranian.—You know where the Medeteranian is?—No, you know nothing; I'll tell you; the Medeteranian is the metropolis of Constantinople; then I'd send a fleet to blockade Paris till the French king had given up Paul Jones; then I'd send for Genr'll *Hinton* and Col. *Tarleton*; and—Where was I, Mr. Costive? With Col. *Tarleton*.—Thank ye—so I was; but you are so dull, Mr. Costive, you put me out.—Now, I'll explain the whole affair to you; you han't miss a word of it.—Now, there is the king of

Prussia, and the empress of Russia; the nabob of Arcot, and the king of the Hottentots, are all in the Protestant interest; they make a diversion upon all the cham of Tartary's back settlements; then Sir Guy Carleton comes with a *circumbendibus*, and retakes all the islands; Rhode Island and all; and takes 'em *here*, and *there*, and *there*, and *here*, and *everywhere*;—there is the whole affair explained at once to you."

PROLOGUE TO THE TRIP TO PARIS.

In former times there liv'd one Aristotle,
Who, as the song says, lov'd, like me, his bottle.
To Alexander Magnus he was tutor—
(An't you surpris'd to hear the learned Shuter?)
But let that rest—a new tale I'll advance,
A tale?—no, truth! mun—I'm just come from France.

From Paris I came; why I went there, no matter,
I'm glad that once more I'm on this side the water:
'Twas to win a large wager that hurry'd me over;
But I wish'd to be off when I came down to Dover.
To swallow sea-water the doctors will tell ye,
But the sight of such water at once fill'd my belly;
They who choose it for physic may drink of the sea,
But only to think on't is physic for me.

When first I went on board, Lord! I heard such a racket,
Such babbling and squabbling, 'fore and aft', through the packet;
The passengers bawling, the sailors yo-ho-ing,
The ship along dashing, the winds aloft blowing;
Some sick and some swearing, some singing, some shrieking.
Sails hoisting, blocks rattling, the yards and booms creaking;
Stop the ship!—but the tars, never minding our cases,
Took their chaws, hitch'd their trowsers, and grin'd in our faces,
We made Calais soon, and were soon set on shore,
And I trode on French ground, where I ne'er trode before.

The scene was quite chang'd, 'twas no more yo, yo-ho,
With damme Jack, yes, boy—or damme Tom, no !
'Twas quite t'other thing, mun, 'twas all complai-
sance ;

With cringes and scrapes we were welcom'd to France ;
Ah, Monseer Angloy—they cry'd—be on ven nu,
Tres umble servant, sir, we glad to see you.

I ne'er met such figures before in my rambles,
They flock'd round my carcass like flies in the sham-
bles :

To be crowded amongst them at first I was loth,
For fear they should seize me, and souse me for broth.
At last, tho' they call'd me my *Lor Angleterre*,
(Lord, had you then seen but my strut and my stare !)
Wee, wee, I cry'd, wee then—and put on a sword ;
So at once Neddy Shuter turn'd into a lord.
I expected at France all the world and his wife,
But I never was balk'd so before in my life :
I should see wonders there, I was told by *Monseer* ;
So I did, I saw things there were wonderful queer ;
Queer streets, and queer houses, with people much
queerer,

Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.

I soon had enough of their *pallouusee*,
It's a fine phrase to some folks, but nonsense to me.
All folks are there dress'd in a toyshop like show,
A hodge-podging habit 'twixt fiddler and beau ;
Such hats, and such heads too, such coats and such
skirts—

They sold me some ruffles—but I found the shirts.

Then, as to their dinners, their soups, and their
stewings,

One ounce of meat serves for ten gallons of brewings ;
For a slice of roast beef how my mind was agog !
But for beef they produc'd me a fricasee'd frog :
Out of window I toss'd it, it wan't fit to eat,
Then down stairs I jump'd, and ran into the street,
'Twas not their palaver could make me determine
To stay where I found it was taste to eat vermin.
Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand Mo-
narque clever ;

I'm for beef, and king George, and old England for
ever !

THE SURLY GRUMBLER

Grumbling is a complaint without fit cause : the
grumbler is one who, if his friend send him some de-
licacy from a feast, says to the bearer, " Ah, you
envied me your black broth and your paltry wine,
and so I was not asked to dinner." If his mistress
kiss him, he says, " You do not love me in your
heart." He is angry at a shower, not because it
rains, but because it is too late for him. If he finds a
purse, " I never," he exclaims, " find a treasure in it."
When he has purchased, after a long bargaining with
the seller, a slave at his proper price, " It will be very
wonderful," he says, " if I have bought any thing good
at such a rate." To the bearer of the good news that
a son is born to him, " If you added," he replies,
" that half my substance is gone, you would have
told the truth." Though he gain his cause triumph-
antly, he is angry with his counsel for omitting many
strong points in his favour. His friends contribute
a sum of money in loan to relieve his necessities, and
one of them bids him now to be of good cheer : " How
can I," he cries, " when I must pay back the money
to each of them, and besides that, owe them a debt
of gratitude for the obligation."

HOW TO MAKE A MAN A LUNATIC.

It has been decided that a commission of lunacy
must not be *specialty* returned, the subject of it must
be found *mad*, or *not mad* ; and in *Brown's Abridge-
ment* there is a case mentioned, where a man, on an
inquest of idiocy, was returned an *unthrif* and not
an *idiot*, and where, in consequence, no farther pro-
ceedings were had. But why did they not try to
make him a *lunatic* ? Half the *unthrifs* in this
great town might readily be found so. Let us turn
to *Harrison's Practice of the Court of Chancery*,
and see what is necessary in order to procure a com-
mission of lunacy.

" The method of procuring the commission of lu-
nacy," says the book, " is first by two or more per-
sons making an affidavit, setting forth the state and
condition of the lunatic, with some few instances of
his declarations and actions, to show their belief of

his being a lunatic, and incapable of governing himself or his estate."

There is a man driving about town, whom is firmly believed to be "a lunatic, and incapable of governing himself or his estate;" and though he is concluded to be "a lunatic," because he is so decidedly "incapable of governing himself and his estate;" rather than "incapable of governing himself and his estate," because he is "a lunatic," yet this same affidavit will require "some few instances of his declarations and actions" to be specified. Another person could readily be procured to join in the affidavit. The *Book of Practice* proceeds:—

"The affidavit may be in this manner:

"E. F. of, &c., and G. H. of, &c., severally make oath and say, that they, these deponents, for the space of one year last past, have known and been well acquainted, and frequently discoursed, with C. D. of, &c. And these deponents further severally say, that within the space of ——— last past, they have, by frequently observing the behaviour, words, and actions, of the said C. D., looked upon him to be a person deprived of his reason and understanding in a very great degree."

This may very safely be said.

"And this deponent E. F. saith, that, &c. (*Set forth some of the most notorious acts, incoherences, and irrational discourses.*)"

This request can easily be complied with.

"And this deponent E. F. saith," then, "that although the said C. D. is possessed of property to the amount of only three hundred pounds per annum, he hath for one whole year kept a tandem and two grooms, and that his whole stud consisteth of four horses; and that he, the said C. D., renteth chambers in Albany Buildings, Piccadilly, in the city of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, and is in the habit of faring sumptuously every day at a certain tavern called Stevens's Hotel, in Bond-street, in the said city of Westminster, and county of Middlesex; that when he, the said C. D., was at the University of Cambridge, he used to spend all his time with the drivers of the stage-coaches of that town, whom he

so accurately imitated in all their vulgar habits, that he actually took lessons of one of them in the art of squirting his spittle through his teeth,—but the teeth of the said C. D. not readily accommodating themselves to the manœuvre, he had them filed till they did,—and that at last, the said C. D. so far bettered the instructions of the said stage-coachmen, that one of them was heard to declare, that he must cut Squire D., for that he was such a blackguard; that when he, the said C. D., was at one time confined for debt within the Rules of the King's Bench Prison, he hired the most expensive lodgings he could procure, and never gave such large and extravagant dinner-parties as he did at those lodgings, and that he did not upon that occasion think proper to put down his tandem or discharge his grooms, but used to drive about within the said Rules in his usual equipage; that one day, after dining sumptuously in the said Rules, he, the said C. D., spent his last half-guinea in the purchase of a pineapple to flavour his punch with its juice; and that he, the said C. D., once said to this deponent E. F., who was remonstrating with him upon his extravagance, and warning him how short a time it could last, since nearly the whole of his property was mortgaged or pledged as security, "If I am to burn, I'll make a blaze; if I am to be buried, I'll kick up a dust."

And these deponents further severally say, that they believe the said C. D. is in no ways capable of governing himself or his estate."

"E. F. Sworn the day of
at the G. H. Public
Office, before

Upon an affidavit like this, is a petition for the "commission in nature of a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*" presented to the Lord Chancellor, who usually grants it as a matter of course.

THE FIG IN A FOLE; OR, THE DOUBLE METAMORPHOSIS.

A farmer's lease contain'd a flaw;
To mend it, he appeal'd to law.
Dear bought experience told him plain,
That 'law without a fee was vain;

And that, to clear his counsel's tongue, he
Must bribe him or with meat or money.

One morn he calls his clown in chief,
"Here, take this pig to lawyer Brief."
The clown (unlike his wife, they say)
Could both be silent, and obey :
The pig secur'd within a sack,
At ease hung dangling from his back ;
Thus loaded, straight to town he went,
With many an awkward compliment.

A half-way house convenient stood,
Where host was kind, and ale was good ;
In steps the clown, and calls to Cecil—
"A quart of stout, to wet my whistle !"
Eas'd of his load, he takes a chair,
And quaffs oblivion to all care.

Three artful wags accost the clown,
And ask his errand up to town.
With potent ale his heart grows warm,
Which, drunk or sober, meant no harm ;
He tells them plainly whence he came ;
His master, and the lawyer's name ;
And, ere the circling mug was drain'd,
Shew'd what the prostrate sack contain'd.
Whilst two the witless clown amuse,
With merry tales, and mournful news,
A third removes the sack unseen,
And soon sets free the guest within :
But, lest our clown the trick should trace,
A well-fed cur supplies the place.

The point clear'd up of what's to pay,
Our clown in peace pursu'd his way.
Arriv'd, he makes his awkward bow,
With many a *Wherefore*, and *As how*.
"Heaven bless your honour many a year !
Look what a pig I've brought you here."
The sack untied without demur,
Forthwith out gently crept the cur.
Both stood aghast with eager eyes,
And both, no doubt, look'd wondrous wise.
The clown, who saw the lawyer foam,
Swore 'twas a pig when brought from home :
And, wondering at the queer disaster,
In haste return'd to tell his master.

Well pleas'd to see him take the bait,
The wags his quick return await.
What peals of noisy mirth prevail,
To hear him tell the mystic tale !
The devil's in't, they all agree,
And seem to wonder more than he.
From them to Cecil he repairs,
To her the strange event declares :
Meantime the wags, to end the joke,
Replace the pig within its poke.
The rustic soon resumes his load,
And whistling, plods along the road.

Th' impatient farmer hails the clown,
And asks "What news from London town ?
The pig was lik'd ; they made you drink ?"—
"Nay, master ! master ! What d'ye think ?
The pig, (or I'm a stupid log)
Is chang'd into a puppy dog."—
"A dog !"—"Nay, since my word you doubt ;
See here ; I'll fairly turn him out."
No sooner was the sack untied,
Than a loud grunt his word belied.
"Death !" cries the farmer, "tell me whence
Proceeds this daring insolence ?
Make haste, take back this pig again you
Presuming elf ; or, z—nds ! I'll brain you !"
The clown, of patient soul and blood,
Awhile in silent wonder stood ;
Then briefly cried, with phiz demure—
"Yon lawyer is a *witch*, for sure !
How hoarse his voice ! his face how grim !
What's pig with us is dog with him :
Heaven shield my future days from evil !
For, as I live, I've seen the devil."

THE FLATTERER.

Flattery may be considered to be a disgraceful style of intercourse, but beneficial to the person using it. The flatterer is one who, walking with another, cries out, "Do you observe how the eyes of all men are upon you ? this is an honour which falls to the lot of no man in the city except yourself. You were nobly spoken of yesterday in the portico. In a com-

pany of thirty men, the discourse falling upon who was the best man, they all began and ended with you." He takes off the *flue* from the garment of his friend, and carefully picks from his hair any feather which may have blown into it, and says, with a smile, "Do you see? because I have not been with you these two days, your beard begins to get white; and yet, if any man's, your hair is remarkably black for your years." When this man speaks, he bids the rest be quiet; he praises him in his hearing; and, when he has ceased speaking, he cries out "Excellent; sensible!" When his patron has uttered a frigid joke, not content with smiling, he thrusts his garment into his mouth, as quite unable to restrain his laughter. When they walk out together, he bids the passengers stop until the gentleman has gone by. He buys apples and pears for his patron's children; and presents them in the parent's sight, kissing the children, and saying, "Beautiful offspring of a worthy father!" If he is with his patron when he is purchasing shoes, he says, "This foot is far better made than the shoe." When his patron is going to visit a friend, he runs before, and says, "He is coming." He then runs back, and says, "I have announced you." He is the first of the guests to raise the wine, and says, "How tastefully you dine!" Then, taking up something from the table, he says, "God! this is excellent!" He asks his patron whether he is not cold? whether he would not wish to have some more clothing? and whether he shall assist in covering him? He is fond of inclining to his ear, and whispering; and while he himself is addressing others, fixes his eyes upon his patron. He takes away the cushions from the servant in the theatre, and spreads them himself. He commends the architecture of his patron's house, and the cultivation of his grounds; and says that his picture is like him.

GRAMMATICAL PARODY.

The following parody, on the noted grammatical line,
Bifrons, atque custos, bos, fur, sus atque sacerdos,
 as by Mr. Gostling, a clergyman of Canterbury:

2 D

Bifrons ever when he preaches;
Custos of what in his reach is.
Bos among his neighbours' wives,
Fur in gathering of his tithes.
Sus at every parish feast;
 On Sunday, *sacerdos*, a priest.

EPILOGUE TO THE LIAR.

Between Miss Grantham and Old Wilding

M. Gr. Hold, sir!

Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,
 Let me be heard as counsel for your son.
 Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate;
 Proscribe all lying! what would be the fate
 Of this, and every other earthly state?
 Consider, sir, if once you cry it down,
 You'll shut up ev'ry coffee-house in town;
 The tribe of politicians will want food,
 Ev'n now half-famish'd for the public good;
 All Grub-street murderers of men and sense,
 And every office of intelligence,
 All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
 And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.

O. Wild. Too mild a sentence! Must the good and great

Patriots be wrong'd, that booksellers may eat?

M. Gr. Your patience, sir; yet hear another word,
 Turn to that hall where Justice wields her sword:
 Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
 By this proscription, all the sons of law:
 For 'tis the fixt determin'd rule of courts,
 (Vyner will tell you, nay, ev'n Coke's Reports)
 All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,
 To gain one truth, expend a hundred lies.

O. Wild. To curb this practice, I am somewhat loath;

A lawyer has no credit but on oath.

M. Gr. Then to the softer sex some favour show:
 Leave us possession of our modest No!

O. Wild. Oh, freely, Ma'am, we'll that allowance give,
 So that two Noes be held affirmative:

Provided ever that your pish and fie,
On all occasions, should be deem'd a lie.

M. Gr. Hard terms!

On this rejoinder then I rest my cause:
Should all pay homage to truth's sacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the case;
Why, many a great man would be out of place.

O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character restore.

M. Gr. But take a character from many more.

O. Wild. Strong are your reasons, yet, ere I submit,

I mean to take the voices of the pit,
Is it your pleasure that we make a rule,
That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit subjects for our author's ridicule?

THE COMPLAISANT MAN.

Complaisance may be defined, an address which aims at pleasing by disreputable means. The complaisant is one who salutes a man at a distance, calls him the best of creatures, seizes both his hands with expressions of admiration, and will not let him go: he insists upon accompanying him a little way, teazes him with inquiries of "When he shall have the honour of seeing him," and at last leaves him with exclamations of praise. If he is called to an arbitration between two parties, he is not more anxious to please the person for whom he appears than his opponent, that he may be called impartial and a common friend. He tells foreigners that their pronunciation is superior to that of the natives. When invited to dinner, he entreats the host to call in his children, and when they come, he observes, that one fig is not more like another than they to their father: he takes and kisses them, and makes them sit by him: with some of them he cracks childish jokes, and others he dandles to sleep on his knee, at the same time feeling the greatest discomfort and inconvenience. He is shaved with the greatest nicety, and whitens his teeth with dentifrice: he changes his garments before they have the least soil, and always smells of perfumes. On the forum you always

see him among the men of most note and substance, and at the theatre he is always close to the people of rank and fashion. He buys nothing for himself, but purchases little presents for his friends abroad, which he takes care to make known through all the city. He keeps monkeys, doves, vases, and every sort of knick-knack and curiosity, for the amusement of his friends: he fits up in his mansion a little wrestling-room and a tennis-court; he goes about to the philosophers, the sophists, the teachers of fencing and dancing, and offers them the use of his rooms for the exercise of their respective arts; and takes care himself to be present at their exhibitions, to give some spectator the opportunity of saying to another,—
"That is the gentleman to whom this place belongs."

THEOPHRASTUS.

PROLOGUE UPON PROLOGUES TO THE DEUCE IS IN HIM.

And, egad, it will do for any other play as well as this.

BAVEL.

An old trite proverb let me quote—
As is your cloth, so cut your coat.
To suit our author, and his farce,
Short let me be, for wit is scarce;
Nor would I show it, had I any;
The reasons why are strong and many.
Should I have wit, the piece have none,
A flash in pan with empty gun,
The piece is sure to be undone.
A tavern with a gaudy sign,
Whose bush is better than the wine,
May cheat you once—Will that device,
Neat as imported, cheat you twice?

'Tis wrong to raise your expectations;
Poets, be dull in dedications!
Dulness in these to wit prefer—
But there, indeed, you seldom err.
In prologues, prefaces, be flat!
A silver button spoils your hat.
A thread-bare coat might jokes escape,
Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
A case in point to this before ye;
Allow me, pray, to tell a story.

To turn the penny once a wit
 Upon a curious fancy hit.
 Hung out a board, on which he boasted,
 Dinner for three-pence, boil'd and roasted !
 The hungry read, and in they trip,
 With eager eye, and smacking lip——
 " Here ! bring this boil'd and roasted, pray——"
 Enter potatoes, dress'd each way.
 All star'd and rose, the house forsook,
 And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook.
 My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly !
 There was no joking with the belly.
 These facts laid down, then thus I reason,
 Wit in a prologue's out of season.
 Yet still you wags for jokes sit watching,
 Like Cock-lane folks for Fanny's scratching.
 And here my simile's so fit,
 For prologues are but ghosts of wit ;
 Which mean to show their art and skill,
 And scratch you to their author's will.
 In short, for reasons great and small,
 'Tis better to have none at all.
 Prologues and ghosts !—a paltry trade——
 To let 'em both at once be laid !
 Say but the word—give your commands,
 We'll tie our prologue-monger's hands :
 Confine these culprits ! [*holding up his hands.*]
 bind 'em tight :
 For girls can scratch, nor fools can write.

GARRICK.

GOODY GRIM *versus* LAPSTONE.

This trial happened in a certain town, which, for reasons, shall be nameless, and is as follows :—Goody Grim inhabited an alms-house, No. 2. Will Lapstone, a superannuated cobbler, inhabited No. 3, and a certain Jew pedlar, who happened to pass through the town where those alms-houses were situated, could only think of No. 1. Goody Grim was in the act of killing one of her own proper pigs, but the animal, liking the ceremony, burst from her hold, and ran through the semicircular legs of the aforesaid Jew, knocked him in the mud, ran back to Will Lapstone's, the cobbler, upset a quart bottle full of gin, belonging

to the said Lapstone, and took refuge in the cobbler's state bed.

The parties being of course in the most opulent circumstances, consulted counsel learned in the law. The result was, that Goody Grim was determined to bring an action against Lapstone, for the loss of her pig with a curly tail ; and Lapstone to bring an action against Goody Grim, for the loss of a quart bottle full of Hollands gin ; and Mordecai to bring an action against them both, for the loss of a tee-totum, that fell out of his pocket in the rencontre. They all delivered their briefs to counsel, before it was considered, they were all parties, and no witness. But Goody Grim, like a wise old lady as she was, now changed her battery ; and was determined to bring an action against Lapstone, and bind over Mordecai as an evidence.

The indictment set forth, that he, Lapstone, not having the fear of the assizes before his eyes, but being moved by pig, and instigated by pruinence, did, on the first day of April, a day sacred in the annals of the law, steal, pocket, hide, and crib divers that is to say, five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs and porkers, with curly tails, and did secret the said five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, in said Lapstone's bed, against the peace of our Lord the king, his crown and dignity.

Mordecai was examined by counsellor Puzzle.

" Well, sir ; What are you ?"

" I sells old clo's, and sealing wax, and puckles."

" I did not ask you what you sold ; I ask you what you are ?"

" I am apout five and forty."

" I did not ask your age ; I ask you what you are ?"

" I am a Jew."

" Why could'nt you tell me that at first ? Well then, if you are a Jew, tell me what you know of this affair."

" As I vas a valking along."

" Man—I did'nt want to know where you were walking."

" Vel as I vas a valking along,"

"So, you will walk along in spite of all that can be said."

"Pless ma heart, you frighten me out of my vits—as I vas valking along I seed de unclean animal coming towards me—and so says I—Oh! Father Abraham, says I."

"Father Abraham is no evidence."

"You must let me tell my story my own vay, or I can not tell it all. As I vas valking along, I seed de unclean animal coming towards me. Oh, father Abraham, said I, here comes de unclean animal towards me, and he runn'd between my leg, and upshet me in de mut."

"Now, do you mean to say, upon your oath, that little animal had the power to upset you in the mud."

"I vill take my oath, dat he upshet me in te mut."

"And pray, sir, on what side did you fall."

"On te mutty side."

"I mean, on which of your own sides did you fall?"

"I fell on my left side."

"Now, on your oath, was it your left side?"

"I vill take my oath it vas my left side."

"And pray, what did you do when you fell down?"

"I got up again as fast as I could."

"Perhaps you can tell me whether the pig had a curly tail?"

"I vill take ma oath his tail was so curly as my peerd."

"And pray, where was you going when this happened?"

"I vas going to the sign of de cock and pottle."

"Now, on your oath, what had a cock to do with a bottle?"

"I don't know; only it vas the sign of de house. And all more vat I know vas, dat I lose an ivory tee-totum out of ma pocket."

"Oh, you lost a tee-totum, did you? I thought we should bring you to something at last. My lord, I beg leave to take an exception to this man's evidence! he does not come into court with clean hands."

"How te devil should I, when I have been polish-ing ma goods all te morning."

"Now, my lord, your lordship is aware that tee-totum is derived from the Latin terms of *te* and *totum*, which means, "keep yourself safe." And this was, but for my sagacity, observation, and so forth, would have kept himself safe; but now he has, as the learned lord Verulum expresses it, 'let the cat out of the bag.'"

"I vill take ma oath I had no cat in my bag."

"My lord, by his own confession, he was about to vend a tee-totum. Now, my lord, and gentlemen of the jury, it is my duty to point out to you, that a tee-totum is an unlawful machine, made of ivory, with letters printed upon it, for the purpose of gambling. Now, your lordship knows the act, commonly known by the name of little-go act, expressly forbids all games of chance whatever. Whether put, whist, marbles, swabs, tee-totum, chuckfarthing, dumps, or what not. And, therefore, I do contend, that the man's evidence is *contra bonos mores*, and he is consequently *non compos testimonii*."

Counsellor Botherem then rose up, "My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, my learned friend Puzzle has, in a most facetious manner, endeavoured to cast a slur on the highly honourable evidence of the Jew merchant. And I do contend, that he who buys and sells is *bona fide* inducted into all the mysteries of merchandise; *ergo*, he who merchandises, is, to all intents and purposes, a merchant. My learned friend, in the twistings and turnings of his argument in handling the *tee-totum*, can only be called *obiter dictum*;—he is playing, my lord, a losing game. Gentlemen, he has told you the origin, use, and abuse of the tee-totum; but, gentlemen, he has forgot to tell you what that great luminary of the law, the learned Coke, has said on the subject, in a case exactly similar to this, in the 234th folio volume of the abridgement of the statutes, page 1349, where he thus lays down the law, in the case of Hazard versus Blacklegs,—"*Gamblendum consistet, enactum gamblendi sed non evendum macheni placendi*." My lord, I beg leave to say, that if I prove my client was

in the act of vending, and not playing with the said instrument, the tee-totum, I humbly presume, that all my learned friend has said will come to the ground."

"Certainly, brother Botherem, there's no doubt the learned sergeant is incorrect! the law does not put a man *extra legem*, for merely spinning a tee-totum."

"My lord, one of the witnesses has owned that the pig had a curly tail. Now, my lord, I presume, if I prove the pig had a straight tail, I consider the objection must be fatal."

"Certainly. Order the pig into court."

Here the pig was produced; and, upon examination, it was found to have a straight tail, which finished the trial. The learned judge, in summing up the evidence, addressed the jury,—“Gentlemen of the jury, it is wholly unnecessary to recapitulate the evidence; for the removal of this objection removes all ground of action. And notwithstanding the ancient statute which says, *Serium pigum et borcum pigum, et vendi curum tailum*, there is an irrefragable proof, by secular demonstration, that Goody Grim's grunter had a straight tail, and therefore the prisoner must be acquitted. And really, gentlemen, if the time of the court is to be taken up with these frivolous actions, the designs of justice will be entirely frustrated; and the attorney who recommends this action should be punished, not in the ordinary way, but with the utmost rigour and severity of the law."

This affair is thrown into Chancery, and it is expected it will be settled about the end of the year 1954.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCHOOL FOR RAKES.

Spoken by Mr. King.

The scribbling gentry, ever frank and free,
To sweep the stage with prologues fix on me.
A female representative I come,
And with a prologue, which I call a broom,
To sweep the critic cobwebs from the room.
Critics, like spiders, into corners creep,
And at new plays their bloody revels keep:

With some small venom close in ambush lie,
Ready to seize the poor dramatic fly:
The weak and heedless soon become their prey,
But the strong blue-bottle will force its way,
Clean well its wipps, and hum another day.
Unknown to Nature's laws, we've here one evil;
For flies, turn'd spiders, play the very devil!
Fearing some danger, I will lay before ye
A short, true, recent, tragic-comic story.

As late I saunter'd in the Park for air,
As free from thought as any coxcomb there,
Two sparks came up; one whisper'd in my ear,
He was a critic; then ask'd me with a sneer—
Thus standing, staring—with a swaggering swing,
“You've writ a farce?”—“Yes, sir, a foolish thing.”
“Damn'd foolish—You'd better mind your arting,
King,

'Tis ten to one—I speak it for your sake,
That this same farce will prove—your Wit's last
Stake.”

“I scribble for amusement, boast no pow'rs.”
“Right, for your own amusement—not for ours.”
Thus he went on; and with his pleasant talking,
I lost the appetite I got with walking.

He laugh'd—I bow'd—but, ere I could retreat,
His lisping friend did thus the dose repeat:

“Pray, sir,—this School for Rakes—the woman's
play—

When do you give it us?”—“Next Saturday;
I hope you'll both be kind to her, at least.”

“A scribbling woman is a dreadful beast!
Then they're so ugly, all these female wits—
I'll damn her play—to throw her into fits.
Had I my will, those slattern sluttish dames—
They all should see the bottom of the Thames.”
If you are here, good sirs, to breed a riot,

[Looking about the house]

Don't show your spite; for if you are not quiet,
'Tis ten to one—I speak it for your sake,
This School for Rakes will prove your Wit's last
Stake.

As you *[To the pit]* save me from their tyrannic will,
You will not let them use a woman ill.

Protect her and her brat—The truly brave
Women and children will for ever save.

GARRICK.

THE GULL'S HORNBOOK.

Those readers who wish to be considered *well-dressed* gentlemen, and attract notice by well-blacked boots and clanking spurs, will read the following with interest.

“As for thy stockings and shoes; so wear them, that all men may point at thee, and make thee famous by that glorious name of malecontent. Or, if thy quicksilver can run so far on thy errand as to fetch thee boots out of St. Martin's, let it be thy prudence to have the tops of them wide as the mouth of a wallet, and those with fringed boot-hose over them to hang down to thy ancles. Doves are accounted innocent and loving creatures,—thou in observing this fashion, shalt seem to be a rough-footed dove, and be held as innocent. Besides the straddling, which of necessity so much leather between thy legs must put thee into, will be thought not to grow from thy disease, but from that gentlemanlike habit.”

Those gentlemen who “sport” *fine bushy* heads of hair, should particularly attend to the following directions.

“To maintain therefore that scone of thine strongly guarded, and in good reparation, never suffer comb to fasten his teeth there: let thy hair grow thick and bushy, like a forest, or some wilderness; lest those six-footed creatures that breed in it, and are tenants to that crown-land of thine, be hunted to death by every base barbarous barber; and so that delicate and tickling pleasure of scratching be utterly taken from thee.

“Long hair is the only net that women spread abroad to entrap men in: and why should not men be as far above women in that commodity, as they go beyond men in others? The merry Greeks were called *καρηχομῶντες* (long-haired.) Lose not thou, being an honest Trojan, that honour; sithence it will more fairly become thee. Grass is the hair of the earth, which so long as it is suffered to grow, it

becomes the wearer, and carries a most pleasing colour; but when the sun-burnt clown makes his mows at it, and, like a barber, shaves it off to the stumps, then it withers and is good for nothing but to be truded up and thrown among jades. How ugly is a bald pate! it looks like a face wanting a nose, or like ground eaten bare with the arrows of archers: whereas a head all hid in hair gives even to a most wicked face a sweet proportion, and looks like a meadow newly married to the spring.

“It is certain that when none but the golden age went current upon the earth, it was higher treason to clip hair than to clip money; the comb and scissars were condemned to the currying of hackneys: he was disfranchised for ever, that did put on a barber's apron. Man, woman, and child, wore their hair longer than a law-suit: every head, when it stood bare or uncovered, looked like a butter-bor's noul, having his thrum'd cap on. It was free for all nations to have shaggy pates, as it is now only for the *Irishman*. But since this polling, and shaving world crept up, locks were lockt up, and hair fell to decay. Revive thou therefore the old buried fashion; and in scorn of periwigs and sheep-shearing, keep thou that quilted head-piece on continually. Long hair will make thee look dreadfully to thine enemies, and manly to thy friends; it is, in peace, an ornament; in war, a strong helmet; it blunts the edge of a sword, and deadens the leaden thump of a bullet; in winter, it is a warm nightcap; in summer, a cooling fan of feathers.”

PROLOGUE TO BON TON.

Fashion in ev'ry thing bears sovereign sway,
And words and periwigs have both their day;
Each have their purlieus too, are modish each,
In stated districts, wigs as well as speech.
The Tyburn scratch, thick club, and Temple tie.
The parson's feather-top, frizz'd broad and high!
The coachman's cauliflow'r, built tiers on tiers!
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,
Than great St. George's or St. James's styles
From the broad dialect of broad St. Giles.

What is Bon Ton?"—"Oh! damme!" cries a buck,
Half drunk—"Ask me, my dear, and you're in luck:
Bon Ton's to swear, break windows, beat the
watch,

Pick up a wench, drink health, and roar a catch.

Keep it up! keep it up! damme, take your swing!

Bon Ton is life, my boy; Bon Ton's *the thing!*"

"Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields,"

Says Madam Fussock, warm from Spitalfields.

"Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
And riding in a one-horse chaise o' Sunday!

'Tis drinking tea, en summer afternoons,

At Bagnigge-Wells, with china and gilt spoons!

'Tis laying by our stuffs, red cloaks, and pattens,

To dance *cowtillions* all in silks and satins!"

"Vulgar!"—cries Miss—"Observe, in higher life,

The feather'd spinster, and thrice-feather'd wife:

The club's Bon Ton. Bon Ton's a constant trade

Of rout, *festino*, ball, and masquerade!

'Tis plays and puppet-shows—'tis something new;

'Tis losing thousands every night at *lôo*.

Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reason;

'Tis stiff French stays, and fruit—when out of season!

A rose, when half-a-guinea is the price;

A set of bays, scarce bigger than six mice.

To visit friends you never wish to see;

Marriage 'twixt those who never can agree;

Old dowagers, dress'd, painted, patch'd, and curl'd—

This is Bon Ton, and this we call *the world!*"

"True," says my lord, "and thou my only son,

Whate'er your faults, ne'er sin against Bon Ton!

Who toils for learning at a public school,

And digs for Greek and Latin, is a fool.

French, French, my boy's the thing! *jasez!* prate,
chatter!

Trim be the mode, whipt-syllabub the matter!

Walk like a Frenchman; for, on English pegs,

Moves native awkwardness with two left legs.

Of courtly friendship form a treacherous league,

Seduce men's daughters, with their wives intrigue;

In sightly semicircles round your nails,

Keep your teeth clean—and grin, if small-talk fails:

But never laugh, whatever jest prevails:

Nothing but nonsense e'er gave laughter birth,

That vulgar way the vulgar show their mirth.

Laughter's a rude convulsion, sense that justles,

Disturbs the cockles, and distorts the muscles.

Hearts may be black, but all should wear clean faces;

The graces, boy! The graces, graces, graces!"

Such is Bon Ton! and walk this city through,

In building, scribbling, fighting, and *virtù*,

And various other shapes, 'twill rise to view.

To-night our Bayes, with bold, but careless tints,

Hits off a sketch or two like Darly's prints.

Should connoisseurs allow his rough draughts strike

'em,

'Twill be Bon Ton to see them, and to like 'em.

COLMAN.

ECONOMY AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

An epicure, on entering the Bedford coffee-house,
inquired, "What have you got for dinner, John?"

"Any thing you please, sir." "Oh! but what ve-

getables?" The waiter named the usual *légumes* in

season; when the gentleman, after having ordered

two mutton chops, said, "John! have you any cu-

cumbers?" "No, sir, there are not any, I believe,

yet produced, 'tis so very early in the season; but, if

you please, I will step into the market, and inquire

the price, if any." The waiter returned. "Why,

sir, there a few, but they are very dear; they are a

guinea a piece." "A guinea a piece! are they small

or large?" "Why, sir, they are rather small." "Then

buy two." Just so it is with us all, saving at one

end, and running out at the other.

APOLOGY FOR NAKEDNESS.

Unless that Freezeland cur, cold winter, offer to bite
thee, walk a while up and down thy chamber, either

in thy thin shirt only, or else (which, at a bare word,

is both more decent and more delectable) strip thy-

self stark naked. Are we not born so! And shall a

foolish custom make us to break the laws of our cre-

ation? Our first parents, so long as they went naked,

were suffered to dwell in Paradise; but after they

got coats to their backs, they were turned out of

doors. Put on, therefore, either no apparel at all,

or put it on carelessly : for look how much more delicate liberty is than bondage ; so much is the looseness of wearing of our attire above the imprisonment of being neatly and tailor-like drest up in it. To be ready in our clothes is to be ready for nothing else : a man looks as if he be hung in chains, or like a scarecrow. And as those excellent birds, whom Pliny could never have the wit to catch in all his springes, commonly called woodcocks, whereof there is great store in England, having all their feathers pluckt from their backs, and being turned out as naked as Plato's cock was before all Diogenes' scholars, or as the cuckoo in Christmas, are more fit to come to any knight's board, and are indeed more serviceable, than when they are lapt in their warm liveries ; even so stands the case with man. Truth, because the bald-pate her father, Time, has no hair to cover his head, goes, when she goes best, stark naked ; but Falsehood has ever a cloak for the rain. You see likewise that the lion, being the king of beasts ; the horse, being the lustiest creature ; the unicorn, whose horn is worth half a city ; all these go with no more clothes on their backs than what nature hath bestowed upon them : but your baboons and your jackanapes, being the scum and rascality of all the hedge-creepers, they go in jerkins and mandilions. Marry how ? They are put into their rags only in mockery.

Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very cryngo-root of gluttony ; so that fine backs and fat bellies are coach-horses to two of the seven deadly sins, in the boots of which coach Lechery and Sloth sit like the waiting maid. In a most desperate state therefore do tailors and cooks stand, by means of their offices ; for both those trades are apple-squires to that couple of sins. The one invents more fantastic fashions, than France hath worn since her first stone was laid ; the other more lickerish Epicurean dishes, than were ever served up to Gallonius's table. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birchin-lane for whalebone doublets, or for pies

of nightingales' tongues in Heliogabalus' kitchen ! No, no ; the first suit of apparel, that ever mortal man put on, came neither from the mercer's shop, nor the merchant's warehouse : Adam's bill would have been taken then, sooner than a knight's bond now ; yet was he great in nobody's books for satin and velvets. The silkworms had something else to do in those days, than to set up looms and be free of the weavers : his breeches were not so much worth as K. Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble ; for Adam's holyday hose and doublet were of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves, and Eve's best gown of the same piece ; there went but a pair of shears between them. An antiquary in this town has yet some of the powder of those leaves dried to show. Tailors then were none of the twelve companies : their hall, that now is larger than some dorpes among the Netherlands, was then no bigger than a Dutch butcher's shop : they durst not strike down their customers with large bills : Adam cared not an apple-paring for all their lousy hems. There was then neither the Spanish slop, nor the skipper's galligaskin, the Switzer's blistered codpiece, nor the Danish skew sagging down like a Welch wallet, the Italian's chest strosser, nor the French standing collar : your treble-quadruple dædalian ruffs, nor your stiffnecked rabatos, that have more arches for pride to row under, than can stand under five London bridges, durst not then set themselves out in print ; for the patent for starch could by no means be signed. Fashion then was counted a disease, and horses died of it : but now, thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physic ; and the purest golden asses live upon it."

ADVENTURES OF A LOUSE.

"I was hatched in the head of a boy about eight years old, who was placed under the care of a parish nurse, and educated at the charity-school. In this place, as in a populous city, I soon obtained a settlement ; and, as our state of adolescence is short, but in a few months a numerous family. This, indeed, was the happiest period of my life ; I suffered little apprehension from the comb or the razor, and fore-

saw no misfortune, except that our country should be overstocked, and we should be compelled to wander, like the barbarians of the North, in search of another. But it happened that the lord of our soil, in an evil hour, went with some of his companions to Highgate. Just at the top of the hill was a stage and a mountebank, where several feats of wit and humour were performed by a gentleman with a gridiron upon his back, who assisted the doctor in his vocation. We were presently in the midst of the crowd, and soon after upon the stage; which the boy was persuaded to ascend, that, by a sudden stroke of conjuration, a great quantity of gold might be conveyed under his hat. Under his hat, however, the dextrous, but mischievous operator, having imperceptibly conveyed a rotten egg, clapped his hand smartly upon it, and showed the *aerum potabile* running down on each side, to the unspeakable delight of the beholders, but to the great disappointment of the boy, and the total ruin of our community.

"It is impossible to describe the confusion and distress which this accident instantly produced among us; we were at once buried in a quag, intolerably noisome, and insuperably viscid: those who had been overturned in its passage, found it impossible to recover their situation; and the few who, happening to lie near the borders of the suffusion, had with the utmost efforts of their strength crawled to those parts which it had not reached, laboured in vain to free themselves from shackles which every moment became more strong as the substance which formed them grew more hard, and threatened in a short time totally to deprive them of all power of motion. I was myself among this number, and cannot even now recollect my situation without shuddering at my danger. In the mean time the candidate for enchanted gold, who in the search of pleasure had found only dirt and hunger, weariness and disappointment, reflecting that his stolen holyday was at an end, returned forlorn and disconsolate to his nurse. The nose of this good woman was soon offended by an unsavoury smell, and it was not long before she discovered whence it proceeded. A few questions, and a good

thump on the back, brought the whole secret to light; and the delinquent, that he might be at once purified and punished, was carried to the next pump, where his head was held under the spout till he had received the discipline of a pickpocket. He was indeed very near being drowned; but his sufferings were nothing in comparison of ours. We were overwhelmed with a second inundation; the cataracts, which burst upon us with a noise tenfold more dreadful than thunder, swept us by hundreds before them, and the few that remained would not have had strength to keep their hold against the impetuosity of the torrent, if it had continued a few minutes longer. I was still among those that escaped; and after we had a little recovered from our fright, we found that, if we had lost our friends, we were released from the viscous durance which our own strength could never have broken. We were also delivered from the dread of an emigration and a famine; and taking comfort in these reflections, we were enabled to reconcile ourselves without murmuring, to the fate of those who had perished.

"But the series of misfortunes which I have been doomed to suffer, without respite, was now begun. The next day was Holy Thursday; and the stupendous being, who, without labour, carried the ruins of our state in procession to the bounds of his parish, thought fit to break his wand into a cudgel as soon as he came home. This he was impatient to use; and in an engagement with an adversary, who had armed himself with the like weapon, he received a stroke upon his head, by which my favourite wife and three children, the whole remains of my family, were crushed to atoms in a moment. I was myself so near as to be thrown down by the concussion of the blow; and the boy immediately scratching his head to alleviate the smart, was within a hair of destroying me with his nail.

"I was so terrified at this accident, that I crept down to the nape of his neck, where I continued all the rest of the day; and at night when he retired to eat his crust of bread in the chimney-corner, I concluded that I should at least be safe till the morning,

and therefore began my repast, which the dangers and misfortunes of the day had prevented. Whether having long fasted, my bite was more keen than usual, or whether I had made my attack in a more sensible part, I cannot tell; but the boy suddenly thrust up his fingers with so much speed and dexterity, that he laid hold of me, and aimed with all his force to throw me into the fire: in this savage attempt he would certainly have succeeded, if I had not stuck between his finger and his nail, and fell short upon some linen that was hanging to dry.

"The woman, who took in washing, was employed by a laundress of some distinction; and it happened that I had fallen on the shift-sleeve of a celebrated toast, who frequently made her appearance at court. I concealed myself with great caution in the plaits, and the next night had the honour to accompany her into the drawing-room, where she was surrounded by rival beauties, from whom she attracted every eye, and stood with the utmost composure of mind and countenance in the centre of admiration and desire. In this situation I became impatient of confinement; and, after several efforts, made my way out by her tucker, hoping to have passed on under her handkerchief to her head: but in this hope I was disappointed, for handkerchief she had none. I was not, however, willing to go back; and as my station was the principal object of the whole circle, I was soon discovered by those who stood near. They gazed at me with eager attention, and sometimes turned towards each other with very intelligent looks; but of this the lady took no notice, as it was the common effect of that profusion of beauty which she had been used to pour upon every eye: the emotion, however, at length increased till she observed it, and glancing her eye downward with a secret exultation, she discovered the cause. Pride instantly covered those cheeks with blushes which modesty had forsaken; and as I was now become sensible of my danger, I was hasting to retreat. At this instant a young nobleman, who perceived that the lady was become sensible of her disgrace, and who, perhaps, thought that it might be deemed an indelicacy to approach the place where I

stood with his hand in a public assembly, stooped down, and holding up his hat to his face, directed so violent a blast towards me from his mouth, that I vanished before it like an atom in a whirlwind, and the next moment found myself in the toupee of a battered beau, whose attention was engrossed by the widow of a rich citizen, with whose plum he hoped to pay his debts and procure a new mistress.

"In this place the hair was so thin, that it scarce afforded me shelter; except a single row of curls on each side, where the powder and grease were insuperable obstacles to my progress: here, however, I continued near a week, but it was in every respect a dreadful situation. I lived in perpetual solitude and danger, secluded from my species, and exposed to the cursed claws of the valet, who persecuted me every morning and every night. In the morning, it was with the utmost difficulty that I escaped from being kneaded up in a lump of pomatum, or squeezed to death between the burning forceps of a crimping-iron; and at night, after I had with the utmost vigilance and dexterity evaded the comb, I was still liable to be thrust through the body with a pin.

"I frequently meditated my escape, and formed many projects to effect it, which I afterwards abandoned either as dangerous or impracticable. I observed that the valet had a much better head of hair than his master, and that he sometimes wore the same bag; into the bag, therefore, one evening, I descended with great circumspection, and was removed with it; nor was it long before my utmost expectations were answered, for the valet tied on my dormitory to his own hair the very next morning, and I gained a new settlement.

"But the bag was not the only part of the master's dress which was occasionally appropriated by the servant; who being soon after my exploit detected in wearing a lace frock before it had been left off, was turned away at a minute's warning, and, despairing to obtain a character, returned to the occupation in which he had been bred, and became journeyman to a barber in the city: who, upon seeing a specimen of his skill to dress hair *à la mode de la cour*, was will-

ing to receive him without a scrupulous examination of his morals.

"This change in the situation of my patron was of great advantage to me; for I began to have more company and less disturbance. But among other persons whom he attended every morning to shave, was an elderly gentleman of great repute for natural knowledge; a fellow of many foreign societies, and a profound adept in experimental philosophy. This gentleman having conceived a design to repeat Leuenhoeck's experiments upon the increase of our species, inquired of the proprietor of my dwelling if he could help him to a subject. The man was at first startled at the question; but it was no sooner comprehended, than he pulled out an ivory comb, and produced myself and two associates, one of whom died soon after of the hurt he received.

"The sage received us with thanks, and very carefully conveyed us into his stocking, where, though it was not a situation perfectly agreeable to our nature, we produced a numerous progeny. Here, however, I suffered new calamity, and was exposed to new danger. The philosopher, whom a sedentary and recluse life had rendered extremely susceptible of cold, would often sit with his shins so near the fire, that we were almost scorched to death before we could get round to the calf for shelter. He was also subject to frequent abstractions of mind; and at these times many of us have been miserably destroyed by his broth or his tea; which he would hold so much on one side, that it would run over the vessel, and overflow us with a scalding deluge from his knee to his ankle: nor was this all; for when he felt the smart, he would rub the part with his hand, without reflecting upon his nursery, till he had crushed great part of those that had escaped. Still, however, it was my fortune to survive for new adventures.

"The philosopher, among other visitants whose curiosity he was pleased to gratify, was sometimes favoured with the company of ladies; for the entertainment of a lady it was my misfortune to be one morning taken from my family when I least suspected it, and secured in the apparatus of a solar microscope.

After I had contributed to their astonishment and diversion near an hour, I was left with the utmost inhumanity and ingratitude to perish of hunger, immured between the two pieces of isinglass, through which I had been exhibited. In this condition I remained three days and three nights; and should certainly have perished in the fourth, if a boy about seven years old, who was carelessly left alone in the room, had not poked his finger through the hole in which I was confined, and once more set me at liberty. I was, however, extremely weak; and the window being open, I was blown into the street, and fell on the uncovered periwig of a doctor of physic, who had just alighted to visit a patient. This was the first time I had ever entered a periwig; a situation which I scarce less deprecated than the microscope; I found it a desolate wilderness, without inhabitants and without bounds. I continued to traverse it with incredible labour; but I knew not in what direction, and despaired of being ever restored either to food or rest. My spirits were at length exhausted, my gripe relaxed, and I fell, almost in a state of insensibility, from the verge of the labyrinth in which I had been bewildered, into the head of a patient in the hospital; over whom, after my fall, I could just perceive the doctor leaning to look at his tongue.

"By the warmth and nourishment which this place afforded me, I soon revived. I rejoiced at my deliverance, and thought I had nothing to fear but the death of the patient in whose head I had taken shelter.

"I was, however, soon convinced of my mistake; for, among other patients in the same ward, was a child about six years old, who having been put in for a rupture, had fallen into the jaundice. For this disease the nurse, in the absence of the physician, prescribed a certain number of my species to be administered alive in a spoonful of milk. A collection was immediately made, and I was numbered among the unhappy victims which ignorance and inhumanity had thus devoted to destruction; I was immersed in the potion, and saw myself approach the horrid jaws that I expected would the next moment close over me.

My fate, however, was otherwise determined, for the child, in a fit of frowardness and anger, dashed the spoon out of the hand of the nurse; and after incredible fatigue I recovered the station to which I had descended from the doctor's wig.

"I was once more congratulating myself on an escape almost miraculous, when I was alarmed by the appearance of a barber, with all the dreadful apparatus of his trade. I soon found that the person whose head I had chosen for an asylum was become delirious, and that the hair was by the physician's order to be removed for a blister.

"Here my courage totally failed, and all my hopes forsook me. It happened, however, that though I was entangled in the suds, yet I was deposited unhurt upon the operator's shaving cloth; from whence as he was shaving you this night, I gained your shoulder, and have this moment crawled out from the plaits of your stock, which you have just taken off and laid upon this table. Whether this event be fortunate or unfortunate, time only can discover: but I still hope to find some dwelling where no comb shall ever enter, and no nails shall ever scratch; which neither pincers nor razor shall approach; where I shall pass the remainder of my life in perfect security and repose, amidst the smiles of society, and the profusion of plenty."

PROLOGUE TO THE RIVALS.

Enter Serjeant at Law, and Attorney following, and giving a Paper.

Serj. What's here—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see

Without my spectacles. *Att.* He means his fee.

Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good sir, try again. [*Gives money.*]

Serj. The scrawl improves, [*more*] O come, 'tis pretty plain.

Hey! how's this?—Dibble!—sure it cannot be!

A poet's brief! a poet and a fee!

Att. Yea, sir!—tho' you, without reward, I know, Would gladly plead the muses cause—*Serj.* So—

so!

Att. And if the fee offends, your wrath should fall

On me.—*Serj.* Dear Dibble, no offence at all.

Att. Some sons of Phoebus in the courts we meet,

Serj. And fifty sons of Phoebus in the Fleet!

Att. Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig Of bays—adorns his legal waste of wig.

Serj. Full-bottom'd heroes, thus, on signs, unsul A leaf of laurel—in a grove of curl!

Yet tell your client, that, in adverse days, This wig is warmer than a bush of bays.

Att. Do you then, sir, my client's place supply, Profuse of robes, and prodigal of tie—

Do you, with all those blushing pow'rs of face, And wonted bashful hesitating grace,

Rise in the court, and flourish on the case. [*Exit*]

Serj. For practice then suppose—this brief will show it—

Me, Serjeant Woodward—counsel for the poet.

Us'd to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal

With this dread Court, from whence there's no appeal;

No *tricking* here, to blunt the edge of law,

Or, damn'd in *equity*, escape by *flaw*:

But *judgment* giv'n—your *sentence* must remain;

No *writ of error* lies—to *Drury-lane*!

Yet when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute

We gain some favour, if not *costs of suit*.

No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;

I think I never fac'd a milder jury!

Sad else our plight!—where frowns are transportation,

A hiss the gallows—and a groan damnation!

But such the public candour, without fear

My client waves all *right of challenge* here.

No newsman from *our session* is dismiss'd,

Nor wit nor critic *we* scratch off the list:

His faults can never hurt another's ease,

His crime at worst—a *bad attempt* to please—

Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,

And by their general voice will *stand or fall*.

SHERIDAN

LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

You all must agree, that the world's epitome,
 May be found in the London newspapers;
 From parts far and wide, we have news in a tide,
 Of ev'ry grand fête and odd capers.
 In the coffee-room met, what a grave looking set,
 With spectacles plac'd on their noses;
 Politicians, a score, o'er the pages now pore,
 And devour the strange news it discloses.
 Auctioneering—volunteering,
 Revolution—execution,
 Hanging—dying—weddings trying,
 Price of gold, bought and sold,
 And in business who wins and who loses.
 [Spoken.] "Waiter, bring an evening paper."
 "Not come in yet, sir." "Indeed! it's very late."
 "Yes, sir; all owing to the debate last night. The
Day didn't come in till almost *night*; and don't expect
 the *Evening Star* till *morning*. Here comes the
 man with the *Globe* on his back, and the *World* in
 his pocket." "Waiter! what's this?" "The *Sun*,
 sir." "Why, it's wet." "Yes, sir." "Oh, yes;
 remember we had a wet sun all last year, we don't
 want another. Waiter! bring me a candle."
 "What for?" "To see the sun with." "Why can't
 you see the sun without a candle?—in our country
 they can." "Pray, sir, have you done with that there
 paper?" "No, sir; but you may have this here
 paper." "Waiter! bring me the *Statesman*." It's
 on the other side, sir." "Then bring me the *Post* or
Courier." "They are both on the same side, sir."
 Will you tell that gentleman who is spelling the
 advertisements, that he cannot oblige the company
 more, than by setting the *British Press* at liberty?"
 Will you give your *Press* for a *Post*, sir?" "No,
 sir; but I'll give up my *Statesman* for an *Independent Whig*." "I beg pardon, sir; but I have
 not given the *wig* to that gentleman with the bald
 head." "Waiter!" "Sir." "Why, the file of the
Englishman is imperfect." "Yes, sir; we have
 lately sent a great many into France." "Oh, that
 counts for it." "This *Statesman* is abominably
 dry and worn,—bring me another." "We hav'n't

got another, sir." "Send and buy one,—there's
 plenty of *Statesmen* to be bought." &c.

Keep it up, that's the way, all agog every day,
 To know who wins and who loses.

In country, like town, from the peer to the clown
 In Europe the great affairs are trying;
 Politicians, you know, may be had at the plough,
 What the news is they are all inquiring.
 Hear the horn's twanging sound to the village resound;
 All are anxious, the news come so late in:
 Where a party is seen every night at the inn,
 And for news most impatiently waiting.

Advertising—things surprising,
 Siege of battle—show of cattle,
 Fighting cocks—price of stocks,

And in business who wins and who loses.

[Spoken.] "Waiter, ask that gentleman to read
pro bono." "You'll excuse me, sir; but we don't
 take *that* in." "Landlord, will you have the good-
 ness to read that paper out?" "I beg your pardon,
 but I can't read very well at first sight, on account of
 the stops." "Ax Mr. *Borall*, the undertaker, if he'll
 read." "No sir: I begs leave to object to that,—he
 always begins with the deaths, and that is something
 so professional.—Perhaps Mr. Parchment, the solicitor,
 will, or show *cause* why he refuses." "Why, sir,
 I have no objections; and as I hate every thing pro-
 fessional, I'll try if I can amuse you. What's this?
 Oh, *Watkins versus Wilkins*. This was an action
 for the recovery of £2. 14s. 9d." "Now didn't I
 tell you he would begin with something professional.
 We don't want law,—do we, doctor?" "No, sir; I
 think the most amusing part of the paper is the acci-
 dents. Let me see.—On Thursday last, as a poor
 labouring man was at work on the top of a ladder in
 Spring Gardens, he was, by a sudden gust of wind,
 blown as far as Charing Cross;—he fell at the door
 of Bish's lucky lottery office, where tickets and shares
 are selling."—"Pooh, pooh, it's only a lottery puff.
 I hate all puffs;—don't you, Mr. Pastry-cook?" "No,
 sir; I don't dislike any body's puffs. Live and let
 live—that's my motto." "Well, sir, as you have put
 down the papers, I'll try if I can't amuse you."

"Beware of puffs." "Oh, you have no need to tell me that, sir; for I think I smell a puff, the moment I take a paper in my hand. No, no, I'm not to be had. No, no, I think I know a little too much for that. Let me see.—Oh! St. Helena! Ay, now here is something good; this can't be a puff—*St. Helena*. An officer who has just arrived from this island reports the following curious circumstance: That the *ci-devant* emperor declares it is his fixed determination, in opposition to the advice of his faithful followers, to use no other than Turner's blacking, to be had No.—&c.

So keep it up every day, all agog, that's the way,
To know who wins and who loses.
Then they differ in the name, none alike, all the same,
Morning Chronicle, and Day Advertiser,
British Press, Morning Post, Herald, Times, what a
host,

We read every day and grow wiser,
The Examiner, Whig, all alive to the gig,
While each one his favourite chooses,
Globe, Star, and Sun, too keep up the fun,
And tell all the world what the news is.

Examination—Botheration,
Consultation—Publication,
Abdication—Botheration,
City feasts—Wild beasts.

And in business who wins and who loses.

(*Horn*.) Gazette Extraordinary. (*Horn*.) Second edition. Let me see, here must be something good—We stop the press to announce, that if intelligence of any important victory should reach us in the course of the afternoon, we shall publish it in the third edition.

(*Horn*.) Third edition of the Gazette Extraordinary. Ay, ay, now for it—let's see—here it is.—We stop the press—I beg you won't press on one so much, sir. We stop the press to announce, that nothing new has arrived since our last.—Great intelligence indeed—certainly very pleasant. (*Imitates a drunken man*)

"Waiter! waiter—where the devil are you all—I want to have a peep at the papers—how d'ye do?—how d'ye do?—No offence I hope: if I intrude, say so—(*attempts to light his pipe at the candle*);—

Never intrudes not no nowhere—what do you laugh at.—(*Laughs*).—How dare you laugh at me!—What a fool a man is to laugh, when he don't know what may happen to him the next minute.—Well, good night—good night—wish you all a sound sleep—I'll go to bed—I'll go to bed.—If any body has any objection—I hope he'll say so.—Don't mean to offend not no gentleman.—Where's the papers?—Hollo! I want the newspapers—(*takes up a paper*)—Now I'll go—I see the door very well.—Gentlemen, don't think I'm drunk—No, I'm not drunk.—I can walk—very well,—and I can *hic-up*—very well.—Well, I'm not drunk, I'm not drunk.—I see the door,—that's it, there it is.—Betty chambermaid,—get me a candle.—I'm going to bed.—Betty!—girl!—that's the oddest wench;—she goes forty times a day up stairs, and never comes down again.—Good night,—good night,—&c. &c. "I say, sir, do you ever read the paper cross-ways?" "Always, sir, from one end of the line to the other."—"I don't mean that." "What do you mean?" "I mean from one side of the paper to the other."—"No, sir! I always read from top to bottom." "Pooh, pooh, nonsense; I mean cross readings."—"You'll make me very cross if you go on so." "Only allow me, sir, you shall hear. Last night, a young gentleman made his first appearance in the arduous character of Hamlet—and performed it with great ease in less than fifteen minutes. Last a lady's lap dog; answers to the name of Pompey—if he will return to his disconsolate parents, he will be kindly received. A beautiful spotted cow is now exhibiting at Exeter—for the benefit of herself and her six motherless children. An overdrove ox ran down Fleet-street, and entered the dwelling house of—Mr. Braily's glass manufactory, where he did considerable damage; due notice will be given of his second appearance. Wants a place as a groom, a young man of respectability, who can give an unexceptionable character; letters post paid, will find him—double ironed in Newgate, for horse-stealing. Last week the cat of Lady Dimbledon produced at a birth—nine regiments of soldiers ready for embarkation. An ill-looking fellow was lately taken into custody, and can-

ed to Bow-street, on suspicion of several robberies lately committed.—On searching his pockets, they were found to contain—six-chaldrons of coals, two aggon, and five fine horses. Lost, a lady's reticule, contents were—a chest of mahogany drawers, and gridiron. Married at Leeds, Josiah Jones, Esq. Miss Isabella Jenkins of that place—he seem'd to resign'd to his fate.—The minister pronounced a lawful sentence of the law on the unhappy wretch; was a good-looking young man, about five and twenty years of age, and in all other respects, behaved himself with becoming propriety. Thus keep it up, that's the way, all agog every day, To know who wins, and who loses.

THE PRESENT AGE.

No more, my friends, of vain applause,
Or complimentary rhymes;
Come, Muse! let's call another cause,
And sing about the *times*.
For, of all ages ever known,
The present is the oddest;
For ministers are *honest grown*,
And all the women modest.
No *courtiers* now are fond of fees,
Or *bishops* of their dues;
Few people at the court one sees,
At church, what crowded pews!
No *ministers* their friends deceive,
With promises of favour;
And, what they make them once believe,
They faithfully endeavour.
Our *nobles*,—heaven defend us all!
I'll nothing say about 'em;
For they are *great*, and I'm but *small*,
So, Muse, jog on without 'em.
Our *merchants*, what a virtuous race,
Despising earthly treasures,
Fond of true honour's glorious chase,
And quite averse to pleasures.
What *tradesman* now forsakes his shop,
For politics or news!
Or from the court accepts a sop,
Through interested views.

No soaking sot his spouse neglects,
For mugs of mantling nappy:
Nor madly squanders his effects,
To make himself quite happy.
No *banker*, slave to Mammon's will,
Now seeks the venal tribe,
With high-raised hopes, applies the till
To frail elector's bribe.
Or, if there are,—no men are found,
Long held the people's friend,
Who, mark'd for doctrines pure and sound,
Such measures to defend.
See spies, informers, jugglers, liars,
Despised and out of fashion,
And statesmen, now grown self-deniers,
Fly all unlawful passion.
Happy the nation thus endow'd,
So void of wants and crimes;
All zealous for the public good:
Oh! these are glorious times!
“Your character,” with wondrous stare,
Says Tom, “is mighty high, sir;
But pray forgive me, if I swear
I think 'tis all a lie, sir.”—
“Ha! think you so, my honest clown?
Then take another sight on't!
Just turn the picture upside down,
I fear you'll see the right on't.”

SHAKSPEARE'S COMMENTATORS IMITATED.

“*Stilton Cheese*.”—So, some of the old copies; yet the 4to, 1600, reads “*Tilton*.” But I confess the word *Tilton* gives me no idea. I find *Stilton* to be a village in Huntingdonshire, famous for its cheese—a fact which clearly evinces the propriety of the reading in the old copy, and justifies my emendation.

Theobald.

Here we have a very critical note! the word *Tilton* can give Mr. Theobald no idea. And it is true, words cannot give a man what nature has denied him. But, though our critic may be ignorant of it, it is well known that, in the days of chivalry, *Tilting* was a

very common amusement in this country ; and I find that, during the performance of these martial exercises, the spectators were frequently entertained with a sort of cheese, which, from the occasion on which it was made, was called *Tilting*, and by corruption *Tilton* cheese. Mr. Theobald's emendation, therefore, as needless and truly absurd, ought by all means to be rejected. *Warburton.*

The emendation, in my opinion, is not more absurd than the remark which the learned annotator has made upon it. There is, indeed, a stupid error in some of the old copies. But discordant opinions are not always nugatory, and by much agitation the truth is elicited. I think Mr. Theobald's alteration right. .

Johnson.

Stilton is a village in Huntingdonshire, on the great North road. *Tilton*, though not so well known, is a village in Leicestershire. In an old collection of songs, black letter, no date, we read "*Tilton's* homely fare," which all critics will allow can only mean cheese. In an old MS. of which I remember neither the date nor the title, *Tilton* is said to abound in rich pasturage ; both which circumstances make it highly probable, that our author wrote, not as Mr. Theobald supposes, *Stilton*, but *Tilton* ; though I confess the passage is not without difficulty. *Steevens.*

THE FIRE-IRONS.

Mr. Chose was gravely reading the original Hasen Slawkenbergius at one side of the fire, and Mrs. Chose sat darning old worsted stockings at the other. By some untoward accident, the fire-irons were all on Mrs. Chose's side. "My dear," said Mr. Chose, "how miserable it makes me to gaze on any thing that looks ununiform : be kind enough, my dear, to let me have the poker on my side."—Mrs. Chose, who was busy taking a long stitch at the time, replied, "I'll give it you presently, my love." "Nay, prithee put me out of pain at once ; 'tis absolutely quite distressing to my eye—the fire-place looks like a pig with one ear."—"One fiddlestick ! How can you be so excessive whimsical ?"—"How do you mean whimsical ?"—"Lord, man ! don't be so plaguy fidgetty !"—"No, madam, I am no such thing !"

"—Pray, sir, don't put yourself in such a fluster."—"I tell you I am not in a fluster."—"I say, sir, you are. For shame ! How can you throw yourself in such a passion ?"—"I in a passion !"—"Yes, sir, you are."—" 'Tis false !"—" 'Tis true !"—"Madam, 'tis no such thing."—"S'death, do you think I'll submit to such provoking language !"—"You shall submit."—"I shan't."—"I'll make you."—"You can't."—"By heavens, madam !"—"By heavens, sir !"—"Hold your tongue, Mr. Chose."—"I won't, Mr. Chose."—The more he ranted, the more she raved ; till at last, trying to outdo each other in provocation, the contention rose so high, that Mr. Chose declared he would not live with Mrs. Chose an hour longer ; and Mrs. Chose declared she would not sleep another night beneath the same roof.

"Madam," said the husband, "'tis time that we should part." "With all my heart," said the wife. "Agreed !" said he. "Agreed !" echo'd she. A lawyer was absolutely sent for, to draw up the articles of separation ; but being a "mirabile dictum" peace-loving, strife-quelling sort of man, he began to hear the particulars that led them to come to a harsh conclusion. He was ordered to proceed with the business, but obstinately persevered in his refusal. Addressing himself to the husband, he said, "Are you both fully agreed upon a separation ?" "Yes, yes !" exclaimed both parties.

"Well, sir, what are your reasons for so doing ?" "Sir, I can't inform you."—"Madam, will you be so kind as to acquaint me ?"—"Indeed, sir, I can't."—"If that is the case," said the peace-loving lawyer, "I venture to pronounce your quarrel to have originated in something so frivolous, that you are both ashamed to own it." He urged the point so closely that he at length extorted the truth ; nor did he desist from his friendly interference, until he had the satisfaction to reestablish the most perfect harmony. Warned by his friendly admonitions, this wretched couple grew more circumspect in their words, less aggravating in their manners, and, in short, quite free of wrangling, and lived happy.

CHARACTERS OF JUDGE BEST AND MR. SCARLETT,
AS BARRISTERS.

Mr. Sergeant Best, is, as the old woman would say, *as sharp as a needle*. His eye is peculiarly brilliant, and he presses his lips together, and shakes his head, with an air of determination, which makes his audience think he is sure of his verdict.

This gentleman must not be confounded with Mr. Best the barrister, who is generally called *Second Best*, but who as a lawyer, in the opinion of some, ought rather to be designated *First Best*. There are jokes like this in every profession; and it is only for the sake of the pun, that Mr. Scarlett is called the *deepest red* man at the bar.

ON THE CUSTOM OF HISSING AT THE THEATRES, WITH
SOME ACCOUNT OF A CLUB OF DAMNED AUTHORS,
BY ONE OF ITS MEMBERS.

I am one of those persons whom the world has thought proper to designate by the title of *Damned Authors*. In that memorable season of dramatic failures, 1806-7, in which no fewer, I think, than two tragedies, four comedies, one opera, and three farces, suffered at Drury-lane theatre, I was found guilty of constructing an afterpiece, and was *damned*. Against the decision of the public in such instances there can be no appeal. The clerk of Chatham might as well have protested against the decision of Cade and his followers, who were then the *public*. Like him I was condemned, because I could write. Not but it did appear to some of us, that the measures of the popular tribunal at that period savoured a little of harshness and of the *summum jus*. The public mouth was early in the season fleshed upon the *Vindictive Man*, and some pieces of that nature, and it retained through the remainder of it a relish of blood. As Dr. Johnson would have said, sir, there was a habit of sibilation in the house.

Still less am I disposed to inquire into the reason of the comparative lenity, on the other hand, with which some pieces were treated, which, to indifferent judges, seemed at least as much deserving of condemnation as some of those which met with it. I

am willing to put a favourable construction upon the votes that were given against us; I believe that there was no bribery or designed partiality in the case;—only “our nonsense did not happen to suit their nonsense;” that was all. But against the *manner* in which the public on these occasions think fit to deliver their disapprobation, I must and ever will protest. Sir, imagine — but you have been present at the damning of a piece—those who never had that felicity, I beg them to imagine—a vast theatre, like that which Drury-lane was, before it was a heap of dust and ashes—a theatre like that, filled with all sorts of disgusting sounds,—shrieks, groans, hisses, but chiefly the last, like the noise of many waters, or that which Don Quixote heard from the fulling-mills, or that wilder combination of devilish sounds which St. Anthony listened to in the wilderness.

I never shall forget the sounds on *my night*; I never before that time fully felt the reception which the Author of *All Ill in the Paradise Lost* meets with from the critics in the *pit*, at the final close of his tragedy upon the human race—though that, alas! met with too much success—

—— from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal *hiss*, the sound
Of public scorn.—Dreadful was the d
Of *hissing* through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and tail,
Scorpion and asp, and Amphisbœna dire,
Cerastes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear,
And Dipsas.

For hall substitute theatre, and you have the very image of what takes place at what is called the *damnation* of a piece,—and properly so called; for here you see its origin plainly, whence the custom was derived, and what the first piece was that so suffered. After this none can doubt the propriety of the appellation.

Indeed, I have often wondered that some modest critic has not proposed, that there should be a wooden machine to that effect erected in some convenient part of the proscenium, which an unsuccessful ap-

thor should be required to mount, and stand his hour, exposed to the apples and oranges of the pit;—this *amende honorable* would well suit with the meanness of some authors, who in their prologues fairly prostrate their skulls to the audience, and seem to invite a pelting. Or why should they not have their pens publicly broke over their heads, as the swords of recreant knights in old times were, and an oath administered to them that they should never write again.

The provocations to which a dramatic genius is exposed from the public are so much the more vexatious, as they are removed from any possibility of retaliation, the hope of which sweetens most other injuries:—for the public *never writes itself*.—Not but something very like it took place at the time of the O.-P. differences. The placards which were nightly exhibited, were, properly speaking, the composition of the public.—The public wrote them, the public applauded them, and precious morceaux of wit and eloquence they were; except some few, of a better quality, which it is well known were furnished by professed dramatic writers. After this specimen of what the public can do for itself, it should be a little slow in condemning what others do for it. As the degrees of malignancy vary in people according as they have more or less of the Old Serpent (the father of hisses) in their composition, I have sometimes amused myself with analyzing this many-headed hydra, which calls itself the public, into the component parts of which it is “complicated, head and tail,” and seeing how many varieties of the snake kind it can afford.

First, there is the *Common English Snake*.—This is that part of the auditory who are always the majority at damnations, but who, having no critical venom in themselves to sting them on, stay till they hear others hiss, and then join in for company.

The *Blind Worm* is a species very nearly allied to the foregoing. Some naturalists have doubted whether they are not the same.

The *Rattle Snake*.—These are your obstreperous talking critics,—the impertinent guides of the pit,—

who will not give a plain man leave to enjoy an evening's entertainment, but with their frothy jargon, and incessant finding of faults, either drown his pleasure quite, or force him in his own defence to join in their clamorous censure. The hiss always originates with these. When this creature springs his *rattle*, you would think, from the noise it makes, there was something in it; but you have only to examine the instrument from which the noise proceeds, and you will find it typical of a critic's tongue,—a shallow membrane, empty, voluble, and seated in the most contemptible part of the creature's body.

The *Whip Snake*.—This is he that lashes the poor author the next day in the newspapers.

The *Deaf Adder*, or *Surda Echidna* of Linnaeus.—Under this head may be classed all that portion of the spectators (for audience they properly are not) who not finding the first act of a piece answer to their preconceived notions of what a first act should be, like *Obstinate*, in *John Bunyan*, positively thrust their fingers in their ears, that they may not hear a word of what is coming, though perhaps the very next act may be composed in a style as different as possible, and be written quite to their own taste. These adders refuse to hear the voice of the charmer, because the tuning of his instrument gave them offence.

I should weary my reader and myself too, if I were to go through all the classes of the serpent kind. Two qualities are common to them all. They are creatures of remarkably cold digestions, and chiefly haunt *pits* and low grounds.

I proceed with more pleasure to give an account of a club to which I have the honour to belong. There are fourteen of us, who are all authors that have been once in our lives what is called *damned*. We meet on the anniversaries of our respective nights, and make ourselves merry at the expense of the public. The chief tenets which distinguish our society, and which every man among us is bound to hold for gospel, are,—

That the public, or mob, in all ages, have been a set of blind, deaf, obstinate, senseless, illiterate

savages. That no man of genius in his senses would be ambitious of pleasing such a capricious, ungrateful rabble. That the only legitimate end of writing for them is to pick their pockets, and, *that failing*, we are at full liberty to vilify and abuse them as much as ever we think fit.

That authors, by their affected pretences to humility, which they made use of as a cloak to insinuate their writings into the callous senses of the multitude, obtuse to every thing but the grossest flattery, have by degrees made that great beast their master; as we may act submission to children till we are obliged to practise it in earnest. That authors are and ought to be considered the masters and preceptors of the public, and not *vice versa*. That it was so in the days of Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus, and would be so again, if it were not that writers prove traitors to themselves. That in particular, in the days of the first of those three great authors just mentioned, audiences appear to have been perfect models of what audiences should be; for though along with the trees and the rocks and the wild creatures, which he drew after him to listen to his strains, some serpents doubtless came to hear his music, it does not appear that any one among them ever lifted up a *dissentient voice*. They knew what was due to authors in those days. Now every stock and stone turns into a serpent, and has a voice.

That the terms "Courteous Reader" and "Candid Auditors," as having given rise to a false notion in those to whom they were applied, as if they conferred upon them some right, *which they cannot have*, of exercising their judgments, ought to be utterly banished and exploded,

These are our distinguishing tenets. To keep up the memory of the cause in which we suffered, as the ancients sacrificed a goat, a supposed unhealthy animal, to Æsculapius, on our feast-nights we cut up a goose, an animal typical of the *popular voice*, to the deities of Candour and Patient Hearing. A zealous member of the society once proposed that we should revive the obsolete luxury of viper-broth; but the stomachs of some of the company rising at

the proposition, we lost the benefit of that highly salutary and *antidotal dish*. The privilege of admission to our club is strictly limited to such as have been fairly *damned*. A piece that has met with ever so little applause, that has but languished its night or two, and then gone out, will never entitle its author to a seat among us. An exception to our usual readiness in conferring this privilege is, in the case of a writer, who, having been once condemned, writes again, and becomes candidate for a second martyrdom. Simple damnation we hold to be a merit, but to be twice damned we adjudge infamous. Such a one we utterly reject, and black-ball without a hearing:

The common damn'd shun his society.

Hoping that this publication of our regulations may be a means of inviting some more members into our society, I conclude this history.

SEMEL-DAMNATUS.

PREMATURE FRUIT.

An author had just seen one of his pieces damned at the theatre, when he had somewhat recovered from the mortification of this fall, he went to visit the actress who had played the principal part; he told her, in the hope that she would say something to console him, that the public was not always just; that, besides, his friends were wrong for having pressed him so much to write, and that the fruit was not yet ripe.—"Oh, ripe or not," replied the actress, "it has, however, fallen."

SPANISH PRIDE.

A Spanish ambassador was one day vaunting to Henry IV. of France, the power of his master. The king, in order to take down the Spaniard's vanity, observed to him, with a lively air of raillery, that if he were to take it into his head to get on horseback, he could go and breakfast at Milan, hear mass at Rome, and dine at Naples. "Sire," replied the ambassador, "if your majesty travels so fast, you might also go and hear *vespers at Sicily on the same day*."

THE TYBURN TRAGEDY.

On the Murder of John Hays, by his wife Catherine, in 1726, for which she was burnt alive at Tyburn, May 9, in the same year.

In Tyburn-road, a man there liv'd
A just and honest life,
And there he might have lived still
If so had pleas'd his wife.
But she, to vicious ways inclin'd,
A life most wicked led,
With tailors and with tinkers too
She oft defil'd his bed.
Full twice a day to church he went,
And so devout would be,
Sure never was a saint on earth,
If that no saint was he !
This vex'd his wife unto the heart,
She was of wrath so full,
That, finding no hole in his coat,
She pick'd one in his skull.
But then her heart began to relent,
And griev'd she was so sore,
That quarter to him for to give,
She cut him into four.
All in the dark and dead of night,
These quarters she convey'd,
And in a ditch at Marybone,
His marrow-bones she laid.
His head at Westminster she threw,
All in the Thames so wide ;
Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,
And you may have the tide.
But heav'n, whose power no limit knows
On earth, or on the main,
Soon caus'd this head for to be thrown
Upon the land again.
This head being found, the justices
Their heads together laid ;
And all agreed there must have been
Some body to this head.

But, since no body could be found,
High mounted on a shelf,
They e'en set up this head to be
A witness for itself.

Next, that it no self-murder was,
The case itself explains,
For no man could cut off his head,
And throw it in the Thames.
Ere many days had gone and past,
The deed at length was known,
And Cath'rine she confess'd, at last,
The fact to be her own.
God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all,
And grant that we may take advice
By Catherine Hays's fall.

ON BURIAL SOCIETIES.

I was once amused with having the following notice thrust into my hand by a man who gives out bills at the corner of Fleet-market. Whether he saw my prognostics about me, that made him judge my notice seasonable, I cannot say ; I might perhaps carry in a countenance (naturally not very free from traces of a fever which had not long left me. The fellows have a good instinctive way of guessing the sort of people that are likeliest to pay attention to their papers.

" BURIAL SOCIETY.

" A favourable opportunity now offers to any person, of either sex, who would wish to be buried in genteel manner, by paying one shilling entrance money and two pence per week for the benefit of the Society. Members to be free in six months. The money to be paid at Mr. Middleton's, at the sign of the Red Lion and the Last, Stonecutter's-street, Fleet-market. The deceased to be furnished as follows : a strong coffin, covered with superfine black, and lined with two rows, all round, close drove, best blue japanned nails, and adorned with ornamental design a handsome plate of inscription, angel above, and flower beneath, and four pair of handsome handles with wrought gripes ; the coffin to be well pitched

lined, and ruffled with fine crape ; a handsome crape shroud, cap, and pillow. For use, a handsome velvet pall, three gentlemen's cloaks, three crape hatbands, three hoods and scarfs, and six pair of gloves ; two porters equipped to attend the funeral, a man to attend the same with band and gloves ; also the burial fees paid, if not exceeding one guinea."

"Man," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave." Whoever drew up this little advertisement, certainly understood this appetite in the species, and has made abundant provision for it. It really almost induces a *tædium vitæ* upon one to read it. Methinks I could be willing to die, in death to be so attended. The two rows all round close-drove best black japanned nails, how feelingly do they invite and almost irresistibly persuade us to come and be fastened down. What aching head can resist the temptation to repose, which the crape shroud, the cap, and the pillow, present ? what sting is there in death, which the handles with wrought gripes are not calculated to pluck away ? what victory in the grave, which the drops and the velvet pall do not render at least extremely disputable ? but above all, the pretty emblematic plate with angel above and flower beneath, takes me mightily.

The notice goes on to inform us, that though the society has been established but a very few years, upwards of eleven hundred persons have put down their names. It is really an affecting consideration to think of so many poor people, of the industrious and hard-working class (for none but such would be possessed of such a generous forethought) clubbing their twopences to save the reproach of a parish-funeral. Many a poor fellow, I dare swear, has that angel and flower kept from the *Angel* and *Punch-bowl*, while, to provide himself a bier, he has curtailed himself of *beer*. Many a savoury morsel has the living body been deprived of, that the lifeless one might be served up in a richer state to the worms. And sure, if the body could understand the actions of the soul, and entertained generous notions of things, it would thank its provident partner, that she

had been more solicitous to defend it from dishonours at its dissolution, than careful to pamper it with good things in the time of its union. If Cæsar were chiefly anxious at his death how he might die most decently, every Burial Society may be considered as a club of Cæsars.

Nothing tends to keep up in the imaginations of the poorer sort of people a generous horror of the workhouse more than the manner in which pauper funerals are conducted in this metropolis. The coffin nothing but a few naked planks, coarsely put together,—the want of a pall (that decent and well-imagined veil, which, hiding the coffin that hides the body, keeps that which would shock us at two removes from us), the coloured coats of the men that are hired, at cheap rates, to carry the body,—altogether, give the notion of the deceased having been some person of an ill-life and conversation, some one who may not claim the entire rites of burial,—one by whom some parts of the sacred ceremony would be desecrated if they should be bestowed upon him. I meet these meagre processions sometimes in the street. They are sure to make me out of humour and melancholy all the day after. They have a harsh and ominous aspect.

If there is any thing in the prospectus issued from Mr. Middleton's, Stonecutter's-street, which pleases me less than the rest, it is to find, that the six pair of gloves are to be returned, that they are only lent, as the bill expresses it, for use, on the occasion. The hoods, scarfs, and hatbands, may properly enough be given up after the solemnity ; the cloaks no gentleman would think of keeping ; but a pair of gloves, once fitted on, ought not in courtesy to be re-demanded. The wearer should certainly have the fee-simple of them. The cost would be but trifling, and they would be a proper memorial of the day. This part of the proposals wants reconsidering. It is not conceived in the same liberal way of thinking as the rest. I am also a little doubtful whether the limit, within which the burial-fee is made payable, should not be extended to thirty shillings.

Some provision too ought to be made in favour of

those well-intentioned persons and well-wishers to the fund, who having all along paid their subscriptions regularly, are so unfortunate as to die before the six months, which would entitle them to their freedom, are quite completed. One can hardly imagine a more distressing case than that of a poor fellow lingering on in a consumption till the period of his freedom is almost in sight, and then finding himself going with a velocity which makes it doubtful whether he shall be entitled to his funeral honours: his quota to which he nevertheless squeezes out, to the diminution of the comforts which sickness demands. I think, in such cases, some of the contribution-money ought to revert. With some such modifications, which might easily be introduced, I see nothing in these proposals of Mr. Middleton which is not strictly fair and genteel; and heartily recommend them to all persons of moderate incomes, in either sex, who are willing that this perishable part of them should quit the scene of its mortal activities with as handsome circumstances as possible.

Before I quit the subject, I must guard my readers against a scandal which they may be apt to take at the place whence these proposals purport to be issued. From the sign of the *First* and the *Last*, they may conclude that Mr. Middleton is some publican, who, in assembling a club of this description at his house, may have a sinister end of his own, altogether foreign to the solemn purpose for which the club is pretended to be instituted. I must set them right by informing them, that the issuer of these proposals is no publican, though he hangs out a sign, but an honest superintendant of funerals, who, by the device of a cradle and coffin, connecting both ends of human existence together, has most ingeniously contrived to insinuate, that the framers of these *first* and *last* receptacles of mankind divide this our life betwixt them, and that all that passes from the midwife to the undertaker may, in strict propriety, *go for nothing*: an awful and instructive lesson to human vanity.

ACCOMMODATING DEAFNESS.

Mr. Garrow in examining a witness who happened to be deaf, and whose deafness it was Mr. G.'s

part to make appear pretended, said to him in a low tone,—“So, you have the misfortune to be deaf, sir?” “Yes, sir.” “You have great difficulty in hearing?” “Yes, sir, very.” “And it was not till I raised my voice thus (*lowering it still more*) that you could hear what I said at all?” “No, sir.”

THE DEJEUNE. A PINDARIC ODE.

And was the sorrow so profound,
So deep the anguish of despair
Which seized Eliza's bosom fair,
That like a sudden frost it bound
Her utterance, and forbade to flow
The murmuring eloquence of woe?
And for a breakfast?—No! I must not think
A breakfast o'er that heart could so prevail,
Nor, that the lost delight to eat and drink
Could with such pangs that spirit pure assail;
Though tranced fancy show'd the bliss debar'd her,
In visionary feast displaying all my larder.

Yet well I know—for I beheld,
(Though grief, my stomach's pride defeating,
Forbade me then to think of eating)—
I know—for I, with sorrow quell'd,
Sat gazing sad, for many an hour,
The breakfast I might not devour;—
I know, how touch'd with hopes unknown before,
His cold heart kindling high with amorous wishes,
That larder sent forth all his bosom'd store,
His out-spread pride, and pomp of glorious dishes,
Still, still I see it; nothing else I can see,
While that unparallel'd breakfast floats before my
fancy.

I see him—yes, I recognise him;
High 'mid the scene, in kingly state,
Towering from gigantic plate,
Mouth-watering fancy longing eyes him,
Kingly, yet rob'd but in his own
Dark richness of deep-glowing brown,
The great sirloin of beef.—august he stands,
In his pure native splendour full array'd,
No knife hath touch'd him; never mortal hands
Have dar'd his majesty of form invade.

For *THEE* he lives : His death-pang it will sweeten,
 First for *THEE* to be carv'd—first *by THEE* to be eaten.
 And there are sausages ! there are the eggs !
 And there the chickens with close-fitted legs !
 And there is a bottle of brandy !
 And there is some of the best sugar-candy,
 Which is better than sugar for coffee !
 There are slices from good ham cut off ! he
 Who cut them was but an indifferent carver ;
 He wanted the delicate hand of a barber.

And there is a dish
 Butter'd over ! and fish,
 Trout and char
 Sleeping are
 That smooth ice-like surface under :
 Safe they sleep from wind and weather,
 No pieces chopp'd asunder,
 To be closer pack'd together !
 Here a pie made of teal ! one of widgeons !
 And there's one of veal mix'd with pigeons !
 Here is one full of partridges
 There's an excellent cold leg of mutton
 Apples and quinces that tart rich is !
 Those ducks were but yesterday put on
 He spit : what a savour breathes from them, though
 Cold !
 The fire that produc'd it in ashes is sleeping,
 If the savour survives : It will never grow old,
 Till the ducks their own selves are the worse for
 Long keeping.
 That pot's currant jelly ! and that
 Is raspberry jam ! and that honey !
 And that box you see there, so round and so flat,
 Is one that I got for love ; not for money,
 From the captain of a West India ship,
 Who brings me back something from every trip.
 You'll find it pack'd as full of sweet-
 Meats as an egg is full of meat ;
 An excellent treat !—
 There's a cake ! 'tis frosted over
 With snows of sugar, bright and fair !
 There's a black one ! yet doth that blackness cover
 Things within, as rich as rare.

Plums are in it, many a one,
 That the schoolboy's darling are ;
 Peel of lemon ! cinnamon !
 Oh ! a thousand things unknown,
 Mingling flavours, each outdone
 By the other, yet so run
 Each into each, they seem but one !
 They the schoolboy's love would share,
 But that they so blended are.
 Cake so dark ! thou'rt dear to me ;
 Thou a bridal cake might'st be.
 Happy bride, to feast on thee !
 Yea, happy feasted bride !—But happier he,
 Far happier wight than any feast can make,
 Tho' all these dainty dishes there should be,
 And daintier thou than all, delicious cake !—
 Far happier he, whose fond endeavours
 To win Eliza's love success shall crown :
 When postboys bear the bride's gay favours,
 Fast thundering
 Thro' the wondering
 Crowds that come out from all corners of the
 town ;
 The ribands their capp'd heads adorning.
 Ribands far brighter than the morning
 E'er from her wardrobe brought, to deck
 The head, and dangle down the neck
 Of Phoebus, that celestial charioteer !
 When thro' the spring-tide of the year,
 He with his radiant throng
 Urges his steeds along,
 Till in the western wave they steep their prone
 career.
 But whither has my muse been carried ?
 Sweet maid ! I did suppose thee married,
 And was beginning thy epithalamium :
 Who, to thy rivals ! in ode thus shame I 'em
 Let Gretna Green look dull,
 For bride so beautiful
 Ne'er whirl'd to her along the great North road,
 Hadst thou a ward of chancery been,
 And thou hadst gone off to Gretna Green,
 That court had all gone mad, I ween,

The chancellor and the masters all ;
 And round about their own court hall
 The tresses of their powder'd wigs had strow'd.
 But what is this, that foaming white,
 In the clear tumbler mantles bright,
 And overflows?—I know it well ;
 Thy vats its fountains were, James Fell !
 And what this flood of deeper brown,
 Which a white foam does also crown,
 Less white than snow, more white than mortar ?
 Oh, my soul ! can this be porter ?
 See ! see beef-steaks, and see a goose,
 Steaming hot, and bath'd in juice !
 There a roast pig uprises sudden !
 And that's a vision of a pudding !
 Mighty breakfast, what dishes thine are !
 Almost might'st thou seem a dinner,
 But that I see the chocolate there,
 And the thick-dropping cream, and the sugar fair ;
 And, in oilier richness than tongue can utter,
 Plates of crumpet, and plates of muffin,
 And the hottest of rolls, with grease enough in ;
 Excellent all ! and glorious stuffing !
 And that eternal pair, dry toast, and bread and
 butter.
 Oh ! strange are the sights that are swimming before
 me !—
 Won't that fierce boiling water flow o'er me ?
 In its glittering urn how it raves,
 Beating its prison with struggling waves !
 I scarcely can think that cold will benumb it e'er ;
 Two hundred and twelve of Fahrenheit's thermo-
 meter.

In madness it dances and sings,
 And bubbling and tossing it flings
 A cloud from its bosom : that cloud on the air
 Now mounting aloft, and now wandering afar,
 Floats delighted ; and see ! it dissolves.
 Thus often my love-fever'd spirit evolves
 A fair vapoury vision—the vision of song !
 It mounts in its beauty, it saileth along
 Thro' the regions of ether, and lovely it seems
 To the uplifted eye, as a pageant of dreams.

The eye fondly pursues it, rejoic'd, yet perplex'd
 To make out where the devil 'twill be driving to next,
 Where ? Ah, nowhere !—'tis melted away !
 For grief, like an atmosphere, everywhere spreading
 Around me and over me, rests evermore ;
 And in that dull atmosphere suddenly fading,
 The fair vision of song gives its wanderings o'er.

THE FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.

" *Helas mon Dieu,*" cried Monsieur de Tourville ;
 " vat grande palais you call dat fine place ? is dat de
 Palais Royal vere your king reside ? " " What, dat
 place down there, the Palais Royal ! Lord love your
 stupid head, that's the Fléet prison. " " Stop, *sair*, if
 you please—I write down in my *leetle* book vat you
 call—umph ? (*writes*) dat is de Palais Royal—*int*
 Lovet's stupid head, and de fleet is in prison. *Sair*,
 vat you call dat *grande maison* do stand dere—*vat*
 great prince as live dere ? " " What that fine building
 down by the water. "—" That place down, *sair*, *sair*.
 " That's one of the honours of Great Britain. That
 what's call'd Greenwich Hospital ;—that's where
 our brave British tars, who have worn out their youth
 and their strength, or may-be lost a limb or two
 in their country's service, have a comfortable retreat
 for life. You can't boast of such a place, Monsieur. "
 " Stay, *sair*, till I shall write—(*writes*)—De
 green—vat you call—um—umph—as de British
 have lose dere limb make von grande retreat. *Pa*
sair, vat you call de house dere, down in dat place
 dere vid de "—" What, down there !—a fine place
 that Blue Coat School, instituted by —, feeds
 and clothes a hundred and seventy fine fat chubby boys—
 bless 'em, fine looking boys,—saves me a muffin every
 morning at breakfast, just to look at their jolly faces
 dear little scoundrels,—oh ! they are a set of fine
 little rogues. "

" Umph ! de blue school do keep von hundred
 and seventy leetle scoundrels, all leetle great rogues.
 Vat you call dat great black, smoky, dirty-looking
 house ; dat is vat you call your bastille, your prison
 for de great man ? "

" Umph ! that black smoky house—Eh ! why, "

not exactly a prison, though a great many great men reside there. That—umph!—that is the palace of St. James's, where our beloved monarch holds his court."

"*Mon Dieu!* dat de grand Palais Royal! *sacre Dieu!* Stop, *sair*; I vill take down vat you have say.—St. James live in de black ugly maison of de monarque, vid von hundred and seventy leetle rogue, all fine scoundrels, vich he feed vid a muffin,—dey make de grande retreat and lose dere limb—in de green vat—you call—honor to Great Britain—lord Lovet stupid head—put de fleet in prison—Ah! dat is good—dat vill do, *sair*."

"Well, sir, have you made your proper remarks on our wonderful town?"—*Sair*, I've very much vonder at your gay metropolis."

COGENT REASON.

Some comedians had long promised a new piece, in which virtue was personified. A lady of quality who was impatient to see it, asked one of the actors why it was not represented. "We cannot represent it for a fortnight, because the young lady who was to play *Virtue*, has just been brought to bed."

MARRIAGE PORTION.

A woman of Athens, once asked a Lacedemonian wife, by way of satire, what portion she had given to her husband. "*My chastity*," was her noble reply.

CONVIVIAL WILL.

Will of Samuel Purlewent, late of Lincoln's Inn, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. deceased, proved Nov. 19, 1792.

"It is my express will and desire that I may be buried at Western, in the county of Somerset, if I die there, if not, to be carried down there, (but not in a hearse,) nor will I have any parade or coach to attend upon me, but let me be carried in any vehicle with all the expedition possible, to Bath, so as the same does not exceed the sum of 25*l*. and when I arrive there, I direct six poor people of Western do support my corpse to the grave, and that six poor women and six poor men of Western do attend me to the grave, and that I may be buried at twelve at noon, and each of

them to have half-a-guinea; and I hereby order and direct, that a good boiled ham, a dozen fowls, a sirloin of beef, with plumb-puddings, may be provided at the Crown, in Western, for the said eighteen poor people, besides the clerk and sexton. And I allow five guineas for the same; and I request and hope they will be as merry and cheerful as possible, for I conceive it a mere farce to put on the grimace of weeping, crying, and snivelling, and the like, which can answer no good end, either to the living or dead, and which I reprobate in the highest terms.—Codicil: I desire that after I am buried, there be a cold collation provided at the public-house, a sirloin of beef, potatoes, and a fillet of veal, with plenty of good ale, where I hope they will refresh themselves with decency and propriety. No friends, or relatives whatever to attend my funeral."

AWKWARD QUESTION.

A French general, who was at once jealous and parasitical, said to the duke d'Enghien, who had just gained the celebrated battle of Rocroi, in 1643. "What will the envious now say of your glory?" "*I know not*," replied the prince; *I should wish to ask you the question.*"

THE STROLLING MANAGER.

Behold me now at the summit of my ambition, "the high top-gallant of my joy," as Romeo says. No longer a chieftain of a wandering tribe, but a monarch of a legitimate throne, and entitled to call even the great potentates of Covent-garden and Drury-lane cousins. You no doubt think my happiness complete. Alas, sirs! I was one of the most uncomfortable dogs living. No one knows, who has not tried, the miseries of a manager; but above all, of a country manager.—No one can conceive the contentions and quarrels within doors the oppressions and vexations from without. I was pestered with the bloods and loungers of a country town, who infested my green-room, and played the mischief among my actresses. But there was no shaking them off. It would have been ruin to affront them; for though troublesome friends, they would have been dangerous

enemies. Then there were the village critics and village amateurs, who were continually tormenting me with advice, and getting into a passion if I would not take it; especially the village doctor and the village attorney, who had both been to London occasionally, and knew what acting should be.

I had also to manage as arrant a crew of scrape-graces as ever were collected together within the walls of a theatre. I had been obliged to combine my original troop with some of the former troop of the theatre who were favourites of the public. Here was a mixture that produced perpetual ferment. They were all the time either fighting or frolicking with each other, and I scarcely know which mood was least troublesome. If they quarrelled, every thing went wrong; and if they were friends, they were continually playing off some prank upon each other or upon me; for I had unhappily acquired among them the character of an easy, good-natured fellow—the worst character that a manager can possess.

Their waggery at times drove me almost crazy; for there is nothing so vexatious as the hackneyed tricks and hoaxes and pleasantries of a veteran band of theatrical vagabonds. I relished them well enough it is true, while I was merely one of the company, but as manager I found them detestable. They were incessantly bringing some disgrace upon the theatre by their tavern frolics, and their pranks about the country town. All my lectures about the importance of keeping up the dignity of the profession and the respectability of the company were in vain. The villains could not sympathize with the delicate feelings of a man in station. They even trifled with the seriousness of stage business. I have had the whole piece interrupted, and a crowded audience of at least twenty-five pounds, kept waiting, because the actors had hid away the breeches of Rosalind; and have known Hamlet to stalk solemnly on to deliver his soliloquy, with a dishclout pinned to his skirts. Such are the baleful consequences of a manager's getting a character for good nature.

I was intolerably annoyed, too, by the great actors

who came down starring, as it is called, from London. Of all baneful influences, keep me from that of a London star. A first-rate actress, going the rounds of the country theatres, is as bad as a blazing comet whisking about the heavens, and shaking fire and plague and discords from its tail.

The moment one of these "heavenly bodies" appeared in my horizon, I was sure to be in hot water—My theatre was overrun by provincial dandies, copperwashed counterfeits of Bond-street loungers, who are always proud to be in the train of an actress from town, and anxious to be thought on exceeding good terms with her. It was really a relief to me when some random young nobleman would come in pursuit of the bait, and awe all this small fry at a distance. I have always felt myself more at ease with a nobleman, than with the dandy of a country town.

And then the injuries I suffered in my personal dignity and my managerial authority, from the visits of these great London actors! Oh blood, sir, I was no longer master of myself on my throne. I was lectured and lectured in my own green-room, and made an absolute nincompoop on my own stage. There is no tyrant so absolute and capricious as a London star at a country theatre. I dreaded the sight of all of them, and yet if I did not engage them, I was sure of having the public clamorous against me. They drew full houses, and appeared to be making my fortune; but they swallowed up all the profits by their insatiable demands. They were absolute tapeworms to my little theatre; the more it took in the poorer it grew. They were sure to leave me with an exhausted public, empty benches, and a score or two of affronts to settle among the town's folk, in consequence of misunderstandings about the taking of places.

But the worst thing I had to undergo in my managerial career was patronage. Oh, sir! of all things deliver me from the patronage of the great people of a country town. It was my ruin. You must know that this town though small, was filled with fools, and parties, and great folks; being a busy field trading and manufacturing town. The mischief was

but their greatness was of a kind not to be settled by reference to the court calendar, or college of heraldry; it was therefore the most quarrelsome kind of greatness in existence. You smile, sir, but let me tell you there are no feuds more furious than the frontier feuds which take place in these "debatable lands" of gentility. The most violent dispute that I ever knew in high life was one which occurred at a country town, as a question of precedence between the ladies of a manufacturer of pins and a manufacturer of needles.

At the town where I was situated there were perpetual altercations of the kind. The head manufacturer's lady, for instance, was at daggers-drawings with the head shopkeeper's, and both were too rich and had too many friends to be treated lightly. The doctor's and lawyer's ladies held their heads still higher: but they in their turn were kept in check by the wife of a country banker, who kept her own carriage; while a masculine widow of cracked character and second-hand fashion, who lived in a large house, and claimed to be in some way related to nobility, looked down upon them all. To be sure her manners were not over elegant, nor her fortune over large; but then, sir, her blood—oh, her blood carried it all off; there was no withstanding a woman with such blood in her veins.

After all, her claims to high connexion were questioned, and she had frequent battles for precedence at balls and assemblies with some of the sturdy dames of the neighbourhood, who stood upon their wealth and their virtue; but then she had two dashing daughters, who dressed as fine as dragoons, had as much blood as their mother, and seconded her in every thing: so they carried their point with high heads, and every body hated, abused, and stood in awe of the Fantadlins.

Such was the state of the fashionable world in this important little town. Unluckily, I was not as well acquainted with its politics as I should have been. I had found myself a stranger and in great perplexities during my first season; I determined, therefore, to put myself under the patronage of some powerful name, and thus to take the field with the

prejudices of the public in my favour. I cast round my thoughts for the purpose, and in an evil hour they fell upon Mrs. Fantadlin. No one seemed to me to have a more absolute sway in the world of fashion. I had always noticed that her party slammed the box door the loudest at the theatre; that her daughters entered like a tempest with a flutter of red shawls and feathers; had most beaux attending on them; talked and laughed during the performance, and used quizzing glasses incessantly. The first evening of my theatre's reopening, therefore, was announced in staring capitals on the play bills, as under the patronage of "the Honourable Mrs. Fantadlin."

Sir, the whole community flew to arms! Presume to patronize the theatre! insufferable! and then for me to dare to term her "The Honourable!" What claim has she to the title, forsooth? The fashionable world had long groaned under the tyranny of the Fantadlins, and were glad to make a common cause against this new instance of assumption. All minor feuds were forgotten. The doctor's lady and the lawyer's lady met together, and the manufacturer's lady and the shopkeeper's lady kissed each other; and all, headed by the banker's lady, voted the theatre a bore, and determined to encourage nothing but the Indian Jugglers and Mr. Walker's Eidouranon.

Such was the rock on which I split. I never got over the patronage of the Fantadlin family. My house was deserted; my actors grew discontented because they were ill paid; my door became a hammering place for every bailiff in the county; and my wife became more and more shrewish and tormenting the more I wanted comfort.

I tried for a time the usual consolation of a harassed and henpecked man: I took to the bottle, and tried to tiddle away my cares, but in vain. I don't mean to decry the bottle; it is no doubt an excellent remedy in many cases, but it did not answer in mine. It cracked my voice, coppered my nose, but neither improved my wife nor my affairs. My establishment became a scene of confusion and peculation. I was considered a ruined man, and of course fair game for every one to pluck at, as every one plunders a sink.

ing ship. Day after day some of the troop deserted, and like deserting soldiers carried off their arms and accoutrements with them. In this manner my wardrobe took legs and walked away, my finery strolled all over the country, my swords and daggers glittered in every barn, until, at last, my tailor made "one fell swoop," and carried off three dress coats, half-a-dozen doublets, and nineteen pair of flesh-coloured pantaloons. This was the "be all and the end all" of my fortune. I no longer hesitated what to do. Egad, thought I, since stealing is the order of the day, I'll steal too; so I secretly gathered together the jewels of my wardrobe, packed up a hero's dress in a handkerchief, slung it on the end of a tragedy sword, and quietly stole off at dead of night, "the bell then beating one," leaving my queen and kingdom to the mercy of my rebellious subjects, and my merciless foes the bumbailiffs.

Such, was the "end of all my greatness."

THE LOVESICK LADY AND HER ABIGAIL.

From an unfinished Drama.

Euphemia. Oh, 'tis a weary night! alas, will sleep
Ne'er darken my poor day-lights! I have watched
The stars all rise and disappear again;
Capricorn, Orion, Venus, and the Bear:
I saw them each and all. And they are gone,
Yet not a wink for me. The blessed moon
Has journeyed through the sky: I saw her rise
Above the distant hills, and gloriously
Decline beneath the waters. My poor head aches
Beyond endurance. I'll call on Beatrice,
And bid her bring me the all-potent draught
Left by Fernando the apothecary,
At his last visit. Beatrice! she sleeps
As sound as a top. What, oh, Beatrice!
Thou art indeed the laziest waiting maid
That ever cursed a princess. Beatrice!

Beatrice. Coming, your highness, give me time to
throw

My night-gown o'er my shoulders, and to put
My flannel dicky on; 'tis mighty cold
At these hours of the morning.

Euphem. Beatrice!

Beat. I'm groping for my slippers; would you have
me

Walk barefoot o'er the floors? Lord, I should catch
My death of cold:

Euphem. And must thy mistress, then, I say, must
she—

Endure the tortures of the damned, whilst thou
Art groping for thy slippers? selfish wretch!
Learn, thou shalt come stark-naked at my bidding,
Or else pack up thy duds and hop the twig.

Beat. Oh, my lady, forgive me that I was so slow
In yielding due obedience. Pray, believe me,
It ne'er shall happen again. Oh, it would break
My very heart to leave so beautiful

And kind a mistress. Oh, forgive me! (*weeps.*)

Euphem. Well, well; I fear I was too hasty:
But want of sleep, and the fever of my blood,
Have soured my natural temper. Bring me the phial
Of physic left by that skilful leech Fernando,
With Laudanum on the label. It stands
Upon the dressing-table, close by the rouge
And the Olympian dew. No words. Evaporate.

Beat. I fly! [*Exit.*]

Euphem. (sola.) Alas, Don Carlos, mine own
Dear wedded husband! wedded! yes; wedded
In th' eye of heaven, though not in that of man,
Which sees the forms of things, but least knows
That which is in the heart. Oh, can it be,
That some dull words, muttered by a parson
In a long drawling tone, can make a wife,
And not the——

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Laudanum on the label; right:
Here, my lady, is the physic you require.

Euphem. Then pour me out one hundred drops
and fifty,
With water in the glass, that I may quaff
Oblivion to my misery.

Beat. 'Tis done.

Euphem. (drinks.) My head turns round; it mounts
into my brain.

I feel as if in paradise ! my senses mock me :
 Methinks I rest within thine arms, Don Carlos ;
 Can it be real ? pray, repeat that kiss !
 I am thine own Euphemia. This is bliss
 Too great for utterance. Oh, ye gods
 Of Hellespont and Greece ! Alas, I faint.

[Faints.]

LOSING A WIFE.

A young widower had the following inscription placed on the tombstone of his wife. Its piety is indisputable, but it is rather an equivocal expression of conjugal affection.

Here lies——
 Who died——
 aged——years.

The Lord gave,
 and the Lord hath taken away.

BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD !

METAMORPHOSIS OF AGE.

An elderly lady went to pay a visit to an old friend of the other sex, who was on the point of death. The daughter of the gentleman refused to allow her to enter his chamber, observing to her that her father no longer saw women. "*Ah, madam,* remarked the lady, *at my age there is no longer any sex.*"

THE COMMISSARY EMBARRASSED.

A duchess was accused of witchcraft. A commissary was appointed to examine her. The frightful ugliness of the magistrate and his assumed gravity, might have alarmed any one else than the lady in question. However she quietly suffered him to fulfil his commission. She acknowledged that she had a great desire to converse with the devil, and that she had even seen his infernal majesty. "How is he armed ?" asked the commissary. "In good faith, sir, if you wish me to describe him to the very nature, must tell you that he resembles you as completely as two drops of water." Then addressing the clerk, he added, "Write down my answer." The commissary, who saw that this proceeding would cause laughter at his expense, thought it prudent to suppress the *procès verbal*.

CHARACTER OF AN UNDERTAKER.

He is the master of the ceremonies at burials and mourning assemblies, grand marshal at funeral processions, the only true yeoman of the body, over which he exercises a dictatorial authority from the moment that the breath has taken leave to that of its final commitment to the earth. His ministry begins where the physician's, the lawyer's, and the divine's, end. Or if some part of the functions of the latter run parallel with his, it is only *in ordine ad spiritualia*. His temporalities remain unquestioned. He is arbitrator of all questions of honour which concern the defunct ; and upon slight inspection will pronounce how long he may remain in this upper world with credit to himself, and when it will be prudent for his reputation that he should retire. His determination in these points is peremptory and without appeal. Yet with a modesty peculiar to his profession, he meddles not out of his own sphere. With the good or bad actions of the deceased in his lifetime he has nothing to do. He leaves the friends of the dead man to form their own conjectures as to the place to which the departed spirit is gone. His care is only about the exuviae. He concerns not himself even about the body, as it is a structure of parts internal, and a wonderful microcosm. He leaves such curious speculations to the anatomy professor. Or, if any thing, he is averse to such wanton inquiries, as delighting rather that the parts which he has care of should be returned to their kindred dust in as handsome and un mutilated a condition as possible ; that the grave should have its full and unimpaired tribute,—a complete and just carcass. Nor is he only careful to provide for the body's entireness, but for its accommodation and ornament. He orders the fashion of its clothes, and designs the symmetry of its dwelling. Its vanity has an innocent survival in him. He is bed-maker to the dead. The pillows which he lays never rumple. The day of interment is the theatre in which he displays the mysteries of his art. It is hard to describe what he is, or rather, to tell what he is not, on that day : for, being neither kinsman, servant, nor friend, he is all in turns ;

a transcendent, running through all those relations. His office is to supply the place of self-agency in the family, who are presumed incapable of it through grief. He is eyes, and ears, and hands, to the whole household. A draught of wine cannot go round to the mourners, but he must minister it. A chair may hardly be restored to its place by a less solemn hand than his. He takes upon himself all functions, and is a sort of ephemeral major-domo! He distributes his attentions among the company assembled according to the degree of affliction, which he calculates from the degree of kin to the deceased; and marshals them accordingly in the procession. He himself is of a sad and tristful countenance; yet such as (if well examined) is not without some show of patience and resignation at bottom: prefiguring, as it were, to the friends of the deceased what their grief shall be when the hand of Time shall have softened and taken down the bitterness of their first anguish; so handsomely can he fore-shape and anticipate the work of time. Lastly, with his wand, as with another divining rod, he calculates the depth of earth at which the bones of the dead man may rest, which he ordinarily contrives may be at such a distance from the surface of this earth, as may frustrate the profane attempts of such as would violate his repose, yet sufficiently on this side the centre to give his friends hopes of an easy and practicable resurrection. And here we leave him, casting in dust to dust, which is the last friendly office that he *undertakes* to do.

INTERPRETATION.

An individual of the court of Louis XIII., was playing at piquet in an open gallery. Having noticed by his return cards that he had unwisely discarded, he exclaimed, "*I am a real Goussat.*" (This was the name of a president who did not enjoy the reputation of being one of the most enlightened men of his age.) It happened, by chance, that the president was standing behind the player, who had not perceived him; and greatly offended upon the occasion, he said to the former, "You are a fool." "*You are perfectly right,*" rejoined the other, "*that was what I meant to say.*"

THE MAIDEN'S BLOODY GARLAND, OR THE HIGH-STREET TRAGEDY.

Tune—"There were three pilgrims.

A mournful ditty I will tell,
Ye knew poor Sarah Holly well
Who at the Golden Leg did dwell.

Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho.

She was in love, as some do say,
Her sweetheart made her go astray,
And at the last did her betray.

Heigh-ho, &c.

The babe within her womb did cry;
Unto her sweetheart she did hie,
And tears like rain fell from her eye.

Heigh-ho, &c.

But oh! the wretch's heart was hard,
He to her cries gave no regard,
"Is this," says she, "my love's reward?"

Heigh-ho, &c.

"Oh! woe is me! I am betray'd,
Oh had I liv'd a spotless maid,
I ne'er with sobs and sighs had said

Heigh-ho, &c.

"But now I'm press'd with grief and woe,
And quiet ne'er again can know,
God grant my soul to heaven may go.

Heigh-ho, &c.

"For I my wretched days must end,
Yet e'en for thee my prayers I'll send,
I die to all the world a friend."

Heigh-ho, &c.

Then to her friends she bid "adieu!"
And gave to each some token true,
With—"Think on me when this you view."

Heigh-ho, &c.

Unto the ostler at the Bear,
She gave a ringlet of her hair,
And said—"Farewell, my dearest dear."

Heigh-ho, &c.

O then to madam Luff she said,
"To-morrow morn come to my bed,
And there you'll find me quite stone-dead."

Heigh-ho, &c.

Too true she spokè, it did appear ;
Next morn they call'd, she could not hear :
Her throat was cut from ear to ear.

Heigh-ho, &c.

No spark of life was in her shown,
No breath they saw, nor heard a groan ;
Her precious soul was from her flown.

Heigh-ho, &c.

She was not as I once have seen
Her trip in Martin-Gardens green,
With apron starch'd and ruffles clean.

Heigh-ho, &c.

With bonnet trimm'd, and flounc'd, and all
Which they a dulcimer do call,
And stockings white as snows that fall.

Heigh-ho, &c.

But dull was that black laughing eye,
And pale those lips of cherry-dye,
And set those teeth of ivory.

Heigh-ho, &c.

Those limbs which well the dance have led,
When Simmons "Butter'd pease" hath play'd,
Were bloody, lifeless, cold, and dead.

Heigh-ho, &c.

The crowner and the jury came
To give their verdict on the same ;
They doom'd her harmless corpse to shame.

Heigh-ho, &c.

At midnight, so the law doth say,
They did her mangled limbs convey
And bury in the king's highway.

Heigh-ho, &c.

No priest in white did there attend,
His kind assistance for to lend,
Her soul to paradise to send.

Heigh-ho, &c.

No shroud her ghastly face did hide,
No winding sheet was round her ty'd ;
Like dogs, she to her grave was hied.

Heigh-ho, &c.

And then, your pity let it move,
Oh pity her who died for love !
A stake they through her body drove.

Heigh-ho, &c.

It would have melted stones to see
Such savageness and cruelty
Us'd to a maid of twenty-three,

Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens an example take,
For Sarah Holly's wretched sake,
O never Virtue's ways forsake.

Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens all of Oxford town,
O never yield your chaste renown
To velvet cap or tufted gown.

Heigh-ho, &c.

And when that they do love pretend,
No ear unto their fables lend,
But think on Sally's dismal end.

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, &c.

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

A magistrate, who, either from natural timidity or a defective memory, had never been able to pronounce a discourse without frequent pauses, one day interrupted an advocate who was pleading before him. The counsellor was piqued, and sarcastically exclaimed, "You interrupt me, my lord, although you well know the trouble there is in speaking publicly."

BEATITUDE APPLIED.

Frederick the Great having embellished a Lutheran church with a new façade, the priests who performed service in it represented to the king, that their flocks could not see clearly enough to read their canticles. But as the building was too far advanced to provide a remedy for the defect, his majesty recalled to their memory these words of the gospel, "Blessed are those who believe and see not."

VENETIANS AT VERSAILLES.

The republic of Genoa, having dared to defy Louis XIV., was obliged to send into France, in order to make their excuses, the doge, accompanied by four senators, a thing without precedent. Versailles, in all its splendour, was shown to the doge, who was asked what had the most struck him in this enchanted spot, "*To see myself there,*" was the brief rejoinder.

A PAINTER'S ABSTRACTION.

Sir James Thornhill painted the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's. After having finished one of the compartments, he began to step back gradually on the scaffold, whereon he was working, to see how it would look at a distance. He receded so far, still keeping his eye steadfastly fixed on the painting, that he had got almost to the very edge of the scaffolding without perceiving it; had he continued to retreat, one half minute more would have completed his destruction—for he must have fallen to the pavement underneath. One of his assistants, who saw the danger of the great artist, instantly sprung forward; and having a paint-brush in his hand, dipped it in a pot of black paint which stood at hand, and daubing the painting in an instant, spoiled it entirely. Sir James Thornhill, in a transport of rage, ran forward to save the remainder of his painting; he was in a great passion at the poor fellow, and was going to knock him down. "Hold, sir," cried he, "look round, see the danger you were in; you were at the extreme edge of the scaffolding; had I called to you, you would certainly have looked round, and the very look of your danger would have made you fall indeed."—So that there was no other method to save the artist, but by destroying his painting.

TIME AT ROYAL DISCRETION.

The great have always been flattered, but never was adulation carried further than on the part of a lady of honour to queen Anne. The queen having asked her what the time was, "Whatever time it may please your majesty," was the reply.

HIMSELF A HOST.

An English bishop was making a tour to visit his diocese. The weather being extremely sultry, my lord descended from his carriage to enjoy the cool air in a wood by the side of the road. A curate, sorrowfully mounted, passed by him; the bishop asked him where he was going. "To Farnham," answered the poor curate. "In that case, sir," replied the other in a tone as if he would be condescending, "I beg you to call at the first inn, and order

a good dinner to be provided for me." "Will your grace dine alone?" said the curate, who probably expected an invitation. "Certainly, sir." The poor curate was a man of wit and fond of a joke: he felt his delicacy wounded by the nature of the commission with which he was intrusted, and to revenge himself, he desired the innkeeper to prepare a dinner of three courses, and an elegant desert for twelve distinguished members of the clergy, with the bishop at their head.

The prelate on his arrival was not a little astonished by so many preparations; but what was his surprise when he saw the bill of fare that had been ordered. He rang the bell and ordered up the host, whom he addressed in a great rage. "How in the name of heaven could you suppose that one person can have need of such an abundance of provisions?" "My lord, your messenger announced twelve persons to me at the least: the bishop of G—."—"That is myself."—"The dean of Salisbury."—"I am the dean."—"The prebendary of Winchester."—"I am he also."—"The vicar of—."—"It is I."—"The head of the college of—."—"Still that is myself."—"The—."—"Stop, stop. I know all the rest of the guests. You may go."

ODE ON THE BREAKING OF A CHINA QUART MUG BELONGING TO THE BUTTERY OF LINCOLN COLLEGE.

Whene'er the cruel hand of death
Untimely stops a favourite's breath,
Muses in plaintive numbers tell
How loved he lived—how mourned he fell.
Catullus wailed a sparrow's fate,
And Gray immortalized a cat—
Thrice tuneful bards! could I but chime so clever.
My *Quart*, my *honest quart*, should live for ever.
How weak alas is mortal power
To avert the death-devoted hour!
Nor shape nor airy beauty save
From the sure conquest of the grave.
In vain the butler's choicest care—
The master's wish—the bursar's prayer—

When life is lengthen'd to its utmost span,
China itself must fall as well as man.

Can I forget how oft my quart
Hath sooth'd my cares and warm'd my heart ?
When barley lent its balmy aid,
And all its liquid charms display'd !
When orange and the nut-brown toast
Swam mantling round the *spicy* coast !
The pleasing gulf I view'd with sparkling eyes,
Nor envied Jove his nectar of the skies.
The sideboard on that doleful day,
When you in glittering ruins lay.
Mourned at the loss—in gurgling tone
Decanters poured the melting moan !
A dimness hung on every glass !
We wondered what the matter was—
Works self-contracted freed the frantic beer
And sympathizing tankards dropt a tear !
There are the *flowery wreaths* that bound
A *rosy* rings thy *chaplets* round ;
The *azure stars* whose glittering rays
Promised a happier length of days !
The trees that on thy border grew,
Had blossomed with eternal blue !
Trees, stars, and dragons, spread the well-waxed floor !
And all thy brittle beauties are no more.
Hadst thou been framed of coarser earth,
Had Nottingham but given thee birth,
Or had thy variegated side
Of Stafford's sable hue been dyed,
The stately fabric had been sound,
Through tables tumbled on the ground !
The finest mould the soonest must decay ;
Fear this, ye fair, for you yourselves are clay !

GLOVES AND SPECTACLES.

Before a tribunal in France, a dyer was requested to hold up his hand, in order to take an oath, the usual mode in that country. The hand was quite black, and the judge said to him, "Take off your glove." "And you, sir," replied the dyer, "be good enough to put on your spectacles."

LETTER OF ALLITERATION.

Sir,

Perceiving your desire to know how I *past* my time in *Pembrokeshire*, I here present you with an account of my *proceedings* in a *progress* I lately made to a gentleman's house purely to *procure* a *plan* of it.

I proceeded in a *party* of *pleasure* with Mr. Pratt of *Pickton Castle*, Mr. Powell of *Penally*, and Mr. Pugh of *Purley*, to go and dine with Mr. Pritchard of *Postmain* ; which was readily agreed to, and soon put in *practice*. However, I thought it a *proper* *precaution* to *post* away a *person* *privately* to Mr. Pritchard's, that he might *provide* for us ; and we proceeded after him. The town where Mr. Pritchard lives is a *poor*, *pitiful*, *paltry* place, though his house is in the *prettiest* part of it, and is a *prince's* *palace* to the rest. His *parlour* is of a *lofty* *pitch*, and full of *pictures* of the *prime* *pencils* ; he has a *pompous* *portico*, or *pavilion*, *prettily* *paved*, leading to the *parterre* ; from hence you have a *prodigious* *prospect*, particularly pointing towards *Percilly Hill*, where he *propagates* a *parcel* of *Portuguese* and *Polish* *poultry*. The name of his house is *Prawsenden*, which puzzled me most *plaguily* to *pronounce* properly. He received us very *politely*, and presented us with a *plentiful* dinner. At the upper end of the table was a *pike*, with *fried* *perch* and *plaice* ; at the lower end *pickled* *pork*, *pease*, and *parsnips* ; in the middle a *pigeon-pie*, with *puff-paste* ; on the one side a *potato-pudding* ; and on the other side *pigs'* *petticoes*. The second course was a dish of *pheasants*, with *poults* and *plover*, and a *plate* of *preserved* *pine* and *pippins* ; another with *pickled* *pod* *pepper* ; another with *prawns* ; another with *pargamon* for a *provocative* ; with a *pyramid* of *pears*, *peaches*, *plums*, *pippins*, *philbeards*, and *pistachios*. After dinner there was a *profusion* of *port* and *punch*, which proved too *powerful* for *poor* Mr. Peter the *parson* of the *parish*, for it pleased his *palate*, and he poured it down by *pints*, which made him *prate* in a *pedantic* *pragmatical* manner. This displeased Mr. Price the *parliament-man*, a *profound* *politician* ; but he persisted, and made it a *prolix* *preamble*, which

proved his principles prejudiced and partial against the present people in power. Mr. Price, who is a potent party-man, called him a popish parson, and said he prayed privately in his heart for the Pretender; and that he was a presumptuous priest, for preaching such stuff publicly. The parson puffed his pipe passively for some time, because Mr. Price was his patron; but at length, losing all patience, he plucked off Mr. Price's periwig, and was preparing to push it with the point of the poker into the fire; upon which Mr. Price, perceiving a pewter piss-pot in the passage, presented the parson with the contents in his phiz, and gave him a pat on the pate, the percussion of which prestrated him plump on the pavement and raised a protuberance on his pericranium. This put a period to our proceedings, and patched up a peace; for the parson was in a piteous plight, and had prudence enough to be prevailed upon to cry, "*Peccavi!*" with a "*Parce, precor!*" and in a plaintive posture to petition for pardon. Mr. Price, who was proud of his performance, pulled him out of the puddle, and protested he was sorry for what had passed in his passion, which was partly owing to the provocation given him from some of his preposterous propositions, which he prayed him never to presume to advance again in his presence. Mr. Pugh, who practises physic, prescribed phlebotomy and a poultice to the parson, but he preferred wetted brown paper to any plaster, and then placed himself in a proper position, that the power of the fire might penetrate his posteriors, and dry his purple plush breeches. This pother was succeeded by politics, as Mr. Pulteney, the patriot's patent for the peerage, the kings of Poland, Prussia, Prague, and the Palatine, pandours and partisans, Portsmouth parades, and the presumption of the privateers who pick up prizes almost in our very ports, and places and pensions, pains and penalties. Next came on plays and poetry, the picture of Mr. Pope perched on a prostitute, and the price of the pit, pantomimes, prudes, and the pox, and the primate of Ireland, and printers, and preferments, pickpockets and pointers; and the pranks of that prig the poet-laureate's progeny, though his papa is the perfect pattern of paternal piety. To be brief, I pro-

phesy you think I am prolix. We parted at last, but had great difficulty in procuring a passage from Mr. Pritchard, for he had placed a padlock on the stable-door on purpose to prevent us, and pretended his servant was gone out with the key; but, finding us peremptory, the key was produced, and we permitted to go. We pricked our palfreys a good pace, although it was as dark as pitch, which put me in pain, because I was purblind, lest we should ride plump against the posts which are prefixed to keep horse passengers, from going the path that is pitched with pebbles.

Mr. Price, who was our pilot, had a very providential escape, for his pad fell a prancing, and would not pass one step farther; which provoked him much, for he piques himself on his horsemanship. I proposed to him to dismount, which he did; and, peeping and peering about, found he was on the point of a perpendicular precipice, from which he might probably have fallen, had not his horse plunged in that particular manner. This put us all into a palpitation, and we plodded on the rest of the progression, *pian piano*, as the Italians say, or *pass à pass*, as the French phrase has it. I shall postpone several other particulars, till I have the pleasure of passing a day with you at Putney, which shall be as soon as possible. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

Philo Pips.

To Mr. Peter Petteward, at Putney,
(Penny-post paid.)

GOUTY HANDS.

An individual, whose hands were quite disfigured with the gout, was one day playing with another and gained 1000 crowns from him. "I could console myself," said the loser in a great rage, "if my money had not been picked up by the ugliest hand I ever saw." "That is false," said the winner, "I know one in the company still more ugly." "Egad," replied the former, "I will bet thirty pistoles that you are wrong." The other, after having accepted the wager, took off the glove which covered his left hand, and his adversary was obliged to confess that he had lost.

PREADAMITES.

Shortly after the publication of the book entitled *The Preadamites*, by Isaac de la Peyre, of Bordeaux, father Adam, a jesuit, preached a sermon at Paris, in which he compared the Parisians to the Jews who had crucified our Saviour; the queen was compared to the Virgin, and cardinal Mazarine to St John the Evangelist.

The queen spoke of this discourse to the prince of Guéméré, and asked him what he thought of it. "Madam, I am a Preadamite," replied the prince to her majesty, "and I do not think father Adam the first of men."

UPSTARTS.

An officer, the son of a courier, thinking that he was not known, passed himself off for a man of quality. Some one, with the design of taking down his ridiculous pride, said to him: "I have heard your father spoken of: he was a *man of letters*, whose progress was always rapid." A wit likewise humorously satirized the conceited son of an inn-keeper, by observing to him, "That his father was a very obliging man, that he always gave people an hospitable reception, and that his house was open to every body."

SINGULAR MISTAKE.

A courtier was playing at piquet, and was greatly annoyed by a short-sighted man with a long nose. To get rid of it he took his pocket-handkerchief and wiped his troublesome neighbour's nose. "Ah, sir," said he immediately, "I really beg your pardon, I took it for my own."

CAPTAIN GODOLPHIN.

Captain Godolphin was a very odd and stingy man, who skipper was, as I'm assured, of a schooner-rigg'd West Indiaman; The wind was fair, he went on board, and when he sail'd from Dover, Says he, "This trip is but a joke, for now I'm half seas over!" The captain's wife, she sail'd with him, this circumstance I heard of her, Her brimstone breath, 'twas almost death to come within a yard of her;

With fiery nose, as red as rose, to tell no lies I'll stoop,

She looked just like an admiral with a lantern at his poop.

Her spirits sunk from eating junk, and as she was an epicure,

She swore a dish of dolphin fish would of her make a happy cure.

The captain's line, so strong and fine, had hooked a fish one day,

When his anxious wife *Godolphin* cried, and the dolphin swam away.

The wind was foul, the weather hot, between the tropics long she stewed,

The latitude was 5 or 6, 'bout 50 was the longitude, When *Jack* the cook once spoilt the *sauce*, she thought it mighty odd,

But her husband bawl'd on deck, why, here's the Saucy Jack,* by G—.

The captain sought his charming wife, and whispered to her private ear,

"My love, this night we'll have to fight a thumping Yankee privateer."

On this he took a glass of rum, by which he showed his sense;

Resolved that he would make at least a *sprited* defence.

The captain of the Saucy Jack, he was a dark and dingy man;

Says he, "My ship must take, this trip, this schooner-rigg'd West Indiaman.

Each at his gun, we'll show them fun, the decks are all in order:

But mind that every *lodger* here, must likewise be a boarder."

No, never was there warmer work, at least I rather think not,

With cannon, cutlass, grappling iron blunderbuss, and stink-pot.

The Yankee captain, boarding her, cried, either strike or drown;

Godolphin answered, "then I strike," and quickly knocked him down.

* A celebrated American privateer.

PARSON HYBERDINE'S SERMON PREACHED BY HIM BEFORE AND AT THE COMMAND OF A GANG OF THIEVES, AFTER THEY HAD ROBBED HIM.

From the original MS. in the Cottonian Library.

I greatly marvel that any man presume to dispraise thievery, and to think the doers thereof to be worthy of death, considering it is a thing that cometh near unto virtue, being used by many in all countries, and commended and allowed of by God himself; the which thing because I cannot compendiously show unto you at so short a warning, and in so sharp weather, I shall desire you, gentle audience of thieves, to take in good part those things that at this time come into my mind, not misdoubting, but that you, of your good knowledge, are able to add much more unto it than this which I shall now utter unto you.

First, Fortitude and stoutness of courage, and also boldness of mind, is commended of some men to be a virtue; which being granted, who is it then will not judge thieves to be virtuous? for they be of all men most stout and hardy, and most without fear. For thievery is a thing most usual amongst all men; for not only you be here present, but many others in divers places, both men, women and children, rich and poor, are daily of this faculty, as the hangman at Tyburn can testify, and that it is allowed of by God himself, as it is evident in many stories in scripture, for if you look into the whole course of the Bible, you shall find that thieves have been beloved of God; for Jacob when he came out of Mesopotamia did steal his uncle Laban's kids, the same Jacob also stole his brother Esau's blessing. And yet God said, "*I have chosen Jacob and refused Esau!*" The children of Israel, when they came out of Egypt, did steal the Egyptians' jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, as God commanded them so to do. David, in the days of Abiathar the high-priest, came into the temple, and stole the hallowed bread, and yet God said, "*David is a man after mine own heart.*" Christ himself when he was here on earth, did take an ass and a colt that was none of his own, and you know that God said of him, "*This is my beloved, in whom I delight.*" Thus you may see that God delighteth in thieves. But most of all I marvel that men can des-

pise you thieves, whereas in all points almost you be like unto Christ himself; for Christ had no dwelling-place, no more have you; Christ went from town to town, and so do you; Christ was hated of all men, saving of his friends, and so are you; Christ was laid wait upon in many places, and so are you; Christ at length was caught, and so will you be; he was brought before the judges, and so shall you be; he was accused, and so shall you be; he was hanged, and so shall you be; he went down into hell, and so shall you do, marry! In this one thing you differ from him; for he rose again, and went into heaven, and so shall you never do, without God's great mercy.

This ended his sermon. They gave him his money again that they took from him, and two shillings to drink, for his discourse.

PATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

A young man, to whom Corneille was to give his daughter in marriage, being unable, from the state of his affairs, to carry the match into effect, came one morning to her father's house to inform him of it. He penetrated as far as the poet's study, for the purpose of explaining fully the motives of his conduct. "Well, sir," replied Corneille, "could you not have communicated all this to my wife without interrupting me? Ascend into her chamber, for I understand nothing about such affairs."

VINDICATION OF INNOCENCE.

A young marquis in indifferent circumstances, married a very rich old countess of whose wealth he got entire possession, and he therefore did not hesitate to laugh at her expense among his friends. She too late discovered her fault; but she was less mortified by the contempt of her husband, than tormented by the fear that he might wish to get rid of her; and finding herself ill one day, she exclaimed that she was poisoned. "Poisoned!" said the marquis, in the presence of several individuals, "how can that possibly be? Whom do you accuse of the crime?" "You," replied the old woman. "Gentlemen," said the marquis, "it is perfectly false. You are quite welcome to open her at once, and you will then discover the calumny."

THE PHYSICIAN PAR EXCELLENCE.

A physician boasted of the eminence of his profession, and spoke loudly against the injustice of the world, which was so satirical against it; "but thank God," said he, "I have escaped, for no one ever complained of me." "That is more than you can tell, doctor," said a lady present, "unless you know the subjects of conversation in the next world."

THE RETORT UNCOURTEOUS.

A lady, well known in the vicinity of the Place Vendôme, at Paris, always accosts a stranger, with "I think I have seen you some where," which often leads to a clue for her finding out the history of the party. One evening she played off the same game on a gentleman, who replied, "Most likely, madam, for sometimes go there."

SAINT AND NO SAINT.

During a certain period of the French revolution, the word *Saint* and the particle *de* were abolished, which was ridiculed in a vaudeville,

On danse à Ouen, on danse à Nis,
On danse à Cloud près Paris.

One day a person was walking in the streets, and not being familiar with the new changes, he asked a man he met which was the way to the street of Saint Eustache.—"Know, aristocrat, there are no saints now," was the surly reply, and the party went his way. The next he met was a very decently dressed old woman, and being resolved to conform himself to the new régime, he asked her to tell him which was the street of Eustache. "Eustache, indeed, sans doute! know, St. Eustache was a saint before thou art born, and will be one after thou art dead."

AN AGITATOR.

M. Monchenut, an old man of eighty, afflicted with palsy, was arrested during the reign of terror, under suspicion of being an agitator. Being asked what he had to say to the accusation, "Alas, gentlemen, it is very true, I am agitated enough, God knows, for I have not been able to keep a limb still these fifteen years."

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

During the revolution, a young man was travelling in the diligence to Lyons with "*a brother and a friend*," when they had got about half way the latter's purse became empty; "*Brother*," said he to the young man, "pay for me, and I will return it to you at Lyons." "I cannot."—"Why, are we not brothers?" "Oh certainly, but *our purses are not sisters*."

DESPOTIC GOVERNMENT.

When the inhabitants of Louisiana want fruit they cut down the tree to come at it. "This," says Montesquieu, "is the image of a despotic government."

PERFECT RESEMBLANCE.

Two brothers, of the same name, who lodged together, bore a striking resemblance to each other. A man desired to speak to one of them. "*Which do you wish to see?*" said the porter. "He who is a counsellor." "*They are both counsellors.*" "He who is married." "*They are both married.*" "He who squints a little." "*They both squint.*" "He who has a pretty wife." "*They have each a pretty wife.*" "Hang it then, it is the one who is a cuckold." "*I faith, sir, I believe they are both cuckolds.*" "Zounds," said the man, "they are indeed brothers who are destined to resemble each other in every thing."

DUMB ELOQUENCE.

In order to take revenge on a lady who was a dreadful chatterer, yet at the same time a woman of sense, her friends one day introduced to her a man whom they represented as being very learned. She received him with much distinction; but eager to excite his admiration of her powers, she commenced her usual strain of loquacity, and addressed to him a hundred questions, without perceiving that he never replied. When the visit was ended, "*Are you satisfied*," said they, "*with your new guest?*" "*How charming he is!*" she rejoined: "*how replete with talent!*" At this exclamation, they all burst out into laughter; for the man of talent was dumb.

THE TWO MIRABEAUS.

The two Mirabeaus were frequently mistaken for one another; the elder, the count, was the celebrated orator, courageous in speech, but a very coward in action; the viscount was brave, but a drunkard. Being wounded in a duel, the count went to pay him a visit. "Well, brother," said the viscount, "this is really kind and generous in you to visit me now, for you will never give me an opportunity of visiting you on a similar occasion."

The count one day reproached his brother with his habits of intoxication. "Why, brother," replied the viscount, "why do you envy me this vice, being the only one you have left me? and as I abandon all the rest of the catalogue to you, pray let me enjoy this solitary one in peace."

THE CONFESSION.

A lady at confession, amongst other heinous crimes, accused herself of using rouge. "What is the use of it?" asked the confessor. "I do it to make myself handsomer."—"And does it produce that effect?" "At least I think so, father."—The confessor on this took his penitent out of the confessional, and having looked at her attentively in the light, said, "Well madam you may use rouge, for you are ugly enough even with it."

A BALL CONVERSATION.

During the French revolution, parties danced as gaily as ever; the following is a ball conversation, which took place in the month of Frimaire, year 7. Well, the Ottoman Porte has declared war against us! Oh yes, there is no doubt of it. (*En avant deux*) It is an enemy the more—(*chasses*) and the Russian fleet they say has passed the Dardanelles, (*en avant quatre*) yet the papers say that the emperor sincerely desires peace.—Yes, but count Metternich wishes for war, (*balances*) so we have also a new coalition against us. England, Portugal, Naples, Turkey, the Emperor, Russia, perhaps the empire of Prussia, (*Faites face et chassez tous les huit*)—well we have bayonettes, (*la poussette*) besides it is not so far from Dover to Calais. (*traversez*)—

Do you belong to the conscription?—Yes, and I too: (*pirouettes*) what makes me uneasy is to know what will become of our partners when we are gone: (*La chaîne des dames*)—what will be left to amuse them (*La queue du chat*.) It was thus that days of terror were preceded by evenings of amusement and pleasure.

THE TITLE OF ESQUIRE.

A German nobleman asked the late lord Barrington what was the English title of esquire. "I cannot well define it, because in Germany you have nothing correspondent to it; but it is considerably higher than a German baron, and something lower than a German prince."

WITCHCRAFT.

"There goes a loose jade, if ever there was one," said an old woman to a girl, whose reputation was not above suspicion. The girl heard her, and called her an old witch. "You see she admits I was right," returned the old woman.

COMFORT IN SICKNESS.

Boileau, the poet, sent his servant to his friend Bois Robert, who was ill of the gout, to know how he was, and was told he was much worse. "He swears roundly then," said Boileau. "Yes, alas! the poor gentleman has only that consolation left."

SEVERE RETORT.

M. Danes, envoy of France to the council of Trent, made a powerful speech against the court of Rome, and for the reformation of the church. As soon as he had finished, an Italian prelate said, with contempt, "*Gallus cantat*." M. Danes instantly replied, "*Utinam ad galli cantum Petrus resipisceret*."

AUGUSTUS.

Some ambassadors of Tarragona informed Augustus that a palm-tree had sprung up on the altar which they had erected in honour of him. *It is a proof,* replied the prince, *of your assiduity in performing sacrifices there!*

VENDEBLE JUSTICE.

An attorney, who had just purchased the charge of seneschal for his son, advised him always to work usefully, and to make those who had need of his services contribute liberally. "What, father," cried the astonished son, "would you wish me to sell justice?" "Doubtless," replied the father, "a thing so rare ought not to be given gratis."

WANT OF PENETRATION.

A good-natured husband said to his wife, "I believe there is only one in all the city who is not a cuckold." "Who is that, pray?" inquired the wife. "Why," replied the husband, "you are very well acquainted with him." "It is in vain for me to search for him, for I do not know him," was her rejoinder.

NAMESAKES.

The head of John the Baptist, which is at Amiens, was shown to the Abbé de Marolles. In kissing it he exclaimed, "God be praised! this is the fifth or sixth that I have had the honour of kissing."

INTUITIVE AFFECTION.

"There are three things," said a wit, "which I have always loved without ever understanding them, painting, music, and woman."

SUPERFLUOUS ATTAINMENTS.

An individual was speaking to a person of distinguished ability of a man whom he wished to introduce to the latter, and to set off his qualifications, observed that the party knew *Montaigne* by heart. The other contented himself by replying, "*I have the book.*"

MUTUAL GOOD WISHES.

A priest remarking, near an army, a troop of volunteers who were going in search of booty, accosted their chief in these words, "*God give you peace!*" At the commander, who was not very well pleased with the wish, immediately retorted, "*God take my purgatory from you.*"

LEX TALIONIS.

A bishop travelling in his coach, met a capuchin who was riding on horseback. He asked the monk, with a sarcastic smile, "How long has St. Francis been in the habit of travelling on horseback?" "Since St. Peter has been accustomed to ride in a coach," was the reply.

DISCRIMINATION IN PLEASURE.

A lady who was constrained by her husband to remain a long time with him in the country, was eaten up by ennui. Those who were about her remarking it, observed to her, "Good God, madam, you are dying for want of amusement. There are dogs and fine forests here; will you not hunt?"—"No," said she, "I do not like hunting." "Would you not wish to have some work?"—"I don't like work." "Will you indulge in a promenade, or amuse yourself by some game of chance?"—"No, I am not fond of either the one or the other." "You must have a taste of some kind. Perhaps a *penchant* for some favourite estranges you from amusements?"—"What would you have me say? I am not fond of *innocent* pleasures."

CONVENIENT ABSENCE.

An individual often visited a landscape painter, who had a very beautiful wife, but he always met with the husband. "Zounds," said he, one day to him, "for a painter of landscapes, you are very seldom in the country."

GROUNDS OF RECOGNITION.

A man went to a restaurateur's (or chop-house) in France to dine. He perceived another man in the room and hurried away to tell the master. "If you do not, sir, order that man, who is dining alone at the table in the corner, out of your house, a respectable individual will not be able to sit down in it."—"How is that, sir?"—"Because that is the executioner of R——." The host, after some hesitation, at length went and spoke to the stranger, who calmly answered him: "By whom have I been recognised?"—"By that gentleman," said the landlord, pointing out the former. "Indeed, he ought to know me, for it is not two years since I whipped and branded him."

CLERICAL LINGUIST

A curé of a large city in France was obliged, upon a certain festival day, to reply to a Latin discourse, but as he did not understand that language, he managed to get out of the scrape by observing, "The apostles, sir, spoke many languages; you have just addressed me in Latin, and I am going to answer you in French."

THE INVISIBLE HAIR.

A monk was showing the relics of his convent before a numerous assembly; the most rare, in his opinion, was a hair of the Holy Virgin, which he appeared to show to the people present, opening his hands as if he were drawing it through them. A peasant approached with great curiosity, and exclaimed, "but, reverend father, I see nothing." "Egad, I believe it," replied the monk, "for I have shown the hair for twenty years, and have not yet beheld it myself."

PEREMPTORY CONCLUSION.

An advocate, whose pleading appeared too diffuse for the cause he was defending, had received an order from the first president to abridge it; but the former, without omitting a word of his intended address, replied, in a firm tone, that all he uttered was essential. The president, hoping at length to make him silent, said to him, "The court orders you to *conclude*." "Well," replied the advocate, "then I *conclude* that the court shall hear me."

ADVANTAGES OF LOQUACITY.

A very pretty woman, who was tediously loquacious, complained one day to Madame de Sevigné, that she was sadly tormented by her lovers. "Oh, madam," said Madame de Sevigné to her, with a smile, "it is very easy to get rid of them, you have only to speak."

"SPRETE INJURIA FORMÆ."

It was mentioned one day to the duke de Roquelaure, two ladies of the court had quarrelled, and loaded each other with abuse. "Have they called each other ugly?" said the duke. "No, sir." "Very good! then I will undertake to reconcile them,"

ARDUOUS BAPTISM.

An infant was brought for baptism into a country church. The clergyman, who had just been drinking with his friends a more than usual quantum of the genial juice, could not find the place of the baptism in his ritual, and exclaimed, as he was turning over the leaves of the book, "How difficult this child is to baptize!"

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.
Thy are right: for man, to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to women; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond!
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.
Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,
Some mind their household, others dissipation
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
Theirs being an unnatural situation,
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

NUMBER SEVEN

Dean Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, falls in love with this number. "It were much to be wished, (says he,) and I do hereby humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in Christendom will take 7 of the deepest scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for 7 years, in 7 chambers, with a command to write 7 ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. This number 7 is com-

posed of the first two perfect numbers, equal and unequal, 3 and 4; for the number 2, consisting of repeated unity, which is no number, is not perfect: it comprehends the primary numerical triangle or trine, and square or quartile, conjunction, considered by the favourers of planetary influence as of the most benign aspect. In six days creation was completed, and the 7th was consecrated to rest. On the 7th day of the 7th month, a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted 7 days, and remained 7 days in tents; the 7th year was directed to be a sabbath of rest for all things; and at the end of 7 times 7 years commenced the grand jubilee. Every 7th year the land lay fallow; every 7th year there was a general release from all debts, and all bondmen were set free. From this law may have originated the custom of our binding young men to 7 years' apprenticeship, and punishing intractable offenders by transportation for 7, twice 7, and three times 7, years. Every 7 years the law was to be read to the people. Jacob served 7 years for the possession of Rachael; and also other 7. Noah had 7 days' warning of the flood, and was commanded to take the fowls of the air in by 7, and the lean beasts by 7. The ark touched ground on the 7th month; and in 7 days the dove was sent out, and again in 7 days after. The 7 years of plenty, and 7 years of famine, were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by the 7 fat and 7 lean beasts, and the 7 full and the 7 blasted ears of corn. Nebuchadnezzar was 7 years a beast; and the fiery furnace was 7 times hotter to receive Shadrach, &c. A man defiled was, by the Mosaic law, unclean 7 days; the dung of both animals was to remain with the dam 7 days, and at the end of the 7th was to be taken away. By the old law, man was commanded to forgive his offending brother 7 times; but the meekness of the revealed law extended his humility to 70 times 7: if Cain shall be avenged 7 times, truly Methuselah 70 times 7. In the destruction of Jericho, the priests bare 7 trumpets 7 days; on the 7th they surrounded the walls 7 times; after the 7th, the walls fell. Balaam prepared 7 rams for a sacrifice; and

7 of Saul's sons were hanged to stay a famine. Laban pursued Jacob 7 days' journey. Job's friends sat 7 days and 7 nights, and offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams as an atonement for their wickedness. In the 7th year of his reign, King Ahasuerus feasted 7 days, and on the 7th deputed his 7 chamberlains to find a queen, who was allowed 7 maidens to attend her. Miriam was cleansed of her leprosy by being shut up 7 days. Solomon was 7 years in building the temple, at the dedication of which he feasted 7 days; in the temple were 7 lamps; 7 days were appointed for an atonement upon the altar, and the priest's son was ordained to wear his father's garments 7 days. The children of Israel eat unleavened bread 7 days. Abraham gave 7 ewe-lambs to Abimelech, as a memorial for a well. Joseph mourned 7 days for Jacob. Naaman was cleansed of his leprosy by bathing 7 times in Jordan. The Rabbins say that God employed the power of this number to perfect the greatness of Samuel, his name answering the value of the letters in the Hebrew word, which signifies 7: whence Hannah his mother, in her thanksgiving, says the barren hath brought forth 7. In scripture are enumerated 7 resurrections: the widow's son, by Elias; the Shunamite's son, by Elisha; the soldier who touched the bones of the prophet; the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue; the widow's son of Nain; Lazarus; and our Lord. The Apostles chose 7 deacons. Enoch, who was translated, was the 7th from Adam; and Jesus Christ was the 77th in a direct line. Our Lord spoke 7 times on the cross, on which he was 7 hours; he appeared 7 times; and after 7 times 7 days sent the Holy Ghost. In the Lord's Prayer are 7 petitions, contained in 7 times 7 words, omitting those of mere grammatical connection: within this number are concealed all the mysteries of apocalypse revealed to the 7 churches of Asia. There appeared 7 golden candlesticks and 7 stars in the hand of him that was in the midst; 7 lambs before the 7 spirits of God; the book with 7 seals; the lamb with 7 horns and 7 eyes; 7 angels with 7 trumpets; 7 kings; 7 thunders; 7,000 men slain. The dragon

with 7 heads and 7 crowns; and the beast with 7 heads; 7 angels bearing 7 plagues, and 7 vials of wrath. The vision of Daniel was of 70 weeks; and the elders of Israel were 70. There are also 7 heavens, 7 planets, (query?) 7 stars, 7 wise men, 7 champions of Christendom, 7 notes in music, 7 primary colours, 7 deadly sins, and 7 sacraments in the catholic church. The 7th son was considered as endowed with preeminent wisdom; and the 7th son of a 7th son, is still thought to possess the power of healing diseases spontaneously. Perfection is likened to gold 7 times purified in the fire; and we yet say you frightened me out of my 7 senses. The opposite sides of the dice make 7, whence the players at hazard make 7 the main. Hippocrates says, that the septenary number, by its occult virtues, tends to the accomplishment of all things, to be the dispenser of life, and fountain of all its changes: and, like Shakspeare, he divides the life of man into 7 ages; for as the moon changes her phases every 7 days, this number influences all sublunary beings. The teeth spring out on the 7th month, and are shed and renewed in the 7th year, when infancy is changed into childhood; at twice 7 years puberty begins; at three times 7 the faculties are developed, and manhood commences, and we are become legally competent to all civil acts; at four times seven man is in full possession of his strength; at five times 7 he is fit for the business of the world; at six times 7 he becomes grave and wise, or never; at 7 times 7 he is in his apogee, and from that time decays; at eight times 7 he is in his first climacteric; at nine times 7, or 63, he is in his last or grand climacteric, or year of danger; and ten times 7, or three score years and ten, has, by the royal prophet, been pronounced the natural period of human life.

RUBRO, OR THE DRUNKEN CAPTAIN.

As the Caroline frigate was just setting sail,
Before a fine breeze, from the port of Kinsale,
As bold as a beggar, as drunk as a lord,
Old Rubro, the captain, came staggr'ing on board,
Derry down, down, hey derry, &c.

He raged like a bear, fore and aft, through the ship,
Till over the cable his hap was to trip,
And his *ballast* being much over-light for his sail,
Right over the bow in the ocean he fell,

Derry down, &c.

Now Rubro had got, as you may well suppose,
By drinking of brandy a very fine nose—
A nose such as rarely is seen between eyes,
A nose that resembled a trumpet in size.

Derry down, &c.

This nose being red, it so shone in the dark,
That it quickly attracted the eyes of a shark;
And the shark, being pretty well up to his trade,
To make sure of the nose, he bit off the whole head.

Derry down, &c.

Just then father Neptune emerged from the sea,
And, eyeing the body, thus gravely said he:
"Ah, Rubro! you've met with the punishment due,
For you drank all the grog and gave none to the crew.

Derry down, &c.

"May your fate be a warning to low and to high,
Ne'er to guzzle too much when a neighbour is dry!
May it teach them how leaky is life's fickle bark;
How slippery the decks, and that Death is a shark!

Derry down, &c.

CODE FOR THE BETTER REGULATION OF DUZZ

As the fashion for duelling increases, we see beautiful duelling pistols ticketed up in the pawnbroker's windows, and there is a work published in Ireland called "General Instructions for all Seconds in Duels, by a late Captain in the Army." Baron Homp—h who was extremely fond of duelling, (having a superabundance of honour to satisfy,) deliberately stripped himself to the skin, lest the wadding should enter, and, putting on his spectacles, generally brought his man down. By practising at an egg, or snuffing out a candle at twelve paces, or any of these more ingenious methods of repairing honour by the *certainly* of making a gash in your adversary's body, you may trace up all the probable and possible causes how soon a person of honour may be affronted.

so as to get his name up; for it appears that there is some *éclat* to be obtained in it in this age.

There has been a benevolent practice, occasionally resorted to by considerate and confederated seconds, of substituting cork-bullets, exactly painted like lead, instead of the more deadly metal. Again, the friendly interference of a pair of Bow-street officers, in the exact nick of time, has warded off, most probably, a pair of odious bullets. The parties become cool, the seconds interfere, and the magistrates hand the welcome bond to the furious combatants to keep the peace. If neither cork-bullets nor paper-pellets can be obtained, nor the presence of peace officers, then an apology may come hobbling up to close the scene, which, by a masterly casuistry in the wording, leaves the original honour of both parties in *statu quo*. It would be unfair to deprive officers of the army, who must, it appears, wash out affronts given them in their adversary's blood, of so great a luxury: still we might venture to propose, that the chancellor of the exchequer, for the time being, should be empowered to expressly permit, nay, to encourage, meetings at Chalk Farm, by allowing duellists to fight, upon a stamped certificate being duly had and obtained, with a stamp of 500*l.* affixed thereupon, or a small sum of 250*l.* for any printed apology, being duly stamped and registered as aforesaid. Then, the parties dared, after this proclamation, to engage a duel, not having paid the fees, to be deemed guilty of murder, and hung upon the top of Brompton Hill, for the benefit of the rooks and crows. Doctors and attorneys, the former being privileged from duelling, and the latter to take away, may, as they too are innovating upon the field of honour, be put upon a par with the military. In fact, getting their money so much easier, they perhaps ought to pay more to the state. Should the clergy ever dare to fight the duel in this manner, which to their honour is rarely the case, then their tenths should be commuted into fortieths, and they compelled to read the funeral service over each departed duellist, and the offices of those sick who have been *winged*; express forms of which should be composed by the ecclesiastical

court. All tradesmen and mechanics should be allowed to fight *secundum artem*, or professionally, on paying their fees, which may be regulated by the lord mayor and corporation of the city of London, in cooperation with the chancellor; for a merchant, so much; a banker, a bookseller, a baker, in due proportions: with authors it is difficult to determine how to act; for though their battles (and the fraternities are for ever fighting, like scorpions and spiders) are full of gall, being generally waged in liquid ink, yet having, of late, measured the field of honour, in ambition of their betters, or the *Desartrées*—the nothing-to-do gentlemen, what measure of money to prescribe for an author's license is rather difficult. Their poverty and their pride are well known: still the garetteer, who wages perpetual war in pamphlets and periodicals, should be allowed full credentials, if the money is even advanced by the literary fund. The law of honour is above all other laws, else why do barristers not only have verbal battles, but pistol rencontres; and even our senators, the makers of laws, become the breakers of laws in this respect.

A prudential avoiding a causeless quarrel, is called cowardice; and to take an affront, baseness and meanness of spirit: to refuse fighting, and putting life on the chance of a bullet, a practice forbid by the law of God and all good governments, is still called cowardice; and a man is bound to die duelling, or live and be laughed at. This trumping up of imaginary things, called bravery and gallantry, naming them virtue and honour, is beyond what we know of the jocose, seeing that such inconsistencies, and such absurdities as the following reasoning, are made to go down with mankind; for example, A. is found in bed with B.'s wife; B. is the person injured, and therefore offended, and coming into the chamber with his pistol or sword in hand, A. loudly exclaims, "Why, sir, you wont murder me, will you? As you are a man of honour, let me rise, and meet you." B. therefore, being put in mind that he is a man of honour, starts back, and must act an honourable part; so he lets A. get up, put on his clothes, take his sword or pistols; then they fight, and B. is

killed for his honour ; whereas, had the laws of God, of nature, and of reason, taken place, the adulterer and adulteress should have been taken prisoners, and carried before the judge, and should have been immediately sentenced, he to the block, and she to the stake ; and the innocent-abused husband had no reason to have run any risk of his life for being corrupted. Defoe, who writes thus, goes on to say, that the aggrieved person, to be put on a par, might say, in order to render such reasoning on the law of honour consistent, " No, sir ! say I, let me lay with your wife too, and then, if you desire it, I will fight you ; then I am upon even terms with you."

LIGHT FUN.

Two gentlemen passing by some new houses, one of them observed that there were too few windows ; but that circumstance, as it saved in part the tax, would be good for the liver. " True," says the other, " but d——d bad for the *lights*."

THE GAME OF LIFE.

Sterne says, the enjoyment of life is a tranquil acquiescence under an agreeable delusion, whence it has been said to be a jest, *but it is not so*. He further says, that every animal in the creation as it grows older grows graver, except an old woman, and she grows frisky.—It has been somewhere observed, that when an old man has one foot in the grave, an old woman has a foot in the stars. Life has been compared to the running of tea, though the first and last decoction be equally weak, the one gives the flavour of the herb, the other but its fæces. Lord Chesterfield says, a man has but a bad bargain of it at the best ; and the most natural conclusion is that it is the shadow of a shade.—To conclude : a man must *laugh* before he dies, or he must go out of the world *without laughing* !!!

TO BEAUTY

Beauty, thou pretty pouting roguish jade,
With neck of snow, and cheeks of rosy red,
And teeth of iv'ry, smooth and neat,
And flowing locks, as black as jet ;

Lips of the reddest cherry's hue,
And laughing eyes of sparkling blue ;
The trimmest leg that e'er was seen,
The lightest foot that trips the green ;
Two fair white globes heave on thy breast,
And " Oh, come clasp me !" cries the waist.
Beauty, thy form, from toe to top,
Would tempt St. Peter's heir, the Pope.

Beauty, thou art a baited hook,
And man the tenant of the brook,
Who, wanting caution, swallows all he meets,
Till oft both bait and barbed hook he eats.
Thou art a leg of sheep, both fair and fat,
Placed in the view of *man*, a hungry glutton ;
Thou art the very thing he would be at—
How his mouth waters to enjoy the mutton !
Thou art a magnet, man is steel,
Go where thou wilt, that follows at thy heel ;
Aye, should'st thou lead the way to *Nick*,
Close and more close to thee he'll stick.
Beauty, to me what art thou not ?
My balm of life, my light of day—
Come, dearest maid ! then, to my cot,
And chase the fiend, Disease, away.

PARIS IS THE ONLY PLACE.

Where shall we go to enjoy ourselves this summer,
dear ?

Shall we simplify it, and sentimental be
Among the lakes and mountains in Cumberland or
Westmoreland ?

Or shall we Byronize it upon the sea ?
To Brighton and to Hastings the citizens are hurrying,
To Margate and to Ramsgate the 'prentices all
speed ;

Cheltenham and Leamington, folks insides out are
worrying,
While Bath is full of tabbies, and is very dull in-
deed.

Spoken.] " Lady Bab, I've uncommon good idea."
" What is it ?" " To spend the summer months at
Birmingham." " What do you think of Harrow-
gate ?" " O, shocking ! Last season I was almost

elbowed out of the room by sir Jeremy Treacle and his fat wife." "Cheltenham?" "Worse; its always full, and nobody there." "Brighton?" "Oh, horrid! I decidedly object to Brighton; you might almost as well be at Bagnigge-wells on a Sunday." "Aye, I recollect when I was a young man, Brighton used to be about seventy miles from town; but now, what with the plaguy short cuts and modern improvements, it is not above fifty-four." "Well, then, suppose we all go to Paris?" "Pray, sir Larry, can you tell me how far it is from the coast to the capital?" "No, upon my conscience, that I cannot; you might as well ask me how far it is from the capital to the coast." "O! you creature, you know you can, you have been there, you know." "Yes, madam, that was before the revolution, and I am told that things are plaguily altered since." "But you can't speak the language." "O, leave me alone for that. I have two bows to my string: I'll try them with Irish." "You had better try them with Spanish; that all ranks comprehend." "Well, then, Paris be it."

Ya hip! for France, there, for Paris is the only place
For fashion, bagatelle, esprit, for elegance and grace.

Where shall we go to enjoy ourselves this summer,
love?

The mayor and court of aldermen will tour it at
Broadstairs;

Hornsey or Richmond we're surely now a cut above,
And Putney's grown so vulgar, that 'tis only fit
for bears.

We must go on the salt sea, and mingle with the
Parlez vous,

And get the Parish-polish and the true French cut;
Now do, my dear sir Jeremy, consent, you surely
can't refuse,

For who can think of Margate, why 'twould make
one quite a butt.

Spoken.] "Margate, indeed: I wonder you have
not more regard for one's quality, than mixing and
associating with the Sparrowgrasses and such low
people." "Why, my lady, you used to be very foud
of Margate." "Yes, sir Jeremy, that was before

you was made a knight of." "Good morning, lady
Shortdip." "I take this here *wisit* very kind of you,
very kind indeed; and how is sir Christopher, now
he is one of us nobility?" "He's very well, thankee,
but he don't go out to-day; this is melting day, and
the knight's up to his elbows in tallow." "Indeed,
then all the lights he makes now will be *night lights*,
I suppose." "What do you think of Margate, lady
Shortdip?" "Now, what's the use of teasing about
our family affairs." "Why, I was going to Hastings,
but I understand your friend, Mrs. Maggotts, the
cheesemonger, is there." "My friend! she's no
friend of mine; we do condescend to *serve* them with
grocery, but we don't *wisit*, I can assure you. No,
we don't *wisit*, nor ever mean to *wisit*. No! no!
her husband's a rank *demagog*; and now I am a man
of title, of course I am an *aristogog*." "The duchess
of Trumps is at the *Isle of White*." "Indeed; then
she is the only one of us that is there, for we are gone
to Paris." "What's the use of going to Paris, spend-
ing a mint of money? besides, we don't understand
their lingo." "But we can have Dick home from
school to interpret for us." "Aye, but what's to be
seen there, but what we can see in London, eh?"
"Why, there's the king and mounseer, and the
duchess of Angoulemme, and the goblins and guillo-
tine, and grapes for a penny a pound, and Cham-
pagne instead of small beer." "Indeed, is there, by-
jingo? why then,

Ya hip! for France, there, for Paris is the only place
For fashion, bagatelle, esprit, for elegance and grace."

Where shall we go to, this summer, Mr. Bunhill,
dear?

For I am sick and tired quite of stewing in the
shop;

We'll go up to Highgate, wife, and ramble through
the tunnel, dear,

And get some tea at Hampstead, or at Mother Dood
Cap's stop.

Highgate—not a bit of it—No, that I do purtest; my
love,

There's nothing in one's own country that's worthy
being seen;

Why shouldn't we in foreign parts our heads hold
with the best, my love?

So let us go to Paris, for there Mrs. Muggs has
been.

Spoken.] "I wish you'd mind your business, and
go on shelling the peas, we have no time for plea-
sure." "We might go out some times, I think, as
well as one's betters." "Go on shelling the peas, I
tell you, and let your betters alone." "O, what you
throw that in my dish, do you; but you want me to
be as vulgar as Mrs. Grits, that low-life woman, that
keeps the chandler's shop, next door." "Them *ta-*
toes, ma'am, are a penny a pound, if you don't like
'em, leave 'em; nice French beans, ma'am; talking
of French beans, ma'am, are you going to France?"
"Mind the shop, I tell you, and perhaps at the end
of the season, we may have a sail up the river to
Gravesend." "I think I see myself sailing to Graves-
end, when every body's going to Paris." "Mind the
shop, I say." "Very well, them peas are eighteen-
pence a peck, ma'am." "You might get there for a
little more, and as you are *yearning* a good liveli-
hood—no *salary* to-day, ma'am—and as we are get-
ting up in the world—fine season for mushrooms,
ma'am—but you have no *pluck*—try those kidneys,
ma'am—or you'd get knighted like your friend, sir
Jeremy Treacle, and make a lady on me." "That's
no such easy matter, I can tell you." "How do you
do, Mrs. Button, pray are you going to France?"
"No, I am going to Paris!" "Aye, I thought you'd
go. I should forget all my English in a week."
"Should you, I am sure that's a very desirable ob-
ject. Here, Bill, go and book two places, your
mother says she shall forget her English."

Ya hip! for France, there, for Paris is the only place
For fashion, bagatelle, esprit, elegance and grace.

ORTHODOX DIVINITY.

Parker, bishop of Oxford, being asked by an ac-
quaintance what was the best body of divinity, an-
swered, "That which can help a man to keep a coach
and six horses."

DULL READING.

St. Jerome says, that there is no book so dull, but
it meets a suitable dull reader. "*Nullus est im-
peditus scriptor, qui lectorem non inveniat.*"

THE ONLY TRUTH.

A buffoon once boasted that in all his life he never
spoke truth. "Except," replied another, "*at this
present moment.*"

NECESSITY.

A dull barrister once obtained the nickname of
Necessity—because *Necessity has no law.*

THE LAST JOURNEY.

A wag once observed that the easiest way must be
that to the next world—as people always set off on
their journey with their eyes shut.

"LUMPS AND BUMPS."

Lavater dar'nt not show his *face*,
Gall and Spurtzheim have made such a *head*,
Physiognomy mourns her sad case,
Her former renown has quite fled;
Craniology's now all the go,
No need of daylight for remark,
Any man you may thoroughly know
(If you but feel his head) in the dark.
Lavater declared that he could
Tell a man if he got but a stare,
Craniology is not so rude,
But can judge what you are to a *hair*!
For nature she gave each man's skull,
When she made us, such rare clever thumps,
You can tell if we're witty or dull,
Good or bad, by our lumps and our bumps.
So if but a rape of the lock,
For Spurtzheim's sake you have a hand in,
Of each Craniological block,
You'll the key gain of right understanding
Then keep but the organs in play,
And balance the one 'gainst the other,
You'll find out as clear as the day,
Their characters, void of all bother.

The doctor and soldier alike,
 Destructiveness' organ have, will,
 That this proper is, all men must strike,
 The business of both is to *kill*;
 In this science, good friends, au adept,
 To hit on the right head ne'er miss'd,
 If you only take care, to except,
 Bumps got by the stick or the fist.

LECTURES ON CRANIOLOGY.

Gentlemen, you see before you de renowned Baron Von Donnerdronk, Von Hoaxburg, Von Puzzledorf, Von Chouseiem, D. D.—A. B. C. D. and fiddle de dee. Gentlemen, it vas I who fairst discovered de lumps and bumpishness of de *caput humanum*, which, like de uman mind, had been so long hid, like de dimond in de mine, under wigs, whiskers, chimney-pot hats, and coal-scuttle bonnets. Gentlemen, de bald head is de true index *curtorious* of de uman mind. When de barber shaves a man's head, I exclaim, what a fine open countenance—when you meet your friend in de street, you take off your hat, dat is all right, and you look in his face and say, how do you do, that is all wrong; you should turn back to back, and pate to pate, and rub your hand over his poll and say, I am glad too see you are pretty well, tankee. If you pass your hand over de back of de skull, you shall find if de male come from the east or de west of Temple-bar. If you pass your hand over de left cavity of de skull, and he came from de west, you shall find de organ of *nothing to do ishness*, and *gail about ereism*; and if you rub on de left side, and he come from de east, you shall find de organ of *mind your shop percism*."

HEADS FOR A QUARTO; OR THE PAINS OF PLEASURING.

When a man roves he must make up his mind
 To bad and good luck, and mishaps of all kind;
 To many odd rubs, as he on shall advance,
 In his journey from England to travel through France.
 First from Dover, sailing over,
 Squalling, bawling, sick—sick—
 Landing from packet, amidst noise and racket,
 Fleaing 'em, feeling 'em, trick, trick;

Landing at Calais, face rather pale is,
 Officers, coffee, sirs—passport;
 Searching for smuggery—wine in the smuggery,
 Lots of humbuggery, glass, port.
 Somewhat reviving—thanks to French living,
 Lots of blunt giving—poor John Bull;
 Hey for the diligence—seek for intelligence,
 Rumbling, tumble in, sad gull—
 Rattling—tattling,
 Eating—treating,
 Cheating—beating,
 Mummery—flummery,

When a man roves, he must make up his mind
 To bad and good luck, and mishaps of all kind.
 Good luck and mishaps of all kind.
 Flapping of sails—breezes and gales,
 Fright'ing 'em, righting 'em, blow, blow—
 Qualms and fears—darlings and dears,
 Holding 'em, scolding 'em, oh! oh!
 Reaching all o'er—getting on shore,
 Hugging 'em—lugging 'em—o la!
 Bowing Monsieurs—fright disappears,
 Huffing 'em—bluffing 'em—sa, sa!
 Lots of ragoos, fricassees, stews,
 Eau de vie—who but we, strut, strut.
 Fam'd diligence—rumble through France,
 Smacking whip—cracking whip—cut, cut:
 Abbeville—quite genteel,
 Reach Montreuil—in the cool,
 Paris see—gay and free,
 Killewax—guests in packs,
 Opera—have a stare,
 Thuilleries—statues, trees,
 Boulevards—leave our cards,
 Money spend—there's an end.

When a man roves, he must make up his mind
 To bad and good luck, and mishaps of all kind;
 Good luck and mishaps of all kind.

LITERARY ARTILLERY.

Upon the publication of Bolingbroke's Deistical Works by Mallet, Dr. Johnson observed, "That Bolingbroke had charged a cannon against heaven with all the artillery of hell, and Mallet had set a match to it."

TRAVELLING AND PAINTING.

A connoisseur was one day criticising painters, who in historical pieces always draw the same sort of sky. "They should travel," said he, "and they would see a different sort of sky in every country, in England, France, Italy, &c." "True" said a gentleman who sat by, "I have travelled, and the greatest variety of skies I have observed is in Poland, for there is *Sobiesky*, *Sarbruisky*, *Jablanowsky*, *Poniatowsky*, *Borewlasky*, and many more skies."

FLATTERY

A lady of high ten complimented Frederick the Great so extravagantly, that he was rather distressed at it, saying, "That he was covered with glory, was the paragon of Europe, and in short the greatest monarch and man on earth." "Madam," replied the king, "you are as handsome as an angel, witty, elegant, and agreeable, in short, you possess all the amiable qualities; *but you paint.*"

RICHARDSON, AUTHOR OF CLARISSA.

A pert young lady having determined to put Richardson out of countenance, who was as remarkable for his modesty, on his coming into a numerous company, "Lord! sir," says she, "you certainly have a wonderful talent at description; but, I fear, sir, you must have much frequented brothels, to be able to describe them so well." "I fear, madam," replied Richardson, "you have been often there, since you know they are so well described."

PICTURE OF A BARD.

Hard the poet's hapless lot,
Who no *loaf* or cheese has got!
In apartment next the sky,
Or (if you please) in garret high,
Up a *ladder* you must crawl,
With careful step, or else you fall
From Parnassus to the ground,
Laugh'd at by the Muses round.

Reams of *paper* mark his trade;
Here and there a *Letter* laid;
On some his flaming *Seal* is prest,
A *Lion Rampant* for his crest;

With open jaws enough to fright—
True emblem of his appetite.
A fable on a *Horse-shoe* here,
A riddle on a *Saddle* there;
With essays in the praise of ale,
And grand descriptions of the *Whale*!
A poem on the town of *Tring*:
In short, the very walls all sing.

Lost in amaze, behold him sit,
The very quintessence of wit;
With nose and *chin* begrim'd with snuff,
And sable coat with single cuff;
His fustian breeches daub'd with dirt,
And body destitute of *shirt*.
His single eye with phrenzy rolls,
And brings ideas down by shoals.
Ye rhymers, then, your verse retard,
And view the picture of a Bard.

DELIGHTS OF A PACKET.

Who's for Calais? the packets are waiting,
'Come, take your places, or you'll be too late:
Sail with the Sybil, we've just got our freight in,
The wind and the tide for no one will wait.
"De Louis in von tree hour carry you over,"
"Scud Mounseer the steam, sir, will take you
along":

The Swallow's a packet that's well known at Dover,
"Sail with king George, sir, cannot be wrong."

Spoken.] "Now, sir, if you mean to go, you must come." "La, captain, how I have run, I am quite out of breath. They told me you was gone; I had no time to eat my lunch, and hardly time to pay for it." "Never mind your lunch, sir, it will be all the same in an hour's time." "Why, captain, there's no fear, is there?" "Yes, ma'am, plenty of fear, but no danger." "Dear me, how shall I get on board?" "This way, ma'am, step on this plank." "That, bless me, its no broader than a two-penny ribbon. I am as giddy as a goose, and I shouldn't like a duck." "That lady's afraid of a pitch in." "Goose, duck, and pidgeon, what a horrid pun! that fellow deserves to be sent to the Poultry compter for it." "I want to ask you a question, captain, pray how's the

wind?" "Pretty well, thankee, how are you?" "O dear, how nice we are going along; I do like it so; I an't sick a bit: what a way we are from Dover already. There, I do think I see the spires of Calais." "Where—where?" "Where, why at Calais, to be sure." "Well, sir, you have no occasion to be so sharp, I don't suppose you saw them at Deal." "Talking of deal, who's for a rubber?" "I doesn't allow of no cards on board my *wessel*." "Well, Twizzle, how do you like it?" "O, I like it *very* much, it is like sailing to Twickenham on a Sunday, only it is a little *broadcrer*, and a little more *satterer*." "I should like to have a song; what do you think of the storm?" "O, don't mention it." "Pa, sing that song you sung when we went to Chelsea in the *funny*." "That funny was a *wherry*, my dear." "O, was it, why then it was *very funny*," for

Who's for Calais? the packets are waiting,
Come, take your places, or you'll be too late:
Sail with the Sybil, we've just got our freight in,
The wind and the tide for no one will wait.
Yeo, yeo, my hearties, now then we're going,
England's white cliffs we are leaving behind;
Yeo, yeo, my hearties, it stiffly is blowing,
Well, we the quicker shall sail, never mind.
Tough storms are coming on, we must be ready,
Keep a good look out ahead there, yeo, yeo;
All hands a-hoy, clear the decks, hold her steady,
Gentlemen passengers scud down below.

(Spoken.)—"Oh! oh! I never was so ill in my life, O, O." "Sarve you right, you would come a *casuring*, now you've got your belly full of it." "I wish I had'nt come, I'm so giddy, the next time I go France, I'll go the whole way by land." "I say, look at Twizzle, he said he should enjoy it, see what pickle he's in." "I say, Twizzle, how do you find yourself? you seem very poorly." "O, O, O." (imitation of sickness) "Ah! Pips, how do, Pips? you seem to be hard at it there, I am going down, can I *bring up* any thing for you?" "Who's for a mutton-chop?" "I was as well as ever I was in my life, 'till that fellow mentioned the mutton-chop."

"Well, never mind, keep a good heart." "Keep—a man need have a stomach of iron, to keep any thing, I think." "O dear, Molly, Molly, where's my servant? I'm dying." "So am I, ma'am, and can't come." "How dare you be ill when I want you?" "Captain, Captain, bring me the brandy bottle, I am going to go." "Pray, Captain, was any person ever lost here?" "No, sir, several's been drowned, but we always found them again." "Sir, the next time you're taken so, I'd thank you to turn your head, you've quite spoilt my wife's pelisse, sir." "If people's taken suddenly ill, people can't help other people's pelisses, sir." "Captain, could I lay down a bit?" "Yes, sir, there's a bed below, there's only three in it." "Captain, my hat's overboard." "Never mind your hat, sir." "I should'nt, but my wig is in it." "There's a *whale*." "A *whale*! where, where? I'd give a hundred guineas to see a whale; never saw a whale in all my life." "No, sir, it's only a *mispronunciation*, sir, that's all; it's my wife's *wail*, what she wears over her wig, sir that's all." "O, is it." Then

Yeo, yeo, my hearties, now then we're going,
England's white cliffs we are leaving behind;
Yeo, yeo, my hearties, it stiffly is blowing,
Well, we the quicker shall sail, never mind.
All stand aside, there, the tempest is clearing,
Slacken your foresail, for landing prepare;
Where is my quadrant? we Calais are nearing,
The harbour's in sight, and the wind it blows fair,
Soon o'er a bowl we'll forget every danger past,
A true Dover lad values storms not a pin;
Our cargo is safe, we've our port safely reach'd at last,

The tide flag is flying, and we can go in.

(Spoken.)—"Tell me, Captain, can't you make the pier of Calais?" "Yes, and I can run foul of the bar, too." "No, I bar that," says Twizzle. "Where's the breakers?" "There, ahead." "What's he say? break my head." "What's that the bar? dear me, I always thought it was a large pole of iron." "And I always thought it was like Temple Bar!" "Captain, how are we to go ashore,

in' a boat?" "No, as well as we can, ma'am; there, these two stout Frenchmen will carry you on their shoulders." "Particularly horrid, I declare I am so giddy, I don't know whether I am on my head or my heels." "O, you're right side uppermost now, ma'am, depend upon it." "O, O, I'm black and blue already, these fellows are pinching and pulling me about so." "I say, Twizzle, do you twig that lady's legs on the two fellows' backs, carrying her through the water?" "Legs! mill-posts, you mean." "Why, yes, as you say, she don't stand upon trifles." For

All stand aside, there, we Calais are nearing,
The harbour's in sight, and the wind it blows fair;
Where is my glass? the tempest is clearing,
Slacken your sails, and for landing prepare.

ELOQUENCE OF A TOWN BAKE

"Keep it up, huzza! keep it up! I loves fun, for I made a fool of my father last April day. I will tell you what makes me laugh so, we were keeping it up faith, so about four o'clock this morning I went down into the kitchen, and there was *Will*, the waiter, fast asleep by the kitchen fire; the dog cannot keep it up as we do: so what did I do, but I goes softly, and takes the tongs, and I takes a great red-hot coal out of the fire, as big as my head, and I plump it upon the fellow's foot, because I loves fun; so it has lamed the fellow and that makes me laugh so. You talk of your saying good things; I said one of the best things last week that ever any man said in all the world. It was what you call your *rappartees*, your *bobmats*; I'll tell you what it was. You must know, I was in high spirits faith, so I stole a dog from a blind man, for I do love fun; so then the blind man cried for his dog, and that made me laugh; so says I to the blind man, Hip master, do you want your dog? Yes, sir, says he. Now only mind what I said to the blind man; says I, do you want your dog? Yes, sir, says he: Then says I to the blind man, says I, go look for him. Keep it up! keep it up! That's the worst of it, I always turn sick when I think of a parson; I always do; and my brother he's a parson too, and he hates to hear any body swear; so I always swear when I am

along with him, to toast him. I went to dine with him one day last week, and there was my sisters, and two or three more of what you call your modest women; but I sent 'em all from the table, before the dinner was half over, for I loves fun, and so there was nobody but my brother and me, and I began to swear; I never swore so well in all my life; I swore all my new oaths; it would have done you good to have heard me swear; so then my brother looked frightened, and that was fun. At last, he laid down his knife and fork, and, lifting up his hands and his eyes, he calls out, *Oh Tempora! oh Mores!* Oh ho, brother says I, what, you think to frighten me, by calling all your family about you; but I don't mind you nor your family neither. Only bring *Tempora* and *Mores* here, that's all; I'll box them for five pounds; here,—where's *Tempora* and *Mores*? where are they? Keep it up! Keep it up!"

A DAY AT MEURICE'S.

Let each spend his days as he pleases,
In praying, in working, or play;
Let me spend my days at Meurice's
For that is the true time o' day.
There you may be alone, or with many,
May chop it with French or with English,
May lay out your franc or your guinea,
And manners most funny distinguish.

Spoken.] Damme, I might as well be at home, no attention; I'll pull the bell down: I can get nothing. Here waiter, send up your master, and I'll blow him up. There take your bell rope, (throwing it at him, which he has broken.) "What will you take, sir?" "Take, sir, any thing and every thing." "Waiter, you've brought me both papers alike, here's two Times." "Two Times, that's very bad English, sir, you should have said twice." "Press for Herald." "Press, Times, Post, and Courier; how pleasant! one might almost fancy one's self at the Hummums." "Waiter, bring me Planta's Guide to Paris." "It's in hand, sir. Colonel Calcutta, the rich East India nabob, has it." "Colonel Calcutta, which is he?" "That's him, sir, with two servants behind him, one putting

in a lump of sugar, and the other stirring it." "Don't care, have as much right to be served as any body else, I've no notion. I pay my money; been to see all the sights, the Boulevards, the Thuilleries, the Theatres, the Palais Royal, the Goblins of Tapestry: done it all in a day. A pretty good day's work, I must own, but they tell me, Sir Christopher Shortdip, you went to see the Exhibition of Statues, with a catalogue of paintings." "Why, yes, I made rather a bit of a mistake, had both catalogues in one pocket, and when I wanted to look at No. 10, the Gladiator, I told her it was Susannah at the Bath." "Well, what do you think of the statues?" "Why they are very fine, but they'd be all the better for a little washing." "Yes, and none the worse for a little clothing." "Here, waiter, bring my breakfast, tea, hot rolls, muffins, beef-steaks, and a bottle of Champagne." "Champagne! why, my dear fellow, no one drinks Champagne for breakfast." "Don't care, only come for a week, been up four nights, shall never go to bed again. Waiter, damme, bring me the Champagne."

Long life to John Bull at Meurice's,
May he never feel sorrow or pain;
When he comes there to quaff the pure breezes,
And stroll on the banks of the Seine.

At Meurice's the grand table d'hôte, sure,
Must suit every taste, beau or belle:
There are dainties to tickle each throat, sure,
French, English, Italian as well.
There the ladies, with sweet prittle prattle,
Roast beef and plum pudding commend,
And among all the guests the sole battle
Is, who most shall England defend.

Spoken.] "Nothing is French here, sir, excepting the pay—catch the idea." "This is the place, sir, why it cost me two guineas in London to get what I call properly drunk, I can do it here, sir, for a quarter the money, and do it handsomely too." "Why, yes, half a guinea, sir, would find a Frenchman in wine for a month." "Frenchmen, nasty beasts, I hate e'm, they never get drunk." "Aye, this is what I call a high classical dinner; plenty of legs of mutton and

rounds of beef: nothing French in it; they dress you an egg five hundred different ways, and make a dozen dishes out of a shilling's worth of spinage." "Mr. Whipstitch, what shall I help you to?" "A remnant of goose, sir, if you please." "Mr. Welt, what are you for?" "Soles and eels, sir." "Waiter, bread." "Yes, sare." "Salt." "Yes, sare." "Why you are not a Frenchman, waiter." "Yes, sare." "Hold your tongue, and let me speak to him, *Garsong parle pour mon muree*." "Beg your pardon, madam, I not Englishman, therefore I cannot understand your French." "There's a rap on the knuckles for you, sarve you right, you will be showing off when there's no occasion."

Long life to John Bull at Meurice's,
May he never feel sorrow or pain,
When he comes there to quaff the pure breezes,
And stroll on the banks of the Seine.

Meurice's the palace of pleasures,
Where frolic is always alive—
And luxury pours forth her treasures,
The dullest of souls to revive;
Bon mots, merry games, music, drinking,
New faces—and still something strange;
And whenever your spirits are sinking,
You to fifty theatres can range.

Spoken.] "Well, Mr. Dowgate, what did you do with yourself last night?" "O, why, I went to the Theatre *Fransays*, I think they call it, to see a tragedy—a parcel of nonsense—there's nobody killed—never made me cry—to be sure I don't understand the language, that may make some difference." "Pray, Sir Henry, was you at the grand opera last night?" "Yes, I went to see the *Danindes*." "La, sir, what's that?" "Why, *mem*, one gentleman's fifty sons marries another gentleman's fifty daughters." "I went to the Port St. Martin, the original warehouse for Maids and Magpies." "I went to see the Dog of Montargis, all natural, a real dog. Will you say as much for your Maid and Magpie?" "I visited the *Coffee des Mille Colonnes*. What did you do with yourself?" "Why, I went where you did." "Where I did, where was that?" "Why where

you said." "Where I said. Why where was that?" "Why at the *Coffee Mill of the Colonies*." "Pray, Mrs. Maggots, was you at the play last night?" "No, ma'am, I was at Lady Sugarloaf's last night, it was her night." "Her night, what do you mean?" "Why, every Monday night she gives what the French call a *sore eye*." "Indeed, why then I would recommend her to rub it with what the English call rose water, every Tuesday morning."

Long life to John Bull at Meurice's

May he never feel sorrow or pain,

When he comes there to quaff the pure breezes,

And stroll on the banks of the Seine.

ODD FELLOWS CLUB.

By a Member.

There are a set of Odd Fellows of us, in number seven. We meet nightly in a very odd house, in an odd part of the town. Our faces, dress, conversation, and liquor, are all what the world would call odd. Our president, who reigns and has reigned these three weeks and odd, is himself one of the greatest oddities in nature: he neither looks, nor speaks, nor thinks, nor dresses, like any creature existing; and I may, in the language of that great odd poet, Mr. Theobald, say—

"Nought but himself can be his parallel."

Ben Grubstreet, next to him, is the oddest fellow in our society, and always, in the absence of the president, is *nem. con.* preferred to the chair. The rest of our company are an odd poet, a chymist, a painter, a musician, a mathematician, and a politician. We have of late come to a resolution to enlarge our company, and one extraordinary promising strange fellow has made application for admittance. Now, as by his admission our number would be even, and that we would preserve ourselves as we have been these fifteen years and odd, it is the will of the president that I signify to you, as secretary of the company, that you shall have a right to claim the ninth seat, he having observed you to have a very odd turn; and Ben Grubstreet, who meets you frequently at the coffee-house, declares in your favour,

that you have the oddest phiz, and dress, and discourse, that ever he saw or heard. That you may not be surprised into our company, I give you a transcript of the rules of our club, very short, and in number five; by which you may be determined how to act.

Rules and Articles to be observed by the Club of Odd Fellows.

- I. Each person who shall claim a seat in this club, shall by face, speech, and action, demonstrate some oddity.
- II. This club shall always meet at five in winter, and seven in summer, and shall sit three hours and odd. The money they spend not to be limited any other way than by this certain regulation, that the shillings and pence must be odd.
- III. Every member is obliged, on the penalty of 7d. to say at least three odd things every night.
- IV. If gaming should be proposed, which ought not to be done, play at even and odd.
- V. On a scrutiny in the election of a member, the candidates being equal in all other points, he whose christian and surname shall have each an odd letter, shall be elected.

These are our fundamental rules: we have several others.

TOM-OUT-OF-THE-WAY.

BALLOON SONG.

As balloons are the subject of every debate,
From beggars in tatters, to steerers of state;
This theme I'll pursue, and jog merrily on;
Air balloons are the subject I choose for my song.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

The Statesman's balloon is the seat of the brain,
His valves are his pockets—his ballast's his gain;
At his wonderful courage plebeians all stare,
While he boldly puffs out his inflammable air.

The Cit's apparatus for filling balloons,
Are provisions and drink, glasses, knives, forks, and
spoons;

Good wine is his gas—which he cheerfully swills,
And his lusty balloon with rich turtle he fills.

The Parson's balloon—'is the pulpit,' you'll say;
No! no! my good friends—have patience, I pray!
'Tis true that the clergy love preaching—by fits;
But the Parson's balloon is the same as the Cit's.

In Lanardi, our hero, the ladies delight;
On him they make stanzas, of him dream all night:
And with him each fair one would fly to the moon,
While with pleasure to all he displays his balloon.

My aerial theme I'll now bring to an end,
And conclude, as begun, to ballooners a friend;
May the gas which each chooses be finely instill'd,
And our favourite balloons be effectually fill'd.

LECTURE ON ENGLAND, BY A FRENCHMAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

In de discourse which I give to you on de top of England, I propose to myself two things—first, I shall make you to know de pronunciation most perfect of de English language; and next I show to you de custom and manners—by dis I murder two birds with one stone—one petit *pierre*. I am not liar nor quack, to pretend talk about what he not understand, at vat I tell to you, in my grand ouvrage, is from de demonstration ocular, dat is to say, it is all my eye. I call myself Monsieur Charles Guillaume Denise de Charlatanville, member of all de academie of Europe civilized, dat is to say, of de Paris, dat which go to tell you of de manner, de fine art, de polite, de society, de literature, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. I not only learned after I have live a long time in de country, dat is to say, for seven weeks as prisoner of war, in de prison of *Port sec mout*, but I read it every day in de journal, Anglice, de paper—it is true I never was in de capital, but I reside at Portseemouth, which is all de same. I shall begin vid de ladies of England, dey drink very much gin—and make themselves drunk every day. I look from my little prison window and see de ladies of *Portseemouth* roll about de street—derefore it is true ven I say de ladies of England drink wery *mosh* gin, and make herself drunk every day. Every body in England are boxers, de lady box wid de lady, the gentlemen box wid the gentleman, and sometime de gentleman and lady box

one wid the other. If you look in deir dictionary you will find B-o-x, box, to fight wid de fist, every thing in England is decide by the fist. You read in the *papier*, dat de duchess of B. and lady C. were in one grand box last night at de opera—to accuse de prisoner, de witness box—to find him guilty, de jury box. And dere is one grand day in the year ven dey all go box one wid de other. De postman, de baker, de dustman, de butcher, all fight together, and dis is called grand Christmas-boxing. De English are very much people for trade, dey permit him to sell his wife, dey have considerable trade in wives. In *Smisfield*, dey have de cattle-market, and as de vomen are de *troublesome* cattle, de husband put a halter round her neck, and lead her to *Smisfield*, and sell her; 'tis the same in de every rank of life, for you shall read in the journal dat de great lord he lead the great lady to de *altar*, which mean he put de altar round her neck, and take her to *Smisfield*, and sell her. For de fine art de English are nobody, it is impossible, dere is de grand reason; dey eat so much beef and pudding, and drink and sleep so very much, dey have no room in de body for de *genius*; and it is de rule on de first of September, to shoot de partridge, and on de first of November to shoot himself. De English nation are *barbare*. France is divided from de England by one sea. Every nation civilized come to France for de music, de dancing, de statuary, de painting, de poetry: all the Europe come to the grand nation for de every ting. For de literature de English are nothing; for de painting dey copy the tableau of Lebrun. For de statuary dey copy de statue superb of de garden of the Tuilleries—dey have their *Paradise Lost* translated from de *Henriade* of de immortal Voltaire, by one Jacky Milton, dey have de *Hamlet* of Ducis, wid *Macbeth* and *Othello*, translated by one Billy Shakspeare. He was a clergyman or bishop, I believe, de divine of de politics. I shall not say much—dere is two parties in England; one is called tory, and de other de *perruque*. Ladies and Messieurs, I have exposed to you my grand talent, and for de money I despise it, and if you attend my lectures, I shall teach you how to

pronounce de language English, and de knowledge of de English character. I shall make you to know as much in seven day, as I myself know in seven week, while I reside in my prison at *Portsmouth*.

THE PAINTER'S SECRET.

A gentleman who sat to Hayman for his portrait, desired that it might be kept a secret. Notwithstanding this injunction, the artist showed it to some of his friends, who not being able to discover any likeness, Hayman observed, that the gentleman wished it to be *kept a secret*.

DO AS OTHER FOLKS DO.

Come, since 'tis the fashion to Paris to dash on,
And see the grande nation, and talk of vertu ;
Let's hasten to Dover, to Calais sail over,
And visit the Louvre, as other folks do.
We all see that London, is looking quite undone,
Not e'en Joey Munden its fun can renew ;
Let's hasten to Paris, and each swear all there is,
That rare is, and fair is, as other folks do.
We've got charming weather, let's all go together,
For birds of a feather, they still flock, you know :
We'll stroll through the Tuilleries, see all their
fooleries,
Sport our John-Bulleries, as other folks do.
We can at Meurice's, for ten five-franc pieces,
Procure us each places, from Calais to go ;
The dilly won't shake us, and two days will take us
To Paris, and make us, as other folks do.
Pshaw, let the folks cavil, to Versailles we'll travel,
Its wonders unravel, then visit St. Cloud ;
The fam'd Palais Royal, the Luxembourg loyal,
We'll Paris enjoy, all, as other folks do.
Rare work for the sockets, let's start off like rockets,
With cash in both pockets, and purchase French
goût,
All obstacles breaking, of old tabby's making,
French leave will be taking, as other folks do.

FORTY SMILING VOTERS.

" Mr. Curran, in exposing the venality of the Irish parliament, once burst forth into the following sarca-

stic apostrophe : " What, Mr. Speaker," said he, " must be the alarm and consternation of the whole country, when they saw these *hordes of custom-house Tartars* traversing every district, devouring like locusts the provisions, and overwhelming the franchises of the people ? These *fiscal comedians* travelled in carts and waggons from town to town, county to county, and election to election, to fill this house, not with the representatives of the people, but of the *great Cham* who commands them. Methinks I see a whole *caravan of those strolling constituents*, trundling in their vehicles towards a country town, where some gaping simpleton in wonderment at their appearance, asks the driver of the first vehicle : " Where, my good fellow, are you going with those ragamuffins ? I suppose they are convicts on their way to the *kid-ship* for transportation to Botany Bay." " Oh ! no," answers the driver, " they are only a few *cartloads of the raw materials for manufacturing members of parliament*, on their way to the next election." "

ON A RAKE, WHO HAD SPENT ALL HIS FORTUNE.

My head and my purse had a quarrel of late,
And referr'd it to me to decide the debate ;
Not small was the difference, and it seems this was it,
If my purse had most money, or my head had most wit.
By jingo, I answer'd, here's the dev'l of a rout,
What ! dispute who has most, when your stocks are
both out !
When thou of thy brains art wholly bereft,
And thou hast not got a poor herry-groat left ;
'Tis a riddle to tell you whose case is the worst,
But surely the head had the *vacuum* first.

THE WONDER.

My heart still hov'ring round about you,
I thought I could not live without you ;
Now we've liv'd three months asunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

A COMMON CASE.

My lord and his lady scold, wrangle, and fight,
Yet are both of one mind, and are both in the right.
She calls him a fool—He knows he's not wise ;
He calls her a whore—and she can't say he lies

BENEFIT OF CORRECTION.

A certain bishop declared one day, that the punishment used in schools did not make boys a whit better, or more tractable: it was insisted that whipping was of the utmost service, for every one must allow it made a boy *smart*.

THE BEST STOCK.

Money, they say, is evil's root,
But we most justly doubt it:
Can we expect good thriving fruit,
From any stock without it?

CURE FOR HYPOCHONDRIACS.

Meditating the other evening, at that still and delightful hour, when it is just too dark to read but too light to have candles, I got into one of my usual reveries, and fancied that I was a kind of mental doctor, who from being overwhelmed with practice had stolen a hour's slumber after dinner. In the midst of my enjoyment, I thought that a footman came abruptly to call me to his master, who had been in a dismal way, he told me, ever since the preceding morning, refusing every kind of solace, and giving symptoms of what was apprehended to be insanity. I asked the footman what he had seen of the disorder; and, while I was getting ready to go, he gave me the following relation: "Sir," said he, "I have always thought that my master was not quite right; but for these two days he has been worse than ever. Such rapping, and snarling, and kicking this thing and kicking t' other, for all the world as if he had been it! This morning, I only went to give him his shoes, which never can be polished enough to suit him, and he kicked his slippers off in my face, and asked me whether I meant to ruin him in blacking? At dinner yesterday he said that the sweet wine was vinegar; broke one of the tumblers and kicked the dog under the table for it; swore that my mistress meant to provoke him because she helped him to all the nicest bits at table; and smacked my young lady's back for going out of the room, which he said was lying in his face. Afterwards he grew a little quiet,

but nobody dared to come near him, or to look that way, or to make the least noise, he was so touchy. In the evening we had company, and then, Lord! Sir, to see how pleasant he was, so smiling and good-natured to every one that came! Think's I to myself, who would take you to be such a devil! But I'm told it's always the way with these mad people, sir; and Mr. Mitchell, my lord's chaplain, next door, who is a great scholar, says, that you might walk with one of 'em all over London, before you found him out, they're so sly and mysterious. When the ladies and gentlemen were gone he fell into his old way again, not so savage as before, but glumpy and impatient. All this morning you would have thought there was a corpse lying in the house, every body looked so dismal and went about like a ghost. But just now he has been getting worse than ever, and Mrs. Kitty the housemaid says he was heard talking of disinwriting—disinheri—what is it? You know what I mean, sir;—hindering my young master, the counsellor, from coming to the fortune, and all for not having done something in the law, which they tell me he can't be expected to do as yet, being only forty years old. So my mistress, being frightened more at this than all the rest, thinks he must be mad outright, and has sent me to your honour, to see if any thing can be done."—I was glad to learn from honest John's relation that the fit had not lasted more than two days, since I should not have so much difficulty in tracing it up to its cause, as would have been the case with longer duration. I proceeded as fast as possible to the house; and on seeing his new visitor, the patient did not favour him with the accustomed smiles; he was aware that I understood his malady; and guessing my object, seemed to resign himself to the scrutiny with a kind of patient impatience. After feeling his pulse, examining what muscles had been most affected in his face, and satisfying myself from those about him how he had passed the last forty hours, I was pretty well enabled to follow back the disorder through its various excitements. I traced it speedily from his present fit of disinheriting to a wig-box belonging to his son;

which happened to have fallen in his way; from the wig-box to a snuff-box which he had let fall after dinner; from the snuff-box to an uneasy dozing in his chair; from the dozing in his chair to an enormous meal during which he had abused all that he swallowed; from the enormous meal to a speech made by his wife, who had kindly begged him not to venture so much upon a dish that had disagreed with him; from the speech of his wife to the face of a servant who stood near, and who appeared to him to be laughing in his sleeve; from the servant, after a number of petty turns and stumbling blocks too numerous for detail, to the well-blackened shoes; from the well-blackened shoes, to a hasty mouthful of hot tea; from the hasty mouthful of hot tea to getting up late; from getting up late, which it seems he did half from sleepiness and half from being ashamed to show his face, to restlessness and peevishness all night; from restlessness and peevishness all night to a hearty supper, which he abused as usual; from the hearty supper to another entreaty on the part of his wife:—here I lost scent for a time, for as the footman had said, he had been uncommonly pleasant during the stay of his company; but I found the link again in the gentleness of his daughter, who had left the room, as the footman related;—from the gentleness of his daughter, who I found was very like her mother, I went on with my tracing to the good things to which his wife had helped him at dinner; from the good things to which his wife helped him at dinner to a glass which he broke in the middle of it; from the broken glass to an agitation of nerves, arising from a refusal which he had just given an old friend who wanted to borrow a little money of him; from the refusal given his old friend to the tears and patience of his family all the morning; from the tears and patience of his family to a long lecture which he had been giving them on their want of real attachment to him; from the long lecture he had been giving them to another sulky and peevish breakfast; from the sulky and peevish breakfast to a private mysterious lecture given to his wife before he came down stairs; and, at last, from the private lecture, I came

to the grand secret of all,—to the fountain of this Nile of tears,—to the immediate cause of all the taunts, trials, and miseries which a whole family had been suffering for two long days, and which nobody but myself dared to mention to the unhappy being.—It was A PIN!—Our hero had taken up the comb to his head, when a pin which had unluckily found its way between the teeth and hung at a right angle from it by the head, gave him a light scratch on the pericranium. “Zounds!” exclaimed the gentleman, turning red. “Bless us!” ejaculated the lady, turning pale;—and then the said lecture ensued, which put an end to two whole days of good-humour on his part and an equal holiday of comfort on that of his household.

I asked whether my patient had any turn for humour, and understanding that if any thing could get him out of his fits, it was a droll story, a repartee, a stroke of wit, or any other pleasant surprise, I went down to his sitting-room with great gravity, holding in my hand a little packet of many papers curiously wrapped over one another and containing, in the nucleus or innermost shell, the cause of irritation. At sight of me, he uttered a half-smothered exclamation of impatience, and casting down his eyes and turning aside a little in his chair, began a kind of restless duet between his right leg and his watch-chain. I did not ask him how he felt or whether he was better, well knowing that such questions in such disorders were something worse than of no use, but striking at once into conversation, I remarked how easy the cure of a malady became when once its origin was ascertained.

“Ah,” said he, “I put no faith in medicine.”

“And myself little or none,” returned I, “particularly in diseases of the mind; but there is one thing in which I put a great deal of faith,—and that is good sense.”

He left off his duet, and looked up in my face with less sulkiness of manner, as if he was eager to take to himself a compliment so new to his conscience.

“I do not mean,” he rejoined, “to show any disrespect to your profession, Doctor; but you must

allow me to say that you are a rare personage for a physician, mental or bodily."

"Not so rare," replied I, "as you may imagine. There are many of us, of both classes, who are not slow to acknowledge the smallness and uncertainty of our scientific knowledge. The abuses of physic are as much owing to ignorant people who will not be well, as to ignorant doctors who cannot make them so."

"People who *will* not be well," cried he, beginning to smile: "they must be fools indeed. For my part I certainly do think highly of good sense, though I confess I don't care a pin for medicine."

"Have a care, my good friend," said I, with increasing gravity, "how you speak disrespectfully of pins." He started, but I affected to take no notice of his surprise, and went on:—"These little instruments, formed and perfected by a greater number of hands than would take to write five epic poems, have played an important part on the theatre of the world, for not to mention the infinite service they render to our modern fair ones in fixing their shapes and saving them beauties not to be found in nature herself, let it be recollected, that with a pin a Roman Emperor once passed away his leisure hours and diverted his death-dealing qualities from men to flies; let it be recollected, that with a pin the wife of Antony sought herself amply revenged on the fatal eloquence of Cicero, whose tongue she pierced with an hundred wounds; and let it never be forgotten, that in the bower of Westminster, the repository of England's poets and philosophers, a lady who owed her death to the prick of a pin, owes to it also her immortality."

"Ridiculous enough," cried he, containing himself no longer:—"You see, Doctor, what a fuss these men make about their pins, and I do not wonder they are struck with the folly of the poor things!"

"Nay," said I, still keeping my countenance, "you forgot the Roman emperor I mentioned. What will you say, if I show you an instance of sheer folly produced among one's fellow-creatures in their daily life by means of a pin, and this too from its

influence upon a thinking and well-informed man, who in all things else is as sober as you or I?"

"Why," returned he, "I do not know what you mean by keeping that grave face of yours, but how such a man could be thinking and well informed, unless he is a genius run mad, I cannot imagine. But you are joking, I see, and I like a man of your vein prodigiously. Yes, yes, Doctor, you and I must be friends; I see that."

"You do me honour," said I, with an inclination of the head;—"the unfortunate gentleman, of whom I am speaking, has invited my friendship, but I hardly know what to say to it."

"Why, if the man is mad," rejoined my patient, "it is rather an awkward business. But perhaps you may do something for the poor fellow."

"Your feelings delight me," said I, "and I am sure they will not be less well inclined when you hear the whole of my new friend's case."—So saying, I told him how I had been called in by the gentleman's family, and, in fact, commenced his own story in a way which, if it had not been *himself* that was hearing it, might have been discovered in an instant. It was curious however to hear how he reproached the hero for giving such way to his disorder, and above all, how he pitied those about him, who had to bear so many ill-humours,—not forgetting to laugh in the midst of his comments, and to wonder what ridiculous nonsense could have given rise to such a fit. Seeing him in so fair a way to receive my physic, I then drew out my pocket-book, and from the notes I had made, proceeded to read over to him the list of his own vagaries, commencing regularly with the wig-box as aforesaid. At first, he started somewhat violently; but in a moment looked down with great seriousness, and made every now and then signs of amazement: when I came to the mouthful of hot tea, he could scarcely refrain from laughing; but I observed, that the treatment of his daughter touched him, and at the passage about refusing his friend a little assistance, he shifted uneasily in his chair:—at last, on arriving at the words that ushered in the climax of the account, I stopped very quietly, and unwrapped,

one by one, the several papers in my hand, laid it on the table by his side, uttering, as it came in contact with his eye, those melancholy monosyllables—"It was—a Pin!"

For a few moments there was a dead silence; till my patient looking up, and having, as I saw, no traces of his disorder remaining, exclaimed, "My dear Doctor, what must you think of me? What can I think of myself? For it would be worse than affectation in me not to know who is the hero of your story, and worse than stupidity not to make proper account of it.—Nay, nay," continued he, seeing me about to interrupt him, "you shall not soothe down the self-contempt, which at this moment I feel and ought to feel: you have probed me deeply, I confess, but you have done your duty, and by the blessing of restored reason, I will do mine." So saying, nothing could hinder him from instantly sending his servant to fetch his wife and daughter—"Or stop," he cried: "I should go to them myself," and after begging the servant's pardon for ringing him up to no purpose, to the great and most respectful admiration of poor John, he requested me to accompany him to the room in which they were sitting. It is needless to recount all the particulars of the meeting, and indeed I should blush to relate the very handsome terms in which he was pleased to introduce me to the ladies as the restorer of their peace and of his senses. The wife looked her thanks delightedly, but had too delicate an affection for her husband to add to his humiliation by fine speeches; but the daughter, who was in the main a very lively girl, and had the loveliest oval face and long black eyes I ever beheld, seemed as if she would fairly have kissed me, and could by no means suffer the servant to hand me any refreshment;—she would do it all herself;—so that what with my new friend's delight at feeling comfort again, the silent gratitude of his lady, and the lively cordiality of my little Hebe, all humiliations and troubles were quickly forgotten, and we made as pleasant a party at dinner, (for they made me stay dinner,) as was to be found in the whole compass of the metropolis.

CURRAN AND THE MINT.

When the new Mint was erected on Tower Hill, at an enormous expense, the high price of the precious metals and the existing prospects of the country, rendered the office of the moneyers for a considerable time perfectly sinecure. No gold or silver was brought to the coining press; *milling* was confined to the pugilists and corn-grinders, and paper usurped the post of cash. At this period the honourable Mr. Wellesley Pole was appointed master of the mint. Upon these circumstances, Mr. Curran observed,— "I am glad to find an Irishman for once at the head of a money-making department; it may afford an additional scene for the *Beggar's Opera*. For *Mac o'the mint*, we shall have *Pat o'the mint*; and as the new establishment is likely to coin nothing but *rags*, there can be no want of *bullion* during the *reign of beggary*."

TREASON.

During the riots in Dublin, a poor fellow was tried for treason, by conspiring to kill the king; the counsel against him repeated the law, that the king never dies, on which Teague roared out, "Ubo, Boon, my lord, how can I be guilty? Don't you hear what a story that tref of the world makes, for how can I kill a man that never dies!"

ON LOVE.

Love is an idle, lazy pain,
Yet troublesome, and tiresome too;
It springs from a lethargic brain,
The effect of—*nothing else to do*.

Did by it was not annoy'd,
Whilst she was building of her town
Her busy thoughts were all employ'd,
How to secure and guard her own.

But, soon as e'er her work was done,
And *laziness* crept into fashion,
She, slighting credit and renown,
Submitted to the yawning passion.

ON A DEFORMED PEER.

Made up of impregnated powder and clay,
 And push'd, as *Aaste* made him, half form'd, into
 day;
 Nature's journeyman sure, when he made him, was
 drunk,
 The head is so poorly *dove-tail'd* to the trunk;
 Or indeed, being perch'd so awry on the shoulder,
 It looks like a new one, cemented with solder.

ON LUCAN.

Maro and you experienc'd diff'rent fate,
 He gain'd *Augustus'* love; you *Nero's* hate;
 But 'twas an act more great and high, to move
 A prince's *envy*, than a prince's *love*.

THE KILLING LADY.

Mopsa, whipping her scarf on, sails away to the
 park,
 And cries, for a *Venus* I'll pass in the dark.
 With her hoop spreading wide, and her soft-soothing
 tail,
 She knows her coarse features may sometimes prevail.
 Well, the baggage plays arch, thus to wound in the
 night,
 Since her face would strike dead, if reveal'd in the
 light.

PUNCH'S SECRET.

An itinerant manager, with his company of wooden
 comedians, large as life, on his arrival sent forth his *pic-
 nic-herring* with fife and drum, to announce his perform-
 ance: the *quality* of the place, including the squire, the
 attorney, the apothecary, the exciseman, and the church-
 warden of the village, with their ladies, attended the
 performance. The *Roscus* of the drama, Mr. Punch,
 excited the warmest admiration of the audience, he
 was all eloquence, wit, and pleasantry, and so fasci-
 nated the lady of the squire and chief magistrate in
 particular, that on her return home, she talked and
 dreamed of nothing but Mr. Punch, and at last made
 a positive demand of her husband that he should pur-
 chase Mr. Punch from the manager, as an ornament
 to her cabinet. In vain did her worshipful spouse

remonstrate and inveigh against the folly of such a
 whim, in vain did he warn her of what the neighbours
 would say; he talked to no purpose, Punch she must
 have, she could not live without him. "The grey
 mare was the better horse:"—the magistrate was
 obliged to comply, and the very next day concluded
 an expensive treaty with the manager for the purchase
 of his chief actor. But when *Punch* was transferred to
 my lady's chamber, all his faculties failed him, all
 his vivacity vanished: he could neither talk, joke,
 laugh, nor amuse, as he was wont. The lady tried
 to rouse his spirits, she raised one hand, but 'it
 fell lifeless by his side; she tried the other, with the
 same effect; she chucked him under the chin, but
 his jaw fell again on his breast: and, in short, the
 lively, facetious, and diverting Mr. Punch became
 dull and dumb. The secret was, that *Mr. Punch* was
 not in his proper place, or under the same manage-
 ment which procured her liking: and quite disap-
 pointed, she requested the squire to return him to
 his former quarters with a handsome present to the
 manager, who soon restored Mr. Punch to all his
 former celebrity, and he became as great a favourite
 with the town as ever.

THE MATRIMONIAL LADDER.

Admiration.

While graceful *Chloe* leads the gay quadrille,
 What new sensations *Strephon's* bosom fill!
 An introduction gain'd, the youth advances,
 And hopes she's disengaged the two next dances.

Flirtation.

The suit obtain'd, they tread the mazy round;
 At length fatigued, a seat's convenient found;
Strephon assiduous plies the glittering fan,
 And proves himself a very nice young man.

Approbation.

With favouring smile the fair one hears his prattle,
 Sips lemonade, and vows he's quite a rattle:
 Then, as new raptures rise in every glance,
 Exclaims, "I think we'd better join the dance."

Declaration.

Next morn he calls, (the custom's very old,)
To hope the lady has not taken cold.
Thinks she looks charmingly in deshabelle,
And tells what pangs his stricken bosom fill.

Hesitation.

While secret joy her soft confusion veils,
Miss gently checks her swain's romantic tales :
"She's sure mamma will think these raptures wild—
She knows not how to act—she's quite a child!"

Agitation.

With sighs and vows persists the wounded swain,
Begs she'll recall those words, and think again;
Fearful of frowns, or veto from mamma,
The softening nymph refers him to papa.

Acceptation.

Joy on his lips, and rapture on his tongue,
On neat red tape his various parchments strung,
See Strephon bear the mystic circle high,
Which bids hope's tide flow strong, his terrors fly

Solemnisation.

At church arriv'd on some unlucky day,
Poor Chloe falters out the word *obey*;
Thus of love's ladder gain'd the topmost place,
Her downward course the sorrowing muse must trace.

Possession.

Her honey-moon and raptures fled together,
Behold a rural walk in dirty weather;
The stile is slippery, but in vain the dame
Sues for that aid which once unask'd for came.

Rumination.

An evening tête-à-tête you next shall see;
No friendly chat succeeds departed tea;
Blue burns the candle, and the nymph looks blue,
And rumination serves them but to rue.

Alteration.

No more a social walk the morn employs,
A greasy novel constitutes her joys;
While he, poor soul, condemn'd alone to saunter,
Dines with some friend, and empties his decanter.

Irritation.

Return'd at eve, unnumber'd queries wait him,
And she who lov'd so late, appears to hate him:
From trifles light as air the quarrel swells,
The husband bullies, and the wife rebels.

Disputation.

Fierce and more fierce the wordy contest grows:
Taunts, gibes, and sneers, and every thing but blows;
Each to a separate couch in rage retires,
Whence sleep is banished by vexatious fires.

Desperation.

Breakfast renews the quarrels of my fable,
She spoils the tea, and he upsets the table:
All patience lost, no power can peace impart;
In one thing only they agree—to part.

Detestation.

Loud she proclaims the thousands that she brought
him;
He cool retorts, "'twas only those that caught him."
"The world shall know your conduct, brute," she
cries;
"Sooner the better, sweet," the youth replies.

Separation.

Equipp'd for parting see these quondam turtles,
Dead are love's roses, wither'd all his myrtles;
Such are the ups and downs of love's short story,
"For better or for worse,"—'tis death or glory.

CONTENTMENT.

Malherbe dined one day with the bishop of Rouen
who was a dull preacher;—dinner was scarce over
before the poet fell asleep, but was awaked by the
prelate, and asked to go with him to church where he
was to preach; he begged to be excused, saying,
"He could sleep very well where he was."

UNEXPECTED REPROOF.

An eminent surgeon being suddenly called to visit a
person in St. James's-square, when he arrived there,
he found that his carriage could not be driven up to the
house, in consequence of a heap of stones lying in
the way; irritated at this circumstance, he turned

out of the window, and with a volley of oaths asked an Irish labourer who stood near, why those stones were not removed? "Where can I move 'em to?" "Move them any where—move them to h—." "I think," rejoined Paddy "they'd be more out of your honour's way if I mov'd 'em to heaven."

A TAILOR'S REASONS.

An Irishman went to an English tailor, and asked how much cloth was necessary for a suit of clothes. He replied *twelve* yards. Astonished at the quantity, he went to another, who said *seven* would be quite sufficient. His rage was now kindled against the first tailor, to whom he said "How did you dare, sir, ask twelve yards of broad cloth, to make me what your neighbour says he can do for seven?" "Lord, sir," replied the man, "my neighbour can easily do it, he has but *three* children to clothe, and I have *six*."

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS IN A COUNTRY INN,
SHORTLY AFTER THE PASSING OF THE WINDOW
TAX.

God gave us light, and said that it was good,
Pitt made us pay for it, d——n his blood.

AN IRISH KICK.

An Irishman, while passing through a street, was insulted by two boys who looked out of a first floor window, and cried, "There goes Paddy, who makes so many bulls." The Irishman hearing them, looked up, saying, "You rascals, I know you well enough, and if I had you *here*, I'd kick you down stairs."

WARM COMPLIMENT.

Lord Sandwich, after his first day's review at Portsmouth, asked a divine, who stood near him, if such profusion of fire and smoke did not put him in mind of hell. "Yes, my Lord," replied the divine, "especially as I observed your lordship to be in the midst of it."

THE EASTER WEEK.

Now at last the Easter week is arrived, and the poor have for once in the year the best of it—setting things, but their own sovereign will, at a wise defi-

ance. The journeyman who works on Easter Monday, even though he were a tailor, should lose his caste, and be sent to the Coventry of mechanics—wherever that may be. In fact, it cannot happen. On Easter Monday ranks change places—Jobson is as good as sir John—the "rude mechanical" is "monarch of all he surveys" from the summit of Greenwich-hill—and when he thinks fit to say, "It is our royal pleasure to be drunk!"—who shall dispute the proposition? Not I, for one. When our English mechanics accuse their betters of oppressing them, the said betters should reverse the old appeal, and refer from Philip sober to Philip drunk; and then nothing more could be said. But now, they have no betters, even in their own notion of the matter. And in the name of all that is transitory, envy them not their brief supremacy! It will be over before the end of the week, and they will be as eager to return to their labour as they now are to escape from it: for the only thing that an Englishman, whether high or low, cannot endure patiently for a week together, is, unmingled amusement. At this time, however, he is determined to try. Accordingly, on Easter Monday all the narrow lanes and blind alleys of our metropolis pour forth their dingy denizens into the suburban fields and villages, in search of the said amusement—which is plentifully provided for them by another class, even less enviable than the one on whose patronage they depend:—for of all callings the most melancholy is that of purveyor of pleasure to the poor. During the Monday our determined holiday-maker, as in duty bound, contrives, by the aid of a little or not a little artificial stimulus, to be happy in a tolerably exemplary manner. On the Tuesday, he *fancies* himself happy to-day, because he *felt* himself so yesterday. On the Wednesday he cannot tell what has come to him—but every ten minutes he wishes himself at home—where he never goes but to sleep. On Thursday he finds out the secret that he is heartily sick of doing nothing, but is ashamed to confess it: and then what is the use of going to work before his money is spent? On Friday he swears that he is a fool for throwing away the

greater part of his quarter's savings without having any thing to show for it—and gets gloriously drunk with the rest, to prove his words : passing the pleasantest night of all the week in a watch-house. And on Saturday, after thanking "his worship" for his good advice, of which he does not remember a word, he comes to the wise determination that, after all, there is nothing like working all day long in silence, and at night spending his earnings and his breath in beer and politics!—So much for the Easter week of a London holiday-maker.

But there is a sport belonging to Easter Monday, which is not confined to the lower classes, and which fun forbid that I should pass over silently.—If the reader has not, during his boyhood, performed the exploit of riding to the turn-out of the stag on Epping Forest;—following the hounds all day long,—at a respectful distance;—returning home in the evening with the loss of nothing but his hat, his hunting whip, and his horse—not to mention a portion of his sether person;—and finishing the day by joining the Lady Mayoress's ball at the Mansion-house;—if the reader has not done all this when a boy, I will not tantalize him by expatiating on the superiority of those who have. And if he *has* done it, I need not tell him that he has no cause to envy his friend who escaped with a flesh-wound from the fight of Waterloo—for there is not a pin to choose between them!

EPITAPHS.

ON THOMAS KEMP,

Hanged for Sheep-stealing.

Here lies the body of Thomas Kemp,
Who liv'd by wool, but died by hemp;
There's nothing would suffice this glutton,
But, with the fleece, to steal the mutton;
Had he but work'd, and liv'd uprighter,
He'd ne'er been hung for a sheep-biter.

ON THOMAS FLETCHER.

(Cathedral Church-yard, Winchester.)

Here rests in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
Who killed himself by drinking port small beer;

Soldiers be warn'd, by his untimely fall,
And when you're hot, drink strong, or none at all,

ON DANIEL SAUL,

(St. Dunstan's, Stepney.)

Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
Spitalfields' weaver—and that's all!

IRISH EVIDENCE.

During a trial at the Carlow Assizes, on an indictment for stealing thirty pounds of tobacco, the following confessions were extracted from an accomplice in the robbery, who was admitted king's evidence.

Q. How many robberies have you been at altogether? A. Together, *(laughing.)* Why sure I could not be at more than one at a time.

You certainly have knocked me down by that answer, *(loud laughing in court.)* Q. Come, now, tell us how many you have been at. A. I never put them down, for I never thought it would come to my turn to give an account of them.

Q. By virtue of your oath, sir, will you swear that you have not been at fifteen? A. I would not, *(witness laughing.)*

Q. Would you swear that you have not been at twenty? A. I would not, *(still laughing.)*

Q. Do you recollect robbing the widow Bryne, in the county of Wicklow? A. The widow Bryne, who is she? Maybe it is Big Nell you mean? Oh! I only took a trifle of whisky from her, that's all.

Q. Was it day or night? A. *(Laughing.)* Why it was night to be sure.

Q. Did you not rob the poor woman of every article in the house; even her bed-clothes, and the clothes off her back? A. I took clothes, but they were not on her back.

Q. Do you recollect stealing two fitches of bacon from Doran, the Wexford carman? A. Faith I do, and a pig's head besides! *(loud laughing in court.)*

Q. Do you recollect robbing John Keogh, in the county of Wicklow, and taking every article in his house? A. You're wrong there; I did not take every thing; I only took his money and a few other things; *(witness and the auditory laughing immoderately.)*

Why you're a mighty good humoured fellow!—
There is not a better humoured fellow in the country,
there may be honestest.

MODERN TRAVELLERS.

When a man crosses the water to Calais, and comes home by Dieppe, he of course immediately publishes a moderately sized octavo, and it is a great comfort to him that the name must *inevitably* be, either "A Tour in France," or "An Excursion through Normandy and Picardy," with the date of the year annexed to distinguish it from a hundred other works of the same nature. No wonder that travelling is so fashionable when it is so easy to get the expenses paid by west-end booksellers. The process is most simple. A description of Dover begins the book, then follow sea-sickness and custom-house delays, a French post-boy and a table-d'hôte, a Roman Catholic procession with a dozen pages on superstition; and a conversation with an old soldier about Bonaparte, with a dozen pages on politics. The work is complete, and the traveller prints and sells information, which he would consider too trifling and too generally known to dispense gratuitously in company. So it is with more extended tours: Switzerland and Italy are inexhaustible subjects; and though half the world has seen them, and half the other half has described them, succeeding travellers continue to publish their note-books and journals, and, they did not luckily contradict each other, would save those who follow them nothing to learn. Going abroad is indeed now so common and so vulgar that it is almost more genteel to stay at home; and a man who has travelled the five hundred miles *over* England, which constitute capability for the Travellers' Club, is much less of a curiosity than one who has travelled the same distance *in* it. The cataracts of the Nile are better known than the falls of the Clyde; those rave about St. Peter's who never saw St. Paul's; and like the Scotchman who hurried me from Italy to see a magnificent view on his own estate, of which he had first received intelligence from a foreigner—so Englishmen will be put to the blush at Versailles and St. Denis by puzzling questions

about Windsor and Westminster abbey. A book in praise of our own country is perhaps the only sort of book that would not pay the expenses of publication; it would have the dulness of a sonnet to one's wife, and the insipidity of English wines; it would be as little purchased as British lace, and as little regarded as an appeal in behalf of British manufacturers. Not till war again closes the Continent, and tourists and travellers are thrown out of foreign employ, will they condescend to visit or to describe our own lovely scenery. Then Devonshire and Derbyshire, Wales and Westmoreland, must *per force* excite ecstasies and employ pens; then exaggeration will succeed indifference, Mont Blanc bow to Ben Nevis, and Milan cathedral shrink before York minster. Rather than not add his mite to the mountain of books that is overwhelming our land, a predestined author would accomplish his fate by publishing "First Impressions on Box-hill," or "Reminiscences of Clapham-common."

THE TOPER.

Be merry, my boys, and pass briskly the glass;
Gay mirth and good humour attend;
Let the first be a toast to some favourite lass,
Then each take a glass to his friend.
I care not a halfpenny how the world goes,
Who's in or who's out of his place;
Give me but "a pretty girl under the rose,"
And I'll laugh at each fool in disgrace.
For life is itself but a phantom at best,
A dream that soon passes away;
Our wit and our wisdom are merely a jest;
Our bodies mere compounds of clay.
That death is a dream, too, your grey-beards
maintain,
When clay must return to a clod;
Then drop in my grave none but tears of Champagne,
And the vine shall rise out of the sod.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S AGE.

A company happening to have a dispute concerning the age of the present lord Chesterfield, an Irish gentleman observed he must be older than they sup-

posed,—for, added he, “His lordship must have been upwards of one and twenty when he signed the bond which was forged by Dr. Dodd.” All present assented to the remark.

PRECAUTION.

A London newspaper once informed its readers, that, “an additional number of sentinels are to be placed in Hyde-park, to prevent the robberies which happened last winter.”

ON HUMOUR.

Humour, in its sense of something ludicrous, is supposed to be a word to which there is nothing correspondent in any other language. In the signification, however, which has unquestionably led to this meaning, the English language is by no means peculiar; for the Italian *umore*, and the French *humour*, equally with *humour*, denote a certain natural disposition or temper of mind by which individual character is marked. When such a temper or disposition displays itself in a manner which excites ludicrous emotions, the representation constitutes an *humorous* delineation, according to what I suppose the most appropriate use of the term. Dr. Johnson, however, I must observe, gives no limitation of it to the *ridiculous in character*, but makes it, in its comic sense, synonymous to “grotesque imagery, jocular, and merriment.” But that this is too lax an interpretation, is, I think, evident; since were humour identified with these words, there would be nothing national or peculiar in its meaning, but it might be rendered by equivalent terms in almost every language. A man may be very jocular, and excite merriment, by grimaces and distortions, by mimicking bodily defects or oddities of speech and gesture; but if this be humour, it is at least of a very trivial kind. True humour on the other hand, consists in strokes by which the ridiculous in manners and character is displayed, and it is a refined and delicate address to the perception of the ludicrous, exciting the smile of the mind, rather than the grin of the countenance. Thus, when the Archbishop of Granada, after having urged Gil Blas to give him immediate warning should any

of his pulpit compositions indicate a decay of faculties, preaches a sermon “*qui sentoit l'apoplexie*,” and his monitor, with the utmost caution hinting the falling off, is immediately dismissed as one utterly destitute of critical taste—though no reader laughs, all who possess discernment are much amused with the pleasantry of this trait of character. All good comedy consists almost entirely of this kind of humour; for comic incidents are a much inferior species of the ludicrous, except as they are contrived to bring out the other. Humour may be either broad or delicate, but still equally humour, if it proceed from the genuine source; for whether we laugh at *George Dandin* and *Mons Jourdain*, or smile at the *Misanthrope* and *Tartuffe*, or do both alternately at the *Malade Imaginaire*, the entertainment still proceeds from delineations appropriate to the persons of the drama; like those in the pictures of Hogarth, who was as great a master of humour with his pencil, as any writer of comedy, or novelist, with his pen. It is commonly asserted that Congreve, with a profusion of wit, has no humour; but this is by no means the case. It is true, his men of the town, and his combs, are framed in one mould, and all his personages occasionally make repartees; but there is much individual character among them, and his scenes of *Sir Sampson Foresight*, *Ben* and *Miss Prue*, *Lady Wishfort* and *Millamont*, are full of genuine and exquisite humour. Humour was abundant in English comedy till its place was usurped by sentiment. I fear it would not be too severe a censure to assert, that the want of humour is now supplied by quibble, cant, and extravagance.

THE BEST OF WIVES.

A man had once a vicious wife;
(A most *uncommon* thing in life;)
His days and nights were spent in strife
Unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,
Sweet contradiction still her song,
And all the poor man did was wrong,
And ill done.

A trace without doors or within,
From speeches long as tradesmen spin,
Or rest from her eternal din,
He found not.

He every soothing art display'd ;
Tried of what stuff her skin was made :
Failing in all, to Heav'n he pray'd
To take her.

Once walking by a river's side
In mournful terms, "My dear," he cried,
"No more let feuds our peace divide,
I'll end them.

"Weary of life, and quite resign'd
To drown I have made up my mind,
So tie my hands as fast behind
As can be.

"Or Nature may assert her reign,
My arms assist, my will restrain,
And swimming, I once more regain
My troubles."

With eager haste the dame complies,
While joy stands glist'ning in her eyes ;
Already in her thoughts he dies
Before her.

"Yet, when I view the rolling tide,
Nature revolts," said he ; "beside,
I would not be a suicide,
And die thus :

"It would be better far, I think,
While close I stand upon the brink,
You push me in—nay, never shrink,
But do it."

To give the blow the more effect,
Some twenty yards she ran direct,
And did what she could least expect
She should do.

He slips aside, himself to save,
So souse she dashes in the wave,
And gave what ne'er before she gave,
Much pleasure.

"Dear husband, help ! I sink !" she cried ;
"Thou best of wives !" the man replied,
"I would—but *you* my hands have tied,
God help *you* !" "

ENGLISH WOMEN.

England is the paradise for women, a proverb : England is also said to be a heaven for women and a hell for horses. Hence the saying, that if a bridge was made over the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would come over hither ; yet it is worth notice that no language has so many invectives against the sex, as the English.

ROCHESTER'S EMBARRASSMENT.

Lord Rochester had not confidence enough to speak in the house of peers. One day, making an attempt, he gave a true picture of this defect. "My lords," said he, "I rise this time—my lords, I mean to divide this discourse into four branches—my lords, if ever I attempt to *branch* in this house again, I'll give you leave to cut me off *root and branch* for ever."

COINING.

A gentleman seeing a man whom he knew, heavy ironed in Newgate, asked what great offence he had committed.—"Nothing," replied the prisoner, "but the simple one of striking a man and a woman." "Who were they," said the gentleman.—"There they are, sir," taking a halfpenny from his pocket, "as base a couple as you ever saw, though they look so well."

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.*

Ah me ! those old familiar bounds !
That classic house, those classic grounds
My pensive thought recalls !
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
Within yon irksome walls !
Ay, that's the very house ! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row !

* No connection with any other ode.

Its chimneys in the rear !
 And there's the iron rod so high,
 That drew the thunder from the sky
 And turn'd our table-beer !
 There I was birch'd ! there I was bred !
 There like a little Adam fed
 From Learning's woful tree !
 The weary tasks I used to con !—
 The hopeless leaves I wept upon !—
 Most fruitless leaves to me !—
 The summon'd class !—the awful bow !—
 I wonder who is master now
 And wholesome anguish sheds !
 How many ushers now employs,
 How many maids to see the boys
 Have nothing in their heads !
 And Mrs. S * * * ?—Doth she abet
 (Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
 Some favour'd two or three.—
 The little Crichtons of the hour,
 Her muffin-medals that devour,
 And swill her prize——bohea ?
 Ay, there's the play-ground ! there's the lime,
 Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
 So wildly I have read !—
 Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
 Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
 Of Love and Cottage-bread ?
 Who struts the Randall of the walk ?
 Who models tiny heads in chalk ?
 Who scoops the light canoe ?
 What early genius buds apace ?
 Where's Poynter ? Harris ? Bowers ? Chase ?
 Hal Baylis ? blithe Carew ?
 Alack ! thy're gone—a thousand ways !
 And some are serving in "the Greys,"
 And some have perish'd young !—
 Jack Harris weds his second wife ;
 Hal Baylis drives the *wane* of life ;
 And blithe Carew—is hung !
 Grave Bowers teaches A B C
 To savages at Owhyee ;

Poor Chase is with the worms !—
 All, all are gone—the olden breed !—
 New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
 "And push us from our *forms* !"
 Lo ! where they scramble forth, and shout,
 And leap, and skip, and mob about,
 At play where we have play'd !
 Some hop, some run, (some fall,) some twine
 Their crony arms ; some in the shine,
 And some are in the shade !
 Lo there wnat mix'd conditions run !
 The orphan lad ; the widow's son ;
 And fortune's favour'd care—
 The wealthy born, for whom she hath,
 Mac-Adamized the future path—
 The nabob's pamper'd heir.
 Some brightly starr'd— some evil born,—
 For honour some, and some for scorn,—
 For fair or foul renown !
 Good, bad, indiff'rent—none may lack !
 Look, here's a White, and there's a Black !
 And there's a Creole brown !
 Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
 And wish *their* frugal sires would keep
 Their only sons at home ;—
 Some tease the future tense, and plan
 The full-grown doings of the man,
 And pant for years to come !
 A foolish wish ! There's one at hoep :
 And four at *five* ! and five who stoop
 The marble taw to speed !
 And one that curvets in and out,
 Reining his fellow Cob about,—
 Would I were in his *steed* !
 Yet he would gladly halt and drop
 That boyish harness off, to swop
 With this world's heavy van—
 To toil, to tug. O little fool !
 While thou canst be a horse at school,
 To wish to be a man !
 Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
 To wear a crown,—to be a king !

And sleep on regal down !
 Alas ! thou know'st not kingly cares ;
 Far happier is that head that wears
 That hat without a crown !
 And dost thou think that years acquire
 New added joys ? Dost think thy sire
 More happy than his son ?
 That manhood's mirth !—Oh, go thy ways
 To Drury-lane when ——— plays,
 And see how *forced* our fun !
 Thy taws are brave !—thy tops are rare !—
 Our tops are spun with coils of care !
 Our *dumps* are no delight !—
 The Elgin marbles are but tame
 And 'tis at best a sorry game
 To fly the muse's kite !
 Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead
 Our topmost joys fall dull and dead
 Like balls with no rebound !
 And often with a faded eye
 We look behind, and send a sigh
 Towards that merry ground !
 Then be contented. Thou hast got
 The most of heaven in thy young lot ;
 There's sky-blue in thy cup !
 Thou'lt find thy manhood all too fast—
 Soon come, soon gone ! and age at last
 A sorry *breaking-up* !

IRISH WAKES.

The *wakes*, that is to say, the assemblages of the neighbours in melancholy convention round the body of the deceased, during the nights that pass between death and interment, form no inconsiderable part in the occasional amusements of an Irish village, and are so incurious characteristic in the customs of the country. The body of the deceased is laid out in a room upon a bedstead or table, and covered by a sheet with the face only exposed ; sprigs of rosemary, mint, and thyme, flowers and odorous herbage spread over the coverlid, and the corpse is surrounded by plates of snuff and tobacco to regale the guests. Tobacco pipes are plentifully distributed

for the purpose of fumigation, and to counteract any unwholesome odours from the dead body. In the ancient Irish families, or those wherein civil refinements have not exploded old customs, *two* and sometimes *four female* bards attend on those mournful occasions, who are expressly hired for the purpose of lamentation ; this is probably a relique of druidical usage coeval with the Phœnician ancestry ; and they sing, by turns, their *song of death* in voices sweet and piercing, but in tones the most melancholy and affecting. They sing together, in rude extempore verse, the genealogy and family history, and they recount all the exploits, and virtues, and even the very dresses, conversations, and endearing manners of the deceased. Here there appears a display of different ages, characters, and passions, all the young and the old ; the serious and the comical ; the grave and the gay of the lower classes assemble. No where does the real genius and humour of the people so strongly appear, tragedy, comedy, broad farce, pantomime, match-making, love-making, speech-making, song-making, and story-telling, and all that is comical in the genuine Irish character, develop themselves with the most fantastical freedom in the rustic melo-drama ; the contrasted scenes succeed each other as quick as thought ; there is a melancholy in their mirth, and a mirth in their melancholy, like that which pervades their national music, and the opposite passions alternately prevail, like light and shade playing upon the surface of a sullen stream. The people come many miles to one of those serio-comic assemblies ; refreshments of cakes, whiskey, and ale are distributed between the acts to the visitants, who sit up all night ; but the grand feast is reserved to precede the funeral obsequies. A whole *hecatomb* of geese, turkeys, fowls, and lambs are sacrificed some days before for the occasion, and the friends, acquaintances, and neighbours of the deceased are regaled with an abundant cold collation, and plenty of ale, spirits, and wine : while the company of the lower order assemble in the exterior barn or court-yard, and are feasted with baskets of cakes and tubs of ale. When the funeral sets out for the place of interment, the road for

miles is covered by an impervious crowd, horse and foot, sometimes to the number of several thousands, especially if the deceased be a person in ordinary respect or esteem with his neighbours. The *bards* form the procession, and, at intervals, renew the hymn of grief, which is chorused by the whole crowd, with shouts of "Ululo," that rend the skies.

ON A CLERICAL GAMESTER.

What, can he be a teacher of moral regards
Who reads us a Sunday-night lecture on cards?
Who cites "Hoyle on Whist" both in chapter and
verse,

With the orthodox chances of filling a purse?
Tells of eighty odd pounds in a family way,
He won at a sitting—by dint of mere play!
Counted thirteen by cards, in revokes and in tricks,
And ne'er firch'd all the evening from seven to six;
But took odds on each point his opponent could
name,

And call'd this *improvement*, I think, on the game.
Ob! if such be a priest whom promotion delights,
Ordain him archdeacon of Boodle's and White's.

MODERN BELIEF.

What legions of fables and whimsical tales
Pass current for gospel where priestcraft prevails!
Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceiv'd;
What stories and nonsense for truth they believ'd!
But we, their wise sons, who these fables reject,
Even truth, now-a-days, are too apt to suspect:
From believing too much the right faith we let fall;
So now we believe—troth! just nothing at all,

UNNECESSARY CANDOUR.

What *Tom* one day says, he the next will deny,
And candidly tell us—'tis all a d—'d lie:
Friend *Thomas*, this candour from you is not wanted,
For why should you own it?—'Tis taken for granted.

ART OF STORY-TELLING.

Story-tellers may be divided into the *Short*, the *Long*, the *Marvellous*, the *Inspid*, and the *Delightful*.

The *Short Story-teller* is he who tells a great deal in few words, engages your attention, pleases your imagination, or quickly excites your laughter. Of this rank were Xenophon, Plutarch, and Macrobius, among the ancients.

When the Nepheli of Aristophanes, a satire upon Socrates, was acting, his friends desired him to retire and hide behind them. "No," said Socrates, "I will stand up here, where I may be seen; for now I think myself like a good feast, and that every one has a share of me."

Brasidas, the famous Lacedæmonian general, caught a mouse; it bit him, and by that means made his escape. "O, Jupiter!" said he, "what creature is there so contemptible, but that it may have its liberty if it will contend for it?"

The *Long Story-teller* is one who tells little or nothing in a great number of words; for this man among the moderns are famous, particularly the French; and among ourselves, in this kingdom we have a vast number of the better sort. There are six deans, four judges, six and thirty counsellors at law, sixty-five attorneys, some few fellows of the college, every mayor and alderman throughout the whole nation, all old gentlemen and ladies without exception, five of the college of physicians, three or four lords, two hundred squires, and some few people of distinction besides.

The following is a fragment of a long story, by way of example, containing a hundred and twenty-six words, which might have been said in these ten following; viz. "Nine years ago I was to preach to a friend."

"I remember once, I think it was about ten years ago—no, I lie, it was about nine years ago for it was just when my wife was lying-in of Dick. I remember particularly, the midwife would have had me stay to keep her company, and it was the heaviest day of storm and rain that I ever saw before or since, but, because I engaged to preach for a very warm friend of mine, who lived about twenty miles off, and this being Saturday, I could not defer it to the following morning, though I had an excellent nag and coach."

have rid it in three hours; I bought him of a neighbour, one Mr. Masterson; yet, because I would not put my friend in a fright, &c." Thus far he went in one minute; the story lasted an hour; so that, upon a fair computation, he spoke seven thousand seven hundred and forty words, instead of six hundred, by which means he made use of seven thousand one hundred and forty more than he had occasion for.

The *Marvellous* is he who is fond of telling such things as no man alive, who has the least use of his reason, can believe. This humour prevails very much in travellers and the vain-glorious: but it is with them very pardonable, because no man's faith is imposed upon; or, if it should be so, no ill consequence attends persons seriously extravagant, expecting others should give credit to what they know impossible for the greatest dunce to swallow.

One of these, who had travelled to Damascus, told in a company that the bees of that country were as big as turkies. "Pray, sir," said a gentleman, begging pardon for the question, "how large were the hives?" "The same size with ours," replied the traveller. "Very strange," said the other: "but how do they get into their hives?"—"That is none of my business; egad, let them look to that."

Another who had travelled as far as Persia, spoke of his man John, as he was returning home, telling him how necessary it was that a traveller should know things beyond the life, otherwise he could not expect for that respect from his countrymen which otherwise he might have: "but at the same time, John," said he, "wheresoever I shall dine or sup, keep you close to my chair, and if I do very much exceed the bounds of truth, punch me behind, that I may correct myself." It happened one day, that he dined with a certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, where he affirmed that he saw a monkey on the island of Borneo, which had a tail threescore yards long. John punched him, "I am certain it is fifty, at least." John punched again. "I believe, to speak within compass, for I did not measure it must have been forty." John gave him another punch. "I remember it lay over a quickset hedge, and therefore could not be less than thirty." John

at him again. "I could take my oath it was twenty." This did not satisfy John. Upon which the master turned about in a rage, and said, "Damn you for a puppy! would you have the monkey without any tail at all?"

The *Inspid*, who may not unfitly be called soporific, is one who goes plodding on in a heavy, dull relation of unimportant facts. You shall have an account, from such a person, of every minute circumstance that happened in the company where he had been; what he did, and what they did; what they said, and what he said; with a million of trite phrases; with an "And so," beginning every sentence; and "To make a long story short;" and "As I was saying;" with many more expletives of equal signification. It is a most dreadful thing when men have neither the talent of speaking, nor the discretion of holding their tongues; and that, of all people, such as are least qualified, are commonly the most earnest in this way of conversation.

The *Delightful Story-teller* is one who speaks not a word too much, or too little; who can, in a very careless manner, give a great deal of pleasure to others, and desires rather to divert, than be applauded; who shows good understanding, and a delicate turn of wit in every thing which comes from him; who can entertain his company better with a history of a child and its hobby-horse, than one of the soporifics can with an account of Alexander and Bucephalus. Such a person is not unlike a bad reader, who makes the most ingenious piece his own; that is, dull and detestable, by only coming through his mouth.

LITTLE MOUTHS.

From London, Paul the carrier coming down
To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town;
They both accost with salutation pretty,
As "How dost Paul?" "Thank ye, and how dost Betty?"

"Did'st see our Jack, nor sister? No, you've seen
I warrant, none but those who saw the queen."
"Words often spoke in jest," says Paul, "are true,
I came from Windsor, and if some folks knew
As much as I, it might be well for you."

"Lord, Paul, what is't?" "Why give me something for't;"

"This kiss and this." "The matter's then in short,
The parliament have made a proclamation,
Which will this week be sent all round the nation;
That maids with little mouths do all prepare
On Sunday next to come before the mayor,
And that all bachelors be likewise there.
For maids with little mouths shall, if they please,
From the young men choose husbands two a-piece."
Betty with bridled chin extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with simp'ring grace,
Cries, "Hem! pray what must all the huge ones do
For husbands, when we little mouths have two?"
"Hold, not so fast," cries he, "pray pardon me,
Maids with huge gaping wide mouths must have
three."

Betty distorts her face with hideous squall,
And with mouth a foot wide begins to bawl,
"Oh, oh, is't so?—The case is alter'd, Paul.
Is that the point? I wish the three were ten;
I warrant I'll find mouth, if they'll find men."

**ON TWO TWIN-SISTERS, WHO DIED AT THE SAME TIME,
AND WERE BURIED IN ONE GRAVE.**

Fair marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin sisters lie;
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

IRISH RECEIPT TO CURE A LOVE FIT.

Tie one end of a rope fast over a beam,
And make a slip noose at t'other extreme;
Then just underneath let a cricket be set,
On which let the lover most manfully get:
Then over his head let the snicket be got,
And under one ear be well settled the knot:
The cricket kick'd down let him take a fair swing,
And leave all the rest of the work to the string.

MEDITATION ON A PUDDING.

By Dr. Johnson.

Let us seriously reflect of what a pudding is composed: it is composed of flour, that once waved in the golden grain, and drank the dews of the morning,—of milk pressed from the swelling udder by the gentle hand of the beauteous milk maid, whose beauty and innocence might have recommended a woe draught, who, while she stroked the udder, indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, formed no plans for destruction of her fellow-creatures;—milk, which is drawn from the cow, that useful animal that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind in the age which the poets have agreed to call golden. It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature which the theoretical Burnett has compared to creation. An egg contains within its beautiful smooth surface an unformed mass, which, by incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers.—Let us consider, can there be now wanting to complete the Meditation on a Pudding, more is wanting, more may be found: it contains salt, which keeps the sea from putrefaction—oil, which is made the image of intellectual excellence, contributes to the foundation of a pudding.

TRUE NOBILITY.

Lord Melcombe, when his name was Bubb, was appointed ambassador to Spain. Lord Chesterfield told him it would not do, as the Spaniards cannot suppose a man to possess any dignity whose name is a monosyllable—"You must make an addition to it—I can help you to one, suppose you make it *Silly Bubb*."

ON SEEING A VICAR IN HIS CUP.

When Bacchus once the priest subdues,
With his prevailing liquor,
The man, in spite of art, breaks loose,
Abstracted from the vicar.

sober, he kept the formal path ;
 In's cups, he's not the same man ;
 But reel'd and stagger'd in his faith,
 And hiccup'd like a layman.

Vast many pretty things he spoke,
 Deserving our attention ;
 Not scripture fit to feed a flock,
 But of his own invention :

Yet, whether truths said o'er his glass,
 Of which I took great notice,
 Were *or in vino veritas*,
 Or *a verbo sacerdotis*,

I could not tell ; yet praise was due,
 Though unto which to give it,
 I vow I know not, of the two,
 The liquor, or the Levite,

His scarlet cheeks inflam'd with drink,
 Together with his white head ;
 Made him appear just like a link,
 When at one end 'tis lighted.

He drank in earnest, broke his jest,
 No scripture phrases utter'd ;
 The man he play'd, and not the priest,
 But put the best side outward.

Till drown'd at last in Bacchus' streams,
 The Levite's weak condition
 Lull'd him to sleep, to dream strange dreams,
 Or see some wond'rous vision.

VOLUNTEER FIELD-DAY, AND SHAM FIGHT.

All blown up by valour, for glory to go,
 Each lists just to learn how to handle a foe ;
 They dare 'gainst old England to lift up a paw
 What a harvest of laurels they'll reap from the
 war ;

Men urged by the fair—the swains quickly run
 To buckle the knapsack and shoulder the gun ;
 And many are the feats that the warriors do,
 At the volunteer dinner, or a grand review.

[Spoken.] Vel papa, says Miss Sophinishba Squint-
 y, I can't see as how vy you vont let our John
 soldier ; there's Mr. Taptub, the innkeeper's son,

has only been in the volunteers a very little time,
 and his sweetheart tells me, he *charges* beautifully,
 and she's seen him practise in the hay season. A
 soldier ! pho ! nonsense ; no ; the boy's next to a fool
 now. Yes, my love, says his wife, he is just at your
 elbow ; but why not indeed ; I'm sure my John has
 as pretty a leg for regimentals as Mr. Maccrewemall,
 the undertaker, who heads the *corps* :—But you
 want your children to be as ignorant as yourself.
 You'd never have known how to have *got on*, if I
 had not showed you the way.—Ah ! Mr. Squintpretty,
 if I had been as dull and as still as yourself, I don't
 know—Now don't bother papa, mama, because I'm
 just determined to sport steel at the next review,
 and for that reason I have—but here comes Mr.
 Snipred, the military tailor, with my clothes, and you
 shall see me *marshalled* afore you can say how much
 do they cost. Well, I declare they look very nice ;
 and that feather, beautiful—my dear boy, your looks
 will make you a *kernal*. Do you think so, mamma ?
 I do. Do you, why then—

Here's to parade, in double quick pace,
 With my head up so high, and my coat deck'd with
 lace.

Where the ladies astonished, will sigh and say
 How beautiful looks, the lovely ensign J.

At parade then they mix, and sure such a set
 Of staunch hearted heroes before ne'er was met ;
 Distinction and place are lost in the day,
 When their country commands to rehearse for a fray ;
 In well formed ranks they are stationed all,
 The crooked, the dapper, the short, and the tall,
 The doctor, and butcher, 'like in front or van,
 And a tailor's on a level with the gentleman.

[Spoken.] And there they are all the noble souls in
 the parish, from Ben Bumper the bruiser, to little
 Sam Shuttle the weaver, and close in order ; they look
 as even as a row of oak and gooseberry trees, or
 the lower jaw of an old woman, but *fine* to a man.
 There, then, is *Kernal* Screwemall on the field, fea-
 thered like a mourning-coach horse. Attention—
 excellent ! Make ready—charge. Oh, oh, oh ! what's
 the matter with Sergeant Pattypan. Why Corporal

Dumpling has run his *bagnet* into my cartridge box. Mr. Evergape, mind the word, sir—you are picking your comrade's teeth with your *bagonette*—fall in, fall in. I am falled in, sir. Where? Why into the Paddington Canal. Shoulder arms—O! shame, shame, gentlemen, the wrong shoulder; so you must *recover arms*, bravo, well disciplined. Stand at ease. I'll be damned if I can stand at ease, you are so tall and I am so short, you keep tickling my ear with your pigtail. Shoulder arms—good. Prime and load—better. Fire—pop, pop, pop, pop. Never heard a better fire; I've got twenty men in my company, and I heard seventeen of them fire distinctly. What's gone with the other three?—Pop, pop, pop—there they are all. O my! I am so dry: I must have *summat* to drink afore I goes into action again. Why you mustn't go now, its *irregular*. Well, we a'nt regulars you know. You'll be shot for a deserter. Pho! I shall go the back way to that house over the way, the Marquis of Granby's Head. Mr. Huckaback, which is the back way to the Marquis of Granby's Head? Up the nape of his neck, sir, I should think. To prevent mischief, gentlemen, unfix *bagonets*. O, look at the *kernal*, the *kernal*! The gallant colonel's horse, having never before smelt powder, at the unexpected shock, released himself from his too martial rider, by throwing him—not into the arms, but on the heads of his valorous troop, who luckily had, according to command, previously unfixed bayonets: or else his charger's next visit to the churchyard might have been *with* the colonel: but no such loss to chivalry happened. With the exception of giving Bill Alum a black eye with the point of his boot, and tearing corporal Fribble's shirt-frill with his spur, all was in *statu quo*. Hollo! where's Mr. Alamode going? He says he won't stop any longer—he's affronted;—he says, Mr. Sponge, the baker, fired off so close to his ear, that he has singed off half his whiskers. The gallant colonel was about to harangue, when a shower of rain prevented his stream of oratory, and threw a *damp* on the spirits of the day. So they Right about faced, and gallop'd away, Sans order, sans time, sans martial array;

For the dinner it was ordered exactly at four, And to the hour it wanted but a minute or more. Their appetites whetted with fatigues of the field, Each eager and able his knife to wield, The enemy appears—and they all let loose, Nor give a bit of quarter to turkey or goose; So valorous were they, and so great were the feats That they did on the pastry, the puddings, and the meats,

That the landlord brought a bill which astonished all At so wonderful a havoc by a corps so small.

Spoken.] Aye! and as I was saying, the last campaign that I served—Where was that, colonel! That! in Hungerfordshire, and hard service we had of it: but it was all for the king, and a man shouldn't mind having his dinner at *unregular* hours for the public good: a true patriot will deny doing nothing for his country. Mr. Alamode will you attack the wing of this fowl?—No, Sir, I'd rather come up the flank of that beef. Perhaps, sir, you won't refuse standing a little *grape* shot.—Not in the least, sir, before I sit down opposite to the outworks of this giblet pie. You are not going to leave us yet! Yes, indeed, but I must tho'; for, being *loaded*, I cannot help *going off*. Nonsense, man, you are *unprimed* yet. Silence for the colonel's toast. Well, gentlemen, as you insist on a toast, I shall just say *this*, which is *that*, "May the volunteers of this parish prove the terror of the world." Bravo. Now I shall go. Oh! but you must stay and hear the colonel's song. O, aye, certainly, by all manner of means. Well, gentlemen, I'll endeavour to sing you one of my own:—

"To die is best, if—

Perhaps you sing professionally, colonel.—*Same* shame, interruption. Mutiny, punish him. What punishment shall he undergo?—What, why he shall

Eat like an alderman, and drink buzza
To the volunteer corps and reviewing day.
Confusion to all foes—whensoe'er they attack,
For if we *load* our bellies, we'll never turn our backs.

FORTY-FIVE.

Dr. Barnard, being in conversation with Foote, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other distinguished characters, Barnard happened to say, "that he thought no man could improve when past the age of forty-five." Upon this Dr. Johnson observed, that he (Barnard) was an instance to the contrary; for there was great room for improvement in him, *and he wished he would set about it.* This produced the following elegant *bagatelle* from Dr. Barnard in the course of the next day; addressed 'To Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Co.'

I lately thought no man alive
Could e'er improve past forty-five,
And ventur'd to assert it :
The observation was not new,
But seem'd to me so just and true
That none could controvert it.

"No, sir," says Johnson; "'tis not so.
That's your mistake, and I can show
An instance if you doubt it.
You, sir, who are near forty-eight,
May much improve, 'tis not too late;
I wish you'd set about it."

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,
Which way I should apply it :
Learning and wit seem'd past my reach,
For who can learn when none will teach ?
And wit—I could not *buy* it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill :
You can inform me, if you will,
(My books are at a distance.)
With you I'll live and learn, and then
Instead of books I shall read men ;
So lend me your assistance.

Dear knight of Plympton,* teach me how
To suffer with unruffled brow,

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

And smile serene, like thine ;
The jest uncouth, or truth severe,
To such I'll turn my deafest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,
But genius too may be attain'd,
By studious imitation.

Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll copy till I make thee mine
By constant application.

The art of pleasing teach me, Garrick ;
Thou who reversest odes Pindaric
A second time read o'er.†

Oh ! could we read thee backward too,
Last thirty years thou should'st review,
And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts, and can't express 'em,
Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em

In terms select and terse ;
Jones teach me modesty and Greek ;
Smith how to think, Burke how to speak,
And Beauclerc to converse.

Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrow'd grace ;
From him I'll learn to write :

Copy his clear familiar style ;
And, from the roughness of his file,
Grow, *like himself*, polite.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN SWIFT AND HIS LANDLORD.

The three towns of Navan, Kells, and Trim, which lay in Swift's route on his first journey to Laracor, seem to have deeply arrested his attention, for he has been frequently heard to speak of the beautiful situation of the first, the antiquity of the second, and the time-shaken towers of the third. There were three inns in Navan, each of which claim to this day the honour of having entertained *Dr. Swift* ! It is probable that he dined at one of them, for it is certain that he slept at

† Alluding to Garrick, in a whim, reading Cumberland's odes backward.

Kells, in the house of *Jonathan Belcher*, a Leicestershire man, who had built the inn in that town on the English model, which still exists, and, in point of capaciousness and convenience, would not disgrace the first road in England. The host, whether struck by the commanding sternness of Swift's appearance, or from natural civility, showed him into the best room, and waited himself at table. The attention of Belcher seems so far to have won upon Swift as to have produced some conversation. "You're an Englishman, sir?" said Swift. "Yes, sir." "What is your name?" "Jonathan Belcher, sir." An Englishman and *Jonathan* too, in the town of Kells—who would have thought it! What brought you to this country?" "I came with Sir Thomas Taylor, sir; and I believe I could reckon *fifty Jonathans* in my family." "Then you are a man of family?" "Yes, sir; I have four sons and three daughters by one mother, a good woman of true Irish mould." "Have you been long out of your native country?" "Thirty years, sir." "Do you ever expect to visit it again?" "Never." "Can you say that without a sigh?" "I can, sir; my family is my country!" "Why, sir, you are a better philosopher than those who have written volumes on the subject: then you are reconciled to your fate?" "I ought to be so; I am very happy; I like the people, and, though I was not born in Ireland, I'll die in it, and that's the same thing." Swift paused in deep thought for near a minute, and then with much energy repeated the first line of the preamble of the noted Irish statute—*Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores!*—"(*The English*) are more Irish than the Irish themselves!"

SATIRE.

Satire, when general, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any; since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burthen upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough and able to bear

it. "Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him to strike it from himself among the rest of the company."

DISTINCTIONS IN FEMALE FRAILTY

One Mrs. Mapp, a famous she bone-setter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and six horses, on the Kentish road was met by a rabble of people, who, seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded she must be George the First's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No Hanover w—! No Hanover w—! The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them, she was no Hanover w— she was an English one! Upon which they cried out, "God bless your ladyship!" quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

PRINCE EUGENE'S TIE WIG.

A whimsical circumstance occurred on Prince Eugene's going to court; Swift gives this account of it: "When Mr. Secretary St. John went to conduct him, he found him in the utmost confusion imaginable: Hoffmann, the Emperor's resident, had told his Highness that morning, that it was impossible for him to go to court without a *wig*, and his was a tied up one. "How!" said the Prince; "I know not what to do, for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but not one of them has such a thing. What am I to do?" It was with the utmost difficulty the secretary could convince him it was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen-ushers.

THE LOVE-SICK SWAIN.

I look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I strove most my fond passion to break,
Still then I said least of the matter.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I would try,
 Some way my poor heart to recover ;
 But that was all vain, for I sooner could die
 Than live with forbearing to love her.
 Dear Celia ! be kind then ; and since your own eyes
 By looks can command adoration,
 Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
 Those oglings that tell you my passion.
 We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither should
 speak,
 The pleasure we'll still be pursuing ;
 And so, without words, I don't doubt we may make
 A very good end of this wooing. CONGREVE.

SWIFT AND THE EGGS.

There happened, while Swift was at Laracor, the
 sale of a farm and stock, the farmer being dead.
 Swift chanced to walk past during the auction just as
 a pad of eggs had been put up : Roger, Swift's clerk,
 bid for them, and was overbid by a farmer of the
 name of Hatch. "What, Roger, won't you buy the
 eggs?" exclaimed Swift. "No, sir," said Roger, "I
 see they are just A'GOING TO HATCH."

CUCUMBER FORCING.

Lord Kelly had a very red face : "Pray my
 Lord," said Foote to him, "come and look over
 my garden wall : my cucumbers are very back-
 ward."

BEST BARGAIN.

Tell me no more I am deceiv'd,
 That Chloe's false and common :
 I always knew (at least believed)
 She was a very woman :
 As such I lik'd, as such caress'd ;
 She still was constant when possess'd,
 She could do more for no man.
 But, oh ! her thoughts on others ran,
 And that you think a hard thing ;
 Perhaps she fancy'd you the man,
 And what care I one farthing ?
 You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind ;
 I take her body, you her mind,
 Who has the better bargain ?

A LETTER GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF A PESTILENT
NEIGHBOUR.

Sir,

You must give me leave to complain of a PESTI-
 LENT fellow in my neighbourhood, who is always
 beating MORTAR, yet I cannot find that he ever
 builds. In talking, he uses such hard words that I
 want a *drugger*-man to interpret them. But all is
 not gold that *glisters*. *A pot* he carries to most
 houses where he visits. He makes his 'prentice
 his GALLY slave. I wish our lane were *purged* of
 him. Yet he pretends to be a *cordial* man. Every
spring his shop is crowded with country-folks ;
 who by their *leaves*, in my opinion, help him to do
 a great deal of mischief. He is full of SCRUPLES,
 and so very LITIGIOUS, that he files bills against all
 his acquaintance : and, though he be much troubled
 with the SIMPLES, yet I assure you he is a *jesuitical*
dog ; as you may know by his BARK. Of all poetry
 he loves the DRAM-A-TICK best.

I am, &c.

ON ITS BEING OBSERVED OF A CELEBRATED PUBLIC
 CHARACTER THAT THERE WAS FALSEHOOD IN HIS
 VERY LOOKS.

That there is falsehood in his looks,
 I must and will deny ;
 They say their master is a knave,
 And sure they do not lie.

EPIGRAM.

Write injuries in dust, but kindness in marble.
 If the truth of this proverb is not to be slighted,
 Your principles doubtless are just,
 Your kindness to me you in marble indited,
 Your injuries you wrote in the dust.

SWIFT'S PUNNING.

Nothing can more strongly show Swift's fondness
 for puns of all sorts, than an extract from one of
 his letters. "The Bishop of Clogher has made an
 if-pun that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send
 it over to his brother Tom : but Sir Andrew Foun-
 tain has written to Tom Ashe last post, told him

the pun, and desired him to send it over to the Bishop as his own; and if it succeeds, it will be a pure bite. I'll tell you the pun. If there was a *hackney coach* at Mr. *Pooley's* door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why, it would be *Hecatompolis*; *Hack* at *Tom Pooley's*. Silly!"

PROLOGUE

Spoken in the Character of a Sailor, on opening the New Theatre at North-Shields.

Holloa! my Masters! where d'ye mean to stow us?
(*Without.*)

We're come to see what pastime ye can show us.
Sall, step aloft—you, sha'n't be long without me.
I'll walk their quarter-deck, and look about me.

[*Enters.*]

Tom and Dick Topsail are above—I hear 'em;
Tell 'em to keep a birth; and, Sall—sit near 'em.
Sall's a smart lass—I'd hold a butt of stingo
In three weeks time she'd learn the playhouse lingo.
She loves your plays, she understands their meaning:
She calls 'em—Moral rules made entertaining.
Your Shakspeare books, she knows 'em to a tittle;
And I myself (at sea) have read—a little.
At London, sirs! when Sall and I were courting,
I tow'd her ev'ry night a playhouse sporting.
Mass! I could like 'em and their whole 'paratus,
But for their fiddlers and their damn'd sonatas.
Give me the merry sons of guts and rosin,
'That play—"God save the king," and "Nancy Dawson."

Well—tho' the frigate's not so much bedizen'd,
[*Looking about.*]

'Tis snug enough!—'tis clever for the size on't,
And they can treat with all that's worth regarding
On board the Drury-Lane or Common-garden.
Bell rings.] Avast!—a signal for the launch, I fancy;

What say you, Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and Nancy?

Since they have trimm'd the pleasure-barpe so tightly,

Shan't you, and I, and Sall, come see them nightly?

The jolly crew will do their best endeavours;
They'll grudge no labour to deserve your favours:
A luckier fate they swear can ne'er behap 'em,
Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear you—clap 'em.

EPITAPH ON JUDGE BOAT.

Here lies judge *Boat* within a coffin,
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing;
A *Boat* a judge? yes, where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder!
And in his robes you must agree,
No *Boat* was better *deckt* than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller,
In short he was an able *sculler*.*

SWIFT.

SUPERFICIAL, IGNORANT, AND LEARNED READERS.

Readers may be divided into three classes; the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The *superficial* reader will be strangely provoked to *laughter*; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the *spleen*, and the most innocent of all *diuretics*. The *ignorant* reader, between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to *stare*, which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration. But the reader truly *learned*, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life.

SWIFT.

THE TIPSY MEMBER.

A member of parliament applied to the post-office, to know why some of his franks had been *charged*: The answer was: "We supposed, sir, they were not of your writing. The *hand* is not the same." Why, not *precisely* the same; but the truth is, I happened to be a *little tipsy* when I wrote them." "Then, sir, will you be so good, in future, to write *drum*, when you make *free*."

* *Qz.* Whether the author meant *scholar*, and *wildly* mistook.

SMOKING WAGER.

The principal solace of Dr. Aldrich between the variety of his learned pursuits, was that of smoking; of which habit he was so fond, that, among many other compositions, he produced a "Smoking Catch," to be sung by four men smoking their pipes. His excessive attachment to this amusement becoming a subject of pleasant remark in the university, a student, one morning at breakfast, laid his companion a wager, that the Dean was smoking at that instant. Away they accordingly hastened to the deanery; and, admitted to the study, told the Dean the occasion of their visit; when, addressing himself, in perfect good humour, to him who had laid that he was smoking, he said, "You see, sir, you have lost your wager; for I am not smoking, but—filling my pipe."

GUINEA NOTE.

While the Beggars' Opera was under rehearsal at the Haymarket Theatre, in 1823, Miss Paton expressed her wish to sing the air of "*The Miser thus a shilling sees*," a note higher; to which the stage-manager immediately replied, "Then, Miss, you must sing, "*The Miser thus a GUINEA sees*."

AN ASSIZE TOWN.

A pompous sheriff, dress'd exceeding fine,
With awkward javelin-men, in double line;
Two judges eager for the hour to dine:
A swaggering captain, with a blust'ring look
Resembling Exon's noted, quoted—cook;
A group of counsel whom one always sees
With spruce tie-wigs, and bands, sans briefs, sans
fees:
Attornies anxious to create dispute,
And ever wishing for a Chancery-suit;
Raw country girls, not much averse to please
Those lucky counsel, who have touch'd some fees;
Juries who find for plaintiff or defendant,
Just as their stomachs feel, to make an end on't;
The town all uproar, riot, noise, and pother,
And drunken witnesses one upon t'other.

INGENIOUS DEFENCE.

A notorious rogue being brought to the bar, and knowing his case to be desperate, instead of pleading, took to himself the liberty of jesting, and thus said, "I charge you in the king's name, to seize and take away that man (meaning the Judge) in the red gown, for I go in danger of my life, because of him."

THE WONDERFUL WONDER OF WONDERS.

There is a certain person lately arrived at this city, of whom it is very proper the world should be informed. His character may perhaps be thought very inconsistent, improbable, and unnatural; however, I intend to draw it with the utmost regard to truth. This I am the better qualified to do, because he is a sort of dependant upon our family, and almost of the same age; though I cannot directly say, I have ever seen him. He is a native of this country, and has lived long among us; but what appears wonderful, and hardly credible, was never seen before, by any mortal.

It is true indeed he always chooses the lowest place in company; and contrives it so, to keep out of sight. It is reported, however, that in his younger days he was frequently exposed to view, but always against his will, and was sure to smart for it.

As to his family, he came into the world a younger brother, being of six children the fourth in order of birth; of which the eldest is now head of the house; the second and third carry arms; but the two youngest are only footmen: some indeed add, that he has likewise a twin brother, who lives over against him and keeps a victualling house; he has the reputation to be a close, griping, squeezing fellow; and that when his bags are full, he is often needy; yet when the fit takes him, as fast as he gets he lets it fly.

When in office, no one discharges himself, or does his business better. He has sometimes strained hard for an honest livelihood; and never got a bit, till every body else was done.

One practice appears very blamable in him; that

every morning he privately frequents unclean houses, where any modest person would blush to be seen. And although this be generally known, yet the world, as censorious as it is, has been so kind to overlook this infirmity in him. To deal impartially, it must be granted that he is too great a lover of himself, and very often consults his own ease, at the expense of his best friends: but this is one of his blind sides; and the best of men I fear are not without them.

He has been constituted by the higher powers in the station of receiver general, in which employment some have censured him for playing fast and loose. He is likewise overseer of the golden mines which he daily inspects, when his health will permit him.

He was long bred under a master of arts, who instilled good principles into him, but these were soon corrupted. I know not whether this deserves mention: that he is so very capricious, as to take it for an equal affront, to talk either of kissing or kicking him, which has occasioned a thousand quarrels: however, nobody was ever so great a sufferer for faults, which he neither was, nor possibly could be guilty of.

In his religion he has thus much of the quaker, that he stands always covered, even in the presence of the king; in most other points a perfect idolater, although he endeavours to conceal it; for he is known to offer daily sacrifices to certain subterraneous nymphs, whom he worships in an humble posture, prone on his face, and stript stark naked; and so leaves his offerings behind him, which the priests of those goddesses are careful enough to remove, upon certain seasons, with the utmost privacy at midnight, and from thence maintain themselves and families. In all urgent necessities and pressures, he applies himself to these deities, and sometimes even in the streets and highways, from an opinion that those powers have an influence in all places, although their peculiar residence be in caverns under ground. Upon these occasions, the fairest ladies will not refuse to lend their hands to assist him: for, although they are ashamed to have him seen in their

company, or even so much as to hear him named; yet it is well known that he is one of their constant followers.

In politics, he always submits to what is uppermost; but he peruses pamphlets on both sides with great impartiality, though seldom till every body else has done with them.

His learning is of a mixed kind, and he may properly be called a *helluo librorum*, or another Jacobus de Voragine; though his studies are chiefly confined to schoolmen, commentators, and German divines, together with modern poetry and critics: and he is an atomic philosopher, strongly maintaining a void in nature, which he seems to have fairly proved by many experiments.

I shall now proceed to describe some peculiar qualities, which, in several instances, seem to distinguish this person from the common race of other mortals.

His grandfather was a member of the rump parliament, as the grandson is of the present, where he often rises, sometimes grumbles, but never speaks. However he lets nothing pass willingly, but what is well digested. His courage is indisputable, for he will take the boldest man alive by the nose.

He is generally the first a-bed in the family, and the last up; which is to be lamented; because when he happens to rise before the rest, it has been thought to forebode some good fortune to his superiors.

As wisdom is acquired by age, so, by every new wrinkle in his face, he is reported to gain some new knowledge.

In him we may observe the true effects and consequences of tyranny in a state: for as he is a great oppressor of all below him, so there is nobody more oppressed by those above him; yet, in his time he has been so highly in favour, that many illustrious persons have been entirely indebted to him for their preferments.

He has discovered from his own experience, the true point wherein all human actions, projects, and designs do chiefly terminate: and how mean and sordid they are at the bottom.

It behoves the public to keep him quiet; for a frequent murmurs are a certain sign of intestine mutts.

No philosopher ever lamented more the luxury which these nations are so justly taxed; it has been known to cost him tears of blood: for in his own nature he is far from being profuse; though indeed he never stays a night at a gentleman's house, without leaving something behind him.

He receives with great submission whatever his patrons think fit to give him; and when they lay heavy burdens upon him, which is frequently enough, he gets rid of them as soon as he can; but not without some labour, and much grumbling.

He is a perpetual hanger on; yet nobody knows how to be without him. He patiently suffers himself to be kept under, but loves to be well used, and in that case will sacrifice his vitals to give you ease: and he has hardly one acquaintance, for whom he has not been bound; yet, as far as we can find, was never known to lose any thing by it.

He is observed to be very unquiet in the company of a Frenchman in new clothes, or a young quette.

He is, in short, the subject of much mirth andillery, which he seems to take well enough; though has not been observed that ever any good thing came from himself.

There is so general an opinion of his justice, that sometimes very hard cases are left to his decision: and while he sits upon them, he carries himself exactly even between both sides, except where some petty point arises; and then he is observed to lean a little to the right or left, as the matter inclines him; but his reasons for it are so manifest and convincing, that every man approves them.

EPITAPH

On the Tomb erected to the Marquis of Anglesea's Leg, deposited at Waterloo.

Here lies, and let no saucy knave
Presume to sneer or laugh,
To learn, that mould'ring in this cave,
Is laid a British Calf.

For he who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole,
Would find that laugh were premature,
For here too lies a *Sole*.

And here five little ones repose,
Twit-born with other five;
Unheeded by their brother toes,
Who now are all alive.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
Rest here of one commanding;
Who, though his wits he may retain,
Lost half his *understanding*.

Who, when the guns, with thunder fraught,
Pour'd bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be brought
To give the foe *leg bail*.

And now in England, just as gay
As in the battle brave;

Goes to the rout, review, or play,
With one foot in the grave.

Fortune, indeed, has shown her spite,
For he will still be found,
Should England's foes engage in fight;
Resolv'd to stand his ground:

And but indulg'd in harmless whim,
Since he could walk with one;
She saw two legs were lost on him,
Who never deign'd to run.

GARRICK'S EYE.

Miss Pope was one evening in the green-room, commenting on the excellencies of Garrick, when, amongst other things, she said "he had the most wonderful eye imaginable—an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that would penetrate through a deal board."—"Aye," cried Wewitzer, "I understand—what we call a *gimblet eye*!"

CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM.

Querist. Where, observed a Roman Catholic, in warm dispute with a Protestant, where was your religion before Luther?

Q. Did you wash your face this morning?

A. Yes.

Q. Where was your face before it was washed?

A BLESSED SPOT.

*From an Epigram of Abulfadhel Ahmed, surnamed
Al Hamadani, recorded in D'Herbelot.*

Hamadan is my native place ;
And I must say, in praise of it,
It merits, for its ugly face,
What every body says of it.
Its children equal its old men
In vices and avidity ;
And they reflect the babes again
In exquisite stupidity.

ORIGINAL PLAY-BILLS.

The usual method of advertising the performances at the London theatres was originally by affixing them to numerous posts, which formerly encumbered the streets of the metropolis ; and hence the phrase, posting-bills. Taylor, the water-poet, relates that master Field, the player, riding up Fleet-street at a great pace, a gentleman called him, and asked him what play was played that day ? He being angry to be staid on so frivolous a demand, answered that he might see what play was to be played on every post. " I cry your mercy," said the gentleman, " I took you for a post, you rode so fast."

WILKES'S QUERIES.

I wish you at the devil, said somebody to Wilkes.

I don't wish you there.

Why ?

Because I never wish to meet you again.

Where the devil did you come from ? said Wilkes, to a beggar in the Isle of Wight.

From the devil.

What is going on there ?

Much the same as here.

What's that ?

The rich taken in, and the poor kept out.

MOUTH *versus* EYES.

From the French of La Fontaine.

Cyprus to wit : Sweet Mouth *versus* Fine Eyes,
Before the Chamber of Precedencies.

The case was opened by Sweet Mouth, who said,—" I summon Hearts. Let their reports be read. Let them decide, my Lords, which of us two Has most to say, to charm with, and to do. Do, did I say ? I'm ready to take oath, I've more than I can do, though nothing loth : Only, it seems, I've not the happy art, Of shedding tears, like Eyes ! With all my heart : My glory centers not in sight alone : I satisfy three senses, they but one.

Odours and sounds to my sweet state belong,
And to delightful words I join a charming song.
My very sighs exhale a world of sweets,
Like zephyrs in the time of violets :
I have such ways to make a lover blest,
Such heaps—your Lordships will excuse the list :
And then, if Fine Eyes lay a wager with us,
To see who first can strike some heart beneath us,
Lord ! how Fine Eyes go toiling round and round,
While, speak we but a word—the man's on ground :
We want no tricks, not we, to give the rosy wound.
Let Fine Eyes shut, they're no such wonder, they :
Sweet Mouth has always treasures to display ;
Coral without, and precious pearl within ;
Who, when I deign to play, can hope to win ?
Let presents fall in oriental showers,
The favours I bestow beat all their dowers.
Thirty-two pearls I wear about me here,
Of which the least in beauty and least clear,
Surpasses all with which the East is lit ;
As many millions should not purchase it."

Thus spoke Sweet Mouth : on which was seen to
rise

A lover, who was counsel for Fine Eyes.
He said, as you may guess, that for their part,
Love, without them, could never find the heart :
That as to tears, he felt, he must own, shocked,
To hear their very tenderness rebuked.
What could sighs do, he should be glad to know,
Unless their warrants stood prepared to flow ?
The fact was, both were good, and Sweet Mouth there
Wronged her own cause, and hurt her character.
There are delicious tears ; and there are sighs,
On t' other hand, not over good or wise ;

And Mouth had better, as she says she can,
 Have gained the cause by silence than this plan.
 'What are the silent charms, the godlike powers
 To show for her cause, when compared with ours?
 We charm a hundred and a thousand ways,
 By sweetness, by a stealth, by sparkling rays,
 And by what Sweet Mouth blames—but is the part
 We glory in the most—the gentle art
 Of melting with a tear the manliest heart.
 Where Sweet Mouth gains a single conquest, we
 Win all in a round of ceaseless victory :
 And for one song in which she bears the prize,
 A hundred thousand sparkle with Fine Eyes.
 Courts, and cities, in the poet's groves,
 What is there heard of but our darts and loves?
 Such sudden strokes we deal, such deeds we vaunt,
 That those do well, who say that we enchant.
 They come, and all surrender up their arms.
 Enough often in the whirl of those alarms,
 Sweet Mouth comes following in, and then pretends
 To her charms.

Even grant the people ask not who she is,
 What she may speak, and "thank the gods amiss."
 True, she has two words of magic touch,
 'Love;' but cannot Fine Eyes say as much?
 We have a tongue that with no words at all
 Can ask, and hint, and tell a tale, and call,
 And ravish more than all the pearls and songs,
 Which Sweet Mouth musters round her tongue of
 Tongues."

The Counsel started here, and took occasion
 To make a very happy peroration.
 He caught a lady's eye, just coming in,
 With an approach the sweetest ever seen :
 He changed his tone, and with a gravity,
 Supported well by a reposing eye,
 Said—"I've been taking up your Lordship's time
 With trifling matters fitter for a rhyme ;
 But there—my Lords, I think 'twould be absurd,
 At that sight, to add another word.
 I give the sentence :—we are quite secure :
 My client would not tire the court I'm sure."
 The lady, with a pretty shame, looked round
 At speaking eyes, which dealt so wide a wound,

That all hands dropt their papers for surprise,
 And not a heart but gave it for Fine Eyes.
 Sweet Mouth at this, seeing how matters went,
 And forced to raise some new astonishment,
 Resumed, and said—"To what has just been dropt,
 (Which, by the way, is shockingly corrupt,)
 There is one word alone I wish to say :
 My Lords, Fine Eyes do little but by day :
 That silent tongue of theirs, when in the dark
 Makes but a sorry sort of frigid spark :
 What I can do, needs surely no remark."

This reason settled the dispute *instantly* :
 Fine Eyes were much, but Sweet Mouth the en-
 chanter.
 Fine Eyes, however, took it in good part,
 And Sweet Mouth gave the Judge a kiss with all her
 heart.

A TRUE CRITIC.

A true critic hath one quality in common with
 a whore and an alderman, never to change his title
 or his nature.

SWIFT'S MAGGOTS.

Swift dining one day with a lady, complained that
 a leg of mutton, one of the dishes at table, was full
 of maggots ;—"Not half so full as your head, doc-
 tor," replied the lady drily. The doctor was silent
 and did not rally for the remainder of the evening.

IRISH PRIESTCRAFT.

An Irish peasant complained to the Catholic
 priest of his parish, that some person had stolen his
 best pig, and supplicated his reverence to help him
 to the discovery of the thief. The priest promised
 his best endeavours ; and his inquiries soon lead-
 ing him to guess the offender, he took the following
 amusing method of bringing the matter home to
 him. Next Sunday, after the service of the day, he
 called out with a loud voice, fixing his eyes on the
 suspected individual, "Who stole Pat Doolan's
 pig?" There was a long pause, and no answer ; he
 did not expect that there would be any, and de-
 scended from the pulpit without saying a word

more. A second Sunday arriving without the pig being restored, his reverence, again looking steadfastly at the stubborn purloiner, and throwing a deep note of anger into the tone of his voice, repeated the question, "Who stole Pat Doolan's pig? I say, who stole *poor* Pat Doolan's pig?" Still there was no answer, and the question was left as before, to work its effect in secret on the conscience of the guilty individual. The hardihood of the offender however exceeded all the honest priest's calculations. A third Sunday arrived and Pat Doolan was still without his pig. Some stronger measures now became necessary. After service was performed, his reverence, dropping the question of "Who stole Pat Doolan's pig?" but still without directly accusing any one of the theft, reproachfully exclaimed, "Jimmie Doran! Jimmie Doran! you trate me with contempt." Jimmie Doran hung down his head, and next morning the pig was found at the door of Pat Doolan's cabin.

Another Irish priest, by name Felix Macabe, author of a grammar of the English language, was expatiating from the pulpit on the reciprocal duties of the pastor and his flock, and on the account to be given on that subject at the day of final retribution. "Well, father Felix," he observed, "the great Judge will say, and how have you fulfilled the duties of your office? Have you neglected the charge you undertook, or supplied the wants of your parishioners? and I shall reply, "Holy Father, I preached to them, and I preached to them, I prayed for their souls, and I gave them my blessings." Well, Father Felix, and how did your flock trate you? Did they pay you their dues and bring you their offerings? And then you villains, what am I to say?" added he, apostrophizing the congregation, "You know you do nothing but chate me."

CLERICAL FEAST.

"In the year 1470, says Fuller, in his *Church History*, "George Nevill, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, at his instalment into the Archbishoprick of York, gave a prodigious feast to all the nobility, most of the prime clergy, and many of the

great gentry; wherein by his bill of fare, there were four hundred quarters of wheat, three hundred and thirty tuns of ale, one hundred and four tuns of wine, one pipe of spiced wine, eighty fat oxen, six wild bulls, one thousand and four wethers, three hundred hogs, three hundred calves, three thousand geese, three thousand capons, three hundred pigs, one hundred peacocks, two hundred cranes, two hundred birds, two thousand chickens, four thousand pigeons, four thousand rabbits, two hundred and four bitterns, four thousand ducks, two hundred pheasants, five hundred partridges, four thousand woodcocks, four hundred plovers, one hundred curlews, one hundred quails, one thousand egrets, two hundred roes, above four hundred bucks, does, and roebucks, one thousand five hundred and six hot venison pasties, four thousand cold venison pasties, one thousand dishes of jelly pated, four thousand dishes of plain jelly, four thousand cold custards, two thousand hot custards, three hundred pike, three hundred bream, eight seals, four porpoises, and four hundred turbot. At this feast the Earl of Warwick was steward; the Earl of Bedford, treasurer; the Lord of Hastings, comptroller, with many more noble officers; waiters, one thousand; cooks, sixty-two; kitcheners, five hundred and fifteen. But," continues honest Fuller, "seven years after, the king seized on all the estate of this archbishop, and sent him over to Calais in France, where *inactus jacuit in summa inopia*, he was kept bound in extreme poverty. Justice thus punished his former prodigality."

CLEARING A TITLE.

Sir Thomas More, on the day that he was beheaded, had a barber sent to him, because his hair was long, which was thought would make him more commiserated by the people. The barber came to him, and asked him, "whether he would please to be trimmed?" "In good faith, honest fellow," saith Sir Thomas, "the king and I have a suit for my head; and till the title be cleared, I will do no cost upon it."

CHURCH LIVERY.

One Sunday, as Roger Cox, Dean Swift's clerk, was going to church, his scarlet waistcoat caught Swift's eye; Roger bowed, and observed, that he wore scarlet because he belonged to the *church militans*.

WIT.

Wit has its walks and purlicues, out of which it may not stray the breadth of an hair, upon peril of being lost.

FOOTE'S WIFE.

Dr. Nash, of Worcester, being in town one spring, not long after Foote's marriage, intended to pay his old fellow-collegian a visit, but was much surprised at hearing that he was in the Fleet-prison. Thither he hastened directly; and found him in a dirty two-pair-of-stairs back room, with furniture every way suitable to such an apartment. The Doctor, shocked at this circumstance, began to condole with him; when Foote cut him short by turning the whole into raillery: "Why, is not this better," said he, "than the gout, the fever, the small-pox, and

'The thousand various ills
That flesh is heir to?'

This is a mere temporary confinement; without pain, and not very uncongenial (let me tell you) to this sharp biting weather: whereas the above disorders would not only give pain *and* confinement for a time, but perhaps ultimately prevent a man from ever going into the world again."

Laughing on in this manner, the Doctor perceived something stir behind him in the bed; upon which he got up, and said he would call another time.—"No, no," said the other, sit down: "'tis nothing but *my Foot*."—"Your foot!" said the Doctor: "well; I want no apologies, I shall call another time."—"I tell you again," said the other, "'tis nothing but *my Foot*; and to convince you of its being no more, it shall speak to you directly." Upon this his poor wife put her head from under the bed-clothes; and, with much confusion and embarrassment, made many apologies for her distressed situation.

INNS FOR ALL CLASSES.

The gentry to the *King's Head*
The nobles to the *Crown*,
The knights unto the *Golden Fleece*,
And to the *Plough* the clown.
The church-man to the *Mitre*,
The shepherd to the *Star*,
The gardener bies him to the *Rose*,
To the *Drum* the man of war.
To the *Feathers*, ladies, you; the *Globe*
The seaman does not scorn,
The usurer to the *Devil*, and
The cit unto the *Horn*.
The huntsman to the *White Hart*,
To the *Ship* the merchants go,
But those that do the Muses love,
The sign called *River Po*.
The bankrupt to the *World's End*,
The fool to the *Fortune* bies,
Unto the *Mouth* the oyster wife,
The fiddler to the *Pies*.
The punk unto the *Cockatrice*,
The drunkard to the *Vine*,
The beggar to the *Bush*, or else
He'll with *Duke Humphrey* dine.

ASCENSION DAY.

Foote, in walking about his own grounds at North-end one morning with a friend, spied dashing towards them on the Fulham road, two persons in one of those high phaetons so much the vogue of that day. "Is not that Moody," said he, "in that strange *three-pair-of-stairs phaeton*?"—"Yes," said his friend; "and Mr. Johnson, the stock-broker, with him; and yet I wonder how he can leave his business, for I think this is no holiday."—"Why, no," said Foote; "I think not. except they choose to call this *ascension day*."

NEW MINISTRIES.

There is one thing in all new ministries; for the first week or two they are in a hurry, or not to be seen; and when you come afterwards, they are engaged.

SWIFT.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

Could Kate for Dick compose the Gordian string,
The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring!
A loving wife, obedient to her vows,
Is bound in duty to exalt her spouse.

ON SEEING VERSES WRITTEN UPON WINDOWS AT
INNS.

The sage who said he would be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er one thought allow'd
That might not be confest;
His window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
His breast again would cover;
And fairly bid the devil take
The di'mond and the lover.

ANOTHER.

That love is the devil I'll prove when requir'd;
These rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.

When Dr. Franklin was agent in England for the province of Pennsylvania, he was frequently applied to by the ministry for his opinion respecting the operation of the *Stamp Act*; but his answer was uniformly the same, "that the people of America would never submit to it." After the news of the destruction of the stamped papers had arrived in England, the ministry again sent for the Doctor to consult with; and in conclusion offered this proposal: "That if the Americans would engage to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper, &c. the parliament would then repeal the act." The Doctor, having paused upon this question for some time, at last answered it as follows:—"This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red-hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there, '*Hah! monsieur, voulez-vous give me de plaisir, de satisfaction, to let me run this poker only one foot into your body?*'—"My body!" replied the Englishman: "what do you mean?"—"Vel den, only so far," marking about six inches, "Are you mad?" returned the other; "I

tell you, if you don't go about your business, I'll knock you down."—"Vel den," said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner; "vil you, my good sir, only be so obliging as to pay me for the trouble and expense of heating this poker?"

CRITICISM.

Nothing can be finer than Swift's description of the dwelling and attendants of Criticism in the *Battle of the Books*. "This malignant deity dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla: Momus found her extended in her den upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat *Ignorance*, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, *Pride*, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was *Opinion*, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, *Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill Manners.*"

SWIFT'S SIMILES.

Is not religion a *cloak*; honesty a *pair of shoes* worn out in the dirt; self-love a *surtout*; vanity a *shirt*; and conscience a *pair of breeches*, which, though a cover for lewdness, as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both.

THE PLEASING REPULSE.

She that denies me, I would have,
Who craves me I despise,
Venus has pow'r to rule my heart,
But not to please my eyes.
Temptations offer'd, I still scorn,
Deny'd, I seek them still,
I'll neither glut my appetite,
Nor seek to starve my will.
Diana, double-cloth'd, offends,
So Venus, naked quite,
The last begets a surfeit, and
The other no delight.
That crafty girl will please me best,
Who No for Yes can say,
And ev'ry wanton willing puss
Can season with a Nay.

MR. CÆSAR.

Swift dined one day in company with the Lord Keeper, his son, and their two ladies, and Mr. *Cæsar*, treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city. They happened to talk of Brutus, and Swift said something in his praise; when it struck him immediately that he had made a blunder in doing so; and therefore recollecting himself, he said, "*Mr. Cæsar, I beg your pardon.*"

OLIVER CROMWELL.

A Ballad, by Samuel Butler

Draw near, good people, all draw near,
And hearken to my ditty;
A stranger thing,
Than this I sing,
Came never to this city.

Had you but seen this monster,
You wou'd not give a farthing
For the lions in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat,
Nor the bears in Paris-garden.
You wou'd defy the pageants,
Are borne before the mayor;
The strangest shape,
You e'er did gape
Upon at Bart'lmey-fair!

His face is round and decent,
As is your dish or platter,
On which there grows
A thing like a nose,
But, indeed, it is no such matter.

On both sides of th' aforesaid
Are eyes, but th'are not matches,
On which there are
To be seen two fair,
And large, well-grown mustaches.

Now this with admiration
Does all beholders strike,
That a beard should grow
Upon a thing's brow,
Did ye ever see the like?

He has no skull, 'tis well known
To thousands of beholders;
Nothing, but a skin,
Does keep his brains in
From running about his shoulders.
On both sides of his noddle
Are straps o'th' very same leather,
Ears are imply'd,
But th'are mere hide,
Or morsels of tripe, choose ye whether.
Between these two extendeth
A slit from ear to ear,
That, every hour,
Gapes to devour
The sowce, that grows so near.
Beneath a tuft of bristles,
As rough as a frize-jerkin;
If it had been a beard,
'Twou'd have serv'd a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin.
Within a set of grinders
Most sharp and keen, corroding
Your ir'n and brass,
As easy as,
That you wou'd do a pudding.
But the strangest thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail,
That useth to trail
Upon the ground, as he goeth.

PART II.

This monster was begotten
Upon one of the witches
B' an imp, that came to her,
Like a man, to woo her,
With black doublet and britches.
When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers several countries
The hogs and swine
Did grunt and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

The winds did blow, the thunder
And lightning loud did rumble ;
The dogs did howl,
The hollow tree in th' owl—
'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbl'd.

As soon as he was brought forth,
At th' midwife's throat he flew ;
And threw the pap
Down in her lap ;
They say, 'tis very true.

And up the walls he clamber'd,
With nails most sharp and keen,
The prints whereof,
I'th' boards and roof,
Are yet for to be seen.

And out o'th' top o'th' chimney
He vanish'd, seen of none ;
For they did wink,
Yet by the stink
Knew, which way he was gone.

The country round about there
Became like to a wildern-
-ess ; for the sight
Of him did fright
Away men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue ;
And all those parts much harmed ;
'Till a wise-woman, which
Some call a White-witch,
Him into a hogsty charmed.

There, when she had him shut fast,
With brimstone and with nitre
She sing'd the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame as a spaniel ;
For she us'd to ride
On his back astride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

But, to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been shown
In every town,
And eke in every shire.
And now, at length, he's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where, in Fleet-street,
All those may see't,
That will not believe my ditty.
God save the king and parliament,*
And eke the prince's highness ;
And quickly send
The wars an end,
As here my song has—*Finis*.

A GOOD SORT OF MAN.

" Pray," said a lady to Foote, " what sort of man is Sir John D. ?"—" Oh ! a very good sort of man."—" But what do you call a good sort of man ?"—" Why, Madam, one who preserves all the exterior decencies of ignorance."

SWIFT'S LIVING.

On rainy days alone I dine,
Upon a chick, and pint of wine :
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone.

THE WIFE'S COMPLAINT.

Havard the actor (better known, from the urbanity of his manners, by the familiar name of Billy Harvard) had the misfortune to be married to a most notorious shrew and drunkard. One day dining at Garrick's, he was complaining of a violent pain in his side. Mrs. Garrick offered to prescribe for him. " No, no," said her husband ; " that will not do, my dear : Billy has mistaken his disorder ; his great complaint lies in his rib."

CHURCHES.

Query—Whether churches are not dormitories of the living, as well as of the dead ? SWIFT.

* From this circumstance it appears, that this ballad was written before the murder of the king ; and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's that was made public.

EXCUSE FOR DULNESS.

Swift makes the following very good excuse for a dull man on leaving a circle of wits: "Sir, I suppose, by the laughing and merriment of the company we have left, there were many good things said. Now, as I never invent a jest myself, so I make it a rule never to laugh at other people's."

PEDANTIC CONFESSION.

A pedant, having received a letter from his friend, with a request that he would buy him some books, neglected the affair, and by way of excuse said, when he met his friend, "*I am sorry that I never received the letter you sent me about the books.*"

QUALITIES OF WIT.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every caract to abate
As much in value, as it wants in weight.

REGENT'S PUNCH.

The receipt for this "nectarious drink" is as follows:—three bottles of champagne, a bottle of hock, a bottle of curacao, a quart of brandy, a pint of rum, two bottles of madeira, two bottles of seltzer water, four pounds of bloom raisins, seville oranges, lemons, white sugarandy, and instead of water, green tea. The whole to be highly iced.

THE DEVIL.

The Devil was the first o'th' name,
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the first bold undertaker
Of bearing arms against his maker;
And, though miscarrying in th' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Though tumbl'd from the top of bliss
Down to the bottomless abyss;
A property, which from their prince
The family owns ever since,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do, or suffer, like the Devil.

NOTES.

POETICAL LAW REPORTS.

Cowper, the poet, in one of his letters has made the following humorous proposal for the publication of poetical law-reports:—

"Poetical reports of law-cases are not very common; yet it appears to me desirable that they should be so;—many advantages would accrue from such a measure. They would in the first place be more commodiously deposited in the memory, just as linen, grocery, and other articles, when neatly packed, are known to occupy less room, and to lie more conveniently in any trunk, chest, or box, to which they may be committed. In the next place, being divested of that infinite circumlocution, and the endless embarrassment in which they are involved by it, they would become surprisingly intelligible in comparison with their present obscurity. And lastly, they would by that means be rendered susceptible of musical embellishment; and instead of being quoted in the country with that dull monotony, which is so wearisome to by-standers, and frequently lulls even the judges themselves to sleep, might be rehearsed in recitative, which would have an admirable effect in keeping the attention fixed and lively, and would not fail to disperse that heavy atmosphere of sadness and gravity which hangs over the jurisprudence of our country. I remember many years ago being informed by a relation of mine, who in his youth had applied himself to the study of the law, that one of his fellow-students, a gentleman of sprightly parts, and very respectable talents, of the poetical kind, did actually engage in the prosecution of such a design, for reasons I suppose somewhat similar to, if not the same with, those I have now suggested. He began with Coke's Institutes, a book so rugged in its style that an attempt to polish it seemed an Herculean labour, and not less arduous and difficult than it would be to give the smoothness of a rabbit's fur to the prickly back of a hedgehog. But he succeeded to admiration, as you will perceive by the following specimen, which is all that my said relation could recollect of the performance.

Tenant in fee—
Simple is he,
And need neither quake nor quiver,
Who hath his lands
Free from demands
To him and his heirs for ever."

The hint which he thus threw out, Cowper has himself acted upon in his report of the case of *Nose v. Eyes*. (See page 328.)

An ingenious author has actually versified the substance of Sir Edward Coke's Reports. The point of each case (with the name) is comprised in a couplet, as in the following instances:—

ARCHER. If he for life enfeoff in fee

It bars remainders in contingency.

SNAGG. If a person says, "he kill'd my wife,"

No action lies if she be yet alive.

FOSTER. Justice of peace may warrant send

To bring before him such as do offend.

A poetical Report of a poor-law case occurs in Burns' Justice, which runs as follows:—

A woman having a settlement

Married a man with none;

The question was, he being dead,

If that *she* had was gone.

Quoth Sir John Pratt, "the settlement

Suspended doth remain,

Living the husband, but him dead,

It doth revive again."

Chorus of the Puisse Judges.

"Living the husband, but him dead,

It doth revive again!"

VAUXHALL WEATHER.

It having happened for several successive summers, that wet weather took place just as the Vauxhall season commenced, Tom Lowe, Tyers's principal vocal performer, accidentally meeting the proprietor, expressed an anxious desire to know when he meant to open his gardens. "Why are you so particular, Mr. Lowe?" said Jonathan. "I have a very good reason, sir, and should like to know the very day." "Why, why?" reiterated

Tyers, impatiently. "That I may bespeak a great coat to sing in; for you know we shall be sure to have rain."

MODERN SERMONS.

There is no species of composition that seems to stand more in need of an infusion of fresh vigour than sermons.—Many of our preachers seem to think that the intrinsic charms of the truth are so obvious as to supersede the necessity of any outward display of them; and however much, as Swift observed in his day, they may fall short of the apostles in working miracles, they greatly surpass them in the art of setting men asleep.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

With a whirl of thought oppress,

I sunk from reverie to rest.

A horrid vision seiz'd my head;

I saw the graves give up their dead:

Jove, arm'd with terrors, burst the skies;

And thunder roars, and lightning flies.

Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,

The world stands trembling at his throne;

While each pale sinner hangs his head:

Jove, nodding, shook the heav'ns, and said.

"Offending race of human kind,

By nature, reason, learning, blind;

You who through frailty stepp'd aside,

And you who never fell—*through pride*;

You who in different sects have sham'd,

And come to see each other damn'd,

(So some folks told you, but they knew

No more of Jove's designs than you):—

The world's mad business now is o'er,

And I resent these pranks no more;

I to such blockheads set my wit!

I damn such fools! go, go; you're bit."

SWIFT.

DE NOVO.

Dr. Franklin, when he heard people say "they were tired of a thing," merely through a want of proper perseverance, he used to reply, "Well, do as married people do; tire and begin again."

BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS.

A seaman coming before the judges of the Admiralty for admittance into an office of a ship bound for the Indies, was by one of the judges much slighted, as an insufficient person for that office he sought to obtain; the judge telling him, "that he believed he could not say the points of his compass." The seaman answered, "that he could say them, under favour, better than he could say his *pater-noster*." The judge replied, "That he would wager twenty shillings with him upon that." The seaman taking him up, it came to trial: and the seaman began, and said all the points of his compass very exactly: the judge likewise said his *pater-noster*: and when he had finished it, he required the wager, according to agreement, because the seaman was to say his compass *better* than he his *pater-noster*, which he had not performed. "Nay, I pray, sir, hold," quoth the seaman, "the wager is not finished; for I have but half done:" and so he immediately said his compass backwards very exactly; which the judge failing to do in his *pater-noster*, the seaman carried away the prize.

WHISTLING PRAYERS.

While Caroline, wife of George the Second, was dressing, prayers used to be read in the outward room, where hung a naked Venus. Mrs. Selwyn, bed-chamber woman in waiting, was one day ordered to bid the chaplain, Dr. Madox, afterwards bishop of Worcester, begin the service. He said archly, "And a very proper altar-piece is here, madam." Queen Anne had the same custom; and once ordering the door to be shut while she shifted, the chaplain stopped. The queen sent to ask why he did not proceed? He replied, "he would not whistle the word of God through the key-hole."

SIR SIMON AND HODGE; OR, THE ADDITIONAL WRINKLE.

As Hodge, one day, was swelt'ring in the sun—
A dry old dog, yet a true child of fun!—
Sir Simon came, to see his man so blithe,
Panting beneath the labour of his scythe:

For Hodge had risen ere the early dawn,
And now 'twas noon, nor yet clean shaved the lawn.
Much had he done, which he was pleased to view,
But curs'd the little that remained to do!
His arms were weary, and his aged back
Seem'd, ev'ry sinew, at each bend, to crack;
At ev'ry stroke, the drops of sweat fast pace
Down the rough furrows of his time-plough'd face;
And still he stops, though he can scarcely stand,
To sweep his dewy forehead with his hand!
With frequent rubbings, whet his ling'ring blade,
And sighs for ev'ning, and the fresh'ning shade.

Now, old Sir Simon was as queer a soul
As Hodge himself, but nothing like so droll:
He had some wit, and thought that he had more;
As many a greater wit has done before—
And many another, we may well maintain
Has since done too, and still will do again.
"Hodge," says Sir Sim, "you can't well be dry,
For you are wet enough, I see, to fry:
Now, had you been but dry enough to burn,
A jug of ale had done you no ill-turn!"
Hodge smil'd at very mention of the nappy;
But, at the sight, was wondrously more happy:
For, now, Sir Simon, having had his joke,
Drew the full pitcher from beneath his cloak.

Hodge seiz'd, with eager hand, the foaming prize;
And, heav'n-ward raising both his grateful eyes,
Fast down his throat, the welcome liquor pours;
Nor heeds his master, loudly though he roars—

"Stop, Hodge! why, Hodge! zounds! Hodge, why
don't you stop?"

"I'm thirsty, too; zounds! Hodge, leave me a drop!"

Sir Simon bawl'd, as loud as he could bawl;
But Hodge ne'er stopp'd, till he had swallow'd all.

As slowly, now, he panting gains his breath,
That seem'd awhile o'er-match'd by struggling death—

"Hodge," says Sir Simon, "prithee canst not hear?"

Why, zounds! I bade thee not drink all the beer!

Deuce take thy throat, mine's hoarse with so much
bawl!

I've half a mind to ram down jug and all.

I told thee I was dry, as well as thee;

But not a drop, plague take thee, 's left for me!"

Hodge, now, affected wonderful surprise.
 And like a pig's, just stuck, appear'd his eyes—
 "Lord, sir," says he, and seemed to be contrite,
 Tho' bent, by trick, to pacify the knight—
 "Ise be main sorry thus to give offence:
 But to a person of your worship's sense,
 Ise need not say, for that would be absurd,
 While a man drinks, he ne'er can hear one word!"—
 "Not hear, while drinking?" straight Sir Simon
 cries;
 Fill'd, in his turn, with a stuck pig's surprise:
 "Why, sure—why sure, Hodge,—that can never
 be—

Egad, I'll fetch another jug, and see."
 Away the knight, with his best speed, now went,
 To find the truth, as told by Hodge, intent:
 And Hodge, meantime, contriv'd the means to
 make

Sir Simon, what he said, for gospel take.

"Now, Hodge," the knight returning, cried,
 "we'll try

If what you tell me truth be, or a lie;
 I'll drink, and you must bellow—"Stop, stop, stop!"
 Do pray, sir, you may add, leave me a drop.
 This, when I hear, I certainly will do;
 So, as I drink, remember, Hodge, bawl you."

Sir Simon heav'd the pitcher to his head;
 Hodge op'd his mouth, but not a word he said:
 Yet gap'd so wide, there seem'd abundant fear
 The fellow meant to tear from ear to ear.
 "This truth, so strange," to Hodge Sir Simon cried,
 "I ne'er could have believ'd, had I not tried!
 Thus, Hodge, it is, though life wears fast away,
 Wiser, and wiser, we grow ev'ry day!
 This time thou hadst, I fairly own, most brains;
 So freely take the liquor for thy pains."

Hodge thus got paid, for playing off his wit;
 And pleas'd his master was, though he was bit:
 Convinc'd that he had gain'd a wrinkle more;
 No matter where—than e'er he had before!

CREST OF THE TEMPLE.

The Pegasus which appears over the principal entrance of the Inner Temple, and which is the crest

of that society, takes its origin from the seal used by the first Knights Templars. Hugh de Payens and Geoffrey de St. Aldemar, had, it is said, engraved upon their seal the figures of two men riding upon one horse,—a type of their poverty. A rude representation of this seal may be seen in the *Historia Minor* of Matthew Paris. This emblem was corrupted by the lawyers, the successors to the Knights Templars, into a Pegasus, and to this day remains their crest. The Society of the Middle Temple adopted the emblem of a lamb bearing a banner; or in heraldic language, a device of a field argent charged with a cross gules, and upon the nimbrel thereof a holy lamb with its nimbus and banner. These two devices, which are scattered very liberally over all the gateways in the Temple, gave rise to the following

EPIGRAM.

As by the Templars' holds you go,
 The *horse* and *lamb*, display'd
 In emblematic figures, show
 The merits of their trade.
 That clients may infer from thence
 How just is their profession,
 The *lamb* sets forth their innocence,
 The *horse* their expedition.
 O happy Britons! happy Isle!
 Let foreign nations say,
 Where you get justice without guile,
 And law without delay.

ANSWER.

Deluded men, these holds forego,
 Nor trust such cunning elves;
 Those artful emblems tend to show
 Their clients, not themselves
 'Tis all a trick, these are all shams
 By which they mean to cheat you;
 But have a care!—for you're the *lamb*;
 And they the *wolves* that eat you.
 Nor let the thought of no delay,
 To these their courts misguide you,
 'Tis you're the *showy horse*, and they
 The *jockeys* that will ride you!

POVERTY AND POETRY.

It is not poetry, that makes men poor ;
 For few do write, that were not so before ;
 And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
 Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch ;
 Had lov'd their ease too well, to take the pains
 To undergo that drudgery of brains ;
 But being for all other trades unfit,
 Only t' avoid being idle, set up wit.

BUTLER.

VOX POPULI.

When the Rev. John Wesley, one of the founders of the religious society which bears his name, was vainly endeavouring to convince his sister that the voice of the people is the voice of God. "Yes," she mildly replied, "it cried, *crucify him, crucify him.*"

LIQUIDATING CLAIMS.

During a remarkably wet summer, Joe Vernon, whose vocal taste and humour contributed for many years to the entertainment of the frequenters of Vauxhall gardens, but who was not quite so good a *timist* in money matters as in music, meeting an acquaintance who had the misfortune to hold some of his unhonoured paper, was asked by him, not uninterestedly, how the gardens were going on. "Oh, *swimmingly*!" answered the jocose Joe. "Glad to hear it," retorted the creditor, "their *swimming* state, I hope, will cause the singers to *liquidate their notes*."

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

In little trades more cheats and lying
 Are us'd in selling, than in buying ;
 But in the great, unjust dealing
 Is us'd in buying, than in selling.

BUTLER.

PHILOLOGICAL PETITIONS.

In this age of innovation, when the procreative genius of upstart linguists is aiming to subvert common-sense phraseology, the following petitions will be received as literary *moreaux*.

"The humble petition of WHO and WHICH,
 "Showeth,

"That your petitioners being in a forlorn and destitute condition, know not to whom we should apply ourselves for relief, because there is hardly any man alive who hath not injured us. We are descended of ancient families, and kept up our dignity and honour many years, till the jack-sprat THAT supplanted us. How often have we found ourselves slighted by the clergy in their pulpits, and the lawyers at the bar? Nay, how often have we heard, in one of the most polite and august assemblies in the universe, to our great mortification, these words, 'That THAT that noble lord urged;' which if one of us had had justice done, would have sounded nobler thus, 'That WHICH that noble lord urged.' Senates themselves, the guardians of British liberty, have degraded us, and preferred THAT to us; and yet no decree was ever given against us. In the very acts of parliament, in which the utmost right should be done to every body, word, and thing, we find ourselves often either not used, or used one instead of another. In the first and best prayer children are taught, they learn to misuse us: "Our Father, WHICH art in heaven;" should be "Our Father, WHO art in heaven;" and even a Convocation, after long debates, refused to consent to an alteration of it. In our General Confession we say, "Spare thou them, O God, WHICH confess their faults," which ought to be "WHO confess their faults." What hopes then have we of having justice done us, when the makers of our very prayers and laws, and the most learned in all faculties, seem to be in a confederacy against us, and our enemies themselves must be our judges.

"The Spanish proverb says, *El sabio muda consejo, el necio no*; i. e. "A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will." You are well able to settle this affair, and to you we submit our cause. We desire you to assign the butts and bounds of each of us; and that for the future we may both enjoy our own. We would desire to be heard by

our counsel, but that we fear in their very pleadings they would betray our cause: besides, we have been oppressed so many years, that we can appear no other way but *in forma pauperis*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleased to do that which to right and justice shall appertain.

"And your petitioners, &c."

THE JUST REMONSTRANCE OF AFFRONTED THAT.

"Though I deny not the petition of Messrs. WHO and WHICH, yet you should not suffer them to be rude, and to call honest people names: for that bears very hard on some of those rules of decency which you are justly famous for establishing. They may find fault, and correct speeches in the senate, and at the bar, but let them try to get themselves so often and with so much eloquence repeated in a sentence, as a great orator doth frequently introduce me.

"My lords, (says he) with humble submission, That That I say is this; That, That That gentleman has advanced, is not That That he should have proved to your lordships.' Let those two questionary petitioners try to do this with their Whos and their Whiches.

"What great advantage was I of to Mr. Dryden in his Indian Emperor,

"You force me still to answer you in That,' to furnish out a rhyme to Morat? and what a poor figure would Mr. Bayes have made without his "Egad and all That?" How can a judicious man distinguish one thing from another, without saying, "This here," or "That there?" And how can a sober man, without using the expletives of oaths (in which indeed the rakes and bullies have a great advantage over others) make a discourse of any tolerable length without "That is;" and if he be a very grave man indeed, without "That is to say?" And how instructive as well as entertaining are those usual expressions in the mouths of great men, "Such things as That," and "The like of That."

"I am not against reforming the corruptions of speech you mention, and own there are proper seasons for the introduction of other words besides

That; but I scorn as much to supply the place of a Who or a Which at every turn, as they are unequal always to fill mine; and I expect good language and civil treatment, and hope to receive it for the future: That, That I shall only add is That

"I am, yours,

"THAT."

SPECTATOR.

FLATTERY ADVOCATED.

They, that they do write in authors' praises,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That's not to give, but pay a due:
For praise, that's due, does give no more
To worth, than what it had before;
But to commend without desert
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what's amiss,
And writes what shou'd be, not what is.

BUTLER.

TORMENTS OF TANTALIZATION.

Virgil, who has cast the whole system of Platonic philosophy, so far as it relates to the soul of man, into beautiful allegories, in the sixth book of his *Æneid* gives the following punishment of a voluptuary after death:

———*Lucent genialibus altis*

*Aurea fulcra toris, epulæque ante ora parata
Regifico luxu: furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere membra:
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.*

Æn. vi. 604.

They lie below on golden beds display'd,
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made:
The queen of furies by their side is set,
And snatches from their mouths the untasted
meat;
Which, if they touch, her hissing snakes she
rears,

Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.

Dryden.

The following story exhibits a lively representa-

tion of a person lying under the torments of a kind of tantalism, or Platonic hell. Monsieur Pontignan, speaking of a love-adventure that happened to him in the country, gives the following account of it.

"When I was in the country last summer, I was often in company with a couple of charming women, who had all the wit and beauty one could desire in female companions, with a dash of coquetry, that from time to time gave me a great many agreeable torments. I was, after my way, in love with both of them, and had such frequent opportunities of pleading my passion to them when they were asunder, that I had reason to hope for particular favours from each of them. As I was walking one evening in my chamber with nothing about me but my night-gown, they both came into my room, and told me they had a very pleasant trick to put upon a gentleman that was in the same house, provided I would bear a part in it. Upon this they told me such a plausible story, that I laughed at their contrivance, and agreed to do whatever they should require of me. They immediately began to swaddle me up in my night-gown, with long pieces of linen, which they folded about me till they had wrapt me in above a hundred yards of swathe. My arms were pressed to my sides, and my legs closed together by so many wrappers one over another, that I looked like an Egyptian mummy. As I stood bolt upright upon my end in this antique figure, one of the ladies burst out a laughing. "And now, Pontignan," says she, "we intend to perform the promise that we had you have extorted from each of us. You have often asked the favour of us, and I dare say you are a better bred cavalier than to refuse to go to bed to two ladies that desire it of you." After having stood a fit of laughter, I begged them to release me, and do with me what they pleased. "No, no," said they, "we like you very well as you are;" and upon that ordered me to be carried to one of their houses, and put to bed in all my waddies. The room was lighted up on all sides: and I was laid very decently between a pair of sheets, with my head (which was indeed the only

part I could move) upon a very high pillow: this was no sooner done, but my two female friends came into bed to me in their finest night clothes. You may easily guess at the condition of a man that saw a couple of the most beautiful women in the world undrest and a-bed with him, without being able to stir hand or foot. I begged them to release me, and struggled all I could to get loose, which I did with so much violence, that about midnight they both leaped out of bed, crying out they were undone. But seeing me safe, they took their posts again, and renewed their raillery. Finding all my prayers and endeavours were lost, I composed myself as well as I could, and told them that if they would not unbind me, I would fall asleep between them, and by that means disgrace them for ever. But, alas! this was impossible; could I have been disposed to it, they would have prevented me by several little ill-natured caresses and endearments which they bestowed upon me. As much devoted as I am to womankind, I would not pass such another night to be master of the whole sex. My reader will doubtless be curious to know what became of me the next morning. Why truly my bedfellows left me about an hour before day, and told me, if I would be good and lie still, they would send somebody to take me up as soon as it was time for me to rise. Accordingly about nine o'clock in the morning an old woman came to unswathe me. I bore all this very patiently, being resolved to take my revenge of my tormentors, and to keep no measures with them as soon as I was at liberty; but upon asking my old woman what was become of the two ladies, she told me she believed they were by that time within sight of Paris, for that they went away in a coach and six before five o'clock in the morning." SPECTATOR.

DISADVANTAGES OF WIT.

A man of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to those of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts. *BUTLER*

EVERY-DAY PEDANTS.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court! He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game. When he has gone thus far he has shown you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any farther conversation. What are these but rank pedants? and yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

The military pedant always talks in a camp, and is storming towns, making lodgements, and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. The law pedant is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the sovereigns of Europe, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the Gazette, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere

scholar, a mere any thing, is an insipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants, the book-pedant is much the most supportable; he has at least an exercised understanding, and a head which is full though confused, so that a man who converses with him may often receive hints from him of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst kind of pedants among learned men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than men of solid and useful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuscript, you would take him for the glory of the commonwealth of letters, and the wonder of his age, when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a whole sentence in proper commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their praises, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

ACCOMODATING BUILDING.

When Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper, lived, every room in Gorhambury was served with a pipe of water, from the ponds distant about a mile off. In the lifetime of Mr. Anthony Bacon, the water ceased; after whose death, his lordship, coming to the inheritance, could not recover the water without infinite charge. When he was Lord Chancellor, he built Verulam-house, close by the

pond-yard, for a place of privacy when he was called upon to despatch any urgent business. And being asked, why he built that house there? his lordship answered, "That since he could not carry the water to his house, he would carry his house to the water."

SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.

All smatt'ers are more brikk and pert,
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright,
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

BUTLER.

MARRIAGE COMMISSION.

A merchant, originally from Paris, having acquired a great fortune in one of the French West India Islands, concluded with himself he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it, unless he shared it with a woman of merit; and knowing none to his fancy, he resolved to write to a worthy correspondent of his at Paris. He knew no other style than that he used in his trade; therefore, treating of affairs of love as he did his business, after giving his friend, in a letter, several commissions, and reserving this for the last, he went on thus:

"Item—Seeing that I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match for me here, do not fail to send, by next ship bound hither, a young woman of the qualifications and form following:—As for a portion, I demand none. Let her be of an honest family, between twenty and twenty-five years of age, of a middle stature and well proportioned, her face agreeable, her temper mild, her character blameless, her health good, and her constitution strong enough to bear the change of the climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second through lack of the first soon after she comes to hand, which must be provided against as much as possible, considering the great distance and the dangers of the sea. If she arrives here conditioned as above said, with the present letter indorsed by you, or at least an attested copy thereof, that there may be no mistake or imposition, I hereby oblige and engage myself to satisfy the said letter, by marrying the bearer

at fifteen days' sight. In witness whereof I subscribe this, &c."

The Parisian correspondent read over and over this odd article, which put the future spouse on the same footing with the bales of goods he was to send to his friend; and after admiring the prudent exactness of the American, and his laconic style in enumerating the qualifications which he insisted on, he endeavoured to serve him to his mind; and after many inquiries, he judged he had found a lady fit for his purpose, in a young person of reputable family but no fortune, of good humour and of a polite education, well shaped and more than tolerably handsome. He made the proposal to her as his friend had directed; and the young gentlewoman, who had no subsistence but from a cross old aunt, who gave her a great deal of uneasiness, accepted it. A ship bound for that island was then fitting at Rochelle; the gentlewoman went on board the same, together with the bales of goods, being well provided with all necessaries, and particularly with a certificate in due form, and indorsed by the correspondent. She was also included in the invoice, the last article of which ran thus:

"Item—A young gentlewoman of twenty-five years of age, of the quality and shape and conditioned as per order, as appears by the affidavits and certificates she has to produce."

The writings which were thought necessary for so exact a man as her future husband, were, an extract of the parish register; a certificate of her character, signed by the curate; an attestation of her neighbours, setting forth that she had for the space of three years lived with an old aunt who was intolerably peevish, and had not during all that time given her said aunt the least occasion of complaint; and, lastly, the goodness of her constitution was certified, after the consultation, by four noted physicians. Before the gentlewoman's departure, the Parisian correspondent sent several letters of advice, by other ships, to his friend, whereby he informed him that per such a ship he should send a young woman, of such an age, cha-

racter, and condition, &c.; in a word, such as he desired to marry.—The letters of advice, the bales, and the gentlewoman, came safe to the port; and our American, who happened to be one of the foremost on the pier, at the lady's landing, was charmed to see a handsome person, who having heard him called by his name, told him, "Sir, I have a bill of exchange upon you, and you know that it is not usual for people to carry a great deal of money about them in such a long voyage as I have now made. I beg the favour you will be pleased to pay it." At the same time she gave him his correspondent's letter; on the back of which was written, "The bearer of this is the spouse you ordered me to send you." "Ah, Madam!" said the American, "I never yet suffered my bills to be protested; and I assure you this shall not be the first. I shall reckon myself the most fortunate of all men, if you allow me to discharge it." "Yes, sir," replied she, "and the more willingly, since I am apprized of your character. We had several persons of honour on board, who knew you very well, and who, during my passage, answered all the questions I asked them concerning you in so advantageous a manner, that it has raised in me a perfect esteem for you."—The first interview was in a few days after followed by the nuptials, which were very magnificent. The new-married couple were very well satisfied with their happy union made by a bill of exchange.

JUDICIAL INADVERTENCE.

Scene in the Criminal Court, at the Carlow Assizes.

Dramatis Personæ:—Lord Norbury, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; Mr. Cassan, a barrister; Dr. Jacob, a physician. *Time*,—immediately after sentence of death passed on a prisoner for murder.—

Mr. Cassan requested to be allowed to proceed with a traverse presentment case.

His Lordship nodded assent.

Mr. Cassan proceeded—In this case, my Lord, I am counsel—

Lord N.—How do you do, Doctor Jacob? I'm glad to see you look so well.

Doctor Jacob.—I am glad to have it in my power to return the compliment, my lord.

Mr. Cassan, still on his legs, and raising his voice—My lord, in this case I am counsel for Mr. Joseph Mulhall—

Lord N.—Doctor Jacob, I have been very ill since I last had the pleasure of seeing you.

Doctor Jacob—So have I, too, my lord.

Mr Cassan (*with stentorian lungs*)—My lord, I have twice stated that in this case—

Lord N.—Doctor Jacob, I have to congratulate you on the marriage of your son; he is a young man of high professional talent—of great reputation.

Doctor Jacob—I thank you, my lord.

Mr. Cassan (*still loud and with great emphasis*)—My lord, I shall occupy the attention of the court but a short time—

ROCHESTER'S FOOTMAN.

Rochester found out a footman that knew all the court, and he furnished him with a red coat and a musket as a sentinel, and kept him all the winter long, every night, at the doors of such ladies as he believed might be carrying on intrigues.

FRANKLIN'S OWN EPITAPH.

The following epitaph was written by Franklin many years previous to his death.

THE BODY

OF

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN;

PRINTER,

(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT,
AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING)
LIES HERE FOOD FOR WORMS;
YET THE WORK ITSELF SHALL NOT BE LOST,
FOR IT WILL (AS HE BELIEVED) APPEAR ONCE
MORE IN A NEW
AND MORE BEAUTIFUL EDITION,
CORRECTED AND AMENDED
BY THE AUTHOR.

CHOICE MORSELS OF DRAMATIC WIT.

A KING OF LOW COMPANY.

Scene an alehouse room.

Several shabby fellows, with punch and tobacco, TONY LUMPKIN at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest : a mallet in his hand.

Omnes. Hurree, hurree, hurree, bravo.

1 Fel. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

Omnes. Ay, a song, a song.

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning ;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Give genius a better discerning.

Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians :
Their quis, and their quæs, and their quods,
They're all but a parcel of pigeons.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down
A preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence,
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,

But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

2 H

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever ;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout ;
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons ;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Omnes. Bravo, bravo.

1 Fel. The squire has got spunk in him.

2 Fel. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

3 Fel. O, damn any thing that's low ; I can't bear it.

4 Fel. The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time, if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

3 Fel. I like the maxum of it, master Muggins. What though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteel-est of tunes—"Water parted," or the minuet in Ariadne.

2 Fel. What a pity it is the squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would, master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

2 Fel. Oh, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure old squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight

horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning.

DRILLING A COUNTRY ESTABLISHMENT OF
DOMESTICS.

*Enter HARDCASTLE, followed by three or four
awkward servants.*

Hard. Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger, and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Dig. Ay, mind how I hold them: I learned to hold my hand this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory; you must be all attention to the guests: You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly

unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forwards, ecod he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour! Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Dig. Ecod I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Dig. Then ecod your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please. [*To Diggory*—Eh, why don't you move?

Dig. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage! I see the eatables and drinkables brought upon the table and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

1 *Serv.* I'm not to leave this place.

2 *Serv.* I'm sure it's no place of mine.

3 *Serv.* Nor mine, for sartain.

Dig. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls! and so while, like you betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again.—But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the mean time and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate. [*Exit*

Dig. By the elavens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is to be every where.

1 *Serv.* Where the devil is mine?

2 Serv. My place is to be no where at all ; and so I've go about my business.

FREE AND EASY VISITORS.

HARDCASTLE enters the room in which **MARLOW** and **HASTINGS** (who mistake his house for an inn) are seated.

Hard. Gentlemen, you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow ? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire ; I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate . I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aside.*] He has got our names from the servants already. [*To Hard.*] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To Hast.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning ; I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, George, you're right : the first blow is half the battle.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen ; you may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. We must show our generalship, by securing, if necessary, a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison.

Mar. Ay, and we'll summon your garrison, old boy.

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Hast. Marlow, what's o'clock ?

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men.

Mar. Five minutes to seven.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now says the duke of Marlborough, to George Brooks that stood next to him, you must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So—

Mar. What, my good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the mean time, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir !—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. [*Aside.*

Mar. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable.

Enter servant, with a tankard.

This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Mar. So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. [*Aside.*

Hard. [*Taking the cup*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepar'd it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir ? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance.

[*Drinks, and gives the cup to Marlow.*

Mar. A very impudent fellow this ! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. [*Aside.*] Sir, my service to you.

[*Drinks, and gives the cup to Hastings.*

Hast. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman. [*Aside.*

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then at elections I suppose.

[*Gives the tankard to Hardcastle.*

Hard. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale. [*Gives the tankard to Hastings.*

Hast. So then you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed,

I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people ; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who's in or who's out, than I do about John Nokes or Tom Stiles. So my service to you.

Hast. So that with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Mar. [*After drinking*] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy. [*Aside.*]

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy ; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*]

Hard. Good, very good, thank you ; ha ! ha ! Your generalship puts me in mind of prince Eugene when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper ?

Hard. For supper, sir !—Was ever such a request to a man in his own house ! [*Aside.*]

Mar. Yes, sir, supper, sir ; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*Aside.*] Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you ?

Hard. Entirely. By-the-by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

Hard. O no, sir, none in the least : yet I don't know, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. [*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise*] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

[*Servant brings on the bill of fare, and cri.*]

Hast. All upon the high ropes ! His uncle a colonel ! we shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. [*Aside.*] But let's hear the bill of fare.

Mar. [*Perusing*] What's here ? For the first course ; for the second course ; for the dessert. The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole joiners' company, or the corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper ? two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. [*Reading*] For the first course ; at the top a pig and prune sauce.

Hast. Damn your pig, I say.

Mar. And damn your prune sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with prune sauce, is very good eating.—Their impudence confounds me. [*Aside.*] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen ?

Mar. Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream!

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house, as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to—

Mar. Why really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it.—A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. [Aside.]

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you.—This may be modern modesty, but I never saw any thing look so like old-fashioned impudence. [Aside.]

FEMALE QUALIFICATIONS.

HASTINGS AND TONY LUMPKIN.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all Christendom.

Hast. Pretty encouragement this for a lover.

[Aside.]
Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She

has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent!

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmates she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little she kicks up, and you're flung in the ditch.

Hast. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty. Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon.

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise, that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortin, beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me.

We are the boys

That fear no noise

Where thundering cannons roar.

CIRCUITOUS JOURNEY.

HASTINGS *alone.*

Hastings. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow, who probably takes delight in mortifying me.

He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter TONY, booted and spattered.

My honest squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by-the-by, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage coach.

Hast. But how? Where did you leave your fellow travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half, is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it. Rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such varment.

Hast. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them! Why, where should I leave them, but where I found them?

Hast. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this, then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hast. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why, that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or slough within five miles of the place, but they can tell the taste of.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! I understand; you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud.—I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down-hill—I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree-heath,—and from that, with a circum-bendibus, I fairly lodg'd them in the horsepond at the bottom of the garden.

Hast. But no accident, I hope.

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's

sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hast. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now it's dear friend, noble squire. Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn your way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we shake hands and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go shake hands with the hangman.

Hast. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville! if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one.

[Exit.]

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish! She's got into the pond, and is draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. H. Oh, Tony, I'm kill'd! Shook! Battered to death! I shall never survive it. That last jolt that laid us against the quickset-hedge has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. H. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drench'd in the mud, overturn'd in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way. Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess we should be upon Crack-skull common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. H. O lud! O lud! the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. H. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see any thing like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. H. O death!

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma! don't be afraid.

Mrs. H. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us we are undone.

Tony. Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. [*Aside.*] Ah, it's a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm. A damn'd ill-looking fellow.

Mrs. H. Good heaven defend us! he approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger I'll cough and cry hem. When I cough be sure to keep close.

[*Mrs. H. hides behind a tree.*]

Enter **HARDCASTLE.**

Hard. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. O, Tony, is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

Mrs. H. [*From behind*] Ah, death! I find there's danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours; sure, that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem.

Mrs. H. [*From behind*] Sure, he'll do the dear boy no harm.

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came?

Tony. It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was saying that forty miles in three hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please. Hem.

Hard. But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices,

and am resolv'd [*raising his voice*] to find the other out.

Mrs. H. [*Running forward from behind*] O lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife! as I am a christian. From whence can she come, or what does she mean!

Mrs. H. [*Kneeling*] Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me?

Mrs. H. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home!—What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits. So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door. [*To Tony*] This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you. [*To Mrs. H.*] Don't you know the gate and the mulberry-tree; and don't you remember the horsepond, my dear?

Mrs. H. Yes, I shall remember the horsepond as long as I live; I have caught my death in it. [*To Tony*] And it is to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this. I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. H. I'll spoil you, I will. [*Beats him off.*]

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! [*She Swoops to Conquer.*]

CAPTAIN BEAUGARD AND CALEB QUOTEM.

Quo. Captain, your most obedient.

Beau. Yours, sir.

Quo. My name, sir, is Caleb Quotem, at your service. My father was well known in this parish, and the country round, as the poet says—sexton and grier here, thirty years and upwards. By trade a plumber and glazier, to which I have added many others; as

auctioneer, schoolmaster, engraver, watch-maker, sign-painter, &c. &c. Talking of signs puts me in mind of the zodiac.—You must know I am allowed to possess some knowledge of the sciences; globes, terrestrial and celestial, telescopes, and household furniture;—understand all sorts of fixtures, magnets, marble slabs, polar stars, and corner cupboards.

Beau. Damn the fellow!—he has travelled over both hemispheres, and now fixed himself in a corner cupboard! But pray, what may your business be with me, sir?

Quo. My business is that of my father's, as Shakspeare says; but my reason for attending you is—talking of reason, puts me in mind of the man in Bedlam, who swore all mankind were mad, for they had locked him up, and he could not divine the cause; now this man, as the poet says, had “cool reason on his side.” Talking of side, puts me in mind of myself—I am beside myself—that is, I threw myself beside you, to express how much I am “your humble servant,” as Dryden says.

Beau. A mighty expressive sentence, truly, Mr. Quotem.

Quo. Captain, I shall be happy to serve you on all occasions—I can make or mend pumps, or windows, paint cupboards, or carriages, repair watches or weather-glasses—in short, (as a great author says,) “I’m up to every thing.” Talking of every thing, I write ballads and epitaphs; cut tombstones and sell coffin furniture—shall be glad to serve you with any of the last articles at the lowest price, as the poet says.

Beau. I hope I sha’nt trouble you for any of the last articles soon, Mr. Quotem;—your town of Windsor is very wholesome.

Quo. The air is salubrious, and the fields look green, as Pope says. Yet somehow or other people drop away very speedily.

Beau. Why you seem the very picture of health.

Quo. That is chiefly owing to a part of my profession—or rather my father’s profession, at which I always assist.

Beau. What’s that?

Quo. Grave making; turning up the fresh earth, you know, is healthy employ—I should like to dig your grave. Talking of grave-making, puts me in mind of physick;—do you know, I dabble a little in that way!

Beau. Indeed!

Quo. When none of the faculty are on the spot, neighbours call me in, being very near several patients—my house—churchyard.

Beau. Churchyard!—Oh! very near your patients, I dare say.

Quo. Ha! ha! come that’s a good one—as man and boy, concerned in every thing, flimsy affairs, and weighty matters. How do you think I employ my hours? A day, now, a summer’s day, as Milton says.

Beau. I can’t guess, indeed.

Quo. Morning, rise at five—father not up—run to church—ring bell—back to school—look over big boy’s accounts—teach children catechism—breakfast at eight—swallow muffins—play tune—German flute, or fiddle—fright jackdaws from chickens—churchyard—dig graves till ten—run to penfold—advertise strayed cattle—make out registers, marriage banns, and certificates, till eleven—home—scold wife—put on fire—away I go—round for prayers—help curate on with surplice—run to school—whip boys’ bottoms, back time enough to cry *Amen*.—Thus passes away my forenoon, as Congreve says.

Beau. Forenoon! Zounds, man, you’ve done a day’s work already.

Quo. Talking of work—dine at one—go into shop, pound rosin or rhubarb—same mortar—mix up balls of putty—box of pills—pint of paint—dose of jalep—mend sash or sideboard—repair sun—change moon—blot out seven stars—squint at time-piece—put new wheel to watch, and weights to kitchen clock—sand to hour glass—main-spring to watch, or sucker to pump. Thus passes my time till four—burying, perhaps—never out of the way—boys toll bells—at hand to chime in—assist in the service—anthem from Job, “Dust to dust”—go home and play at blindman’s buff with boys till six.

Beau. What a devil of a fellow is this !

Quo. Don't interrupt me, captain.

Beau. Well, then, at six ?

Quo. At six, as the poet says, attend at the great room—auctioneer—knock down household goods—going, going, gone !—to my shop—cut tombstones—write epitaphs, to amuse myself—set 'em to music—feed hogs—coop hens—drive ducks from the pond—sunset—night comes on—shut up shop, school, and vestry—night curfew—go home—chimney corner—call my wife—stir fire—draw cork—smoke pipe—quaff—crack joke—laugh—lie down—or, to make out time, “Wind up the clock,” as Yorick says. Thus ends the history of a day.

Beau. Thank heaven his day is done, as the poet says—and here comes one to prevent his beginning another.

Review.

AN HYPOCRITE'S ATTEMPT TO SEDUCE HIS FRIEND'S WIFE.

Enter DOCTOR CANTWELL AND LADY LAMBERT.

Dr. C. Here I am, madam, at your ladyship's command ; how happy am I that you think me worthy—

Lady L. Please to sit, sir.

Dr. C. Well but, dear lady, ha ! You can't conceive the joyousness I feel at this so much desired interview. Ah ! ah ! I have a thousand friendly things to say to you : and how stands your precious health ? is your naughty cold abated yet ? I have scarce closed my eyes these two nights with my concern for you.

Lady L. Your charity is too far concerned for me.

Dr. C. Ah ! don't say so ; don't say so ; you merit more than mortal man can do for you.

Lady L. Indeed you overrate me.

Dr. C. I speak it from my heart : indeed, indeed, indeed I do.

Lady L. O dear ! you hurt my hand, sir.

Dr. C. Impute it to my zeal, and want of words for expression : precious soul ! I would not hurt you for the world : no, it would be the whole business of my life—

Lady L. But to the affair I would speak to you about.

Dr. C. Ah ! thou heavenly woman !

Lady L. Your hand need not be there, sir.

Dr. C. I was admiring the softness of this silk. They are indeed come to prodigious perfection in all manufactures ; how wonderful is human art ! Here it disputes the prize with nature : that all this soft and gaudy lustre should be wrought from the labours of a poor worm !

Lady L. But our business, sir, is upon another subject : sir John informs me, that he thinks himself under no obligations to Mr. Darnley, and therefore resolves to give his daughter to you.

Dr. C. Such a thing has been mentioned, madam ; but, to deal sincerely with you, that is not the happiness I sigh after ; there is a soft and serious excellence for me, very different from what your step-daughter possesses.

Lady L. Well, sir, pray be sincere and open your heart to me.

Dr. C. Open my heart ! can you then, sweet lady, be yet a stranger to it ? Has no action of my life been able to inform you of my real thoughts ?

Lady L. Well, sir, I take all this, as I suppose you intend it, for my good and spiritual welfare.

Dr. C. Indeed I mean your cordial service.

Lady L. I dare say you do : you are above the low, momentary views of this world.

Dr. C. Why, I should be so ; and yet, alas ! I find this mortal clothing of my soul is made like other mens', of sensual flesh and blood, and has its frailties.

Lady L. We all have those, but yours are well corrected by your divine and virtuous contemplations.

Dr. C. Alas ! madam, my heart is not of stone : I may resist, call all my prayers, my fastings, tears and penance to my aid ; but yet, I am not an angel ; I am still but a man ; and virtue may strive, but nature will be uppermost. I love, you madam.

Lady L. Ah, doctor, what have you done to me ? the trouble of my mind is not to be expressed. You have indeed discovered to me what, perhaps, for my own peace 'twere better I had never been acquainted with, but I had not an opportunity to lay my heart open to you.

Dr. C. Ah ! do not endeavour to decoy my foolish

heart, too apt to flatter itself. You cannot sure think kindly of me!

Lady L. Well, well, I would have you imagine so.

Dr. C. Besides, may I not with reason suspect, that this apparent goodness is but artifice; a shadow of compliance, meant only to persuade me from your daughter.

Lady L. Methinks this doubt of me seems rather founded on your settled resolution not to resign her.—I am convinced of it. I can assure you, sir, I should have saved you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engaged to her.

Dr. C. Tears—then I must believe you—But indeed you wrong me. I have myself pressed sir John to give Charlotte to young Darnley.

Lady L. Mere artifice. You knew that modest resignation would make sir John warmer in your interest.

Dr. C. No, indeed, indeed. I had other motives, which you may hereafter be made acquainted with, and will convince you—

Lady L. Well, sir, now I'll give you reason to guess why, at our last meeting, I pressed you so warmly to resign Charlotte.

Dr. C. Ah dear! ah dear!

Lady L. You cannot blame me for having opposed your happiness, when my own, perhaps, depended upon it.

Dr. C. Spare me, spare me; you kill me with this kindness.

Lady L. But now that I have discovered my weakness, be secret; for the least imprudence—

Dr. C. It is a vain fear.

Lady L. Call it not vain; my reputation is dearer to me than life.

Dr. C. Where can it find so sure a guard? The grave austerities of my life will dumb-found suspicion, and yours may defy detraction.

Lady L. Well, doctor, 'tis you must answer for my folly.

Dr. C. I take it all upon myself.

Lady L. But there's one thing still to be afraid of.

Dr. C. Nothing, nothing.

Lady L. My husband, sir John.

Dr. C. Alas, poor man! I will answer for him. Between ourselves, madam, your husband is weak; I can lead him by the nose any where.

[*Sir John Lambert comes from behind a screen.* No, caitiff, I'm to be led no further.

Dr. C. Ah! woman.

Sir J. Is this your sanctity? this your doctrine? these your meditations!

Dr. C. Is then my brother in a conspiracy against me?

Sir J. Your brother! I have been your friend, indeed, to my shame; your dupe; but your spell has lost its hold: no more canting; it will not serve your turn any longer.

Lady L. Now heaven be praised.

Dr. C. It seems you wanted an excuse to part with me.

Sir J. Ungrateful wretch! but why do I reproach you! Had I not been the weakest of mankind, you never could have proved so great a villain. Get out of my sight; leave my house: of all my follies, which is it tells you, that if you stay much longer, I shall not be tempted to wrest you out of the hands of the law and punish you as you deserve.

AFFECTIONATE COURTSHIP.

BETTY, CHARLOTTE, and DR. CANTWELL.

Det. Doctor Cantwell desires to be admitted, madam.

Char. Let him come in.

Enter DOCTOR CANTWELL.

Your servant, sir.—Give us chairs. Betty, and leave the room.—[*Exit Betty*]—Sir, there's a seat—What can the ugly cur say to me?—he seems a little puzzled.

Hums a tune.

Dr. C. Look ye, young lady, I am afraid, notwithstanding your good father's favour, I am not the man you would desire to be alone with upon this occasion.

Char. Your modesty is pleased to be in the right.

Dr. C. I'm afraid too, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary, that you entertain a pretty bad opinion of me.

Char. A worse, sir, of no mortal breathing.

Dr. C. Which opinion is immovable.

Char. No rock so firm!

Dr. C. I am afraid then it will be a vain pursuit, when I solicit you, in compliance with my worthy friend's desire and my own inclinations, to become my partner in that blessed estate in which we may be a comfort and support to each other.

Char. I would die rather than consent to it.

Dr. C. In other words, you hate me.

Char. Most transcendently.

Dr. C. Well, there is sincerity at least in your confession: you are not, I see, totally deprived of all virtue, though I must say I never could perceive in you but very little.

Char. Oh, fie! you flatter me.

Dr. C. No; I speak it with sorrow, because you are the daughter of my best friend. But how are we to proceed now? are we to preserve temper?

Char. Oh! never fear me, sir, I shall not fly out, being convinced that nothing gives so sharp a point to one's aversion as good breeding; as, on the contrary, ill manners often hide a secret inclination.

Dr. C. Well then, young lady, be assured so far from the unchristian disposition of returning injuries that your antipathy to me causes no hatred in my soul towards you; on the contrary, I would willingly make you happy, if it may be done according to my conscience, with the interest of heaven in view.

Char. Why, I can't see, sir, how heaven can be in any way concerned in a transaction between you and me.

Dr. C. When you marry any other person, my consent is necessary.

Char. So I hear, indeed! but pray, doctor, how could your modesty receive so insolent a power, without putting my poor father out of countenance with our blushes?

Dr. C. I sought it not; but he would crowd it among other obligations. He is good natured; and I foresaw it might serve to pious purposes.

Char. I don't understand you.

Dr. C. I take it for granted, that you would marry Mr. Darnley. Am I right?

Char. Once in your life, perhaps, you may.

Dr. C. Nay, let us be plain. Would you marry him?

Char. You're mighty nice, methinks. Well, I would.

Dr. C. Then I will not consent.

Char. You won't?

Dr. C. My conscience will not suffer me. I know you to be both luxurious and worldly-minded; and you would squander upon the vanities of the world, those treasures which ought to be better laid out.

Char. Hum!—I believe I begin to conceive you.

Dr. C. If you can think of any project to satisfy my conscience, I am tractable. You know there is a considerable moiety of your fortune which goes to my lady in case of our disagreement.

Char. That's enough, sir.—You think we should have a fellow feeling in it. At what sum do you rate your concurrence to my inclinations? that settled, I am willing to strike the bargain.

Dr. C. What do you think of half?

Char. How! two thousand pounds?

Dr. C. Why, you know you gain two thousand pounds; and really the severity of the times for the poor, and my own stinted pittance, which cramps my charities, will not suffer me to require less.

Char. But how is my father to be brought into this?

Dr. C. Leave that to my management.

Char. And what security do you expect for the money?

Dr. C. Oh! Mr. Darnley is wealthy: when I deliver my consent in writing, he shall lay it down to me in bank-bills.

Char. Pretty good security!—On one proviso though.

Dr. C. Name it.

Char. That you immediately tell my father that you are willing to give up your interest to Mr. Darnley.

Dr. C. Hum!—stay—I agree to it; but in the mean time, let me warn you, child, not to expect to turn that, or what has now passed between us, to my confusion, by sinister construction, or evil representation to your father. I am satisfied of the piety of

my own intentions, and care not what the wicked think of them; but force me not to take advantage of sir John's good opinion of me, in order to shield myself from the consequences of your malice.

Char. Oh! I shall not stand in my own light: I know your conscience and your power too well, dear doctor!

Dr. C. Well, let your interest sway you. Thank heaven, I am actuated by more worthy motives.

Char. No doubt on't.

Dr. C. Farewell, and think me your friend. [*Exit.*]

Char. What this fellow's original was, I know not; but from his conscience and cunning, he would make an admirable Jesuit.

THE ILLITERATE PANATIC.

DOCTOR CANTWELL, *old* LADY LAMBERT, and

SEYWARD.

Sey. Sir, Mr. Mawworm is without, and would be glad to be permitted to speak with you.

Old Lady L. Oh pray, doctor, admit him; I have not seen Mr. Mawworm this great while; he's a pious man, though in an humble estate; desire the worthy creature to walk in.

Enter MAWWORM.

—How do you do, Mr. Mawworm?

Maw. Thank your ladyship's axing—I'm but deadly poorish indeed; the world and I can't agree—I got the books, doctor—and Mrs. Grunt bid me give her service to you, and thank you for the eighteen-pence.

Dr. C. Hush, friend Mawworm! not a word more; you know I hate to have my little charities blaz'd about: a poor widow, madam, to whom I sent my mite.

Old Lady L. Give her this.

[*Offers a purse to Mawworm.*]

Dr. C. I'll take care it shall be given up to her.

[*Puts it up.*]

Old Lady L. But what is the matter with you, Mr. Mawworm?

Maw. I don't know what's the matter with me—

I'm a breaking my heart—I think it a sin to keep a shop.

Old Lady L. Why, if you think it a sin, indeed—pray what's your business?

Maw. We deals in grocery, tea, small-beer, charcoal, butter, brickdust, and the like.

Old Lady L. Well, you must consult with your friendly director here.

Maw. I wants to go a preaching.

Old Lady L. Do you?

Maw. I'm almost sure I have had a call.

Old Lady L. Ay!

Maw. I have made several sermons already; I does them extrumperry, because I can't write; and now the devils in our alley says, as how my head's turned.

Old Lady L. Ay, devils indeed—but don't you mind them.

Maw. No, I don't—I rebukes' them, and preaches to them, whether they will or not. We lets our house in lodgings to single men; and sometimes I gets them together, with one or two of the neighbours, and makes them all cry.

Old Lady L. Did you every preach in public?

Maw. I got upon Kennington-common, the last review day; but the boys threw brickbats at me, and pinned crackers to my tail; and I have been afraid to mount ever since.

Old Lady L. Do you hear this, doctor? throw brickbats at him, and pinned crackers to his pious tail! can these things be stood by?

Maw. I told them so—says I, I does nothing clandestently; I stand here contagious to his majesty's guards, and I charge you upon your apparels not to mistlist me.

Old Lady L. And it had no effect?

Maw. No more than if I spoke to so many postesses: but if he advises me to go a preaching, and quit my shop, I will make an excressance further into the country.

Old Lady L. An excursion, you would say.

Maw. I am but a sheep, but my bleatings shall be

heard afar off ; and that sheep shall become a shepherd : nay, if it be only as it were a shepherd's dog, to bark the stray lambs into the field.

Old Lady L. He wants method, doctor.

Dr. C. Yes, madam ; but there is the matter, and I despise not the ignorant.

Maw. He's a saint——till I went after him, I was little better than the devil ; my conscience was tanned with sin, like a piece of neat's leather, and had no more feeling than the sole of my shoe ; always roving after fantastical delights : I used to go every Sunday evening, to the Three Hats at Islington ! it's a public-house, mayhap, your ladyship may know it : I was a great lover of skittles too, but now I can't bear them.

Old Lady L. What a blessed reformation !

Maw. I believe, doctor, you never know'd as how I was instigated one of the stewards of the reforming society. I convicted a man of five oaths, as last Thursday was a seu'night, at the Pewter-platter, in the Borough ; and another of three, while he was playing trap-ball in St. George's-fields : I bought this waistcoat out of my share of the money.

Old Lady L. But how do you mind your business ?

Maw. We have lost almost all our customers ; because I keeps extorting them whenever they come into the shop.

Old Lady L. And how do you live ?

Maw. Better than ever we did : while we were worldly-minded, my wife and I (for I am married to as likely a woman as you shall see in a thousand) could hardly make things do at all ; but since this good man has brought us into the road of the righteous, we have always plenty of every thing ; and my wife goes as well dressed as a gentlewoman—we have had a child too.

Old Lady L. Merciful !

Maw. And between you and me, doctor, I believe Susy's breeding again.

Dr. C. Thus it is, madam ; I am constantly told, though I can hardly believe it, a blessing follows wherever I come.

Maw. And yet, if you would hear how the neighbours reviles my wife ; saying as how she sets no

store by me) because we have words now and then ; but as I says, if such was the case, would ever she have cut me down that there time as I was melancholy, and she found me hanging behind the door ; I don't believe there's a wife in the parish would have done so by her husband.

Dr. C. I believe 'tis near dinner-time ; and sir John will require my attendance.

Maw. Oh ! I am troublesome—nay, I only come to you, doctor, with a message from Mrs. Grunt. I wish your ladyship heartily and heartily farewell ; doctor, a good day to you.

Old Lady L. Mr. Mawworm, call on me some time this afternoon ; I want to have a little private discourse with you ; and, pray, my service to your spouse.

Maw. I will, madam ; you are a malefactor to all goodness ; I'll wait upon your ladyship ; I will indeed : [*Going returns*] Oh, doctor, that's true ; Susy desired me to give her kind love and respects to you.

[*Exit.*]

Dr. C. Madam, if you please, I will lead you into the parlour.

Old Lady L. No, 'doctor, my coach waits at the door.
The Hypocrite.

LOW AMBITION AND HONOURABLE FEELING CONTRASTED.

*Sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT and his Son
EGERTON.*

Sir Per. Weel, sir ! vary weel ! vary weel ! are nat ye a fine spark ? are nat ye a fine spark, I say ? —ah ! you are a——so you wou'd not come up till the levee ?

Eger. Sir, I beg your pardon ; but I was not very well : besides, I did not think my presence there was necessary.

Sir Per. [*Snapping him up*] Sir, it was necessary ; I tauld you it was necessary, and, sir, I must now tell you that the whole tenor of your conduct is most offensive.

Eger. I am sorry you think so, sir ; I am sure I do not intend to offend you.

Sir Per. I care not what you intend—Sir, I tell.

you, you do offend. What is the meaning of this conduct, sir? neglect the levee!—'sdeath, sir, you—what is your reason, I say, for thus neglecting the levee, and disobeying my commands?

Eger. [With a stifled filial resentment.] Sir, I am not used to levees: nor do I know how to dispose of myself; or what to say, or do, in such a situation.

Sir Per. [With a proud angry resentment.] Zounds! sir, do you nat see what others do? gentle and simple, temporal and spiritual, lords, members, judges, generals, and bishops; aw crowding, bustling, and pushing foremost intill the middle of the circle, and there waiting, watching, and striving to catch a look or a smile fra the great mon, which they meet wi' an amicable reesibility of aspect—a modest cadence of body, and a conciliating coöperation of the whole mon; which expresses an officious promptitude for his service, and indicates, that they luock upon themselves as the suppliant appendages of his power, and the enlisted Swiss of his poleetical fortune; this, sir, is what you ought to do, and this, sir, is what I never once omitted for these five and tharty years, let who would be minister.

Eger. [Aside.] Contemptible!

Sir Per. What is that you mutter, sir?

Eger. Only a slight reflection, sir, not relative to you.

Sir Per. Sir, your absenting yourself fra the levee at this juncture is suspecious; it is looked upon as a kind of disaffection, and aw your countrymen are highly offended at your conduct. For, sir, they do not look upon you as a friend or a well-wisher either to Scotland or Scotchmen.

Eger. [With a quick warmth.] Then, sir, they wrong me, I assure you; but pray, sir, in what particular can I be charged either with coldness or offence to my country?

Sir Per. Why, sir, ever since your mother's uncle, Sir Stanley Egerton, left you this three thousand pounds a year, and that you have, in compliance with his will, taken up the name of Egerton, they think you are grown proud—that you have estranged yourself fra the Macsycophants—have associated with your mother's family—with the opposition, and with

those who do not wish well till Scotland: besides, sir, the other day, in a conversation at dinner at your cousin Campbel M'Kenzie's, before a whole table full of your ain relations, did not you publicly wish a total extinguishment of aw party, and of aw national distinctions whatever, relative to the three kingdoms?—[With great anger.] And, you block-head—was that a prudent wish before so many of your ain countrymen?—or was it a filial language to hold before me?

Eger. Sir, with your pardon, I cannot think it unfilial or imprudent. [With a most patriotic warmth.] I own I do wish—most ardently wish, for a total extinction of all party; particularly that those of English, Irish, and Scotch, might never more be brought into contest or competition, unless, like loving brothers, in generous emulation for one common cause.

Sir Per. How, sir! do you persist? What! would you banish aw party, and aw distinction between English, Irish, and your ain countrymen?

Eger. [With great dignity of spirit.] I would, sir.

Sir Per. Then damn you, sir, you are nai tree Scot. Ay, sir, you may look as angry as you will, but again I say, you are nai true Scot.

Eger. Your pardon, sir, I think he is the true Scot, and the true citizen, who wishes equal justice to the merit and demerit of every subject of Great Britain; amongst whom I know but of two distinctions.

Sir Per. Weel, sir, and what are those—what are those?

Eger. The knave and the honest man.

Sir Per. Pahaw! rideeculous.

Eger. And he, who makes any other—let him be of the North, or of the South—of the East, or of the West—in place, or out of place, is an enemy to the whole, and to the virtues of humanity.

Sir Per. Ay, sir, this is your brother's impudent doctrine, for the which I have banished him for ever fra my presence, my heart, and my fortune.—Sir, I will have no son of mine, because truly he has been educated in an English seminary, presume, under the mask of candour, to speak against his native land, or against my principles.

Eger. I never did—nor do I intend it.

Sir Per. Sir, I do not believe you—I do not believe you. But, sir, I know your connections and associates, and I know too, you have a saucy lurking prejudice against your ain country: you hate it; yes, your mother, her family, and your brother, sir, have aw the same, dark, disaffected rankling; and by that and their politics together, they will be the ruin of you—themselves—and of aw who connect with them.—However, nai mair of that now; I will talk at large to you about that anon.—In the mean while, sir, notwithstanding your contempt of my advice, and your disobedience till my commands, I will convince you of my paternal attention till your welfare, by my management of this voluptuary—this Lord Lumbercourt, whose daughter you are to marry. You ken, sir, that the fellow has been my patron above these five and thirty years.

Eger. True, sir.

Sir Per. Vary weel.—And now, sir, you see by his prodigality, he is become my dependent; and accordingly I have made my bargain with him: the devil a baubee he has in the world but what comes through these clutches; for his whole estate, which has three implecit boroughs upon it—mark—is now in my custody at nurse; the which estate, on my paying off his debts, and allowing him a life rent of five thousand pounds per annum is to be made over till me for my life, and, at my death is to descend till ye and your issue.—The peerage of Lumbercourt, you ken, will follow of course.—So, sir, you see, there are three implecit boroughs, the whole patrimony of Lumbercourt, and a peerage at one slap.—Why, it is a stroke—a hit—a hit—Zounds! sir, a mon may live a century and not make sic an hit again.

Eger. It is a very advantageous bargain indeed, sir—but what will my lord's family say to it?

Sir Per. Why, mon, he cares not if his family were aw at the devil, so his luxury is but gratified:—only let him have his race-horse to feed his vanity; his harri-dan to drink drams with him, scrat his face, and burn his periwig, when she is in her maudlin hysterics—and three or four discontented patriotic depend-

ents to abuse the ministry, and settle the affairs of the nation, when they are aw intoxicated; and then, sir, the fellow has aw his wishes and aw his wants, in this world and the next.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Lady Rodolpha is come, sir.

Sir Per. And my lord?

Tom. Not yet, sir; he is about a mile behind, the servants say.

Sir Per. Let me know the instant he arrives.

Tom. I shall, sir. *[Exit.]*

Sir Per. Step you out, Charles, and receive Lady Rodolpha; and, I desire you will treat her with as much respect and gallantry as possible; for my lord has hinted that you have been very remiss as a lover.—So go, go and receive her.

Eger. I shall, sir.

Sir Per. Vary weel, vary weel;—a guid lad: go, go and receive her as a lover should. *[Exit Egerton.]* Hah! I must keep a devilish tight hand upon this fellow, I see, or he will be touched with the patriotic phrenzy of the times, and run counter till aw my designs. I find he has a strong inclination to have a judgment of his ain, independent of mine, in aw political matters; but as soon as I have finally settled the marriage writings with my lord, I will have a thorough expostulation with my gentleman, I am resolved—and fix him unalterably in his political conduct.—Ah! I am frightened out of my wits, lest his mother's family should seduce him to desert to their party, which would totally ruin my whole scheme, and break my heart.—A fine time of day for a block-head to turn patriot—when the character is exploded, marked, proscribed? Why, the common people, the vary vulgar, have found out the jest, and laugh at a patriot now-a-days, just as they do at a conjurer, a magician, or any other impostor in society.

RIGHT HONOURABLE FOLLY AND BASE FLATTERY.

Sir PERTINAX and Lord LUMBERCOURT.

Lord Lum. Sir Pertinax, I kiss your hand.

Sir Per. Your lordship's most devoted.

Lord Lum. Why, you stole a march upon me this morning; gave me the slip, Mac; though I never wanted your assistance more in my life. I thought you would have called on me.

Sir Per. My dear lord, I beg ten millions of pardons for leaving town before you; but you ken that your lordship at dinner yesterday settled it that we should meet this morning at the levee.

Lord Lum. That I acknowledge, Mac.—I did promise to be there, I own.

Sir Per. You did, indeed. And accordingly I was at the levee, and waited there till every soul was gone, and, seeing you did not come, I concluded that your lordship was gone before.

Lord Lum. Why to confess the truth, my dear Mac, those old sinners, Lord Freakish, General Jolly, Sir Anthony Soaker, and two or three more of that set, laid hold of me last night at the opera; and, as the General says, "from the intelligence of my head this morning," I believe we drank pretty deep ere we departed; ha, ha, ha!

Sir Per. Ha, ha, ha! nay, if you were with that party, my lord, I do not wonder at not seeing your lordship at the levee.

Lord Lum. The truth is, Sir Pertinax, my fellow let me sleep too long for the levee. But I wish I had seen you before you left town; I wanted you dreadfully.

Sir Per. I am heartily sorry that I was not in the way.—but on what account did you want me?

Lord Lum. Ha, ha, ha! a cursed awkward affair. And, ha, ha, ha! yet I can't help laughing at it neither, though it vexed me confoundedly.

Sir Per. Vext you, my lord! Zounds, I wish I had been with you: but, for heaven's sake, my lord, what was it that could possibly vex your lordship?

Lord Lum. Why, that impudent, teasing, dunning rascal, Mahogany, my upholsterer.—You know the fellow?

Sir Per. Perfectly, my lord.

Lord Lum. The impudent scoundrel has sued me up to some damned kind of a——something or other in the law which I think they call an execution.

Sir Per. The rascal!

Lord Lum. Upon which, sir, the fellow, by way of asking pardon, ha, ha, ha! had the modesty to wait on me two or three days ago, to inform my honour, ha, ha, ha! as he was pleased to dignify me, that the execution was now ready to be put in force against my honour; but that out of respect to my honour, as he had taken a great deal of my honour's money, he would not suffer his lawyer to serve it, till he had first informed my honour, because he was not willing to affront my honour; ha, ha, ha! a son of a whore!

Sir Per. I never heard of so impudent a dog.

Lord Lum. Now my dear Mac, ha, ha, ha! as the scoundrel's apology was so very satisfactory, and his information so very agreeable, I told him that, in honour, I thought that my honour could not do less than to order his honour to be paid immediately.

Sir Per. Vary weel, vary weel, you were as complaisant as the scoundrel till the full, I think, my lord.

Lord Lum. You shall hear, you shall hear, Mac; so, sir, with great composure, seeing a smart cane cudgel that stood very handily in a corner of my dressing-room, I ordered two of my fellows to beat the rascal, and another to take the cudgel and return the scoundrel's civility with a good drubbing as long as the stick lasted.

Sir Per. Ha, ha, ha! admirable! as guid a stroke of humour as ever I heard of. And did they drub him, my lord?

Lord Lum. Most liberally, most liberally, sir. And there I thought the affair would have rested, till I should think proper to pay the scoundrel; but this morning, just as I was stepping into my chaise, my servants all about me, a fellow, called a tipstaff, stepped up, and begged the favour of my footman, who threshed the upholsterer, and of the two that beat him, to go along with him upon a little business to my Lord Chief Justice.

Sir Per. The devil!

Lord Lum. And at the same instant, I, in my turn, was accosted by two other very civil scoundrels, who, with a most insolent politeness, begged my pardon,

and informed me that I must not go into my own chaise.

Sir Per. How, my lord! not intill your ain carriage?

Lord Lum. No, sir; for that they, by order of the heriff, must seize it, at the suit of a gentleman—one Mr. Mahogany, an upholsterer.

Sir Per. An impudent villain!

Lord Lum. It is all true, I assure you: so you see, my dear Mac, what a damned country this is to live in, where noblemen are obliged to pay their debts just like merchants, cobblers, peasants, or mechanics—is it that a scandal, dear Mac, to the nation?

Sir Per. My lord, it is not only a scandal, but a national grievance.

Lord Lum. Sir, there is not another nation in the world has such a grievance to complain of. Now in her countries were a mechanic to dun, and tease, and behave as this Mahogany has done, a nobleman might extinguish the repute in an instant; and that only at the expense of a few sequins, florins, or louis d'ors, according to the country where the affair happened.

Sir Per. Vary true, my lord, vary true—and it is monstrous that a man of your lordship's condition is not entitled to run one of these mechanics through the body, when he is impertinent about his money; and our laws, shamefully, on these occasions, make no distinction of persons amongst us.

Lord Lum. A vile policy, indeed, Sir Pertinax—it, sir, the scoundrel has seized upon the house too, and it I furnished for the girl I took from the opera.

Sir Per. I never heard of sic an a scoundrel.

Lord Lum. Ay, but what concerns me most—I am afraid, my dear Mac, that the villain will send down to Newmarket, and seize my string of horses.

Sir Per. Your string of horses? zounds! we must prevent that at all events: that would be sic an a disgrace. I will despatch an express to town directly, and put a stop till the rascal's proceedings.

Lord Lum. Pr'ythee do, my dear Sir Pertinax.

Sir Per. O! it shall be done, my lord.

Lord Lum. Thou art an honest fellow, Sir Pertinax, in honour.

Sir Per. O! my lord, it is my duty to oblige your lordship to the utmost stretch of my abeelity.

BATH FASHIONABLES.

Sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT, EGERTON, Lord and Lady LUMBERCOURT, and their daughter Lady RODOLPHA.

Sir Per. Weel; but, Lady Rodolpha, I wanted to ask your ladyship some questions about the company at the Bath; they say you had aw the world there.

Lady Rod. O, yes! there was a very great mob there indeed; but very little company. Aw canaille, except our ain party. The place was crowded with your little purse-proud mechanics; an odd kind of queer looking animals that have started intill fortune fra lottery tickets, rich prizes at sea, gambling in Change-Alley, and sic like caprices of fortune; and away they aw crowd to the Bath to learn gentcelity, and the names, titles, intrigues, and bon-mots of us people of fashion; ha, ha, ha!

Lord Lum. Ha, ha, ha! I know them: I know the things you mean, my dear, extremely well. I have observed them a thousand times, and wondered where the devil they all came from; ha, ha, ha!

Lady Lum. Pray, Lady Rodolpha, what were your diversions at Bath?

Lady Rod. Guid traith, my lady, the company were my diversion; and better nai human follies ever afforded; ha, ha, ha! sic an a mixture, and sic oddities, ha, ha, ha! a perfect gallimaufry. Lady Kunegunda M'Kenzie and I used to gang about till every part of this human chaos, on purpose to reconnoitre the monsters and pick up their frivolities; ha, ha, ha!

Sir Per. Ha, ha, ha! why that must have been a high entertainment till your ladyship.

Lady Rod. Superlative and inexhaustible, Sir Pertinax; ha, ha, ha! Madam, we had in one group, a peer and a sharper, a duchess and a pin-maker's wife, a boarding-school miss and her grandmother, a fat parson, a lean general, and a yellow admiral; ha, ha, ha! aw speaking together, and bawling and

wrangling in fierce contention, as if the fame and fortune of aw the parties were to be the issue of the conflict.

Sir *Per.* Ha, ha, ha! pray, madam, what was the object of their contention?

Lady *Rod.* O! a very important one, I assure you; of no less consequence, madam, than how an odd trick at whist was lost, or might have been saved.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady *Lum.* Ridiculous!

Lord *Lum.* Ha, ha, ha! my dear Rodolpha, I have seen that very conflict a thousand times.

Sir *Per.* And so have I, upon honour, my lord.

Lady *Rod.* In another party, Sir Pertinax, ha, ha, ha! we had what was called the cabinet-council, which was composed of a duke and a haberdasher, a red-hot patriot and a sneering courtier, a discarded statesman and his scribbling chaplain, with a busy, bawling, muckle-headed, prerogative lawyer; all of whom were every minute ready to gang together by the lugs, about the in and the out meenistry; ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Per.* Ha, ha, ha! weel, that is a droll motley cabinet, I vow.—Vary whimsical, upon honour.—But they are aw great politicians at Bath, and settle a meenistry there with as much ease as they do the tune of a country dance.

Lady *Rod.* Then, Sir Pertinax, in a retired part of the room—in a by corner—snug—we had a Jew and a bishop—

Sir *Per.* A Jew and a bishop;—ha, ha!—a develish guid connection that,—and pray, my lady, what were they about!

Lady *Rod.* Why, sir, the bishop was striving to convert the Jew—while the Jew, by intervals, was sliely picking up intelligence fra the bishop, about the change in the meenistry, in hopes of making a stroke in the stocks.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Per.* Ha, ha, ha! admirable! admirable! I honour the smouse:—bah! it was develish clever of him, my lord, develish clever.

Lord *Lum.* Yes, yes; the fellow kept a sharp look-out. I think it was a fair trial of skill on both sides, Mr. Egerton.

Eger. True, my Lord, but the Jew seems to have been in the fairer way to succeed.

Lord *Lum.* O! all to nothing, sir; ha, ha, ha!—Well, child, I like your Jew and your bishop much. It's develish clever. Let us have the rest of the history, pray, my dear.

Lady *Rod.* Guid traith, my lord, the sum total is—that there we aw danced, and wrangled, and flattered, and slandered, and gambled, and cheated, and mingled, and jumbled, and wallopped together—clean and unclean—even like the animal assembly in Noah's ark.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lord *Lum.* Ha, ha, ha!—Well, you are a droll girl, Rodolpha; and, upon my honour, ha, ha, ha! you have given us as whimsical a sketch as ever was hit off.

Sir *Per.* Ah! yes, my lord, especially the animal assembly in Noah's ark. It is an excellent picture of the oddities that one meets with at the Bath.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCOTCH BOOING.

Sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT and Mr. SAM EGERTON.

Sir *Per.* Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell you, once for aw, that the manœuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world, as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar. why you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune—and how do you think I raised it?

Eger. Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

Sir *Per.* Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead:—nai, sir, I'll tell you how I raised it: sir, I raised it—by bowing; [*Bows ridiculously low.*—]—by bowing: sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great mon, but always bowed, and bowed, and bowed—as it were by instinct.

Eger. How do you mean by instinct, sir?

Sir Per. How do I mean by instinct?—Why, sir, I mean by—by—by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think, what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence bowing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine, by example and demonstration?

Eger. Certainly, sir.

Sir Per. Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon you, I'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my bowing, as an excitement, and a landmark for you to bow by, and as an infallible nostrum to rise in the world.

Eger. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir Per. Vary weel, sir: sit ye down then, sit you down here: [*They sit down.*—and now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts, that your grandfather was a man, whose penurious income of half-pay was the sum total of his fortune; and, sir, aw my provision fra him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel; the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every man well pleased with himself.

Eger. Very prudent advice, sir.

Sir Per. Therefore, sir, I lay it before you.—Now, sir, with these materials, I set out a raw-boned stripling fra the North, to try my fortune with them here in the South; and my first step intill the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house, here in the city of London, which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Eger. It was not a very fertile one indeed, sir.

Sir Per. The reverse, the reverse: weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply: I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every man and every mode of prosperity; at last I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest

gate I could gang for the bettering of my condition, and accordingly I set about it: now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty! beauty!—ah! beauty often struck mine een, and played about my heart! and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked; but the devil an entrance I ever let it get; for I observed, sir, that beauty—is generally—a proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

Eger. Very justly observed, sir.

Sir Per. And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it; and in its stead, sir—mark! I looked out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, ptisicky, wealthy widow; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi-and—or, in short, ainy thing, ainy thing that had the siller, the siller—for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nai that right?

Eger. O! doubtless—doubtless, sir.

Sir Per. Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller?—nai till court, nai till play-houses or assemblies—nai, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the anabaptist, independent, bradlonian, and muggle-tonian meetings; till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love-feasts of the methodists; and there, sir, at last, I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world; had nai comfort but in metaphysical visions, and supernatural deliriums; ha, ha, ha! sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

Eger. Not improbable, sir: there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir Per. O! numbers—numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly morning and evening, at the tabernacle in Moorfields: and as soon as I found she had got the siller, aha! guid traith, I plumpen me down upon my

knees close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again;—I watched her motions, banded her till her chair, waited on her home; got most religiously intimate with her in a week,—married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month;—touched the siller, and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart; I began the world again;—and this, sir, was the first bow, that is, the first effectual bow, I ever made till the vanity of human nature:—now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

Eger. Perfectly well, sir.

Sir Per. Ay, but was it not right? was it not ingenious, and weel hit off?

Eger. Certainly, sir: extremely well,

Sir Per. My next bow, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra boarding-school; by the interest of whose family I got a good smart place in the Treasury:—and, sir, my vary next step was intill Parliament; the which I entered with as ardent and as determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I bowed, and watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards and forwards; and attended, and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got intill the vary bowels of his confidence,—and then, sir, I wriggled, and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the very thick of them: hah! I got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and aw the political bonuses;—till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier man than one half of the golden calves I had been so long a-bowing to: [*He rises, and Egerton rises too*];—and was nai that bowing to some purpose?

Eger. It was indeed, sir.

Sir Per. But are you convinced of the guid effects, and of the utility of bowing.

Eger. Thoroughly, sir.

Sir Per. Sir; it is infallible:—but, Charles, ah! while I was thus bowing, and wriggling, and raising

this princely fortune, ah! I met with many heart-sores and disappointments fra the want of literature, eloquence, and other popular abeleties. Sir, givin I could but have spoken in the house, I should have done the deed in half the time; but the instant I opened my mouth there, they aw fell a-laughing at me;—aw which deficiencies, sir, I determined at any expense, to have supplied by the polished education of a son, who, I hoped, would one day raise the house of Macsycophant till the highest pitch of ministerial ambition. This, sir, is my plan: I have done my part of it; nature has done hers: you are popular, you are eloquent; aw parties like and respect you; and now, sir, it only remains for you to be directed—completion follows.

LEGAL TERGIVERSATION EXPLAINED.

Sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT and Counsellor PLAUSIBLE.

Sir Per. Why, Counsellor, did you ever see so impertinent, so meddling, and so obstinate a blockhead as that Serjeant Eitherside? confound the fellow, he has put me out of aw temper.

Plaus. But, Sir Pertinax, there is a secret spring in this business that you do not seem to perceive; and which, I am afraid, governs the matter respecting these boroughs.

Sir Per. What spring do you mean, counsellor!

Plaus. I have some reason to think that my lord's tied down by some means or other to bring the serjeant in, the very first vacancy, for one of these boroughs:—now that, I believe, is the sole motive why the serjeant is so strenuous that my lord should keep the boroughs in his own power; fearing that you might reject him for some man of your own.

Sir Per. Odswounds and death! Plausible, you are clever, devilish clever. By the blood, you have hit upon the vary string that has made aw this discord.—Oh! I see it, I see it now. But hault—hault—bide a wee bit—a wee bit, mon; I have a thought come intill my head—yes—I think, Plausible, that with a little twist in our negotiation, that this very

string, properly tuned, may be still made to produce the very harmony we wish for. Yes, yes! I have it: this serjeant, I see, understands business—and, if I am not mistaken, knows how to take a hint.

Plaus. O! nobody better, Sir Pertinax.

Sir Per. Why then, Plausible, the short road is always the best with sic a mon.—You must even come up till his mark at once, and assure him from me, that I will secure him a seat for one of these vary boroughs.

Plaus. O! that will do, Sir Pertinax—that will do, I'll answer for it.

Sir Per. And further—I beg you will let him know that I think myself obliged to consider him in this affair, as acting for me as weel as for my lord, as a common friend till baith:—and for the services he has already done us, make my special compliments till him—and pray let this amicable bit of paper be my faithful advocate to convince him of what my gratitude further intends for his great [*Gives him a bank-bill.*] equity in adjusting this agreement betwixt my lord and me.

Plaus. Ha, ha, ha!—upon my word, Sir Pertinax, this is noble.—Ay, ay! this is an eloquent bit of paper indeed.

Sir Per. Maister Plausible, in aw human dealings the most effectual method is that of ganging at once till the vary bottom of a man's heart:—for if we expect that men should serve us, we must first win their affections by serving them.

Enter Lord LUMBERCOURT and Serjeant.
EITHERSIDE.

Serj. I assure you, Sir Pertinax, that in all his lordship's conversation with me upon this business, and in his positive instructions—both he and I always understood the nomination to be in my lord, *durante vita.*

Plaus. Well, but gentlemen, gentlemen, a little patience. Sure this mistake, some how or other, may be rectified.—Pr'ythee, Mr. Serjeant, let you and I step into the next room by ourselves, and reconsider the clause relative to the boroughs, and try

if we cannot hit upon a medium that will be agreeable to both parties.

Serj. [*With great warmth.*] Mr. Plausible, I have considered the clause fully; am entirely master of the question; my lord cannot give up the point. It is unkind and unreasonable to expect it.

Plaus. Nay, Mr. Serjeant, I beg you will not misunderstand me. Do not think I want his lordship to give up any point without an equivalent. Sir Pertinax, will you permit Mr. Serjeant and me to retire a few moments to reconsider this point?

Sir Per. For Heaven's sake, as your lordship and I can have but one interest for the future, let us have nai mair words about these paltry boroughs, but conclude the agreement just as it stands: otherwise there must be new writings drawn, new consultations of lawyers; new objections and delays will arise; creditors will be impatient and impertinent, so that we shall nai finish the Lord knows when.

Lord Lum. You are right, you are right: say no more, Mac, say no more. Split the lawyers—you judge the point better than all Westminster-Hall could. It shall stand as it is: yes, you shall settle it your own way; for your interest and mine are the same, I see plainly.

Sir Per. No doubt of it, my lord.

Lord Lum. O! here the lawyers come.

Enter Counsellor PLAUSIBLE and Serjeant.
EITHERSIDE.

Serj. My lord, Mr. Plausible has convinced me—fully convinced me.

Plaus. Yes, my lord, I have convinced him; I have laid such arguments before Mr. Serjeant as were irresistible.

Serj. He has indeed, my lord: besides, as Sir Pertinax gives his honour that your lordship's nomination shall be sacredly observed, why, upon a nearer review of the whole matter, I think it will be the wiser measure to conclude the agreement just as it is drawn.

Lord Lum. I am very glad you think so, Mr. Serjeant, because that is my opinion too: so, my dear

Eitherside, do you and Plausible despatch the business now as soon as possible.

Serj. My lord, every thing will be ready in less than an hour. Come, Mr. Plausible, let us go and fill up the blanks, and put the last hand to the writings on our part.

Plaus. I attend you, Mr. Serjeant.

[*Exeunt Lawyers.*]

Lord Lum. And while the lawyers are preparing the writings, Sir Pertinax, I will go and saunter with the women. [*Exit singing, 'Sons of care,' &c.*]

Sir Per. So! a little flattery mixt with the finesse of a gilded promise on the one side, and a quantum sufficit of the aurum palpabile on the other, have at last made me the happiest father in Great-Britain. Hah! my heart expands itself, as it were, through every part of my whole body, at the completion of this business, and feels nothing but dignity and elevation.

BAFFLED CUNNING.

Sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT and his SON.

Sir Per. Come hither, Charles.

Eger. Your pleasure, sir.

Sir Per. About two hours since I told you, Charles, that I received this letter express, complaining of your brother's activity at an election in Scotland against a particular friend of mine, which has given great offence; and, sir, you are mentioned in the letter as well as he: to be plain, I must roundly tell you, that on this interview depends my happiness as a father and as a man; and my affection to you, sir, as a son, for the remainder of our days.

Eger. I hope, sir, I shall never do any thing either to forfeit your affection, or disturb your happiness.

Sir Per. I hope so too: but to the point. The fact is this: there has been a motion made this very day to bring on the grand affair, which is settled for Friday seven-night:—now, sir, as you are popular, have talents, and are well heard, it is expected, and I insist upon it, that you endeavour to atone, sir, for your late misconduct, by preparing, and taking a large share in that question, and supporting it with all your power.

Eger. Sir, I have always divided as you directed,

except on one occasion; never voted against your friends, only in that affair.—But, sir, I hope you will not so exert your influence, as to insist upon my supporting a measure by an obvious, prostituted sophistry, in direct opposition to my character and my conscience.

Sir Per. Conscience! why, you are mad! did you ever hear any man talk of conscience in political matters? Conscience, quotha? I have been in parliament these three and tharty years, and never heard the term made use of before:—sir, it is an unparliamentary word, and you will be laughed at for it; therefore, I desire you will not offer to impose upon me with sic phantoms, but let me know your reasons for thus slighting my friends and disobeying my commands.—Sir, give me an immediate and an explicit answer.

Eger. Then, sir, I must frankly tell you, that you work against my nature; you would connect me with men I despise, and press me into measures I abhor; would make me a devoted slave to selfish leaders, who have no friendship but in faction—no merit but in corruption—nor interest in any measure but their own;—and to such men I cannot submit; for, sir, that the malignant ferment which the venal ambition of the times provokes in the heads and hearts of other men, I detest.

Sir Per. What are you about, sir? malignant ferment! and venal ambition! Sir, every man should be ambitious to serve his country—and every man should be rewarded for it: and pray, sir, would not you wish to serve your country? Answer me that—I say, would not you wish to serve your country?

Eger. Only show me how I can serve my country, and my life is hers. Were I qualified to lead her armies, to steer her fleets, and deal her honest vengeance on her insulting foes;—or could my eloquence pull down a state leviathan, mighty by the plunder of his country, black with the treasons of her disgrace, and send his infamy down to a free posterity, as a monumental terror to corrupt ambition, I would be foremost in such service, and act it with the unflinching ardour of a Roman spirit.

Sir Per. Vary weel, sir! vary weel! the fellow is beside himself!

Eger. But to be a common barker at envied power—aw beat the drum of faction, and sound the trumpet of insidious patriotism, only to displace a rival—or to be a servile voter in proud corruption's filthy train—to market out my voice, my reason, and my trust, to the party-broker who best can promise or pay for prostitution; these, sir, are services my nature abhors—for they are such a malady to every kind of virtue, as must in time destroy the fairest constitution that ever wisdom framed, or virtuous liberty fought for.

Sir Per. Why, are you mad, sir? you have certainly been bit by some mad whig or other: but now, sir, after aw this foul-mouthed phrenzy, and strident vulgar intemperance, suppose we were to ask you a plain question or twa: Pray, what single stance can you, or any man, give of the political vice or corruption of these days, that has nai been practised in the greater states, and in the most virtuous times? I challenge you to give me a single stance.

Eger. Your pardon, sir—it is a subject I wish to decline: you know, sir, we never can agree about it.

Sir Per. Sir, I insist upon an answer.

Eger. I beg you will excuse me, sir.

Sir Per. I will not excuse you, sir.—I insist.

Eger. Then sir, in obedience, and with your patience, I will answer your question.

Sir Per. Ay! ay! I will be patient, never fear: me, let us have it, let us have it.

Eger. You shall; and now, sir, let prejudice, the rage of party, and the habitual insolence of successful vice—pause but for one moment—and let religion; power herself, the policy of a nation's virtue, and Britain's guardian genius, take a short, impartial retrospect but of one transaction, notorious in this land—then must they behold yeomen, freemen, citizens, artisans, divines, courtiers, patriots, merchants, soldiers, sailors, and the whole plebeian tribe, in biennial procession, urged and seduced by the commanding great ones of the land to the altar of perjury with the bribe in one hand, and the evangelist in

the other—impiously and audaciously affront the Majesty of Heaven, by calling him to witness that they have not received, nor ever will receive, reward or consideration for his suffrage.—Is not this a fact, sir? Can it be denied? Can it be believed by those who know not Britain? Or can it be matched in the records of human policy?—Who then, sir, that reflects one moment, as a Briton or a Christian, on this picture, would be conducive to a people's infamy and a nation's ruin?

Sir Per. Sir, I have heard your rhapsody with a great deal of patience, and great astonishment—and you are certainly beside yourself. What the devil business have you to trouble your head about the sins or the souls of other men? You should leave this matter till the clergy, who are paid for looking after them; and let every man gang to the devil his ain way: besides it is nai decent to find fault with what is winked at by the whole nation—nay, and practised by aw parties.

Eger. That, sir, is the very shame, the ruin I complain of.

Sir Per. Oh! you are vary young, vary young in these matters; but experience will convince you, sir, that every man in public business has twa consciences—a religious and a political conscience. Why, you see a merchant now, or a shopkeeper, that kens the science of the world, always looks upon an oath at a custom-house, or behind a counter, only as an oath in business, a thing of course, a mere thing of course, that has nothing to do with religion;—and just so it is at an election,—for instance now—I am a candidate, pray observe, and I gang till a periwig-maker, a hatter, or a hosier, and I give ten, twenty, or tharty guineas for a periwig, a hat, or a pair of hose; and so on, through a majority of voters;—vary weel;—what is the consequence? Why, this commercial intercourse, you see, begets a friendship betwixt us, a commercial friendship—and in a day or twa these men gang and give me their sufferages; weel! what is the inference? Pray, sir, can you, or any lawyer, divine, or casuist, caw this a bribe? Nai, sir, in fair political reasoning, it is ainly generosity on the one

side, and gratitude on the other. So, sir, let me have nae mare of your religious or philosophical refinements, but prepare, attend, and speak till the question, or you are nae son of mine. Sir, I insist upon it.

Enter SAM.

Sam. Sir, my lord says the writings are now ready, and his lordship and the lawyers are waiting for you and Mr. Egerton.

Sir Per. Vary weel: we'll attend his lordship.—
[*Exit Sam.*] I tell you, Charles, aw this conscientious refinement in politics is downright ignorance, and impracticable romance; and, sir, I desire to hear no more of it. Come, sir, let us gang down and finish this business.

Eger. [*Stopping Sir Per. as he is going off.*] Sir, with your permission, I beg you will first hear a word or two upon the subject.

Sir Per. Weel, sir, what would you say?

Eger. I have often resolved to let you know my aversion to this match—

Sir Per. How, sir!

Eger. But my respect, and fear of disobliging you, have hitherto kept me silent—

Sir Per. Your aversion! your aversion, sir! how dare you use sic language till me? Your aversion! Look you, sir, I shall cut the matter very short:—consider, my fortune is nae inheritance; aw mine ain acquisition: I can make ducks and drakes of it; so do not provoke me, but sign the articles directly.

Eger. I beg your pardon, sir, but I must be free on this occasion, and tell you at once, that I can no longer dissemble the honest passion that fills my heart for another woman.

Sir Per. How! another woman! and, you villain, how dare you love another woman without my leave? But what other woman—who is she? Speak, sir, speak.

Eger. Constantia.

Sir Per. Constantia! oh, you profligate! what! a creature taken in for charity!

Eger. Her poverty is not her crime, sir, but her misfortune; her birth is equal to the noblest; and

virtue, though covered with a village garb, is virtue still; and of more worth to me than all the splendour of erained pride or redundant wealth. Therefore, sir—

Sir Per. Haud your jabbering, you villain, haud your jabbering; none of your romance or refinement till me. I have but one question to ask you—but one question—and then I have done with you for ever, for ever; therefore think before you answer:—Will you marry the lady, or will you break my heart?

Eger. Sir, my presence shall not offend you any longer: but when reason and reflection take their turn, I am sure you will not be pleased with yourself for this unpaternal passion. [*Going.*]

Sir Per. Tarry, I command you; and, I command you likewise not to stir till you have given me an answer, a definitive answer: will you marry the lady, or will you not?

Eger. Since you command me, sir, know then that I cannot, will not marry her. [*Exit.*]

Sir Per. Oh! the villain has shot me through the head: he has cut my vitals! I shall run distracted; the fellow destroys aw my measures—aw my scheme:—there never was sic a bargain as I have made with this foolish lord:—possession of his whole estate, with three boroughs upon it—six members.—Why, what an acquisition! what consequence! what dignity! what weight till the house of Macsycophant. O! damn the fellow! three boroughs, only for setting down six broom-sticks.—O! miserable! miserable! ruined! undone! For these five and twenty years, ever since this fellow came into the world, have I been secretly preparing him for ministerial dignity—and with the fellow's eloquence, abilities, popularity, these boroughs, and proper connections, he might certainly, in a little time, have done the deed; and sure never were times so favourable, every thing conspires, for aw the auld political post-horses are broken-winded and foundered, and cannot get on, and as till the rising generation, the vanity of surpassing one another in what they foolishly call taste and elegance, binds them hand and foot in the chain

of luxury, which will always set them up till the next bidder; so that if they can but get wherewithal to supply their dissipation, a minister may convert his political morals of aw sic voluptuaries intill a vote that would sell the nation till Prester John, and their boasted liberties till the great Mogul:—and this opportunity I shall lose by my son's marrying a varicious beggar for love:—O! confound her virtue! it will drive me distracted.

[Exit

SYCOPHANCY AND INDEPENDENCE CONTRASTED

Sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT and SIDNEY

Sid. Sir Pertinax, your servant:—Mr. Tomlins told me you desired to speak with me.

Sir Per. Yes, I wanted to speak with you upon a very singular business. Maister Sidney give me your hand.—Guin it did nai look like flattery, which I detest, I would tell you Maister Sidney, that you are a honour till your cloth, your country, and till human nature.

Sid. Sir, you are very obliging.

Sir Per. Sit you down, Maister Sidney:—sit you down here by me.—My friend, I am under the greatest obligations till you for the care you have taken of Charles.—The principles—religious, moral, and political, that you have infused intill him, demand the warmest return of gratitude both fra him and fra me.

Sid. Your approbation, sir, next to that of my own conscience, is the best test of my endeavours, and the greatest applause they can receive.

Sir Per. Sir, you deserve it—richly, deserve it. And now, sir, the same care that you have had of Charles—the same my wife has taken of her favourite Constantia.—And sure, never were accomplishments, knowledge or principles, social and religious, infused intill a better nature.

Sid. In truth, sir, I think so too.

Sir Per. She is besides a gentlewoman, and of as good a family as any in this county.

Sid. So I understand, sir.

Sir Per. Sir, her father had a vast estate; the which he dissipated and melted in feastings and

friendships, and charities, hospitalities, and sic kind of nonsense.—But to the business.—Maister Sidney, I love you—yes, I love you—and I have been looking out and contriving how to settle you in the world.—Sir, I want to see you comfortably and honourably fixed at the head of a respectable family; and guin you were mine ain son a thousand times, I could nai make a more valuable present till you for that purpose, as a partner for life, than this same Constantia, with sic a fortune down with her as you yourself shall deem to be competent, and an assurance of every canonical contingency in my power to confer or promote.

Sid. Sir, your offer is noble and friendly: but though the highest station would derive lustre from Constantia's charms and worth, yet were she more amiable than love could paint her in the lover's fancy—and wealthy beyond the thirst of the miser's appetite—I could not—would not wed her. [Rises.

Sir Per. Not wed her! odswuns, man! you surprise me!—Why so?—What hinders?

Sid. I beg you will not ask a reason for my refusal—but, briefly and finally—it cannot be; nor is it a subject I can longer converse upon.

Sir Per. Weel, weel, weel, sir, I have done—I have done. Sit down, man;—sit down again;—sit you down.—I shall mention it no more;—not but I must confess honestly till you, friend Sidney, that the match, had you approved of my proposal, besides profiting you, would have been of singular service till me likewise. However, you may still serve me as effectually as if you had married her.

Sid. Then, sir, I am sure I will most heartily.

Sir Per. I believe it, friend Sidney, and I thank you.—I have nai friend to depend upon but yourself. My heart is almost broke.—I cannot help these tears.—And, to tell you the fact at once—your friend Charles is struck with a most dangerous malady—a kind of insanity.—You see I cannot help weeping when I think of it;—in short—this Constantia, I am afraid, has cast an evil eye upon him.—Do you understand me?

Sid. Not very well, sir.

Sir Per. Why, he is grievously smitten with the

love of her; and, I am afraid, will never be cured without a little of your assistance.

Sid. Of my assistance! pray, sir, in what manner?

Sir Per. In what manner?—Lord, Maister Sidney, how can you be so dull? Why, how is any man cured of his love till a wench, but by ganging to bed till her? Now do you understand me?

Sid. Perfectly, sir—perfectly.

Sir Per. Vary weel.—Now then, my vary guid friend, gin you wou'd but give him that hint, and take an opportunity to speak a good word for him till the wench;—and guin you wou'd likewise cast about a little now, and contrive to bring them together once; why, in a few days after, he wou'd nai care a pinch of snuff for her. [*Sidney starts up.*] What is the matter with you, mon? What the devil gars you start and look so astounded?

Sid. Sir, you amaze me.—In what part of my mind or conduct have you found that baseness which entitles you to treat me with this indignity?

Sir Per. Indignity! What indignity do you mean, sir? Is asking you to serve a friend with a wench, an indignity? Sir, am I not your patron and benefactor? Ha?

Sid. You are, sir, and I feel your bounty at my heart; but the virtuous gratitude, that sowed the deep sense of it there, does not inform me that, in return, the tutor's sacred function, or the social virtue of the man, must be debased into the pupil's pander, or the patron's prostitute.

Sir Per. How! what, sir! do you dispute? Are you nai my dependent! ha? And do you hesitate about an ordinary civility, which is practised every day by men and women of the first fashion? Sir, let me tell you, however nice you may be, there is nai a client about the court that wou'd nai jump at sic an opportunity to oblige his patron.

Sid. Indeed, sir, I believe the doctrine of pimping for patrons, as well as that of prostituting eloquence and public trust for private lucre, may be learned in your party schools: for where faction and public venality are taught as measures necessary to good government and general prosperity—there every vice is to be expected.

Sir Per. Oho! oho! vary weel! vary weel! the slander upon ministers! fine sedition against government!—O, ye villain! you—you—you are a black sheep; and I'll mark you—I am glad you show yourself.—Yes, yes, you have taken off the mask at last; you have been in my service for many years, and I never knew your principles before.

Sid. Sir, you never affronted them before: if you had, you should have known them sooner.

Sir Per. It is vary weel.—I have done with you.—Ay, ay; now I can account for my son's conduct—his aversion till courts, till ministers, levees, public business, and his disobedience till my commands.—Ah! you are a Judas—a perfidious fellow;—you have ruined the morals of my son, you villain.—But I have done with you.—However, this I will prophesy at our parting, for your comfort—that guin you are so very squeamish about bringing a lad and a lass together, or about doing sic an harmless innocent job for your patron, you will never rise in the church.

Sid. Though my conduct, sir, should not make me rise in her power, I am sure it will in her favour, in the favour of my own conscience too, and in the esteem of all worthy men; and that, sir, is a power and dignity beyond what patrons, or any man, can bestow.

Sir Per. What a rigorous, saucy, stiff-necked rascal it is! I see my folly now. I am undone by mine own policy. This Sidney is the last man that shou'd have been about my son. The fellow, indeed, hath given him principles, that might have done vary weel among the ancient Romans, but are damn'd unfit for the modern Britons. Weel, guin I had a thousand sons, I never wou'd suffer one of these English university-bred fellows to be about a son of mine again; for they have sic an a pride of literature and character, and sic saucy English notions of liberty continually fermenting in their thoughts, that a man is never safe of them. Now, if I had had a Frenchman, or a foreigner of any kind, about my son, I cou'd have pressed him at once into my purpose, or have kicked the rascal out of my house in a twinkling.

[*Man of the World*]

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

MIRABELL and FAINALL.

Mir. I wonder, Fainall, that you who are married, and of consequence should be discreet, will suffer your wife to be of a scandalous party.

Fain. Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who are engag'd are women and relations; and for the men, they are of a kind too contemptible to give scandal.

Mir. I am of another opinion. The greater the coxcomb, always the more the scandal: for a woman, who is not a fool, can have but one reason for associating with a man who is one.

Fain. Are you jealous as often as you see Witwoud entertain'd by Millamant?

Mir. Of her understanding I am, if not of her person.

Fain. You do her wrong; for, to give her her due, she has wit.

Mir. She has beauty enough to make any man think so; and complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

Fain. For a passionate lover, methinks you are a man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.

Mir. And for a discerning man, somewhat too passionate a lover; for I like her with all her faults; nay, like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those affections which in another woman would be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, she once us'd me with that insolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces; sifted her, and separated her failings; I studied 'em, and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was so large, that I was not without hopes one day or other to hate her heartily: to which end I so us'd myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me every hour less and less disturbance; 'till in a few days it became habitual to me to remember 'em without being displeas'd. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties: and in all

probability in a little time longer I shall like them as well.

Fain. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her charms, as you are with her defects, and my life on't, you are your own man again.

[*Way of the World.*]

FRIENDLY SUPPORT OF CHARACTER.

FAINALL, WITWOUD, and MIRABELL.

Fain. What have you done with Petulant?

Wit. He's reckoning his money——my money it was——I have no luck to-day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at play;——for you are sure to be too hard for him at repartee; since you monopolize the wit that is between you, the fortune must be his of course.

Mir. I don't find that Petulant confesses the superiority of wit to be your talent, Witwoud.

Wit. Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed debates——Petulant's my friend, and a very honest fellow, and a very pretty fellow, and has a smattering——faith and troth a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit: nay, I'll do him justice. I'm his friend, I won't wrong him.——And if he had any judgment in the world,——he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the merit of my friend.

Fain. You don't take your friend to be over-nicely bred?

Wit. No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I must own——no more breeding than a bum baily, that I can grant you——'tis pity; the fellow has fire and life.

Mir. What courage?

Wit. Hum, faith I don't know as to that, I can't say as to that.——Yes, faith, in a controversy, he'll contradict any body.

Mir. Tho' 'twere a man whom he fear'd, or a woman whom he lov'd.

Wit. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks;——we have all our failings: you are too hard upon him, you are, faith. Let me excuse him——I can defend most of his faults, except one or two: one he has, that's the truth on't; if he were

my brother, I cou'd not acquit him—that indeed I cou'd wish were otherwise.

Mir. Ay, marry, what's that, Witwoud?

Wit. O pardon me——expose the infirmities of my friend?——No, my dear, excuse me there.

Fain. What, I warrant he's unsincere, or 'tis some such trifle.

Wit. No, no, what if he be? 'tis no matter for that, his wit will excuse that: a wit shou'd no more be sincere, than a woman constant; one argues a decay of parts, as t'other of beauty.

Mir. May be you think him too positive?

Wit. No, no, his being positive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up conversation.

Fain. Too illiterate?

Wit. That! that's his happiness——his want of learning gives him the more opportunities to show his natural parts.

Mir. He wants words?

Wit. Ay: but I like him for that now; for his want of words gives me the pleasure very often to explain his meaning.

Fain. He's impudent?

Wit. No, that's not it.

Mir. Vain!

Wit. No.

Mir. What? he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes, because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion?

Wit. Truths! ha, ha, ha! no, no; since you will have it.——I mean, he never speaks truth at all,——that's all. He will lie like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that is a fault.

[*Way of the World.*]

BEAUTY DEPENDENT ON A LOVER'S FANCY.

MIRABELL, MILLAMANT, and WITWOUD.

Mil. Mirabell, did you take exceptions last night? O ay, and went away——now I think on't, I'm angry——no, now I think on't I'm pleas'd——for I believe I gave you some pain.

Mir. Does that please you?

Mil. Ininitely; I love to give pain.

Mir. You wou'd affect a cruelty which is not

in your nature; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

Mil. O I ask your pardon for that——one's cruelty is in one's power; and when one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mir. Ay, ay, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover——and then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be! nay, 'tis true: you are no longer handsome when you've lost your lover; your beauty dies upon the instant; for beauty is the lover's gift; 'tis he bestows your charms——your glass is all a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet after commendation can be flatter'd by it, and discover beauties in it; for that reflects our praises, rather than our face.

Mil. O the vanity of these men! Fainall, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! now you must know they cou'd not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift——Lord, what is a lover, that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases; and then if one pleases, one makes more.

Wit. Very pretty. Why, you make no more of making of lovers, Madam, than of making so many card-matches.

Mil. One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo; they can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

Mir. Yet to those two vain empty things, you owe two the greatest pleasures of your life.

Mil. How so?

Mir. To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves prais'd; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

Wit. But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait 'till she dies, before it can catch her last words.

Mil. O fiction; Fainall, let us leave these men.

[*Way of the World.*]

PRISON SCENE.

Torrento, with his dress torn, from the last night's riot, is dragged in by the turnkeys—he resists, clamouring outside as he comes.

Tor. Why, you scoundrels, you renegadoes, you dogs in office, what's this for! To be dragged out of my first sleep in my dungeon, to look in the faces of such a confoundedly ugly set of cannibals.

Gabler. Bring him along. *[He is forced in.]*

Tor. *[Continuing to struggle]*—Cannot I sleep or carve as I like? I'll blow up the prison.—I'll massacre the gaoler, I'll do worse—I'll let the law loose on you—Villains.

Gabler. Poh! Master Torrento, you need not be so much a passion. You used to have no objection to good company—ha, ha, ha! He has been moulting his feathers a little last night. *[To the hussars.]*

Tor. Company—Banditti! Who are those fellows? Are they all hangmen? *[Looking at the hussars.]*

Maj. A mighty handsome idea, by the glory of the twentieth. *[Laughing.]*

Col. Sirrah! you must see that we are officers. Take care.

Tor. Officers!—aye, sheriff's officers. Honest uskeepers, with very rascally countenances.

Cor. Muffs and meerschauts!—Very impudently conjectured.

Tor. Well then, parish officers! Hunters of brats, rogues, and light bread.

Maj. *[Laughing]*—Another guess for your life.

Col. Insolence! Sirrah, we are in his Majesty's service.

Tor. Oh! I understand—Customhouse officers. Hats, tobacco, and thermometers. *[They murmur.]*

Cor. Cut off the scoundrel's head!

[Half drawing his sabre.]

Tor. I knew it; ardent spirits, every soul of them seizes.

Maj. *Cæsars!* Well done. This is our man—the freshest rascal! *[To the hussars]*—I like him!

Tor. Gaoler, I will not be disturbed for any man. Why am I brought out before these,—fellows in every? This gaol is my house; my freehold; my

goods and chattels. My very straw's my own; un-touchable, but by myself—and the rats.

Maj. Here's a freeholder!

Col. With a vote for the galleys.

Tor. *[Turning to the prisoners, harangues burlesquely.]*—Gentlemen of the gaol—

[Prisoners cheer.]

Col. A decided speech!

Cor. Out of the orator's way! Muffs and meerschauts! *[The prisoners lift Torrento on a bench, laughing and clamouring.]*

Tor. *[Haranguing]*—Are we to suffer ourselves to be molested in our domestic circle; in the loveliness of our private lives; in our *otium cum dignitate*? Gentlemen of the gaol! *[cheering.]*—Is not our residence here for our country's good? *[cheering.]*—Would it not be well for the country if ten times as many, that hold their heads high, outside these walls, were now inside them? *[cheering.]*—I scorn to appeal to your passions; but shall we suffer our honourable straw, our venerable bread and water, our virtuous slumbers, and our useful days, to be invaded, crushed, and calcitrated, by the iron boot-heel of arrogance and audacity? *[cheering.]*—No! freedom is like the air we breathe, without it we die!—No! every man's cell is his castle. By the law, we live here; and should not all that live by the law, die by the law?—Now gentlemen, a general cheer! here's liberty, property, and purity of principle! Gentlemen of the gaol!

[They carry him round the hall. Loud cheering.]

Gaol. Out with ye, ye dogs! No rioting! Turnkeys! *[calls.]*—The black-hole and double irons.

[He drives them off, and follows them.]

Cor. A dungeon Demosthenes! Muffs and meerschauts.

Maj. A regular field preacher, on my conscience.

Col. *[To Tor.]*—So, then, we must not fix our head-quarters here.

Tor. Confound me if I care, if your head-quarters and all your other quarters were fixed here.

Col. No insolence sir. What are you?

Tor. A gentleman.

[Haughtily.]

Cor. Psha! every body's a gentleman now.

Col. Aye, that accounts for the vices of the age.

Tor. A gentleman, sir, by the old title of liking pleasure more than trouble; play more than money; love more than marriage; fighting more than either; and any thing more than the unparalleled impudence of your questions.

Maj. Sirrah! do you mean this to me? I'll—

Tor. Aye, sirrah, and to every honourable person present. I never drink a health without sending the toast round. In matters of contempt, I make it a point of honour to be impartial.

[Pride shall have a Fall.]

RIGHT HONOURABLE DIGNITY.

PAUL PLYANT, *Lord Froth*, BRISK, CARELESS.

Sir Paul. When Mr. Brisk jokes, your lordship's laugh does so become you, he, he, he!

Lord F. Ridiculous!—Sir Paul, you're strangely mistaken; I find champagne is powerful. I assure you, Sir Paul, I laugh at nobody's jest but my own, or a lady's, I assure you Sir Paul.

Brisk. How! how, my lord! What affront my wit! let me perish, do I never say any thing worthy to be laugh'd at?

Ld. F. O foy, don't misapprehend me; I don't say so, for I often smile at your conceptions. But there is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality, than to laugh; 'tis such a vulgar expression of the passion! every body can laugh. Then, especially to laugh at the jest of an inferior person, or when any body else of the same quality does not laugh with one. Ridiculous! to be pleased with what pleases the crowd! now, when I laugh; I always laugh alone!

Brisk. I suppose that's because you laugh at your own jests, 'egad, ha, ha, ha!

Ld. F. He, he! I swear though, your raillery provokes me to smile.

Brisk. Ay, my lord, it's a sign I hit you in the teeth, if you show 'em.

Ld. F. He, he, he, I swear that's so very pretty, I can't forbear.

Care. But does your lordship never see comedies?

Ld. F. O yes, sometimes, but I never laugh.

Care. No!

Ld. F. Oh, no, never laugh indeed, sir.

Care. No! Why what d'ye go there for?

Ld. F. To distinguish myself from the commonality, and mortify the poets;—the fellows grow so conceited when any of their foolish wit prevails upon the side boxes.—I swear—he, he, he, I have often constrained my inclination to laugh—he, he, he, to avoid giving them encouragement.

Care. You are cruel to yourself, my lord, as well as malicious to them.

Ld. F. I confess I did myself some violence at first, but now I think I have conquered it.

Brisk. Let me perish, my lord, but there is something very particular in the humour; 'tis true, it makes against wit, and I'm sorry for some friends of mine that write, but 'egad I love to be malicious.—Nay, deuce take me, there's wit in't too—and we must be foiled by wit; cut a diamond with a diamond, no other way, 'egad.

Ld. F. Oh, I thought you would not be long before you found out the wit.

Care. Wit! in what? where the devil's the wit in not laughing when a man has a mind to't?

[Double Dealer.]

A BLUE STOCKING LADY'S IDEA OF LOVE.

Lady Froth and Cynthia.

Cyn. Indeed, madam! is it possible your ladyship could have been so much in love?

Lady F. I could not sleep; I did not sleep and wink for three weeks together.

Cyn. Prodigious! I wonder want of sleep, and so much love, and so much wit as your ladyship has, did not turn your brain.

Lady F. O my dear Cynthia, you must not rally your friend—but really, as you say, I wonder too—but then I had a way. For between you and I, I had whimsies and vapours, but I gave them vent.

Cyn. How, pray, madam?

Lady F. O, I writ, writ abundantly——Do you never write?

Cyn. Write, what?

Lady F. Songs, elegies, satires, encomiums, panegyrics, lampoons, plays, or heroic poems.

Cyn. O lord, not I, madam; I am content to be a courteous reader.

Lady F. O inconsistent! in love, and not write! if my lord and I had been both of your temper, we had never come together—O bless me! what a sad thing would that have been, if my lord and I should never have met!

Cyn. Then neither my lord nor you would ever have met with your match, on my conscience.

Lady F. O my conscience no more we should; thou say'st right—for sure my Lord Froth is as fine a gentleman, and as much a man of quality! Ah! nothing at all of the common air—I think I may say, he wants nothing but a blue riband and a star, to make him shine the very phosphorus of our hemisphere. Do you understand those two hard words? if you don't I'll explain them to you.

Cyn. Yes, yes, madam, I am not so ignorant.—At least I won't own it, to be troubled with your instructions. *[Aside.]*

Lady F. Nay, I beg your pardon; but being derived from the Greek, I thought you might have escaped the etymology.—But I am the more amazed, to find you a woman of letters, and not write! Bless me! how can Mellefont believe you love him?

Cyn. Why, faith, madam, he that won't take my word, shall never have it under my hand,

Lady F. I vow Mellefont's a pretty gentleman, but methinks he wants a manner.

Cyn. A manner! What's that, madam?

Lady F. Some distinguishing quality, as for example, the *bel air* or *brilliant* of Mr. Brisk; the solemnity, yet complaisance of my lord, or something of his own that should look a little *je ne sais quoi*; he is too much a mediocrity in my mind.

Cyn. He does not indeed affect either pertness or formality, for which I like him. *[Double Dealer.]*

MASKWELL'S SOLILOQUY.

Cynthia, let thy beauty gild my crimes; and whatsoever I commit of treachery or deceit shall be im-

puted to me as a merit.—Treachery, what treachery! Love cancels all the bonds of friendship, and sets men right upon their first foundations. Duty to kings, piety to parents, gratitude to benefactors, and fidelity to friends, are different and particular ties; but the name of rival cuts them all asunder, and is a general acquittance—Rival is equal, and love like death, an universal leveller of mankind. Ha! but is there no such a thing as honesty? yes, and whosoever has it about him, bears an enemy in his breast: for your honest man, as I take it, is that nice, scrupulous, conscientious person who will cheat nobody but himself; such another coxcomb as your wise man, who is too hard for all the world, and will be made a fool of by nobody but himself. Ha, ha, ha; well, for wisdom and honesty give me cunning and hypocrisy; Oh, 'tis such a pleasure to angle for fair-faced fools?—Then that hungry gudgeon Credulity will bite at any thing—Why, let me see, I have the same face, the same words and accents when I speak what I do think, and when I speak what I do not think—the very same—and dear dissimulation is the only art not to be known from nature.

Why will mankind be fools, and be deceiv'd?
And why are friends' and lovers' oaths believ'd?
When each who searches strictly his own mind,
May so much fraud and power of baseness find.
[Double Dealer.]

AN OVER-RIGHTEOUS LADY.

CARELESS and MELLEFONT.

Care. Mellefont, get out of the way, my lady Plyant's coming, and I shall never succeed while thou art in sight—tho' she begins to tack about; but I made love a great while to no purpose.

Mel. Why, what's the matter? she is convinced that I don't care for her.

Care. I cannot get an answer from her that does not begin with her honour, or her virtue, her religion, or some such cant. Then she has told me the whole story of Sir Paul's nine years courtship; how he has lain for whole nights together upon the stairs before her chamber door; and that the first favour he received from her was a piece of an old scarlet petticoat

for a stomacher; which, since the day of his marriage, he has, out of a piece of gallantry, converted into a night-cap, and wears it still with much solemnity on his anniversary wedding night.

Mel. That I have seen, with the ceremony thereunto belonging—for on that night he creeps in at the bed's feet, like a gulled Bassa that has married a relation of the Grand Signior, and that night he has his arms at liberty. Did she not tell you at what a distance she keeps him? He has confessed to me, that but at some certain times, that is, I suppose, when she apprehends being with child, he never has the privilege of using the familiarity of a husband with a wife. He was once given to scrambling with his hands, and sprauling in his sleep, and ever since she has swaddled him up in blankets, and his hands and feet swathed down, and so put to bed; and there he lies with a great beard like a Russian bear upon a drift of snow. You are very great with him. I wonder he never told you his grievances; he will, I warrant you.

Care. Excessively foolish!—But that which gives me most hopes of her, is her telling me of the many temptations she has resisted.

Mel. Nay, then you have her; for a woman's bragging to a man that she has overcome temptations, is an argument that they were weakly offered, and a challenge to him to engage her more irresistibly. 'Tis only an enhancing the price of the commodity, by telling you how many customers have underbid her.

Care. Nay, I don't despair—but still she has a grudging to you—I talked to her t'other night at my Lord Froth's masquerade, when I am satisfied she knew me, and I had no reason to complain of my reception; but I find women are not the same bare-fac'd and in masks—and a vizer disguises their inclinations as much as their faces.

Mel. 'Tis a mistake; for women may most properly be said to be unmasked when they wear vizors; for that secures them from blushing and being out of countenance, and next to being in the dark, or alone, they are most truly themselves in a vizer mask. Here they come. I'll leave you. Ply her close, and by and by clap a *billet-doux* into her hand: for a

woman never thinks a man truly in love with her 'till he has been fool enough to think of her out of her sight, and to lose so much time as to write to her.

[*Double Dealer.*]

FRIENDS IN NEED.

Young WOULD BE and RICHMORE.

Y. W. Come, Frank, canst thou lend me a brace of hundred pounds?

Rich. What would you do with them?

Y. W. Do with them? There's a question indeed—Do you think I would eat them?

Rich. Yes, o' my troth would you, and drink them together. Look 'e, Mr. Wou'dbe, whilst you kept well with your father, I could have ventured to have lent you five guineas. But as the case stands, I can assure you I have lately paid off my sister's fortune, and——

Y. W. Sir, this put-off looks like an affront, when you know I don't use to take such things.

Rich. Sir, your demand is rather an affront, when you know I don't use to give such things.

Y. W. Sir, I'll pawn my honour.

Rich. That's mortgaged already for more than it's worth; you had better pawn your sword there 'till bring you forty shillings.

Y. W. 'Sdeath, sir—[*Takes his sword off the table.*]

Rich. Hold, Mr. Wou'dbe—suppose I put an end to your misfortunes all at once.

Y. W. How, sir?

Rich. Why, go to a magistrate, and swear you would have robbed me of two hundred pounds.—Look'e sir, you have been often told, that your extravagance would some time or other be the ruin of you; and it will go a great way in your indictment, to have turned the pad upon your friend.

Y. W. This usage is the height of ingratitude from you, in whose company I have spent my fortune.

Rich. I'm therefore a witness, that it was very ill spent—why would you keep company, be at equal expenses with me that have fifty times your estate. What was gallantry in me, was prodigality in you: mine was health, because I could pay for it; yours a disease, because you could not.

Y. W. And is this all I must expect from our friendship?

Rich. Friendship! sir, there can be no such thing without an equality.

Y. W. That is, there can be so such thing when there is occasion for't.

Rich. Right, sir——our friendship was over a bottle only; and whilst you can pay your club of friendship, I'm that way your humble servant; but when once you come borrowing, I'm this way——your humble servant. *[Exit.]*

Y. W. Rich, big, proud, arrogant villain! I have been twice his second, thrice sick of the same love, and thrice cured by the same physic, and now he drops me for a trifle——That an honest fellow in his cups should be such a rogue when he is sober!——The narrow-hearted rascal has been drinking coffee this morning. Well, thou dear solitary half-crown, adieu!——Here, Jack, take this, pay for a bottle of wine, and bid Balderdash bring it himself. *[Exit Serv.]* How melancholy are my poor breeches; not one chink!——Thou art a villainous hand, for thou hast picked my pocket.——This vintner now has all the marks of an honest fellow, a broad face, a copious look, a strutting belly, and a jolly mien. I have brought him above three pounds a night for these two years successively. The rogue has money, I'm sure, if he would but lend it.

Enter BALDERDASH, with a bottle and glass.

Oh, Mr. Balderdash, good morrow.

Bald. Noble Mr. Wou'dbe, I'm your most humble servant. I have brought you a whetting-glass, the best old hock in Europe; I know 'tis your drink in a morning.

Y. W. I'll pledge you, Mr. Balderdash.

Bald. Your health, sir. *[Drinks.]*

Y. W. Pray, Mr. Balderdash, tell me one thing, but first sit down: now tell me plainly what you think of me?

Bald. Think of you, sir! I think that you are the honestest, noblest gentleman, that ever drank a glass of wine; and the best customer that ever came into my house.

Y. W. And do you really think as you speak?

Bald. May this wine be my poison, sir, if I don't speak from the bottom of my heart. *[Drinks.]*

Y. W. And how much money do you think I have spent in your house?

Bald. Why, truly, sir, by a moderate computation, I do believe that I have handled of your money the best part of five hundred pounds within these two years.

Y. W. Very well! And do you think that you lie under any obligation for the trade I have promoted to your advantage?

Bald. Yes, sir; and if I can serve you in any respect, pray command me to the utmost of my ability.

Y. W. Well! thanks to my stars, there is still some honesty in wine. Mr. Balderdash, I embrace you and your kindness: I am at present a little low in cash, and must beg you to lend me a hundred pieces.

Bald. Why truly, Mr. Wou'dbe, I was afraid it would come to this; I have had it in my head several times to caution you upon your expenses: but you were so very genteel in my house, and your liberality became you so very well, that I was unwilling to say any thing that might check your disposition; but truly, sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too extravagant.

Y. W. But since you reaped the benefit of my extravagance, you will, I hope, consider my necessity.

Bald. Consider your necessity! I do with all my heart; and must tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer accessory to it: I desire you, sir, to frequent my house no more.

Y. W. How, sir!

Bald. I say, sir, that I have an honour for my good lord your father, and will not suffer his son to run into any inconvenience: sir, I shall order my drawers not to serve you with a drop of wine. Would you have me connive at a gentleman's destruction?

Y. W. But methinks, sir, that a person of your nice conscience should have cautioned me before.

Bald. Alas! sir, it was none of my business: would you have me be saucy to a gentleman that was my best customer? Lack-a-day, sir, had you money to hold it out still, I had been hanged rather

than be rude to you—But truly, sir, when a man is ruined 'tis but the duty of a Christian to tell him of it.

Y. W. Will you lend me money, sir?

Bald. Will you pay me this bill, sir?

Y. W. Lend me the hundred pound, and I'll pay the bill.

Bald. Pay me the bill, and I will—not lend you the hundred pounds, sir.—But pray consider with yourself, now, sir; would not you think me an errant coxcomb, to trust a person with money that has always been so extravagant under my eye? whose profuseness I have seen, I have felt, I have handled? Have not I known you, sir, throw away ten pounds a night upon a covey of pit-partridges, and a setting-dog? Sir, you have made my house an ill house: my very chairs will bear you no longer.—In short, sir, I desire you to frequent the Crown no more, sir.

Y. W. This is the punishment of hell; the very devil that tempted me to sin, now upbraids me with the crime. I have villainously murdered my fortune, and now its ghost, in the lank shape of poverty, haunts me.

[*The Twin Rivals.*]

LEGAL INDUCEMENTS.

Y. W. I have got possession of the castle, and if I had but a little law to fortify me now, I believe we might hold it out a great while. Oh! here comes my attorney. Mr. Subtleman, your servant.

Enter SUBTLEMAN.

Sub. My lord, I wish you joy. My aunt has sent me to receive your commands.

Y. W. Has she told you any thing of the affair?

Sub. Not a word, my lord.

Y. W. Why then—come nearer.—Can you make a man right heir to an estate during the life of an elder brother?

Sub. I thought you had been the eldest.

Y. W. That we are not yet agreed upon; for you must know, there is an impertinent fellow that takes a fancy to dispute the seniority with me. For look'e, sir, my mother has unluckily sowed discord in the family, by bringing forth twins; my brother, 'tis true, was first born; but I believe from the bottom of my heart I was the first begotten.

Sub. I understand—you are come to an estate and dignity, that by justice indeed is your own, but by law it falls to your brother.

Y. W. I had rather, Mr. Subtleman, it were his by justice, and mine by law: for I would have the strongest title, if possible.

Sub. I am very sorry there should happen any breach between brethren; so I think it would be but a Christian and charitable act to take away all farther disputes, by making you true heir to the estate by the last will of your father. Look 'e, I'll divide stakes—you shall yield the eldership and honour to him, and he shall quit his estate to you.

Y. W. Why, as you say, I don't much care if I do grant him the eldest, half an hour is but a trifle: but how shall we do about the will? Who shall we get to prove it?

Sub. Never trouble yourself for that: I expect a cargo of witnesses and usquebaugh by the first fair wind.

Y. W. But we can't stay for them: it must be done immediately.

Sub. Well, well; we'll find some body, I warrant you, to make oath of his last words.

Y. W. That's impossible; for my father died of an apoplexy, and did not speak at all.

Sub. That's nothing, sir: he's not the first dead man that I have made to speak.

Y. W. You're a great master of speech, I don't question, sir; and I can assure you there will be ten guineas for every word you extort from him in my favour.

Sub. O, sir, that's enough to make your great grandfather speak.

Y. W. Come, then, I'll carry you to my steward; he shall give you the names of the manors, and the true titles and denominations of the estate, and then you shall go to work.

[*The Twin Rivals.*]

INTERVIEW BETWEEN AN AUTHOR AND HIS PUBLISHER.

SPRIGHTLY, VAMP, and CAPE.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr. Vamp: Your commands, good sir?

Vamp. I have a word, master Cape, for your private ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this gentleman is a friend.

Vamp. An author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what way?

Cape. Universal.

Vamp. Bless me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good subscription, I reckon!

Cape. Not a month from Leyden; an admirable theologist! he study'd it in Germany; if you should want such a thing now, as ten or a dozen manuscript sermons, by a deceas'd clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

Vamp. No.

Cape. Warranted originals.

Vamp. No, no; I don't deal in the sermon way, now; I lost money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a Methodist; but I believe, sir, if they ben't long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a chap.

Spri. For what, sir?

Vamp. The manuscript sermons you have wrote, and want to dispose of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote?

Vamp. Ay, ay; master Cape has been telling me——

Spri. He has; I am mightily oblig'd to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; I'll keep council; old Vamp had not kept a shop so long at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be secret; why, in the year fifteen, when I was in the treasonable way, I never squeak'd; I never gave up but one author in my life, and he was dying of a consumption, so it never came to a trial.

Spri. Indeed!

Vamp. Never——look here (*shows the side of his head*) crop'd close!—bare as a board!—and for nothing in the world but an innocent book of bawdy, as I hope for mercy: oh! the laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

Spri. You have given me, sir, so positive a proof

of your secrecy that you may rely upon my communication.

Vamp. You will be safe——but, gadso! we must mind business, tho'. Here, master Cape, you must provide me with three taking titles for these pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin motto for the largest——

Cape. They shall be done.

Vamp. Do so, do so. Books are like women, master Cape; to strike they must be well dress'd; fine feathers make fine birds; a good paper, an elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, has drove many a dull treatise thro' three editions.—Did you know Harry Handy?

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty fellow; he had his Latin, *ad anguem*, as they say; he wou'd have turn'd you a fable of Dryden's, or an epistle of Pope's, into Latin verse in a twinkling! except Peter Hasty, the voyage-writer, he was as great a loss to the trade as any within my memory.

Cape. What carried him off?

Vamp. A halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, master Cape; I thought there was something the matter by his not coming to our shop for a month or two: he was a pretty fellow!

Spri. Were you a great loser by his death?

Vamp. I can't say;—as he had taken to another course of living, his execution made a noise; it sold me seven hundred of his translations, besides his last dying speech and confession; I got it; he was mindful of his friends in his last moments: he was a pretty fellow!

Cape. You have no farther commands, Mr. Vamp?

Vamp. Not at present; about the spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a couple of volumes in octavo.

Spri. Upon what subject?

Vamp. I leave that to him; master Cape knows what will do, tho' novels are a pretty light summer reading, and do very well at Tunbridge, Bristol, and the other watering places: no bad commodity for the West India trade neither; let 'em be novels, master Cape.

Cape. You shall be certainly supplied.

Vamp. I doubt not; pray how does Index go on with your journal?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the time—but you have everstock'd the market. Titlepage and I had once lik'd to have engaged in a paper. We had got a young cantab for the essays; a pretty historian from Aberdeen; and an attorney's clerk for the true intelligence; but, I don't know how, it dropp'd for want of a politician.

Cape. If in that capacity I can be of any —

Vamp. No, thank you, master Cape; in half a year's time, I have a grandson of my own that will come in; he's now in training as a waiter at the Cocoa tree coffee-house; I intend giving him the run of Jonathan's for three months, to understand trade and the funds; and then, I'll start him——no, no, you have enough on your hands; stick to your business; and d'ye hear, 'ware clipping and coining; remember Harry Handy; he was a pretty fellow!

[*The Author.*]

THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

There is, by the constitution of this kingdom, an assembly of many individuals, who, as the seventh son of a seventh son is born a physician, are orators by hereditary right; that is, by birth they are enabled to give their opinions and sentiments on all subjects, where the interest of their country is concerned. To this we are to add another assembly, consisting of six hundred and fifty-eight individuals, where, though the same privilege is enjoyed as in the first instance, yet this advantage is not possessed in virtue of any inherent natural right, but is obtained in consequence of an annual, triennial, or septennial deputation from the whole body of the people; if then we add to this list the number of all those candidates who are ambitious of this honour, with the infinite variety of changes that a revolution of twenty years will produce, we cannot estimate those funds of national orators in *esse, posse, and velle*, at a smaller quantity than 20,000; and this, I believe, by the disciples of Demoivre, will be thought a very moderate computation.

[*The Orators.*]

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

SCENE, *The Robin Hood.*

THE PRESIDENT; DERMOT O'DROHEDA, a chairman; TIM TWIST, a tailor; STRAP, a shoemaker; ANVIL, a smith; SAM SLAUGHTER, a butcher; CATCHPOLE, a bailiff. All with pewter pots before them.

Pres. Silence, gentlemen, are your pots replenished with porter?

All. Full, Mr. President.

Pres. We will then proceed to the business of the day; and let me beg, gentlemen, that you will, in your debates, preserve that decency and decorum that is due to the importance of your deliberations, and the dignity of this illustrious assembly—

[*Gets up, pulls off his hat, and reads the motion.* Motion made last Monday to be debated to-day, "That, for the future, instead of that vulgar potation called porter, the honourable members may be supplied with a proper quantity of Irish usquebaugh."

"Dermot Q'Droheda † his mark."

O'Droh. [*Gets up.*] That's I myself.

Pres. Mr. O'Droheda.

O'Droh. Mr. President, the case is this; it is not because I am any grate lover of that same usquebaugh that I have set my mark to the motion; but because I did not think it was decent for a number of gentlemen that were, d'ye see, met to settle the affair of the nation, to be guzzling a pot of porter; to be sure the liquor is a pretty sort of a liquor enough when a man is hot with trotting between a couple of poles; but this is another guess matter, because why, the head is concerned; and if it was not for the malt and the haps, dibble burn me but I would as soon take a drink from the Thames as your porter. But as to usquebaugh; ah long life to the liquor—it is an exhibitor of the bowels, and a stomatic to the head; I say, Mr. President, it invigorates, it stimulates, it—in short it is the onliest liquor of life, and no man alive will die whilst he drinks it.

[*Sits down.* TWIST gets up, having a piece of paper, containing the heads of what he says, in his hat.

Pres. Mr. Timothy Twist.

T. Twist. Mr. President, I second Mr. O'Dro-

beds's motion; and, sir, give me leave—I say, Mr. President—[*looks in his hat*] give me leave to observe, that, sir, tho' it is impossible to add any force to what has been advanced by my honourable friend in the straps; yet, sir, [*looks into his hat again,*] it may, sir, I say, be necessary to obviate some objections that may be made to the motion; and first it may be thought—I say, sir, some gentlemen may think, that this may prove pernicious to our manufacture—[*looks in his hat,*] and the duty doubtless it is of every member of this illustrious assembly to have a particular eye unto that; but, Mr. President—sir, [*looks in his hat, is confused, and sits down.*]

Pres. Mr. Twist, O pray finish, Mr. Twist.

Twist. I say, Mr. President, that, sir, if, sir, it be considered that—as—I say—[*looks in his hat,*] I have nothing farther to say. [*Sits down, and STRAP gets up.*]

Pres. Mr. Strap.

Strap. Mr. President, it was not my intention to trouble the assembly upon this occasion, but when I hear insinuations thrown out by gentlemen, where the interest of this country is so deeply concerned, I own I cannot sit silent; and give me leave to say, sir, that there never came before this assembly a point of more importance than this; it strikes, sir, at the very root, sir, of your constitution; for, sir, what does this motion imply? it implies that porter, a wholesome, domestic manufacture, is to be prohibited at once. And for what, sir? for a foreign, pernicious commodity. I had, sir, formerly the honour, in conjunction with my learned friend in the leather apron, to expel sherbet from amongst us, as I looked upon lemons as a fatal and foreign fruit; and can it be thought, sir, that I will sit silent to this? No, sir, I will put my shoulders strongly against it; I will oppose it *manibus totibus*. For should this proposal prevail, it will not end here: fatal, give me leave to say, will, I foresee, be the issue; and I shan't be surprised in a few days, to hear from the same quarter, a motion for the expulsion of gin, and a premium for the importation of whiskey. [*A hum of approbation, with significant nods and winks from the other members.*]

He sits down, and ANVIL and another member get up together; some cry Anvil, others Jacobs.

Pres. Mr. Anvil.

Anvil. Mr. President, sir—

[*The members all blow their noses, and cough; ANVIL talks all the while, but is not heard.*]

Pres. Silence, gentlemen; pray, gentlemen. A worthy member is up.

Anvil. I say, Mr. President, that if we consider this case in its utmost extent—[*All the members cough and blow their noses again.*] I say, sir, I will. Nay, I insist on being heard. If any gentleman has any thing to say any where else, I'll hear him.

[*Members all laugh, and ANVIL sits down in a passion, and SLAUGHTER gets up.*]

Pres. Mr. Samuel Slaughter.

Slaug. Sir, I declare it, at the bare hearing of this here motion, I am all over in a sweat; for my part I can't think what gentlemen mean by talking in that there manner; not but I likes that every man should deliver his mind; I does mine; it has been ever my way; and when a member opposes me I like him the better for it; it's right; I'm pleas'd; he can't please me more; it is as it should be; and though I differ from the honourable gentleman in the flannel night-cap over the way, yet I am pleased to hear him say what he thinks; for, sir, as I said, it is always my rule to say what I think, right or wrong—[*a loud laugh.*] Ay, ay, gentlemen may laugh, with all my heart, I am used to it, I don't mind it a farthing; but, sir, with regard to that there motion, I entirely agree with my worthy friend with the pewter pot at his mouth. Now, sir, I would fain ask any gentleman this here question; Can any thing in nature be more natural for an Englishman than porter? I declare, Mr. President, I think it the most wholesomest liquor in the world. But if it must be a change, let us change it for rum, a wholesome palatable liquor, a liquor that—in short, Mr. President, I don't know such a liquor. Ay, gentlemen may stare; I say, and I say it upon my conscience, I don't know such a liquor. Besides, I think there is in this here affair a point of law, which I shall leave to the consideration

of the learned, and for that there reason, I shall take up no more of your time.

[*He sits down, CATCHPOLE gets up.*]

Pres. Mr. Catchpole.

Catch. I get up to the point of law. And though, sir, I am bred to the business, I can't say I am prepared for this question. But though this usquebaugh, as a dram, may not (by name) be subject to a duty, yet it is my opinion, or rather belief, it will be consider'd, as in the case of horses, to come under the article of dry'd goods—But I move that another day this point be debated.

Slaught. I second the motion.

[*CATCHPOLE gives a paper to the President, who reads it.*]

Pres. Hear your motion.

"That it be debated next Thursday, whether the dram usquebaugh is subject to a particular duty; or, as in the case of horses, to be considered under the article of dry'd goods."

All. Agreed, agreed.

[*The Orators.*]

EDUCATION OF A MIMIC.

SIR WILLIAM WEALTHY and SHIFT.

Sir Will. Pray, sir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir Will. Hum!—And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir Will. Cou'd nothing induce you to unbosom yourself.

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of something in your countenance, a certain openness and generosity, a *je ne sçai quel* in your manner, that I will unlock: You shall see me all.

Sir Will. You will oblige me.

Shift. You must know then, that fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations; who from a tailor made a king, from a gin-shop an empress, and many a prime minister from nothing at all, has thought fit to raise

me to my present height, from the humble employment of light your honour—A link boy.

Sir Will. A pleasant fellow.—Who were your parents?

Shift. I was produced, sir, by a left-handed marriage, in the language of the newspapers, between an illustrious lamplighter and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher.—Cat's meat; and dog's meat.—I dare say, you have heard my mother, sir. But as to this happy pair I owe little besides my being, I shall drop them where they dropt me—in the street.

Sir Will. Proceed

Shift. My first knowledge of the world I owe to a school, which has produced many a great man; the avenues of the play-house. There, sir, leaning on my extinguish'd link, I learn'd dexterity from pick-pockets, connivance from constables, politics and fashions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promise, from their masters. Here, sir, light me across the kennel.—I hope your honour will remember poor Jack.—You ragged rascal, I have no halfpence—I'll pay you the next time I see you.—But, lack-a-day, sir, that time I saw you seldom as his tradesmen.

Sir Will. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from without the theatre, I must add one that I obtain'd within.

Sir Will. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, sir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me.—A detachment from the headquarters here took possession, in the summer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by sweeping the stage, and clipping the candles. There my skill and address was so conspicuous, that it procur'd me the same office the ensuing winter at Drury-lane, where I acquir'd intrepidity; the crown of all my virtues.

Sir Will. How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my post. For I think, sir, he that dares stand the shot of the gallery in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its customary compliments.

Sir Will. Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unlucky crab-apple, apply'd to my right eye, by a patriot gingerbread-baker from the Borough, who would not suffer three dancers from Switzerland, because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir Will. Poor devil!

Shift. Broglio and Contades have done the same. But as it happen'd, like a tennis-ball I rose higher from the rebound.

Sir Will. How so?

Shift. My misfortune, sir, mov'd the compassion of one of our performers, a whimsical man, he took me into his service. To him I owe, what, I believe, will make me useful to you.

Sir Will. Explain.

Shift. Why, sir, my master was remarkably happy in an art, which however disesteem'd at present, is, by Tully, reckon'd among the perfections of an orator—Mimickry.

Sir Will. Why you are deeply read, Mr. Shift.

Shift. A smattering—But as I was saying, sir, nothing came amiss to my master. Bipeds, or quadrupeds; rationals, or animals; from the clamour of the bar to the cackle of the barn-door; from the soporific twang of the tabernacle of Tottenham-court, to the melodious bray of their long-ear'd brethren in Bunhill-fields; all were objects of his imitation, and my attention. In a word, sir, for two whole years, under this professor, I study'd and starv'd, impoverish'd my body, and pamper'd my mind; till thinking myself pretty near equal to my master, I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself.

Sir Will. You have been successful, I hope.

Shift. Pretty well. I can't complain. My art, sir, is a *passé-par-tout*. I seldom want employment. Let's see how stand my engagements. [*Pulls out a pocket book.*] Hum,—hum,—Oh! Wednesday at Mrs. Gammut's near Hanover-square; there, there, I shall make a meal upon the Mingotti; for her ladyship is in the opera interest: but, however, I shall revenge her cause upon her rival Mattei, Sunday evening at Lady Sustituto's concert. Thursday I dine upon the actors, with ten templars, at the Mitre in

Fleet-street. Friday I am to give the amorous parley of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen-roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarsopa, near the Monument. So, sir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir Will. I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements; but you shall be no loser by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

[*The Minor.*]

UNION OF VICE AND FANATICISM.

SIR GEORGE, MRS. COLE, LOADER, and DICK.

Mrs. C. Gently, gently, good Mr. Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as rosy this morning, I must have a smack at your muns. Here, taste her, she is as good as old hock to get you a stomach.

Mrs. C. Fye, Mr. Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forget you! I would as soon forget what is trumps.

Mrs. C. Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I han't seen your honour, I can't tell the—Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge—

Sir Geo. What is the matter, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. C. My old disorder, the rheumatise; I han't been able to get a wink of—Oh la! what, you have been in town these two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wednesday.

Mrs. C. And never once call'd upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr. Squintum says. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a lost sheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no,—There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home still. What, shall we see you this evening? I have kept the green room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

Load. What, shall we take a snap at old Moll's. Hey, beldam, have you a good batch of Burgundy abroad?

Mrs. C. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the colonel—He and Jenny Cummings drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

Load. What, and bilk thee of thy share.

Mrs. C. Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I could have earn'd thirty shillings a day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry: but now, O laud, a thimbleful turns me topsyturvy.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs. C. Ay, I have done with these idle vanities; my thoughts are fix'd upon a better place. What, I suppose, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd girl, from Rosemary-lane. Ha, ha! Well, 'tis a merry little tit. A thousand pities she's such a reprobate!—But she'll mend; her time is not come: all shall have their call, as Mr. Squintum says, sooner or later; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no.—Oh!

Sir Geo. Not worse, I hope.

Mrs. C. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never easy, abed or up, all's one. Pray, honest friend, have you any clary, or mintwater in the house?

Dick. A case of French drams.

Mrs. C. Heaven defend me! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir Geo. They are but cordials, Mrs. Cole. Fetch 'em, you blockhead. [Ex. Dick.]

Mrs. C. Ay, I am a going; a wasting and a wasting, Sir George. What will become of the house when I am gone, heaven knows.—No—When people are miss'd, then they are mourned. Sixteen years have I liv'd in the Garden, comfortably and creditably; and, tho' I say it, could have got bail any hour of the day. Reputable tradesmen, Sir George, neighbours, Mr. Loader knows; no knock me down doings in my house. A set of regular, sedate, sober customers. No rioters. Sixteen did I say—Ay, eighteen years I have paid scot and lot in the parish of St. Paul's, and during the whole time, nobody has said, Mrs. Cole, why do you so? Unless twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the round-house.

Sir Geo. Nay, don't weep, Mrs. Cole.

Load. May I lose deal, with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring tears into my eyes.

Mrs. C. However, it is a comfort after all to think one has passed thro' the world with credit and character. Ay, a good name, as Mr. Squintum says, is better than a gallipot of ointment.

Enter Dick with a dram.

Load. Come, haste, Dick, haste; sorrow is dry. Here, Moll, shall I fill thee a bumper?

Mrs. C. Hold, hold, Mr. Loader! Heaven help you. I could as soon swallow the Thames. Only a sip to keep the gout out of my stomach.

Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but it is supernaculum.—Speak when you have enough.

Mrs. C. I won't trouble you for the glass; my hands do so tremble and shake, I shall but spill the good creature.

Load. Well pull'd. But now to business. Pr'ythee, Moll, did not I see a tight young wench, in a linen gown, knock at your door this morning?

Mrs. C. Ay; a young thing from the country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this evening?

Mrs. C. Impossible! She is engag'd to Sir Timothy Totter. I have taken earnest for her these three months.

Load. Pho, what signifies such a fellow as that! Tip him an old trader, and give her to the knight.

Mrs. C. Tip him an old trader!—Mercy on us, where do you expect to go to when you die, Mr. Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turn'd her brains.

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader, I think the gentleman has wrought a most happy reformation.

Mrs. C. Oh, it was a wonderful work. There had I been tossing in a sea of sin, without rudder or compass. And had not the good gentleman piloted me into the harbour of grace, I must have struck against the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite swallow'd up in the whirlpool of despair. He was the precious instrument of my spiritual sprinkling.—But however, Sir George, if your mind be set upon a

young country thing, to-morrow night I believe I can furnish you.

Load. As how?

Mrs. C. I have advertis'd this morning, in the register office, for servants under seventeen; and ten to one but I light on something that will do.

Load. Pillory me, but it has a face.

Mrs. C. Truly, consistently with my conscience, I wou'd do any thing for your honour.

Sir Geo. Right, Mrs. Cole, never lose sight of that monitor. But pray, how long has this heavenly change been wrought in you?

Mrs. C. Ever since my last visitation of the gout. Upon my first fit, seven years ago, I began to have my doubts and my waverings; but I was lost in a labyrinth, and nobody to show me the road. One time, I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us: but it wou'd not do.

Sir Geo. Why not?

Mrs. C. I went one summer over to Boulogne to repent; and, wou'd you believe it, the barefooted, bald-pated beggars would not give me absolution, without I quited my business.—Did you ever hear of such a set of scabby—Besides, I cou'd not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock up for their lives in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest, tender young things!—Oh, six of them, for a season, wou'd finish my business here, and then I shou'd have nothing to do, but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country!

Sir Geo. Oh, scandalous!

Mrs. C. O no, it would not do. So in my last illness, I was visited by Mr. Squintum, who stept in with his saving grace, got me with the new birth, and I became, as you see, regenerate, and another creature.

Enter DICK.

Dick. Mr. Transfer, sir, has sent to know if your honour be at home.

Sir Geo. Mrs. Cole, I am mortify'd to part with you. But bus'ness, you know—

Mrs. C. True, sir George. Mr. Loader, your
aria—Gently, oh, oh!

Sir Geo. Wou'd you take another thimbleful, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. C. Not a drop—I shall see you this evening!

Sir Geo. Depend upon me.

Mrs. C. To-morrow I hope to suit you—We are to have, at the tabernacle, an occasional hymn, with a thanksgiving sermon for my recovery. After which, I shall call at the register office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. C. Or if that should not do, I have a titbit at home, will suit your stomach. Never brush'd by a beard. Well, heaven bless you—Softly, have a care, Mr. Loader—Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken ill on the road. Gently—so, so!

[*Exit MRS. COLE and LOADER.*]

Sir Geo. Dick, show Mr. Transfer in—Ha, ha, what a hodge podge! How the jade has jumbled together the carnal and the spiritual; with what ease she reconciles her new birth to her old calling!—No wonder these preachers have plenty of proselytes, whilst they have the address so comfortably to blend the hitherto jarring interests of the two worlds.

[*The Minor.*]

ADVANTAGEOUS MODES OF BANKRUPTCY.

PILLAGE and RESOURCE.

Pil. Ay, take my word for it, Mr. Resource, in the whole round of the law, and, thank heaven, the dominions are pretty extensive, there is not a nicer road to hit than the region of bankrupts.

Res. I should have thought it a turnpike, for you see how easily even a country attorney can find it.

Pil. Pshaw, what amongst manufacturers and meagre mechanics? fellows not worth powder and shot; and yet these paltry provincials, master Resource, are often obliged to solicit my aid.

Res. Indeed!

Pil. Why, t'other day, a poor dog, over head and ears in debt, from the country, was recommended to me by a client: the fellow had scrap'd together all he could get, and came up to town, with a view of running beyond sea, but I stopp'd him directly.

Res. Really?

Pil. O, ay, in a couple of months wash'd him as white as a sheep that is just shorn.

Res. How did you bring it about?

Pil. Easy enough. Made him take a house in Cheapside, call'd him a citizen, in the London Gazette, and his name of John Madge being as common as carrots, not a soul in the country suspected that it was he.

Res. How should they?

Pil. Pass'd a few necessary notes to get him number and value, white-wash'd him, and sent him home to his wife.

Res. Cleanly and cleverly done.

Pil. When the country chaps brought in their bills, he drew out of his pocket a certificate, and gave them a receipt in full for all their demands.

Res. How the loobies must look.

Pil. Chop-fallen, no doubt: but he is in business again.

Res. He is?

Pil. O yes, and I hear does very well. For I left him two hundred out of the six he brought with him, to begin the world with credit afresh.

Res. Very generous indeed, Mr. Pillage.

Pil. O! a trifling affair, got little by it!—for the matter of that, a mere statute is not much in itself.

Res. Ay! well I thought it brought pretty perquisites with it.

Pil. No, no; it is a good hot-bed indeed to raise chancery suits in.

Res. Ay, that is a produce that deserves propagation.

Pil. What, I see you have found a remedy for master Monk of the Minorities? I thought his was an incurable disease.

Res. Only skinn'd over the sore, master Pillage, it will soon break out again.

Pil. What were the means that you used?

Res. Got some friend of mine to advance him cash on a project.

Pil. Of what kind?

Res. A scheme of his, to monopolize sprats and potatoes.

Pil. And it took?

Res. Oh! there was no danger of that. The people of this country are always ready to bite at a bubble.

Pil. Will it hold?

Res. Pshaw! We shall break before the season for sprats, and as to the potatoes, we had laid in a ship load or two.

Pil. For which you procured a good price!

Res. Not a souse. They are all now in our cellars in Southwark, and have shot out branches as tall as the trees in the park.

Pil. Ha! ha! ha! but apropos, can you guess Sir Robert's business with us?

Res. Very near, I believe.

Pil. What, the house is not a tumbling?

Res. A pretty large crack.

Pil. Which he wants our assistance to plaster. Why, I thought the knight was as firm as a rock.

Res. I knew better things. I saw the mansion was daily decaying. Hush, here he comes.

Enter SIR ROBERT, followed by a clerk.

Sir Rob. As we have effects in our hands, keep the bills to be sure. But how to discharge them when they are due.—So, gentlemen, I have sent for you to beg your assistance.

Pil. Sir Robert, we shall be very happy to serve you if you will tell us but how.

Sir Rob. Why, to deal plainly, gentlemen, my affairs are come to a crisis, and without some substantial and speedy assistance, my credit will quickly expire.

Pil. You surprise me: I never guess'd it is danger. Pray, Sir Robert, what brought on the distress, was it an alley fever, or a gradual decay?

Sir Rob. A complication of causes. Not but I could have weather'd them all, had the house in Holland but stood, their failure must be followed by mine.

Pil. What, Van Swieten's?

Sir Rob. Have you heard any thing of him to-day?

Pil. No doubt, I believe, of their stopping; their bills were offer'd at Garraway's under forty per cent. As your name is not blown upon yet, suppose you

coin a couple of quires! don't you think the circulation might serve you?

Sir Rob. No, that mint is exhausted, and private paper return'd to its primitive value. My real case can be no longer conceal'd. I must stop, and should be glad of your advice how to manage the matter.

Pil. There are two methods in use. The choice will depend on how your affairs stand with the world.

Sir Rob. Bitter bad, Mr. Pillage.

Pil. I guess'd as much, by your sending for us. They treat us, master Resource, like a couple of quacks, never apply but in desperate cases.

Res. But in all diseases there are different degrees.

Pil. True; for instance, if you find you are pretty near on a par, with perhaps a small balance per contra, summon your creditors, lay your conditions fully before them, convince them you have a fund to answer all their demands, and crave a respite for three or four years.

Sir Rob. Just to call in my debts, and make the most of my other effects?

Res. True; as the English merchants have a good deal of milk in their blood, that is a favour rarely refused.

Sir Rob. This master Pillage, will be only deferring the evil.

Pil. That is, Sir Robert, as you manage the cards. Don't you see that the length of time, with the want or wish of ready money for trade, will dispose the bulk of your creditors to sell their debts at a loss of thirty or forty per cent?

Sir Rob. True.

Res. No contemptible sum, when a man's dealings are large.

Sir Rob. But how shall I profit by—

Pil. What hinders you from privately buying the debts?

Sir Rob. That indeed—

Res. A fine fortune sav'd out of the fire.

Pil. True. And now we talk of the fire, for a present supply, you may burn a warehouse or two, after it has been gutted of all its contents.

Res. And recover the full amount of the policy.

Pil. Did you never try that?

Res. No, I don't think he has done any thing in the fire way yet; have you, Sir Robert?

Sir Rob. Never once came into my head.

Pil. May be not; oh! for a fertile brain, there are many means to be used; but what d'ye say to my plan?

Sir Rob. What the summoning scheme? I am so involved, that I am afraid that project will never prevail.

Pil. Then you have nothing left but a statute.

Sir Rob. But if my certificate should not be granted?

Pil. That is my proper business, Sir Robert. If we find your creditors inclined to be crusty, there will be no difficulty in creating demands to get number and value.

Sir Rob. That will swell my debts to a monstrous amount.

Res. So much the more for your honour; consider you are a knight, and your dignity demands you should fail for a capital sum.

Sir Rob. Does it?

Pil. To be sure. Why, you would not sneak into the Gazette like a Birmingham button-maker.

Res. Oh fie!

Pil. He would never after be able to show his head upon change.

Res. Never, never.

Pil. And then, you know, what with the portable stuff, such as jewels, or cash, that he himself may secrete, and the dividends that fall to the share of his friends, which they will doubtless restore—

Res. He will be fit to begin the world again with *éclat*.

Pil. In a much better condition than ever.

Res. And his children's children will have reason to thank him.

Sir Rob. But is there not some danger in concealing the portable stuff, as you call it?

Pil. Not in the least. Besides, to colour the business, you may collect a purse of light guineas, with an old batter'd family watch, and deliver them to the commissioners, on your first examination.

Res. That will give an air of integrity.

Sir Rob. You seem to think, then, gentlemen, that it is the duty of every honest merchant to break once at least in his life, for the good of his family?

Res. Not the least question of that.

Pil. Every day's practice confirms it. Well, Sir Robert, when shall I provide you the tackle?

Sir Rob. The tackle!

Pil. In about a month or six weeks, I think, you may be made fit to appear in the papers.

Sir Rob. In the Gazette, as a bankrupt?

Res. Aye, but then no time must be lost.

Pil. Not a moment, for should they smoke his design—

Sir Rob. Gentlemen, I must decline your assistance.

Pil. How?

Sir Rob. For, without considering the private injury I may do to particular persons, this mischievous method must soon affect the whole mercantile world.

Pil. Why, what has that—

Sir Rob. Mutual confidence is the very cement of commerce. That weaken'd, the whole structure must fall to the ground.

Res. Hey!

Sir Rob. From the practice of these infamous arts, as it is impossible they can be conceal'd, what suspicions, what jealousies must every man in trade entertain!

Pil. How?

Sir Rob. What an injury besides, to those in my unhappy condition! The risks and losses unavoidably connected with commerce, procure the unsuccessful trader generally the compassion, sometimes the friendly aid, of those of his order.

Res. We know that well enough.

Sir Rob. But when bankruptcy becomes a lucrative traffic, and men are found to fail with a view of making their fortunes, the unhappy and fraudulent will be confounded together, and punishment fall on his head who has a title to pity.

Pil. The man's mad.

Sir Rob. Perhaps I myself am a sacrifice to those

very arts you have recommended so warmly. But there the mischief shall end. Men may suffer from my calamities, but they never shall by my crimes.

[*The Bankrupt.*

NEWSPAPER EDITORSHIP.

MARGIN with newspapers, account-books, &c.

September the 9th. Sold twelve hundred and thirty. June the 20th. Two thousand and six. Good increase for the time, considering too that the winter has been pretty pacific: dabbled but little in treasons, and not remarkably scurrilous, unless, indeed, in a few personal cases. We must season higher to keep up the demand. Writers in Journals, like ropedancers, to engage the public attention, must venture their necks every step that they take. The pleasure people feel, arises from the risk that we run—what's the matter?

Enter DINGEY.

Dingey. Mr. Hyson has left the answer to his last letter on East India affairs.

Margin. A lazy rascal, now his letter is forgot, he comes with an answer. Besides, the subject is stale. Return it again. Are all our people in waiting?

Dingey. The attorney general to the paper, that answers the law cases, is not come yet.

Margin. Oh! that's Ben Bond'em the beiliff; prudently done, perhaps he has a writ against one of our authors—Bid them enter, and call over their names.

Dingey. Walk in, gentlemen.

Enter PEPPER, PLAISTER, RUMOUR, FORGEON, FIBBER, COMMA, CAUSTIC, O'FLAM, and others.

Dingey. Politicians, pro and con, Messieurs Pepper and Plaister.

Pepper, Plaister. Here.

Margin. Pepper and Plaister, as both the houses are up, I shall adjourn your political warfare till their meeting again.

Pepper. Don't you think the public would bear one skirmish more before we close the campaign? I have a trimmer here in my hand.

Plaister. To which I have as tart a retort.

Margin. No, no; enough for the present. It is, Plaister the proper timing the subject, that gives

success to our labours. The conductor of a newspaper, like a good cook, should always serve up things in their season : who eats oysters in June ? Plays and Parliament houses are winter provisions.

Pepper. Then half the satire and salt will be lost : Besides, if the great man should happen to die, or go out.

Margin. Pshaw ! it will do as well for the great man that comes in. Political papers should bear vamping ; like sermons, change but the application and text, and they will suit all persons and seasons.

Plaister. True enough ; but meantime, what can we turn to ; for we shall be quite out of work ?

Margin. I warrant you, if you an't idle, there's business enough, the press teems with fresh publications—histories, translations, voyages—

Pepper. That take up as much time to read as to make.

Margin. And what with letters from Paris or Spa, inundations, elopements, dismal effects of thunder and lightning, remarkable causes at country assizes, and with changing the ministry now and then, you will have employment enough for the summer.

Plaister. And so enter upon our old trade in the winter ?

Margin. Aye, or for variety, as it must be tiresome to take always one side ; you, Pepper, may go over to administration, and Plaister will join opposition. The novelty may perhaps give fresh spirits to both.

Pepper. With all my heart. A bold writer has now no encouragement to sharpen his pen. I have known the day when there was no difficulty in getting a lodging in Newgate ; but now, all I can say won't procure me a warrant from a Westminster justice.

Margin. You say right, hard times, master Pepper, for persecution is the very life and soul of our trade ; but don't despair, who knows how soon matters may mend ? gentlemen, you may draw back. Read the next.

Dingey. Critics—Thomas Comma, and Christopher Caustic.

Margin. Where are they ?

Dingey. As you could not find them in constant employment, they are engaged by the great, to do the articles in the Monthly Reviews.

Margin. I thought they were done by doctor Doubtful the Deist.

Dingey. Formerly ; but now he deals in manuscript sermons, and writes religious essays for one of the Journals.

Margin. Then he will soon sink. I foresaw what would come of his dramming. Go on.

Dingey. Collectors of paragraphs, Roger Rumour, and Phelim O'Flam.

Rumour, Flam. Here.

Dingey. Fibber and Forge'em, composers and makers of ditto.

Fibber, Forge'em. Here.

Margin. Well, Rumour, what have you brought for the press ?

Rumour. I have been able to bring you no positives.

Margin. How ! no positives ?

Rumour. Not one. I have a probability from the court end of the town, and two good supposes out of the city.

Margin. Hand them here—[reads.] “It is probable, that if the king of Prussia should join the Czarina, France will send a fleet into the Mediterranean, which, by giving umbrage to the maritime powers, will involve Spain by its family compact. To which if Austria should refuse to accede, there may be a powerful diversion in Poland, made conjunctly by Sweden and Denmark. And if Sardinia and Sicily abide by the treaties, the German Princes can never be neuter ; Italy will become the seat of war, and all Europe soon set in a flame.”—Vastly well, master Rumour, finely confused, and very alarming. Dingey, give him a shilling for this. I hope no other paper has got it ?

Rumour. Oh fie ! did you ever now me guilty of such a——

Margin. True, true, now let's see your supposes—[Reads.] “It is supposed, if Alderman Mango should surrender his gown, he will be succeeded by Mr. Deputy Drylips ; and if my Lord Mayor should con-

tinued ill of the gout, it is supposed the swan-hopping will cease for this season."—The last supposed is fudged in: why would you cram these upon me for a couple?

Rumour. As distinct as can be.

Margin. Fye, remember our bargain. You agreed to do the court of aldermen always for sixpence.

Rumour. What, if a common hall should be called?

Margin. Oh! then you are to have threepence a motion, I know that very well: I am sure no gentleman can accuse me of being sneaking. Dingey, give him sixpence for his supposes. Well, Phelim O'Flam, any deaths in your district?

O'Flam. The devil a one.

Margin. How! none?

O'Flam. O yes, a parcel of nobodies, that died worth nothing at all. Fellows that can't pay for a funeral. Upon my conscience, I can't think what becomes of the folks: for my part, I believe all the people who live in town fall down dead in the country; and then too, since doctor Dispatch is gone to the Bath, patients linger so long.

Margin. Indeed!

O'Flam. To be sure they do. Why, I waited at the Jolly Topers, a matter of two days and a half, for the last breath of Lady Dy Dropsy, for fear some other collector should catch it.

Margin. A long time, indeed.

O'Flam. Wasn't it? considering that she had two consultations, besides devilish tough. Mr. Margin, I shall quit the mortality walk, so provide yourself as soon as you can.

Margin. I hope not.

O'Flam. Why, what will I do? I am sure the deaths won't keep me alive; you see I am already stripp'd to my shroud; since November, that suicide season, I have not got salt to my porridge.

Enter SIR THOMAS TRADEWELL.

Sir Thomas. Is your name Matthew Margin?

Margin. It is, and what then?

Sir Thomas. Then, pray what right had you to kill me in your last Saturday's paper?

Margin. Kill you!

Sir Thomas. Ay, sir, here the article is; surely the

law has some punishment for such insolent rascals as you.

Margin. Punishment! and for what? But, after all, what injury have you sustain'd?

Sir Thomas. Infinite. All my agents are come post out of the country, my house is crowded with cousins to be present at the opening of my will, and there has been (as it is known she has a very good jointure) no less than three proposals of marriage already made to my relict.

Margin. Let me look at the paragraph. [*Reads.*] "Last night, after eating a hearty supper, died suddenly, with his mouth full of custard, Sir Thomas Tradewell, knight, an amiable companion, an affectionate relation, and a friend to the poor."—O'Flam, this is some blunder of yours; for, you see, here the gentleman is, and alive.

O'Flam. So he says, but the devil a one in this case would I believe but himself; because why, I was told it by Jeremy O'Turlough, his own body-chairman, my dear: by the same token, I treated him with a pint of porter for the good news.

Sir Thomas. Vastly oblig'd to you, Mr. O'Flam; but I have nothing to do with this wretched fellow, it is you, Margin, shall answer for this.

Margin. Why, Sir Thomas, it is impossible but now and then we must kill a man by mistake. And in some measure to make amends, you see what a good character the paper has given you.

Sir Thomas. Character!

Margin. Aye, sir, I can tell you I have had a crown for putting in many a worse.

O'Flam. Aye, Sir Thomas, consider of that, only think what a comfort it is to live long enough after you are dead, to read such a good account of yourself in the papers.

Sir Thomas. Ha! ha! ha! what a ridiculous rascal! but I would advise you, gentlemen, not to take such liberties with me for the future. [*Exit.*]

O'Flam. Indeed and we won't; and I here give Mr. Margin my word, that you shan't die again, as long as you live, unless, indeed, we get it from under your own hand.

[*The Bankrupt.*]

APPEARANCE OF THE DEVIL.
DEVIL, HARRIET, and INVOICE.

Devil [in a bottle.] Heigh-ho!

Har. Who is that?

Inv. That! where?

Har. Did not you hear a voice?

Inv. None. Fancy, my love; only your fears.

Devil. Heigh-ho!

Har. There again!

Inv. I hear it now.—Who is there?

Devil. Me.

Inv. Me! he speaks English! Who and where are you?

Devil. Here in this bottle; where I have been cork'd up for these six months.

Inv. Cork'd up in a bottle! I never heard of such a thing in my life, unless, indeed, in the Hay-market once.—Cork'd up in a bottle d'ye say?

Devil. Ay; by the master of this house, a magician.

Inv. A magician! Why then you are a spirit, I suppose.

Devil. You are right; I am the Devil.

Har. Mercy on us!

Devil. Don't be terrified, miss: You remember the old proverb, "The devil is not so black as he is painted."

Inv. Well, but, sir—

Devil. A truce to your questions, my good sir, for the present!—Consider, rammed up in this narrow compass, I can't be much at my ease; now if you will but break the bottle before you on the floor—

Har. For heaven's sake, Mr. Invoice, take care what you do!

Devil. Why, my pretty miss, what risk do you run? your affairs can hardly be changed for the worse.

Har. That's true, indeed!

Devil. Believe me, miss, as matters stand, we can be of mutual use: Your lover may deliver me from prison, and I can prevent you both from going into confinement.

Inv. What says my Harriet? shall I rely on the gentleman's word?

Devil. Do, madam! I am a devil of honour.

Besides, you have but a little time to consider; in less than five minutes, you will have the consul and all his crew in the house.

Inv. Nay, then—Pray which is the bottle?

Devil. That in the middle, right before you.

Inv. There it goes!

[He breaks the bottle and the Devil rises out of it.
Thunder.

Har. Oh, what a—

Devil. I am not surpris'd, miss, that you are a little shock'd at my figure: I could have assum'd a much more agreeable form; but as we are to be a little better acquainted, I thought it best to quit all disguise and pretence; therefore, madam, you see me just as I am.

Har. I am sure, sir, you are ve—ve—very agreeable.

Devil. Yo—yo—you are pleas'd to compliment, madam.—Come, answer me sincerely; am I such a being as you expected to see?

Har. Really, sir, I can hardly say what I expected to see.

Devil. I own it is a puzzling question; at least, if the world does us justice in the contradictory qualities they are pleas'd to afford us.

Inv. You will forgive me, if I don't understand you.

Devil. Why, for all their superlative epithets, you cannot but see how much men are beholden to us; by our means it is that you measure the extent both of your virtues and vices.

Inv. As how?

Devil. As thus: In describing your friends, or your foes, they are *devilish* rich, *devilish* poor, *devilish* ugly, *devilish* handsome; now and then, indeed, to vary the mode of conversing, you make a little free with our condition and country, as, *hellish* dull, *damn'd* clever, *hellish* cold; Psha! how *damn'd* hot it is!

Inv. True, sir; but I consider this as a rhetorical figure, a manner of speaking devis'd and practis'd by dulness, to conceal the lack of ideas, and the want of expressions.

Devil. Partly that, I confess: Not but there is some truth in the case; for at different times we have

the power, and do assume the various forms you assign us.

Inv. We? I observe you always make use of the plural; is that, sir, by way of distinction, or, is your family pretty large and extensive?

Devil. Multitudinous as the sands on the beach; or the moats in a sun-beam: How the deuce else do you think we could do all the business below? Why, there's scarce an individual amongst you, at least of any rank or importance, but has five or six of us in his train.

Inv. Indeed!

Devil. A little before I got rammed in that phial, I had been for some time on very hard duty in this part of the world.

Inv. Of what kind?

Devil. The dæmon of power and I had long laid siege to a subject, the man a grandee; I was then a popular spirit, and wore the mask of a patriot; at different times, we possessed him by turns; but, in the midst of a violent struggle, (by which means I got lame on this leg, and obtained the nick-name of the Devil upon sticks,) the dæmon of vanity, a low under-strapper amongst us, held over his head a circle of gold, with five knobs on the top, and, *whew!* flew away with our prize in an instant.

Inv. Under-strapper! what, are there different ranks and orders amongst you?

Devil. Without doubt.

Inv. And pray, sir—I hope, no offence; but I would not be wanting in proper respect—are you, when at home, of condition? or how must I—

Devil. You mean, am I a devil of fashion, or one of the base born?

Inv. I do.

Devil. I have no reason to be ashamed of my family.

Inv. I don't doubt it. You will forgive me if I make a mistake: Perhaps my lord Lucifer.

Devil. Who?

Inv. Lord Lucifer.

Devil. Lord Lucifer? how little you know of our folks! Lucifer a *lord*! Why, that's the meanest rascal amongst us.

Inv. Indeed!

Devil. Oh, a paltry mechanic! the very genius of jobbing! a mere bull and bear booby; the patron of lame ducks, brokers, and fraudulent bankrupts.

Inv. You amaze me! I vow I always thought him a principal agent.

Devil. He! Not at all. The fellow indeed gave himself some airs of importance, upon following the camp, and having the contractors and commissaries under his care; but that affair you know closed with the war.

Inv. What, then, are they now entirely out of his hands?

Devil. Yes; quite out of his: He only suggested their *cent. per cent.* squeezings, and prompted their various modes of extortion and rapine: But in his room, they have six or seven demons a-piece, to direct the dissipation of their ill-gotten wealth.

Inv. Indeed!

Devil. Poor Lucifer, it is all over with him! If it were not for the fluctuation of India, an occasional lottery, or a contested election, the Alley would be empty, and Lucifer have as little to do as a pick-pocket when the playhouses are shut.

Inv. Perhaps, sir, your name may be Belzebub!

Devil. He! worse and worse! Not a devil that has the least regard to his character would choose to be seen in his company. Besides, it is the most petulant, waspish, quarrelsome cur—But no wonder; he is the imp of chicane, and protects the rotten part of the law.

Inv. Then he, at least, has employment enough.

Devil. Yes, during the term, he has a good deal to do: He is the parent of quibbles, the guardian of pettifoggers, bad bail, and of bailiffs; the supporter of *alibies*, the source of sham pleas, the maker and finder of flaws, the patron of perjury, and a sworn foe to all trials by jury! Not long ago, though, my gentleman was put to his shifts.

Inv. How was that?

Devil. The law had laid hold of an old friend of his, for being too positive as to a matter of fact: evidence, evasion, protraction, pleas, every art, was employed to acquit him, that the most consummate skill could suggest; but all to no purpose.

Inv. That was strange.

Devil. Beyond all belief; he could have hang'd a dozen innocent people, with half the pains that this paltry perjury gave him.

Inv. How came that about?

Devil. Why—I don't know—he had unfortunately to do with an obstinate magistrate, who bears a mortal hatred to rogues, and whose sagacity could not be deceived. But, however, tho' he was not able to save his friend from the shame of conviction, (a trifle, which he indeed but little regarded,) yet he had the address to evade, or at least defer, the time of his punishment.

Inv. By what means?

Devil. By finding a flaw.

Inv. A flaw! what's a flaw?

Devil. A legal loophole, that the lawyers leave open for a rogue now and then to creep through, that the game mayn't be wholly destroyed.

Inv. Provident sportsmen! Would it not be too much trouble to favour me with this particular instance?

Devil. Not at all. Why, sir, when matters grew desperate, and the case was given over for lost, little Belzy starts up in the form of an able practitioner, and humbly conceived, that his client could not be convicted upon that indictment; for as much as therein he was charg'd with foreswearing himself now; whereas it clearly appeared, by the evidence, that he had only sworn himself *then*: If, indeed, he had been indicted generally, for committing perjury *now* and *then*, proofs might be produced of any perjury he may have committed; whereas, by limiting the point of time to the *now*, no proofs could be admitted as to the *then*. So that, with submission, he humbly conceived, his client was clearly absolved, and his character as fair and as spotless as a babe that's just born, and immaculate as a sheet of white paper.

Inv. And the objection was good?

Devil. Fatal; there was no getting rid of the flaw.

Inv. And the gentleman—

Devil. Walks about at his ease; not a public place, but he thrusts his person full in your face.

Inv. That ought not to be; the contempt of the public, that necessary supplement to the best digested body of laws, should in these cases be never dispensed with.

Devil. In days of yore, when the world was but young, that method had merit, and the sense of shame was a kind of a curb; but knaves are now so numerous and wealthy, they can keep one another in countenance, and laugh at the rest of the world.

Inv. There may be something in that.—Well, sir, I have twice been out of my guess; will you give me leave to hazard a third? Perhaps you are Belphegor, or Uriel?

Devil. Neither. They too are but diminutive devils: the first favours the petty pilfering frauds; he may be traced in the double score and soap'd pot of the publican, the alum and chalk of the baker, in the sophisticated mixtures of the brewers of wine and beer, and in the false measures and weights of them all.

Inv. And Uriel?

Devil. He is the demon of quacks and of mountebanks; a thriving race all over the world, but their true seat of empire is England: there, a short sword, a tie, and a nostrum, a month's advertising, with a shower of handbills, never fail of creating a fortune. But of this tribe I foresee I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

Inv. Well, but, sir—

Devil. Come, sir, I will put an end to your pain; for, from my appearance, it is impossible you should ever guess at my person.—Now, miss, what think you of Cupid.

Har. You? you Cupid? you the gay god of love?

Devil. Yes; me, me, miss!—What, I suppose you expected the quiver at my back, and the bow in my hand; the purple pinions, and filleted forehead, with the blooming graces of youth and of beauty.

Har. Why, I can't but say the poets had taught me to expect charms—

Devil. That never existed but in the fire of their fancy; all fiction and phrenzy!

Inv. Then, perhaps, sir, these creative gentlemen may err as much in your office, as it is clear they have mistaken your person.

Devil. Why, their notions of me are but narrow. It is true, I do a little business in the amorous way; but my dealings are of a different kind to those they describe.—My province lies in forming conjunctions absurd and preposterous: it is I that couple boys and beldames, girls and greybeards, together; and when you see a man of fashion lock'd in legitimate wedlock with the stale leavings of half the fellows in town, or a lady of fortune setting out for Edinburgh in a post-chaise with her footman, you may always set it down as some of my handywork. But this is but an inconsiderable branch of my business.

Inv. Indeed!

Devil. The several arts of the drama, dancing, music, and painting, owe their existence to me: I am the father of fashions, the inventor of *quinte, trente, quarante*, and hazard; the guardian of gamesters, the genius of gluttony, and the author, protector, and patron of licentiousness, lewdness, and luxury.

Inv. Your department is large.

Devil. One time or other I may give you a more minute account of these matters; at present we have not a moment to lose. Should my tyrant return, I must expect to be again cork'd up in a bottle. [*Knocking.*] And hark! it is the consul that knocks at the door; therefore be quick! how can I serve you?

Inv. You are no stranger, sir, to our distress: here, we are unprotected and friendless; could your art convey us to the place of our birth—

Devil. To England?

Inv. If you please.

Devil. Without danger, and with great expedition. Come to this window, and lay hold of my cloak.—I have often resided in England; at present indeed, there are but few of our family there; every seventh year, we have a general dispensation for residence; for at that time the inhabitants themselves can play the devil without our aid or assistance.—Off we go! stick fast to your hold! *Devil on two Sticks.*

MEN OF WIT AND PLEASURE ABOUT TOWN.

Rhoderique. What, Monsieur D'Olive, the only admirer of wit and good words.

D'Olive. Morrow, wits: morrow, good wits: my little parcels of wit, I have rods in pickle for you. How dost, Jack; may I call thee, sir, Jack yet?

Rhod. Faith, thou followest a figure in thy jests, as country gentlemen follow fashion, when they be worn threadbare.

D'Ol. And what! you stand gazing at what comes here, and admire it, I dare say.

Rhod. And do not you?

D'Ol. Not I, I admire nothing but wit.

Rhod. But I wonder how she entertains time in that solitary cell: does she not take tobacco, think you?

D'Ol. She does, she does: others make it their physic, she makes it her food: her sister and she take it by turn, first one, and then the other, and Vandome ministers to them both.

Rhod. How sayest thou by that Helen of Greece the Countess's sister? there were a paragon, Monsieur D'Olive, to admire and marry too.

D'Ol. Not for me.

Rhod. No! what exceptions lie against the choice?

D'Ol. Tush, tell me not of choice; if I stood affected that way, I would choose my wife as men do valentines, blindfold, or draw cuts for them, for I shall be sure not to be deceived in choosing; for take this of me, there's ten times more deceit in women than in horse-flesh; and I say still, that a pretty well-pac'd chamber-maid is the only fashion; if she grow full or fulsome, give her but sixpence to buy her a hand-basket, and send her the way of all flesh, there's no more but so.

Mug. Indeed that's the savingest way.

D'Ol. O me! what a hell 'tis for a man to be tied to the continual charge of a coach, with the appurtenances, horses, men, and so forth: and then to have a man's house pestered with a whole country of guests, grooms, panders, waiting-maids, &c. I careful to please my wife, she careless to displease me; shrewish if she be honest; intolerable if she be wise; imperious as an empress; all she does must be law, all she says gospel: oh, what a penance 'tis to endure her! I glad to forbear still, all to keep her loyal, and yet perhaps when all's done, my heir shall be like my horse-keeper: fie on't! the very thought of marriage were able to cool the hottest liver in France.

Chapman's Bussy D'Ambois.—Old play.

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